

JACK GREASE: THE DEBT COLLECTOR

Written by

Paul Ajayi

Paulajayi646@gmail.com
+2349038506356
Osun, Nigeria

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT, MICHIGAN - DAY

A vast blue ocean across the edges of the bright stunning city.

JACK (V.O.)
It's cleaning day today.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Clumsy. Vibrant. Several pedestrians troupe back and forth over the pavement.

A YOUNG BOY paddles his bicycle through the small crowd clumsily. Bumps into a middle-aged ANGRY PEDESTRIAN.

ANGRY PEDESTRIAN
Get off the road, you little peasant.

YOUNG BOY
Fuck you.

The Young Boy rides past a Chinese restaurant. Knocks down the trash can in front.

As the can rolls unto the ground, a tense-looking face peers through the closed door of the restaurant. He's CHANG (50's).

He flips the "OPENED" sign to "CLOSED".

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

A large restaurant. Twinkling lights. Chinese proverbs engraved in cute frames on the walls.

Chang, a short, bald man, paces nervously through the empty restaurant. His WORKERS clean up the place in a hurry.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Five intimidating MEN and a TEENAGER walk up the pavement. Their steps are relaxed, but there's a certain eeriness to their presence.

The man in the middle is JACK GREASE (early 40's), a tall, slender mobster in a trench coat. Intense eyes. An uncanny sense of humor... all packed in his hostile appearance.

His right-hand man, NICK BILLY (late 40's), is a mischievous ex-con.

The three other men are BENNY (mid-30's), an African-American gangster. KRIPPER (also mid-30's), a British nutjob with a sweet face. JASPER (early 30's), a sadist with dead eyes.

The teenager is PETER GRAVES, a quiet, cold seventeen-year-old African-American.

Pedestrians scamper off at the sight of the men.

JACK (V.O.)
Whoever said I can't be a good
product of my society? Well I say,
fuck 'em.

A timid middle-aged WOMAN cowers away as the men stride past. Jack notices her and stops his gang. He sends Jasper over to her.

Jasper strolls over to the Woman. Grabs her attention with a gentle touch. As she gazes curiously upon his face, Jasper screams at her.

JASPER
Boom!

Jack laughs hysterically; his gang join him. The Woman cringes away. The men continue down the pavement.

JACK (V.O.)
I'm the best goddamn product of
society.

The men arrive at the Chinese restaurant. They go in.

Jasper yanks the "CLOSED" sign right off. Rolls down the blinds.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

The workers freeze up as Jack approaches them. Jasper locks the door. Kripper vanishes into the restaurant. The gang take a seat, except for Jasper.

JACK
Is this how you welcome your
customers?

The workers stare dumbly at him, afraid.

CRASH. A table topples over. Heads snap in the direction of the noise.

JASPER

Oops.

Jasper moves away to another table. Knocks down the chair next to it.

JACK

Like I was saying, you won't be getting a five-star rating from me.

Kripper returns with Chang.

KRIPPER

Look who I found hiding under his desk.

Kripper shoves him onto Jack's feet. Jack glances down at the frightened Chang.

JACK

Is that true?

CHANG

I don't know you are here.

JACK

You're owing a debt, Mr. Chang.
I've come to collect it.

CHANG

I beg pardon. I get you your money
in two days.

Chang gestures with two fingers.

JACK

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know I can't allow that, not
unless I bring home a souvenir. Now
what are you willing to give up?

Jasper knocks off another chair.

KRIPPER

Will you find a bloody place to
sit?

JASPER
Fuck off.

KRIPPER
You look so stupid.

JASPER
Kiss my ass.

Jasper kicks down another chair.

NICK
Hey, you two. Knock it off.

Kripper and Jasper fall silent. Jack drags Chang to the counter. The workers watch in fear.

JACK
(to workers)
Not a word from anyone of ya.
(to Chang)
I think you can spare a finger or two.

Chang shivers. Jack rolls up his sleeves.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
Come here, champ.

Peter approaches him. Jack pulls out a carving knife from his boot.

JACK (CONT'D)
(re: knife)
Here.

He hands it to Peter.

JACK (CONT'D)
(re: finger)
Now cut it.

Jack sticks Chang's thumb out. Separates it from the rest of his fingers.

Peter sizes it up. Examines the knife, eyes cold.

JACK (CONT'D)
Cut it clean. Don't chop.

Urine pools under Chang's feet. Kripper breaks into an outrageous laughter.

KRIPPER

The sonofabitch can't hold down a
little water.

Coldly, Peter chops Chang's thumb, but it stays attached. Chang lets out a terrible scream. His workers shield their eyes.

JACK

No, you didn't do it right. I said,
cut; not chop.

Jack takes the knife.

JACK (CONT'D)

Watch.

Jack slices off a finger in a clean swoop. Hands the knife back to Peter.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now try again.

CHANG

No, please.

Peter slits off another finger in an instant. A female worker throws up behind the counter.

JACK

Now you got it.

(to Chang)

Hey, quit crying in my ear. You've
got two days to pay your debt or
I'm coming back for the whole hand.

(to a male worker)

Give me your shirt.

The male worker hurriedly pulls it off and hands it over. Jack wipes his bloody hands with it.

Chang falls to his knees. Grips his maimed hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to workers)

Don't I get a song?

He dumps the cloth.

JACK (CONT'D)

Your restaurant truly sucks. I'll
be taking this with me.

He takes up a finger. Tosses it to Benny. Benny catches it.

JACK (CONT'D)
You keep that. Got a few more to
collect.
(to workers)
Bonsoir.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Jack bursts outside. His gang follow swiftly behind him.

JACK
That was very nearly a shit-show.

Jasper and Jack share a laughter as they bounce down the street.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Another restaurant.

Jasper swings a chair onto a dinner table. SPLIT! It parts in half.

Jack holds MAN #1's hand to a hot grill. He screams like a child. Jack takes a butcher knife. Chops the hand right off.

Blood spills all over the grill.

Man #1 grabs his mutilated hand and stumbles into broken dishes.

From behind, Nick seizes MAN #2's arms. The man wiggles, but can't break free.

Benny forces his mouth wide open. Kripper thrusts a pliers in and yanks out a tooth.

KRIPPER
Attaboy.

Kripper taps him on the face. Man #2 coughs up blood as they let him go.

Kripper shows Jack the tooth. Jack wipes his blood-stained hands. Contorts his face, reluctant.

JACK
Take out one more.

Man #2 speedily crawls away, but Nick grabs him. Hoists his arms back again. Benny pulls his mouth open. Kripper pulls out another tooth.

JACK (CONT'D)
Now it's fair.

Jack winks at Peter, who watches everything quietly.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Jack and his gang thrash the place. BAR KEEPER #1 and BAR KEEPER #2 watch from the counter.

Jasper advances to them. Grabs Bar Keeper #1 by the shirt. Yanks him over to the other side.

JASPER
You're a wee fucker, you know that?

Jasper punches him in the face. Punches him again, then again.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I could slit your throat right now
and be done with ya.

Jasper glances in the direction of Jack.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Hey, Jack. What are we doing with
this one?

Kripper hurls a chair out the window. The gang gaze in his direction.

JACK
I'm thinking we cut him open and
see what his arteries look like.

JASPER
That's the most beautiful thing I
ever heard.
(to Peter)
Hey, kid. Come on here.

As Peter approaches Jasper, Bar Keeper #2 digs behind the counter. Draws a double-barreled shotgun. Kripper spots the gun.

KRIPPER
Take cover!

The gang dive behind the tables. Bar Keeper #2 blasts the gun at Jack. It shreds the table; rips half of it off.

JACK
(sotto)
Another day on the job.

Jack draws his pistol. Shoots several times in the direction of Bar Keeper #2. His gang also pull their pistols and shoot.

Bottles explode on the shelves.

Bar Keeper #2 ducks, then fires back, as the pub cracks with relentless gunfire.

The gun flies out of his grip. Bullets rampage him.

Bar Keeper #1 crawls toward the entrance. Jasper sprints over to him. Drags him by the hair.

JASPER
Ya really messed up.
(to Peter)
Hey, kid. He's all yours.

Peter slits the man's throat. Jasper doesn't let him go, as his blood spills all over like a leaked pipe.

JASPER (CONT'D)
You feel that, kid? That's the
beauty of life.

Jasper cracks up.

JACK
Now onto the next.

INT. SMALL PUB - NIGHT

The gang shoot at a group of men, relentless. When the shooting stops, an injured MAN burst out the back door. Benny sprints after him.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The man limps desperately toward the street. Benny breaks through the door. Shoots him in the back.

INT. RANDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

The gang creep through the house, guns ready. They kick in doors. Shoot thoughtlessly at random naked MEN and WOMEN in their beds.

INT. ROOM

A man hops on the window to escape. Peter charges at him. Jams a knife in his back. Slits his throat. Hurls him out the window.

INT. CORRIDOR

Benny drags a man down the corridor. Nick hacks him to death with a chopping knife.

Screaming, naked women scamper around, frantic.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kripper and Jasper thrash the place.

INT. CORRIDOR

Jack kicks the door open into --

INT. NEW ROOM

Jack finds a tattooed, half-naked man, COSTELLO (27), crouched away behind his bed. He sobs into the bedframe. Jack hums as he advances closer. Dangles his gun over his head.

JACK
Oh, Costello.

Costello takes a peep at Jack and hides his face again.

JACK (CONT'D)
Daddy's talking to you. Why don't
you look at me?

Jack sits on the side of the bed. Raises Costello's chin with his gun.

JACK (CONT'D)
I expected you'd give me a tougher
fight.

Jack examines the window.

JACK (CONT'D)
Or try to run away.

Costello mutters. Jack points the gun in his mouth.

JACK (CONT'D)
Shh. Not a word. You forgot it's
cleaning day. You know what we do
on a cleaning day, don't you?

Costello mutters again.

JACK (CONT'D)
I said, not a word. You have
nothing to fear, okay? Your debt is
forgiven and you're free to move
on... to the afterlife.

BANG! The gun goes off in Costello's mouth. His blood
splatters from behind his neck.

Jack leaves the room.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(shouting)
And it's job done. Clear out,
everyone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The gang march down the street. As they stomp past a bar, a
drunk young man bumps into Jack. He's TYLER FENG (early
20's), Asian-American.

TYLER
Are your eyes closed or what?

His Asian friend, JASON, and their American BODYGUARD show
up.

A car swerves towards the bar. Pulls up in front of Tyler.
Jason opens the door.

Jack scans Tyler quietly and walks off.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(calling off)
Shithead motherfucker!

Jack stops, pissed. He sprints to Tyler and shoves his head
right into the side window.

The Bodyguard reaches for his gun. Jasper mows him down in a
flurry of gunshots.

The bar empties out. Frightened screams ring from across the
street. Kripper pursues Jason.

NICK
Jack, what have you done? This
wasn't supposed to happen.

The terrified driver sits glued to the wheel. Jack glances down at the bleeding, unconscious Tyler.

NICK (CONT'D)
Are you listening to me, Jack? This
is out of it.

Jack draws his gun, deaf to Nick. He aims at Tyler's head.

NICK (CONT'D)
Don't do this. Let's walk away.
Let's walk away right now.

Jack fires.

NICK (CONT'D)
God, dammit. Jack, what have you
done?

Benny shoots the driver in the head; his blood splatters all over the seat.

Jack spits on the corpse. Nick strikes the hood of the car.

NICK (CONT'D)
No, no, no.

Kripper returns. His eyes narrow in shame. He shrugs. *Jason got away.*

KRIPPER
Well, don't look at me. I didn't
start this.

Jack bounces. His gang follows.

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A '60s-styled office. Mahogany furniture.

MARCO FIORELLINI (60), a short stocky man with deceptively serene eyes, relaxes behind his desk. Jack sits opposite from him; his gang muster around him.

MARCO
That was a reckless thing to do,
Jack; very reckless.

NICK

Tyler was Jin Feng's only living son.

Marco slaps the desk.

MARCO

This could lead to a bloodbath. I've always reminded you how important it is to stay away from the Triad. Now this complicates everything.

JACK

I'm sorry, Marco.

MARCO

Don't give me that bullshit. You act without giving a thought to anything. There are going to be consequences for this, and you'd best be ready.

(to the gang)

Leave us.

The gang leave the office.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You've got to lay low for a while, Jack. I don't know how long, but I need you gone. I don't want to see nor hear nothing from none of you.

Jack nods.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch.

INT./EXT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

The gang sit in an exposed convertible on the side of the road. Jack approaches the car.

JASPER

What's next?

JACK

We go home.

Jack goes in the passenger seat. He fastens his seatbelt. Nick drives off.

INT. RANDOM HOUSE - DAY

Bloody. Disgusting. Severed body parts lie all over the place.

F.B.I AGENTS and a few POLICE OFFICERS go through the house. MEDICAL STAFF carry away body bags.

SPECIAL AGENT JEREMY LORE (40), a tall, enthusiastic man in casual clothes, kneels by a dead body. Large cuts all over it. He takes out a pen. Checks the corpse.

His assistant, SUZY WALSH (33), African-American, comes over.

SUZY

Looks like a nasty one, Agent.

Jeremy peers up at the ceiling, puzzled.

JEREMY

How could this happen without the police getting involved? This was a massacre.

SUZY

And we've got no eye witnesses coming up yet.

JEREMY

That's impossible.

Jeremy meets a lesser AGENT.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Question possible witnesses living within a quarter mile radius. Offer rewards for anyone willing to give up valuable information about last night's brutality. We must lock up these sons of bitches.

AGENT

Yes, sir.

Jeremy leaves. Suzy follows.

EXT. RANDOM HOUSE - DAY

Jeremy lights a cigarette. Drags on it.

SUZY

Are you going to check the next crime scene?

JEREMY

This is a shitty way to start my new job in a new city, Suzy; and a much shittier way to start the week. Wish I could unsee this.

SUZY

Too late.

EXT. PUB - DAY

The pub is restricted by a barricade tape. Jeremy and Suzy make their way inside.

INT. PUB

Bloody walls, floors. A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures of the grotesque sight. Jeremy and Suzy take a walk around.

JEREMY

This is disgusting.

Jeremy covers his nose.

SUZY

Oh, I've seen worse.

JEREMY

How often does this happen?

SUZY

Only occasionally.

JEREMY

Fucking psychos. Were any suspects ever caught?

SUZY

Yes, sometimes; but the case gets messy.

JEREMY

Any suspects in mind?

SUZY

Maybe one or two.

Suzy examines the blood.

SUZY (CONT'D)
But judging from the looks of it,
this doesn't really seem their
style.

JEREMY
Doesn't matter. I'll need every
file you have on them.

INT. F.B.I BUILDING - DAY

A dozen F.B.I AGENTS work at their desks. Jeremy marches
through.

INT. CASPER'S OFFICE

Assistant director of the F.B.I, CASPER WINIFRED (60's), a
white-haired man in a fancy suit, rests comfortably in his
swivel chair.

There's a knock on his door.

CASPER
Come in.

Jeremy steps in.

JEREMY
Good day, sir.

CASPER
Agent. Did you check the crime
scenes?

JEREMY
Just arrived from there. Really
disturbing sites.

CASPER
I suppose they are. Saw it on the
news. This is not good publicity.

JEREMY
No, it isn't. I've come to request
access to certain restricted files.
I think I'm going to need every
paperwork I can get my hands on.

CASPER
That's not a problem. Investigate
as much as you want;
(MORE)

CASPER (CONT'D)
take your witnesses into protective custody, if you may, and report every findings to me.

JEREMY
Yes, sir.

Satisfied, Jeremy leaves the office.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

A large secluded house within a vast area of land, miles away from the city.

Jack and his gang sit at a dinner table on the porch. Peter sits with them. They drink beer and laugh.

KRIPPER
(re: Nick)
You remember the first time this fucker got out of jail. He was so fat I thought he ate his bloody inmate.

The gang roar with laughter.

KRIPPER (CONT'D)
I saw him walk up to me as I drove to pick him up, and I said "Yo, fucker, what in bloody hell did they feed ya?"

NICK
Jack couldn't take his eyes off me either.

JACK
I thought you looked like a fucking hippo. You probably weighed three hundred pounds.

Again they laugh.

NICK
(to Jack)
Did you ever go to jail?

JACK
Not once.

NICK
(to Jasper & Kripper)
How about you two?

JASPER

No.

KRIPPER

Never.

NICK

How about you, Benny?

BENNY

Almost did. It was a pretty rough night. My homie got shot in the head during a pool gamble. A Negro came straight at my window, banged it so hard I nearly shit myself. Thought the house was raining bullets. Had to push my hoe to the side and zip up my pants. So I slide across the room, grab for my gun, and nearly blasted the fucker's head right through the window.

The gang listen attentively.

BENNY (CONT'D)

I take a peep out and spot him shaking all over like a leaf. Then he starts to shout: "Tucker's dead. Tucker's dead." I ask him where, and he says at the pool table a few blocks away. Then I lunge straight out the window, charging off like a crazy bull. I show up at the block and find my homie soaked up in his blood. The freaking place was empty. Cops showed up while I was in. I figured I was setup and flew right out the window before the bitches got me cornered. Ran so fast I never looked back.

JASPER

Whoa.

BENNY

(to Peter)

Well, you know a little about the street, don't you?

Peter nods, yes.

JASPER

(to Benny)

I remember when this fucker
arrived, he called himself the
first ever Mob gangster.

BENNY

I came in swinging too.

The gang laugh again.

KRIPPER

I'm surprised a certain person at
this table has never been to jail.

Kripper glares at Jack. Everyone follows his gaze.

KRIPPER (CONT'D)

What's your secret, Jack?

Jack shrugs.

JACK

I try to stay away from trouble.

JASPER

Your middle name's "trouble".

JACK

I keep a solid relationship with
everyone.

NICK

Not after last night. We might as
well brace ourselves for a bumpy
ride now.

Benny shoves his chair back as he gets up. He staggers and
clutches the table.

BENNY

We're all gonna die someday,
alright? Makes no difference how
many friends or enemies we make. We
still gonna die.

He grabs a beer and stumbles off. Kripper and Jasper each
knock their chairs down too, drunk. They wade into the house.

JACK

(to Peter)

You too. Off to bed.

Peter reluctantly climbs out of his chair. Heads inside.

NICK

That kid's just like you, Jack.
Every time I look at him I see a
bit of your flame in him.

JACK

He's still a kid. Just teaching him
to survive in this cold, brutal
world.

NICK

A seventeen-year-old is no longer a
kid. He knows a few things about
killing already.

JACK

What would you have me do, Nick?

NICK

Send him off to someplace good.
Trying to groom him into a kind of
protégé might not be such a great
idea. He's too cold for a kid.

Jack takes a sigh.

JACK

I think he's old enough to decide
what he wants. I'll talk to him
about it.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Expansive. Modest.

Jack climbs down a flight of creaking stairs to the living
room. He approaches the door to lock it, but catches an image
seated on the porch. He peeks out.

Peter sits under the light. He gazes off into the dark. Jack
steps out.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

Jack advances towards him. He touches his shoulder.

JACK

What are you doing here, champ?

PETER

Nothing. I like to sit here and
think.

JACK

Oh. And would you let me into your thoughts?

Peter shrugs.

PETER

It's nothing, but a question.

JACK

Alright, hit me.

PETER

What's the true meaning of strength?

JACK

Strength means fear.

Jack waits.

JACK (CONT'D)

The world recognized Hitler because he showed strength through fear. You can't force someone to love you, but you can make someone afraid of you - and that's what strength is.

PETER

Is that your goal?

JACK

I've got a lot of goals, Peter. No doubt becoming my own Hitler is one of them, but I've always wanted to become much more. I thirst for real power in a high position; and when I have it the world will know Jack Grease.

Peter gazes into Jack's eyes adoringly.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's a cold world, Peter. It's eat, or be eaten. Don't hesitate to fight for what you want, the whole world be damned. Eat your way to the top if you've got to, and remember the world keeps spinning. One moment you're on top.

Jack raises his hand in demonstration, lowers it.

JACK (CONT'D)
The next minute you could be at the
bottom. Make the best of what
you've got and stick with it.

Jack pats him on the back.

JACK (CONT'D)
Now I've got something to ask you.

PETER
Alright.

JACK
Would you be okay if I found a
nicer place for you to stay?

PETER
No. I like it here.

JACK
You could go back to school and
even to college.

PETER
No, I don't want to. I wouldn't
fit.

JACK
You could give it a try.

PETER
No. Not interested. And don't tell
me I need to make friends with guys
my own age, I'd rather stick them
in the gut.

Jack raises his hands in surrender.

JACK
Alright, the champ's spoken. No
more debates. I'm off to bed.

He climbs to his feet.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't wait out too long.

Jack strolls inside.

INT. JIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dense office. A stash of cocaine across the desk. 9mm Pistol.

A body bag lies on the floor. Hands zip it open to reveal Tyler's corpse.

Jason stands at the door, head bowed, hands together. TWO HEFTY MEN flank him.

JASON
They killed him.

JIN FENG (late 50's), a bleak, hard-faced Chinese approaches the body. He squats by it. Touches the corpse.

JIN
(with a thick accented
voice)
Who killed him?

JASON
I don't know who they were. We were
coming from the bar and they jumped
us.

JIN
You made it back alive without my
son.

JASON
I barely got away. If no one
survived, you wouldn't know who
were responsible.

Jin shoots him a look, cold-eyed. Jason quiets himself.

JIN
Who's going to take over my empire?

Jin returns to his table.

JIN (CONT'D)
You should've died with him.

Jason stammers.

JIN (CONT'D)
You ate with him, drank with him,
slept in his bed, and now should
share a grave with him.

Jin pulls the pistol and fires at Jason.

JIN (CONT'D)
 (to Man #1; re: Jason)
 Get rid of his corpse.
 (to Man #2; in Chinese)
 Find the men who murdered my son. I
 don't care if you have to turn this
 fucking city upside down; find
 them.

Man #1 drags Jason's corpse away. Man #2 zips up the body bag.

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Marco and Jack sit across from each other. Marco's feet taps lightly under his desk.

MARCO
 I got a job for you, Jack, but
 history shouldn't repeat itself. We
 need you as the Debt Collector you
 are. No more shit-shows.

JACK
 Got it.

Marco takes a breath.

MARCO
 How are you, Jack?

JACK
 Doing great, never better.

MARCO
 You know, they talked about you -
 the bosses; how long and diligently
 you've served. You're due for
 promotion, and who knows, you might
 get this lovely seat for yourself.

JACK
 I'm all in, Marco.

MARCO
 No more slip ups.

JACK
 You have my word.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

The gang drink beer in the living room. Jasper carelessly throws his feet across the table.

JASPER

When I was fifteen, I trained to fight in the MMA. I trained so hard like I was never going to see another day. My first real opponent was a kid named "Brute". He was sixteen, tall, and big. I barely reached his shoulders. The kid swung a fist so fast he barely missed.

KRIPPER

Let me guess, he kicked your fucking ass.

JASPER

Would you bloody listen?

Benny croaks with laughter.

BENNY

I like to watch you two bicker. Makes you look cute, like a couple.

KRIPPER

Oh, shut up.

JASPER

Like I was saying. So we got in the ring, ready to duel. I stayed focused. Didn't matter if it was another day in training, all I thought about was winning.

NICK

Did he really kick your ass?

Jasper slams his bottle onto the table.

JASPER

Quit interrupting.

Benny and Kripper laugh quietly.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Before the fight, I'd taken a few days to watch him in training; studied how he threw his punch. His right fist was a killer blow.

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)

I practiced a lot the day before,
and I was confident stepping in the
ring. Then the duel began. We
traded soft blows, while I danced
all around.

Jasper rises. Takes a fighting pose. Hops around slightly in
demonstration.

JASPER (CONT'D)

For ten minutes we threw punches
and kicks. I couldn't take him
down, and my blows felt like fluffy
pillows; but I wouldn't let him get
close to me either. I moved so fast
I was like Superman. Suddenly, I
make one wrong move; a single
misstep, and I see his right fist
swing at me, blowing the air
straight outta my lungs.

Jasper throws a slow punch into the air.

JASPER (CONT'D)

When I opened my eyes the fight was
over.

Jasper takes his seat.

BENNY

Looks like you really did get your
ass kicked.

JASPER

Well, on the brighter side, I did
learn a valuable lesson. And you
wanna know what it was?

He examines the men. They simply stare at him.

JASPER (CONT'D)

That even a motherfucker like me
deserved a second chance.

NICK

What did you do?

JASPER

I waited a couple of years for a
rematch; didn't get one. So I broke
into his home at 2AM, caught him in
his sleep, and challenged him to a
fight.

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)
I wasn't taking no for an answer.
So he agreed, and we fought.

Jasper takes a long gulp of beer.

JASPER (CONT'D)
It was a good fight, but I ended up
slitting his throat and throwing
him out the fucking window.

NICK
You're one twisted fella.

Jasper laughs atrociously. He takes out a pack of cigarette
from his pocket. Lights a stick. Puffs it.

JASPER
"Twisted" is my middle name.

KRIPPER
Give me that.

Kripper snatches the pack from him. Pulls out a stick. Holds
it in his mouth. Leans close to Jasper.

Jasper lights the cigarette.

BENNY
(to Jasper)
I ain't ever falling asleep next to
you.

Jasper cracks up.

JASPER
Suit yourself.

Peter climbs down the steps to the living room. The men don't
notice his presence. As he climbs over Jasper's outstretched
legs, Jasper grabs him and lunges him off.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Have you lost your fucking mind?

PETER
I was trying to get over to the
other side.

JASPER
Are you a dumb little twat? Did
your fucking mother not teach you
some bloody manners?

NICK
Leave the kid alone, Jasper.

KRIPPER
It's alright. Let him talk to the kid.

Jasper spills beer on his shoes, on the table. His eyes rivet on Peter.

JASPER
Oops. Looks like I got a little drink on my shoes.
(to Peter)
Lick it off.

PETER
I'm not doing that.

JASPER
Are you pissing in my face?

BENNY
Leave the kid, Jasper. Jack wouldn't like this.

JASPER
Well, Jack can suck a cock.

Jasper checks the wet floor.

JASPER (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for, kiddo?

As Peter steps back, Jasper grabs his arm. Yanks him close. Holds his neck. Presses his face to the table.

JASPER (CONT'D)
There you go. Be a good boy and give me some good licking.

Peter grunts, as Jasper pins his head down. He squeezes it really bad. Drags it over the table.

JASPER (CONT'D)
There you go. Very good.

When Jasper releases him, Peter gets up with half his face covered in beer. A small cut on his lip. He must've nipped himself.

The door opens up. Jack appears in the entrance.

JACK

I hate it when I'm being spoken to like a fucking child. Did Marco forget everything I've done for him? Counting my strikes now, that sonofabitch.

He sights the gang all gathered. They each sip a beer.

NICK

How did it go, Jack?

JACK

Got another job.

KRIPPER

We've been waiting for ya.

Jack spots Peter. As Peter veers his gaze away, Jack catches his wet face.

JACK

(re: face)

Peter, how did you get that?

Peter stays mute. Jack advances to him, serious.

JACK (CONT'D)

(re: Peter's lip)

How did you get that?

PETER

It was Jasper.

Jack peers at Jasper.

JACK

What happened here?

Nick shrugs innocently.

PETER

Jasper was trying to make a point. He spilled his beer and wiped my face with it.

JACK

(to Jasper)

Did that really happen?

JASPER

I mean, what can I say?

Jasper shrugs.

JASPER (CONT'D)
The boy needed to be taught some
manners.

Jack grabs Jasper by the neck. Hoists him up.

JACK
You don't sit when you talk to me.

NICK
Hey, Jack. Take it easy.

Jack forces Jasper's head to the table. Presses his boot
against his face.

Jasper grunts under him.

JASPER
What are you doing?

Jack takes Jasper's hand. Pins it down beside his face.

JACK
I think you also need to be taught
some manners.

Jack draws a knife from his boot. Sizes Jasper's hand.
Squeezes down on his face, hard.

JASPER
Get off me.

JACK
Not while the lesson's unfinished.

Jack chops off Jasper's little finger and lets him go. Jasper
groans. He grips his hand.

JASPER
What in the fuck have you done?

JACK
The next time you lay a finger on
that kid, I'm going to take the
whole hand.

Jack struts up the steps. Jasper writhes in pain.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A warm, sunny day.

STEVE COOPER (32), a reckless, hopeless man lunges down the street. He's a big bundle of loneliness and despair.

TWO BLACK MEN brawl outside a basketball court. Steve races in their direction.

STEVE
Hey. Stop.

BLACK MAN #1
Stay out of this, fucker.

STEVE
No.

Steve comes in between them. Forces them apart.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You two shouldn't fight, you're
like brothers.

POW. Black Man #2 knocks his lights out. Steve falls to the ground.

BLACK MAN #2
We said, stay the fuck out.

The men bounce down the street. Steve rolls on the ground. Grabs his face. Moans.

EXT. PARK - DAY

LORETTA BRUNT (30), a beautiful, well-put together woman, and her PRE-TEEN daughter, EMMA, sit on a public bench.

Steve lurches in their direction with a black eye. Keeps his face to the ground.

LORETTA
Steve, you're an hour late.

Steve clears his throat.

STEVE
Huh, I'm sorry. Ran into a bump.

EMMA
Daddy.

Emma runs into his arms. He hugs her. Loretta catches the black eye.

LORETTA
Have you been sticking your nose in
other people's shit again?

STEVE
No. I hit my face on a poll.

LORETTA
Oh. Sorry about that.

Steve gives a small, appreciative nod.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
I'll be back to pick Emma up on
Sunday evening.

STEVE
That's alright. We'll be right
here.

Loretta kneels in front of the child.

LORETTA
Give mama a hug.

Emma throws her arms around her mother. Kisses her on the
cheek.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
I love you.

EMMA
Love you too.

STEVE
(to Emma)
Now who's ready to see the
amusement park?

Emma jumps excitedly.

EMMA
Me, me, me.

STEVE
Alright. Let's go.

Loretta strolls off. Steve and Emma stroll back in the
direction he came from. He glares back at Loretta as she
walks away, pain and guilt evident in his eyes.

Emma runs on in front, enthusiastic. Steve veers his gaze
away. Feigns a struggle to match Emma's pace.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Evening.

Steve and Emma are at a carnival game. The GAME ATTENDANT stands aside. Steve shoots darts at the board. He wins and gets a stuffed animal.

EMMA

We did it.

STEVE

Give dad a salute.

Emma gives a customary military salute. She receives the stuffed animal.

EMMA

It was a honor fighting next to
you, commander.

STEVE

Now onto the next battle, soldier.

Emma giggles. She hops excitedly, as they march on towards the carousel.

LATER

Emma rides on the carousel. She's overwhelmed. Steve watches from the outside. A few other PARENTS gather around. Steve smiles proudly at a parent.

STEVE

(re: Emma)

That's my daughter over there.

(to another parent)

Isn't she just lovely?

They ignore him. Focus on their own PRE-TEEN KIDS. Steve claps his hands and whistles.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You're doing just great, sweetie.

LATER

Night.

Emma swings on the merry-go-round. Steve can't take his eyes off her; totally enchanted.

LATER

Steve and Emma eat cotton candy. They advance towards the roller coaster.

EMMA

Daddy, let's ride it.

She clutches his hand. Pulls him hurriedly towards it just as it almost takes off.

They get in the car. Wear the restraints. Grab onto each other.

The car takes off. It swivels through the rigorous track. It's fast, then slow, and then fast again. The occupants scream, fall silent, then scream again.

Steve clings to his daughter. The happy little child screams in delight.

When they both step out of the car, Steve's eyes roll, sick. Emma pulls him away.

LATER

Steve and Emma stroll out of the park towards the street. The bright lights and noises fall behind them.

STEVE

Would you like to do this again, sweetie?

Emma spins round.

EMMA

Absolutely.

STEVE

Then next weekend we're going to take a little trip to Disney Land.

EMMA

That's awesome.

Emma jumps happily. Steve turns sad.

STEVE

I really wish we could spend more time together.

EMMA

Me too, daddy.

Emma yawns, sleepy.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Can we go home?

STEVE
Alright. But we'll make a quick
stop at the store and grab you a
little dinner.

EMMA
Okay.

They travel down the street.

INT. STORE - NIGHT

Steve and Emma move through the aisles of the small store.
They dump packaged snacks into a large basket.

Emma reaches for a can of Roast Beef; her hand can't get to
it. Steve scoops it up.

Jack, Nick, and Kripper enter the store. Jack surveys the
place. Proceeds to the store owner, JAMES (45), a chubby,
bearded man behind the counter.

JACK
Good evening.

James's face turns pale. He recognizes Jack and his gang.

JACK (CONT'D)
Is business booming? 'Cause if it
isn't, then I might have to light
up the place.

Steve hears Jack's voice. He goes around the aisle.

JACK (CONT'D)
We've come for your debt, Mr.
James.

NICK
(to James)
Don't even think about doing
something stupid, okay?

JAMES
I've got no money. You're gonna
have to come back next week.

Jack claps.

JACK
(sarcastic)
I applaud your commitment and
dedication.

Jack gives Kripper an intentional look. As Kripper approaches the counter, Steve steps up.

STEVE
Hey, stay away from him.

JACK
You'd best mind your business, cock
sucker.

Emma peeps from around the corner.

STEVE
Do you enjoy preying on others? Why
don't you pick on someone your own
size?

Steve approaches Jack.

JACK
If you don't get back right now,
I'm going to knock your teeth right
out of your fucking mouth.

Steve stands in Jack's face. Nick shoves him off.

NICK
Hey, back off. You're going to get
yourself killed.

Steve points to James.

STEVE
I won't let you hurt a good man
like him.

Kripper punches Steve in the face. He staggers back and topples over an aisle of groceries. Kripper drags him to his feet. Punches him again.

KRIPPER
You're one ass fucker.

Desperate, Steve swings a fist at Kripper, but Kripper catches it. Knocks him with a headbutt. Throws him into another aisle of groceries.

KRIPPER (CONT'D)
If you got a death wish, then I'mma
give it to ya.

He kicks him in the face. Drags him over the spilled
groceries onto the floor.

EMMA
Daddy.

Instinctively, Jack snaps his attention to the innocent-
looking Emma; her stuffed animal clutched to her chest. She
watches Steve, fear in her eyes, then stares straight at
Jack.

Jack examines her, unusually fascinated. Kripper gives Steve
some more beating.

Jack smiles at Emma. She surveys him with a spontaneous sense
of alarm and braces her stuffed animal tighter. Her eyes
moisten over her brutalized father. Jack notices this.

JACK
Kripper.

Jack gestures for Kripper to stop. Kripper releases the
sorely-beaten Steve. Steve passes out on the floor, eyes
swollen, face bloody.

Jack strolls to the little girl. Squats in her front. Smiles
again; a genuine smile.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hi.

Emma doesn't respond.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm Jack. What's your name?

EMMA
Emma.

JACK
Emma. That's a beautiful name.

Emma stays quiet.

JACK (CONT'D)
You remind me of my mother, how
frightened and concerned she always
was every time I did something bad.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
For so long I'd forgotten about
her, but you reminded me today. You
must be a very special girl.

Jack glances back at his gang, then back to Emma. His eyes
soften.

JACK (CONT'D)
What do you want to be when you
grow up?

EMMA
A doctor.

JACK
That's beautiful. Do you know why
you want to become a doctor?

Emma nods for yes.

EMMA
I want to treat sick people and
make everyone happy.

JACK
Such a sweet little girl.

Jack touches her face.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sure the world would be a
happier place with you in it.

Kripper takes out a revolver. Aims for Steve's head. Looks to
Jack for command.

Jack casually checks his direction.

JACK (CONT'D)
For your sake, Emma...
(pointing at Steve)
I'm going to spare that man lying
right there.

He kisses the girl's cheek and rises. He throws her a small
salute and returns to the counter. Nick reviews him, as his
countenance softens.

Kripper hides his gun in his waistband.

NICK
Let's finish up here, Jack.

JACK

Alright.

James reaches for a shotgun. He chambers a round. Aims for Kripper. Immediately, Jack lunges for the gun. It goes off with a BANG; blows up the roof.

Nick and Kripper take cover. Jack and James struggle for the gun.

Jack veers it in the direction of Emma. It goes off again. Quickly, he snaps it towards the door before it goes off a third time. The door shatters.

Finally, Jack jolts the gun away. Nudges James in the face with it.

James's nostrils drip with blood, as he leans back, dazed.

JACK (CONT'D)

God, you're a sick ass
motherfucker.

(to Nick)

What's wrong with you? You were
right behind me and you didn't see
him go for a gun?

Nick barely listens to Jack. His eyes point forward. Jack follows his gaze.

Ahead in front, beyond the unconscious Steve, Emma lies on the floor. Blood pools underneath her.

Jack curiously travels toward her, slowly. The gun drops to the floor. When he arrives at the spot, he falls to his knees.

JACK (CONT'D)

No.

Emma lies dead, bathed in her own blood. Her opened eyes glare at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, God.

He places a shaky hand over her face. Touches her eyes, her pretty red cheeks.

JACK (CONT'D)

I killed her.

NICK

Jack, we need to go.

Nick's words fall on deaf ears.

JACK
What have I done?

A police siren wails in the distance.

NICK
We need to go now.

Nick hurries to Jack. Grabs him. Pulls him away from her.

NICK (CONT'D)
Wake up, Jack. She's gone. We've
got to go.

Jack gazes dumbly in his face. Kripper shoots James in the head, his bloods splatters on the wall.

NICK (CONT'D)
We go now.

Nick bundles a dazed Jack to the outside.

Steve comes awake. He reviews the store. Discovers Emma on the floor. He crawls to her.

STEVE
Emma. Sweetie.

He discovers her lifeless, her stuffed animal half a yard away. He sobs.

STEVE (CONT'D)
No.

He forces himself up. Clings to her.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Emma, sweetie. Daddy's here.

He wriggles her.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Sweetie, wake up. Please wake up.
(screaming)
Help! Somebody help me.

He bursts into a loud sob.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Oh, God. Emma!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jack is hazy. Nick and Kripper pull him through the alley. When he can't continue anymore, he asks them to stop. Rests against the wall.

NICK
We need to move, Jack.

KRIPPER
Get over it.

Jack gasps for breath.

JACK
I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

NICK
Nothing's wrong with you. You're perfectly fine.

They hear a siren.

KRIPPER
We've got to go right now.

Kripper and Nick pull Jack up. They hurry away. Jack staggers.

INT. F.B.I BUILDING - JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY

A computer on the desk. Jeremy reviews a case file. He analyzes a photograph of Emma, dead, and another photograph of the murdered James.

Suzy barges in. Jeremy doesn't look up. She knocks on his door.

JEREMY
Suzy, right on time. Come check these out.

Jeremy opens another file. Pulls out several photographs of different crime scenes committed by Jack's gang. Suzy comes over.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
All of these crimes have something in common. In the past few weeks, since we've been investigating these cases I never realized it, until now. Take a look.

Suzy scans the photographs.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
What do you think?

SUZY
There seems to be a pattern to
these brutalities. Looking at these
injuries...

She takes three photographs of different maimed hands.

SUZY (CONT'D)
I'd say there's a motivation for
this. Fingers getting chopped off,
yet the victims get spared. That's
not an everyday scenario.

JEREMY
Tell me, what would you do to prove
to someone that you weren't making
empty threats?

SUZY
I'd do something to actually hurt
the person. Action speaks louder
than words.

JEREMY
Exactly.

Jeremy pauses, intrigued.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
It's going to do us a lot of good
if we can identify a culprit; or
get a witness with some vital
information.

SUZY
How about the father of the
deceased child? I heard he's being
treated at the hospital.

Jeremy makes a face; speculates.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sunlight on the sliding windows. Curtains open.

Steve lies asleep in the hospital bed, heavily taped. An IV
drip passes fluid into his body.

Loretta storms in. She wields a handbag. Her eyes and nose are red from sobs. She scans Steve. Smacks her bag on him.

LORETTA
Wake up, you asshole.

Steve comes awake. He blinks several times, his sight dim.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
I said, wake the fuck up.

Loretta smites him again.

STEVE
Loretta?

LORETTA
You're the biggest asshole in the world, you know that?

STEVE
It's not what you think.

LORETTA
You murdered our daughter.

STEVE
No, Loretta. It didn't happen that way.

LORETTA
I should've known you couldn't be responsible for one weekend; just one weekend.

She shows him her first finger.

STEVE
I didn't kill Emma.

LORETTA
Yes, you did. And you deserve to be dead. Emma would be alive if you didn't insist she spends the weekend with you.

STEVE
We were attacked.

LORETTA
I don't care. You should've died before you let anything happen to her. I wish I never met you.

She flutters out.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kripper and Benny whisper. Nick stands at the top of the steps.

NICK

Are we going to be here all day?

Benny and Kripper fall silent. They follow him up.

KRIPPER

I've never seen him this way. It's the weirdest thing ever.

INT. JACK'S ROOM

Darkness.

A shadow sits on the floor in a corner of the room, his face buried in his drawn up knees... Jack.

The door opens. A ray of light flows in. Nick, Benny, and Kripper step inside.

KRIPPER

(re: Jack)

He's been like this ever since we got back. Hasn't spoken to anyone either.

BENNY

Was he wounded?

KRIPPER

No. Not a scratch on him.

BENNY

Should we inform Marco?

Nick takes a few steps further.

NICK

No. Let's observe him for a couple more days.

KRIPPER

I've never seen Jack look so broken. We need a goddamn scientist to explain this.

BENNY
I ain't ever seen nothing like
this.

Benny and Kripper leave.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE

The men march down the steps. Jasper appears with two duffel bags. He climbs down, his little finger wrapped in a tape.

KRIPPER
Where the fuck are you going?

JASPER
Need to find my own place. This
house won't fit us no more.

BENNY
Now's not a good time, Jasper.

Jasper scoffs.

JASPER
There's never a good time to do
shit. We make our own time.

NICK
Jasper.

Nick advances down the steps. Checks Jasper from head to toe.

NICK (CONT'D)
Where are you off to?

JASPER
Got myself an apartment. If you
ever need me, you know where to
find me.

Jasper bounces out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jeremy draws the curtains open. Sunlight penetrates the room. Steve shuts one eye and looks away.

JEREMY
I'm sorry, Mr. Steve, but there's
something I've to show you.

Jeremy takes out a photograph of the dead James. He shows Steve. Steve takes a peep at it. Turns his face away, revolted.

STEVE
(re: photograph)
Could you take this away from me?

Jeremy snatches the photograph. Tucks it back in the file.

JEREMY
Do you remember that face?

STEVE
That was the store owner - James. I always came by his store all the time. He was kinda like a friend.

JEREMY
Do you recall what happened that night?

STEVE
Yeah. I went to the store with my daughter to get groceries when these men came in. There were three of them and they looked like a mob or something.

Jeremy listens patiently.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I felt something wasn't right. I got in their face. Thought I could intimidate them a little, but one of them started to hit me.

JEREMY
Could you recall what they looked like?

STEVE
The image's still kinda fuzzy in my head, but I remember one of the men. I think he led them. He had such cold eyes.

JEREMY
Do you remember anything specific that was spoken? Something like a hint as to who they were?

Steve ponders.

FLASHBACK: INT. STORE - NIGHT

Steve stands at a aisle of groceries. He overhears Jack.

JACK (O.S.)
We've come for your debt, Mr.
James.

BACK TO SCENE:

Steve furrows his brows.

STEVE
They mentioned something about a
debt. I didn't really understand.

JEREMY
Alright. That'll do. If you
remember any other thing, please
let me know.

Jeremy struts toward the entrance.

STEVE
Hey, Agent.

Jeremy gives him his attention.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Don't let him get away. He's
responsible for the death of my
daughter.

JEREMY
He'll be caught as soon as his
identity is uncovered.

Jeremy exits the room.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Five empty mini cans set up on junks.

Peter aims at the cans with a revolver, eyes focused. He
shoots and hits a can. He shoots again and hits the next can.

He takes a slight breath, aims for the other cans and hits
them all.

When he's finished here, he stumps toward the house; a brave
little knight.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - DAY

Slight darkness.

Jack is seated in the same corner of the room as last time. A little ray of light shines through the window. Jack's hands are bloody.

JACK
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES - JACK'S MEMORIES

- Jack kneels by Emma's body.
- A dead Emma gazes at his face.
- Jack ogles down at his bloody hands.
- Jack's hands tremble as he raises them to his face.

BACK TO SCENE:

The door opens. Light reflects upon Jack from the outside, shows his hands are clean. He gazes up sharply, eyes crazy.

JACK
Shut the door. Shut the door.

Nick nips into the room. Keeps the door open.

Jack crawls to the door, frantic, desperate. He slams it shut and creeps back to his corner. He hides his face away. Mutters to himself.

NICK
What have you done to yourself,
Jack? This isn't good for you.

Jack says nothing.

NICK (CONT'D)
It was an accident. The girl's
death had nothing to do with you.
This isn't the first time you
watched someone die; accidental or
not. What makes this any different?

Jack wiggles his head.

JACK
I can't unsee her face. Her blood's
all over my hands.

NICK

There's no blood anywhere. You're imagining it and you need to snap out of it.

Slowly, the door opens again. Marco steps into the room. Jack squints at the darkened, familiar face.

MARCO

Jack, what in bloody hell have you done?

JACK

I killed a child.

MARCO

Nick told me about it, but I had to come see you for myself.

Marco goes to the window. Throws the curtains open. Jack turns his face away from the light.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Your room stinks. Time to get back to the real world, Jack. I need you.

Jack's eyes are red, despaired.

JACK

I can't get her face out of my head.

NICK

You'll get over it.

Marco returns to Jack.

MARCO

Get your shit together. I need the stone-cold killer I've always known, not this scared little boy in the body of a man. I need you.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kripper and Benny drink beer. Peter stands on the foot of the steps, listens to the voices.

MARCO (O.S.)

The kid needs you. So get your ass up.

NICK (O.S.)
We need you, Jack.

Jack's door gets shut. The voices fall to a faint murmur.
Peter remains there.

Jack's door cranks open again. Marco ambles down the steps.
Nick comes behind him. Jack follows behind Nick. Squints his eyes.

Benny and Kripper rise from their seats, surprised.

BENNY
And ain't this a fucking miracle?

KRIPPER
You gave us quite a scare, Jack.
Thought we'd have to get you to a
psych ward or something.

Kripper laughs. He ogles around. Realizes no one joined him.
He chokes up the laughter.

KRIPPER (CONT'D)
It's nice to have you back.

JACK
Where's Jasper?

NICK
He left.

Jack gazes away, unbothered.

JACK
(to Peter)
Hey, champ. How have you been?

PETER
I'm fine. I missed you.

JACK
Well, I'm back... and better.

Jack hugs Peter.

INT. JIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jin is seated at his desk. He takes out several photographs
of Jack and his gang from a file.

JIN
I found my son's killers.

Four dangerous-looking MEN stand in his front.

KRUFF (28), an eyes-cold American. BRONZE (30), a red-eyed African American. SLIT (31), a fierce-looking Japanese. COLD (34), a tall, chunky American with a little white circle.

Jin hands the photographs to Cold. Cold examines the faces. Passes the photos onto the others.

JIN (CONT'D)

The first man is Jack Grease. He works for the mob. I met him once during an All-Year celebration of the "Cold N Cruel" in Atlanta. He's a dangerous man, well-known as the Debt Collector.

COLD

How long have we got?

JIN

Less than a month. Let him be the last to die. I want him to suffer. Kill everyone who knows him; every fucking person who greets him, who smiles at him, waves at him. Dig up his mother from her grave and put a bullet in her fucking head.

Kruff squeezes Jack's photograph.

KRUFF

They're good as dead.

JIN

Make it slow. Take them one after the other.

Jin glances off at a photo of Tyler mounted on his desk. His eyes narrow in determination and agony.

JIN (CONT'D)

Let them feel my pain.

There's a soft knock on the door. Nick pops in with a duffel bag. Jin frowns.

NICK

Can we talk?

JIN

(to his men)

Excuse us.

The men leave the office.

JIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here, Mr. Nick?

NICK

I'm here representing higher powers, Mr. Jin. I've been sent to present a little gift and render an apology.

JIN

You're late. My son has been buried.

NICK

I'm not here for your son.

Nick places the duffel bag on the desk. He zips it open to reveal several wads of cash.

JIN

No amount of money can bring my son back from the grave.

NICK

Consider this a mere compensation for the accident.

JIN

What do you take me for, Mr. Nick?

Nick stays silent.

JIN (CONT'D)

How much is in the bag?

NICK

Five million.

Jin zips up the bag. Dumps it at his side.

JIN

My father always told me it's a stupid thing to refuse a gift, so I'm accepting this.

Nick smiles.

JIN (CONT'D)

But there's no forgiveness. One eye for two.

Nick sighs, disappointed, then ponders.

NICK
Alright. How about I interest you
in something else?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jeremy and a hooded man, HARRY (35), speak quietly beside a dumpster.

JEREMY
Ever since I left Boston, it's felt
like I'm in an entirely different
world. I can't do shit right.

HARRY
Perhaps it's a sign you shouldn't
have come in the first place.

JEREMY
That's a bit too late. I already
got my first case and can't even
get a solid lead on it.

Harry takes out a pack of cigarette. He shares a stick with
Jeremy. Lights it.

HARRY
Then perhaps you shouldn't even be
on this case anyway, have you
thought of that?

Harry drags on his cigarette.

JEREMY
There's no excuses. Besides, I need
to make a good impression. I've got
eyes on me.

HARRY
Don't walk yourself into an early
grave, Jeremy. Why don't you put
all of this shit behind you? Get a
descent lady and make beautiful
babies.

JEREMY
I've got time for that.

HARRY
Apparently not enough time.

JEREMY

I've come to ask you for a favor,
Harry; for old time's sake.

Harry throws his cigarette on the ground, stumps it. He takes out another stick. Lights it. Puffs.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Have you heard about a debt
collector?

HARRY

Uh-huh.

JEREMY

What do you know?

HARRY

The Debt Collector is a protected
name in the Mafia. Not a lot of
people know about him. He shows up
once in a blue moon to collect a
debt, then vanishes right back into
the shadows.

JEREMY

Why has he never been caught?

HARRY

Because he's protected.

JEREMY

His victims never seem to speak up
either.

Harry chuckles.

HARRY

This isn't Boston, Jeremy. You
talk, you die. The Mob have got men
everywhere, even in the damned FBI.
You should be careful.

JEREMY

I need to know who he is. He's such
a vile criminal who deserves to be
locked up for his crimes.

Harry laughs aloud.

HARRY

And you want to be the city's hero?

He scrutinizes Jeremy.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Don't be a hero, Agent. It'll only
 get you farther down the grave in
 lesser time. I'm advising you as a
 friend, not as a journalist, okay?

He taps Jeremy on the arm.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Tread carefully.

He leaves Jeremy. Strolls toward the street.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small, moderate apartment.

Keys CLINK from the outside. Two CLICKS in the lock. Door
 opens.

Jeremy walks in. Locks the door. Struts into --

INT. BEDROOM

It's dark. Jeremy turns on the light and holds still. His
 eyes glare in front at a young lady in his shirt. She swirls
 romantically in his bed... Suzy.

SUZY
 I was starting to think you were
 going to spend the night out.

Jeremy shuts the door. Draws on to her.

JEREMY
 I had to see a friend. Had a couple
 of questions to ask.

SUZY
 Oh, really? And what did you get?

JEREMY
 A name.

Suzy draws Jeremy closer. Throws her arms around his neck.
 Kisses him. Pulls his shirt off.

SUZY
 Was it my name?

Jeremy chuckles. He kisses her back. Allows her undress him.

JEREMY

No.

SUZY

Oh. Too bad.

Jeremy chuckles again. He undresses her. Takes a minute to admire her stunning naked body. He kisses her. Keeps his lips glued to hers, as they fall back on the bed.

Suzy throws her head back. Jeremy sucks on her nipples. She moans. Throws her arms around his head. Holds him tightly to her. Her moans increase.

Jeremy lowers his head in between her legs. Buries himself in it. Suzy groans and passes a soft scream. Her eyes roll.

Jeremy slides in between her legs. He rides her slowly, gently. She clutches the bedclothes tight. A loud moan escapes her mouth.

Jeremy rides her faster. The bed heaves in the rhythm. Suzy screams rise higher. She raises her head to check Jeremy. They share a chuckle.

LATER

Jeremy glares out the window, naked. He smokes a cigarette. Suzy lies in his bed, intertwined in the sheets.

SUZY

What are you thinking about?

JEREMY

I can't quite figure out why the police haven't caught up with this Debt Collector.

Suzy pops up.

SUZY

Where did you get that name from?

JEREMY

A friend. I worked with him a couple of times in the past and he owed me a few favors along the way.

SUZY

Why have I never heard that name before?

Jeremy checks her.

JEREMY

That's a question you really have to answer, 'cause I can't sleep with that criminal on the loose.

SUZY

You're really determined to get to the end of this case, but even you need some rest.

JEREMY

I'll rest when I'm dead.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - DAY

Jack is dressed in his usual trench coat; ready. He takes a very deep breath and reaches for his pistol on the drawer. As he grabs it, it falls right off.

He holds still for a second, confused. He grabs for the pistol again, but still can't hold it up. He raises his hand to his face. Watches it tremble.

JACK

What's happening?

He takes another deep breath. Wraps both hands around the gun again. Lifts it unsteadily. Watches it spill to the floor.

He checks his hands. They tremble uncontrollably.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's happening to me?

INT. LIVING ROOM

The gang load their pistols. As Jack moves down the steps, uncertainty and fear glimmer in his dull eyes.

NICK

Jack, are you okay?

JACK

Yeah, sure.

BENNY

It feels great to get back into some action.

KRIPPER

Got my blood pumping so fast.

Peter steps into the living room from around the corner. Jack takes a breath to calm himself.

JACK
(to Peter)
Are you ready, champ?

Peter nods.

Jack gestures to the door. Bounds toward the entrance. His gang tuck their guns in their waistbands. Ensurue him.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jasper stands on the side of the road. Vehicles swoosh forth and back.

Nick's convertible pulls up in front of him. He jumps straight into the back without a glance at Jack. Nick drives off.

EXT. HENRY'S MANSION - NIGHT

With a downed roof, the convertible pulls up outside the gates of a large, fancy house.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Jack clears his throat.

JACK
I won't be going in with you.

The gang gawp at him.

KRIPPER
Why not?

NICK
Ask no questions. The boss has spoken.

Kripper silences himself.

JACK
It's alright. I need a minute to myself.

NICK
Well, you heard the boss. Let's get the job done.

The gang exit the car, along with Peter.

EXT. HENRY'S MANSION

The gang move swiftly and stealthily along the outside. Nick goes to the intercom.

NICK
It's Nick. Open the gate.

VOICE OVER INTERCOM
What do you want?

NICK
Open the fucking gate.

As the gates part open, the gang hurry inside. They fan out. Charge towards the mansion.

They shoot at the SECURITY GUARDS; the guards shoot back.

INT. CONVERTIBLE

Gunfire rocks without a stop. Jack sits motionless in the car, eyes distressed. His hands tremble in his laps.

Then silence prevails.

Nick opens the door.

NICK
It's done.

Jack proceeds out.

EXT. HENRY'S MANSION

Jack strolls toward the mansion, flanked by Nick and Benny. They walk past dead guards.

INT. HENRY'S MANSION - HALLWAY

Kripper and Peter stand at the end of the hallway. Jack, Nick, and Benny strut towards them. When they get to the last room, they veer into --

INT. HENRY'S ROOM

HENRY (late 60's), is a thin, sick man in a king-sized bed. Jasper stands at the side.

JACK
Hello, Henry.

Henry coughs into a napkin.

HENRY
I thought I paid all my debt.

JACK
This was an assignment.

HENRY
You mean an assassination.

Jack shrugs. He sits beside Henry.

JACK
You know how it goes.

HENRY
So who's going to do it? You?
(re: Nick)
Him?

JACK
Does it matter?

HENRY
I guess not.

Henry coughs again.

JACK
Can you say you lived a good life?

HENRY
Well, I have a son and a daughter I don't know, never even met; but I still wouldn't call it a terrible life.

Henry cracks a little laughter, but his cough chokes him up.

JACK
How does it feel, knowing you're about to die?

HENRY

It doesn't change shit. I was going to die in a couple of weeks anyway. Doctor said I've got a bad heart. They tried to put me in the hospital, make me comfortable, but I said, fuck no. I'd rather die in my fucking bed.

JACK

It's probably easier this way.

Jack gets up. He blinks at Peter as he walks out of the room.

BANG. BANG. Peter shoots Henry in the chest. No hesitations.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack walks down the hallway. He stumbles and quickly grips the wall for support. His vision goes blurry. Benny comes to him.

BENNY

Jack?

JACK

I'm alright.

As Jack lifts his head, blood trickles down his nostrils.

BENNY

There's blood coming out of your nose.

Jack touches his face. Wipes blood with the back of his hand.

BENNY (CONT'D)

I'll get you a tissue.

Jack's breath catches in his throat. He gasps for air; struggles to steady himself. He hears distorted voices.

NICK

Jack?

KRIPPER

What's wrong?

He makes a desperate shake of his head. Stumbles away from the gang.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack jolts up from his bed, breathes heavily. Faint light trickles in from the window onto his sweaty face. He must've had a nasty dream.

He climbs down. Approaches his drawer. His pistol still lies on it. As he reaches for it, his hand wiggles again. He stops, studies the hand, confounded.

JACK

Why? Why does this keep happening
to me?

He goes out.

INT. CORRIDOR

Jack creeps past several doors. When he gets to the last one, he quietly opens it. Spies at Peter, as he sleeps peacefully in his bed. Jack shuts the door. Retreats.

As he tips to his room, a line of blood streaks down his nostril. He touches the blood. Raises his fingers to his face.

JACK

What the...

The blood trickles to his lips.

INT. JACK'S ROOM

Jack cleans his nostrils with a little white cloth. When the blood stops, he goes to a corner of his room and sits on the floor. He buries his head in his hands.

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - DAY

A shabby house. Unkempt. Littered.

Steve stares at a photograph of Emma. Teardrops drip down his face onto the photo. He clenches his fist and reverberates in anger.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Steve buys a revolver and several ammunitions. He loads the revolver. Aims at the wall.

The GUN DEALER stares at him uncomfortably.

GUN DEALER
Don't go murder someone.

Steve nods quickly, barely listens. He hides the gun in his pocket. Flips a hoodie over his head. Whizzes out of the shop.

INT. F.B.I BUILDING - DAY

A young FEMALE AGENT carries a wrapped up box. She marches past the focused agents at their desks.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE

Jeremy works on his computer. A bang on the door interrupts him. He leans back.

JEREMY
Yeah?

The Female Agent gets in the office.

AGENT
A package arrived for you.

JEREMY
Oh, thank you.

Jeremy takes the package. She leaves.

He tears it open. Takes out a magazine from the box. He checks it curiously. Flips it open. Finds a piece of paper in it.

INSERT: PAPER

"Find Nick Billie to find the Debt Collector".

BACK TO SCENE:

Jeremy searches for Nick Billie on his computer. The face of Jack's right-hand man, Nick, pops up on the screen.

Jeremy checks through his details, criminal records. He jumps out of his seat, excited. Hurries out of his office.

INT. F.B.I BUILDING

Jeremy travels quickly past several offices until he comes to Casper's office. He knocks on the door and steps inside; the paper held within his grip.

INT. CASPER'S OFFICE

Casper eyeballs him from his desk, curious. Jeremy gives a proud little smile.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - JACK'S ROOM - DAY

Jack sits on the edge of his bed. He hangs his head. Nick leans on the drawer.

NICK

What are you talking about, Jack?

JACK

Something's very wrong. I feel sick.

Jack pauses, considers his next words carefully.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need to quit.

NICK

I still don't know what you're talking about.

JACK

I'm retiring.

Nick gapes at him.

NICK

Is this a fucking joke?

Jack approaches the pistol on the drawer. He holds it, but can't pick it up. His hand shakes terribly. Nick reviews him, a little shocked.

Jack lets go of the gun. He takes out his cellphone. Shows it to Nick. It doesn't shake. He places the phone innocently on the drawer.

As he holds the pistol again, his hand trembles.

Nick takes his hand and studies it closely, utterly confused. It continues to shake.

NICK (CONT'D)
Maybe it's going to pass.

Jack pulls his hand away.

JACK
No, it's not. I can feel it, I'm
really sick.

NICK
It could be psychological.

Jack waves his head.

JACK
I can't continue like this. I'm
having sleepless nights, and when I
finally do get some sleep I wake up
almost immediately from a
nightmare.

NICK
There's no quitting, Jack. You know
that.

Jack exhales, surrenders.

NICK (CONT'D)
Not to worry, Jack, I've got
something to take your mind off.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

Benny and Kripper sit at the outside table. They smoke a
cigarette.

KRIPPER
I miss that sonofabitch.

BENNY
You were always at each other's
throat.

Kripper smiles faintly and shrugs. Nick and Jack step outside
onto the porch.

NICK
We've got a job.

Nick and Jack take a seat. Kripper and Benny observe Jack's
unusual silence.

BENNY
Jack, are you okay?

NICK
Yea, he's fine. Still got a bit of
guilt dancing inside of him, is
all.

KRIPPER
(to Jack)
Are you crying?

JACK
No.

KRIPPER
What's that in your eye?

Jack touches his face. Wipes off a tear. He glances down at
the teardrop, befuddled.

JACK
I don't know where that came from.

Jack sniffs the air.

JACK (CONT'D)
(re: cigarette)
Can you smell that?

NICK
What?

JACK
(to Kripper; re:
cigarette)
Let me have that.

Jack takes the cigarette. Sniffs it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can you smell this?

The gang review him again, confused.

BENNY
Yes.

JACK
I can't smell it. I can't smell
anything.

The gang stare questionably at each other.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Harry emerges out of Starbucks with a Vanilla Latte. He slopes down the pavement.

Jack and his gang appear in a convertible. They trail him.

EXT. RIDGE TUNNEL - DAY

The convertible is parked at an old ridge tunnel. Jack and his gang surround the car. Jasper flips open the hood.

JASPER
Hey, fucker.

Harry lies in the boot, tied up. Gagged.

JASPER (CONT'D)
So you're the famous journalist.

Jasper spreads his arms. Spins round.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Well, let me do the honors of an official introduction. I'm Jasper, the most vicious man you ever met.
(pointing at Jack)
That's Jack over there.
(pointing at Nick)
Then that's Nick.
(pointing at Benny)
Benny.
(pointing at Peter)
Peter.
(gesturing to Kripper)
And lastly, Kripper; the biggest motherfucker on the planet.

Kripper and Jasper share a laughter.

JASPER (CONT'D)
And that's it, you met the entire family.

KRIPPER
We heard you've been very useful in trying to find the Debt Collector.
(gesturing to Jack)
Well, there he is; the man himself.

JACK
(re: Harry)
Get him out of there.

BENNY

His majesty has spoken.

Benny cuts Harry free and makes him sit on the ground.

NICK

We don't want to waste any time
here. We risk getting discovered.

KRIPPER

Alright.
(to Peter)
Come here, soldier.

Kripper takes out a plastic bag. Hands it over to Peter.

KRIPPER (CONT'D)

(to Harry)
Don't struggle. It's only going to
make it worse.

Peter throws the bag over Harry's head. Tightens the air
around it. Squeezes it tight.

Harry frantically reaches for Peter, but can't get a good
grip on him.

Peter drags him to the ground. Doesn't let go. The bag pumps
and tightens desperately; Harry suffocates. Eventually, he
gives up.

Peter gets up, dusts himself like nothing happened.

Jack checks the dead man and hurries off to the side,
disgusted. He throws up. The gang watch him, confused.

EXT. RIDGE TUNNEL - DAY

Evening.

Jeremy and a few police officers scout the area. Harry's
corpse lays on the ground. Jeremy squats by it. He bites his
lip regretfully.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy smokes a cigarette at his window. Suzy lies in his
bed.

SUZY

Maybe it's a sign we should drop
the case.

JEREMY

No.

Jeremy's answer is firm.

SUZY

No?

JEREMY

No. I'm not going to stop until I
get to the bottom of it.

Suzy rolls her eyes and throws the blanket over her body.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A large, empty Roman Catholic church. Candlelights brighten
it up all around.

Jack sits in one of the pews towards the front. He gazes at
the image of the engraved Christ. Holds his hands together,
perhaps in prayer.

An old PRIEST shows up from the back and strolls over to
Jack. The Priest eyes him curiously.

PRIEST

Would you like to make a
confession?

JACK

I'm not a believer.

PRIEST

You don't look like one, but
everyone's welcomed into the house
of the Lord.

The Priest sits next to him.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I feel in my spirit that you need
help.

JACK

I don't know, maybe.

Jack shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm being haunted by something I
did. I've tried to forget about it,
but I can't.

PRIEST

In the house of the Lord, all
sinners are forgiven, if they make
the choice to repent.

Jack studies the Priest, then turns his attention back to the
sculpted Christ.

JACK

(re: sculpted Christ)
Do you truly believe in Him? All
I've ever heard are stories.

PRIEST

Stories make up the world. They
fuel our desire for life, even in a
world filled with chaos, rage,
bitterness, and regrets. Stories
inspire us to pick a side between
good and evil. What does it matter
if you've never seen Him? Look deep
in your heart, feel the good that
comes from the faith.

JACK

I've done a lot of bad things.

PRIEST

Christ is here to forgive.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kripper barrels out of a bar, drunk; his arms swung over two
gorgeous LADIES who help him down the pavement. He laughs
drunkenly.

JACK (V.O.)

I never really gave much thought to
life; never saw anyone but myself.

A sedan car slowly drives towards Kripper. A headlight from
an opposite car reveals Jin's hitmen, heavily armed with Mk
14's.

JACK (V.O.)

I didn't realize how much I hurt
people, even those close to me.

Deafening noise go off as the men mow down Kripper, alongside
the ladies. They drive off without a second glance.

INT. STRIPPER'S CLUB - RED ROOM - NIGHT

A STRIPPER stripteases Benny. His eyes feast hungrily on her, evidently aroused.

JACK (V.O.)
And I was a king in my own world.

A fist bangs aloud on the door. Benny swerves his sight towards it. The door gets kicked open. Cold and Kruff burst into the room with .45 Automatics.

JACK (V.O.)
With everyone at my feet.

The stripper hurries out of the room. Benny is too slow to react. The men empty their guns on him.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack passes a sigh. The Priest keeps his attention on him.

JACK
Now I'm just me.

PRIEST
Are you willing to walk in the faith?

JACK
Is it going to bring peace into my heart?

PRIEST
Peace and love. But you'll have to promise never to return to your past; never to hurt another soul.

Jack's phone buzzes in his pocket. He takes it out. Answers.

JACK
Yeah?

NICK (V.O.)
You need to come right now.

Jack gets up.

JACK
I'm sorry, father, but I've to go.

PRIEST
It's alright. You're always
welcomed back.

Jack sprint out of the church.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick paces around. Jack gestures for him to relax.

JACK
When did this happen?

NICK
About an hour ago. Where were you,
Jack? Where the fuck did you go?

JACK
I went to church.

NICK
Did you go murder someone?

JACK
I went to pray.

Nick checks Jack, skeptical. He observes the calmness in Jack's voice.

NICK
Are you shitting me? What has come
over you?

JACK
My eyes got opened. I'm done.

NICK
No. We should be talking about
getting our revenge.

JACK
There'd be no end to bloodshed. We
can't continue the cycle.

Nick stands in Jack's face.

NICK
Kripper and Benny are dead because
of you. Now you're just going to
walk away?

JACK
I'm never taking another life.
"From dust we came, and onto dust
we shall return."

NICK
Where did that come from?

JACK
I'm not really sure. Must've heard
it from someone.

NICK
Fuck that. The Jack I used to know
would've turned the damn city
upside down trying to find the
scumbags who did this.

JACK
I'm a changed man in Christ.

NICK
That's bullshit.

JACK
It's time for me to go home, Nick.

Jack goes up the steps. Nick gapes at him.

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick sits across from Marco.

NICK
Jack's lost his nuts. He's no
longer the man he used to be. I
think it's about time someone took
his place.

MARCO
Jack has led you for years. He's
been a faithful and dedicated man.

NICK
He's grown soft. It's time we got a
new leader.

Marco takes a sigh. Leans back in his chair, pensive.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - PETER'S ROOM - DAY

Jack surveys Peter's room. He examines the gory posters on the wall. Peter stands at the window.

JACK

I've come to seek your forgiveness,
Peter. I've led you down the wrong
path.

(gesturing to posters)

This shouldn't be your life.

PETER

What are you talking about?

JACK

I want you to listen to me.

Jack steps closer to him. Touches his shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

I want you to go far away from here
and find a better life for
yourself. I can write you an
address for Florida, even buy you a
plane ticket. I have someone over
there, she'll take you in.

PETER

Where are you going?

JACK

Home.

PETER

I thought here's home.

JACK

No. The real home.

PETER

Then I'm going to stay.

Jack shakes his head in disapproval.

JACK

No. Don't stay here, Peter. Why
here when you could be anywhere
else around the country?

PETER

I want to take your place. You've
taught me so many things;

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
how to rule with fear and take what
I want.

JACK
No, that's in the past. Now's the
time to aim for a better future.

Peter removes Jack's hand from his shoulder. Furrows his
eyebrows with a keen determination.

PETER
I'm not going anywhere.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Jack and Jasper sit in the living room.

JACK
How are you, Jasper?

JASPER
Why do you sound like a fucking
cleric?

JACK
This is the new me.

Jasper scoffs.

JASPER
I thought it was a fucking joke
when Nick told me about this. Now
seeing for myself it feels like
looking at someone else. What
inspired this?

Jack shrugs.

JACK
I feel tired. I feel like I can't
continue living this way anymore.
The other day, while taking a
stroll, I saw this beautiful bird
soaring freely in the sky, and I
imagined that was me, living
without any burden upon my
shoulders. I need to have a taste
of that freedom again, it's been so
long.

JASPER
You know you're not getting
freedom, Jack. You wanna be free?
You'll be free when you're dead.

Jack sighs in surrender.

JACK
I'm sorry, Jasper. What I did to
you was unfair.

JASPER
You wouldn't be the first
motherfucker to turn against me.

JACK
Regardless, it's only fair to
apologize.

Jasper shows Jack the mutilated finger.

JASPER
Still doesn't bring it back, does
it?

JACK
No, it doesn't; but it's the least
I can say.

Nick steps inside. Two new faces show up behind him. The men
are ICE (27), and CREAM (25); look-alikes. A shady, secretive
motive lurks behind their pixilated eyes.

NICK
(to Jack & Jasper)
Gentlemen, meet Ice and Cream.
They're replacing Kripper and
Benny.

Jasper sneers. *Something sneaky is hatching up.*

JASPER
Where did you find these bitches?
They look like two homos in a
shithole.

Ice and Cream crack up.

ICE
You must be the motherfucking
Jasper. We heard a lot about you
already. And yeah, you're right,
we're bitches.

Ice gives Cream a kiss. They crack up again.

CREAM

(to Jasper)

Ice gets very jealous, so you probably shouldn't look at me for too long.

JASPER

Hell, no. I'm not doing this. I'm getting the fuck out.

Jasper bounces towards the entrance. He claps for Nick.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Bravo. I see what you're doing. It's real smart thinking.

NICK

Smaller fishes get eaten up by the bigger ones. If you wish to remain a top dog, you'd best build yourself some tough muscles. I'm not letting the psychos who murdered Benny and Kripper pull a fast one on me. I'm going to build a wall so high they couldn't lay a finger on me.

JASPER

Bravo. Well, I'm out.

(to Ice & Cream)

And fuck you two assholes. I ain't shitting with you.

ICE

Yeah, fuck you too... in the ass.

Ice and Cream share another outrageous laughter. Jasper goes out.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

Jasper stumps toward a nice little car, visibly upset. Jack appears outside. Strides to catch up with him.

JASPER

What do you want, Jack?

JACK

Could you take Peter with you?

JASPER

Fuck, no.

JACK

Please, Jasper.

JASPER

That fucking kid? I'd rather have both my hands chopped off.

Jasper goes around to the driver side. Jack follows him.

JACK

Jasper, he's in danger, but he's too naïve to realize it.

JASPER

He's your protégé, you deal with him.

Jasper enters the car. Jack remains with him, eyes sad.

JASPER (CONT'D)

You broke us up when you chose him over me.

The words hit Jack like a brick to the head. He backs off.

Without another glance Jasper shuts the door and drives off.

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack drums his fingers on the desk. Marco taps his foot on the floor. There's a slight tension between them.

JACK

I can't do this anymore. I can't think, I can't focus. I'm a mess in my own mind. I can't hurt one more person.

MARCO

Think about Peter's future.

JACK

I'm doing this for him.

MARCO

There's but one way to quit, are you sure you really want to do this?

Marco eyeballs Jack speculatively. Jack remains resolute.

EXT. MARCO'S HOUSE - DAY

An exquisite mansion. Sea blue in-ground pool.

Marco swims in the pool. MARCO'S WIFE lies naked on a sun chair, eyes to the sky, shades on.

Two little GIRLS play at poolside. They jump in the water. Marco flips them playfully.

A suited GUARD arrives with a cellphone. Marco leaves his kids to answer it.

MARCO

Hello. Yeah...? Alright... Get it done.

He returns the phone. Dives back in the water.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack ambles down the street like it's his first time. No one knows who he is; no one runs away.

JACK (V.O.)

It's funny how you go from being feared to becoming a no one. But for the first time in years I feel like I'm just starting to live.

BUMP. A YOUNG GUY runs into Jack.

YOUNG GUY

Watch where you're going, douchebag.

He shoves Jack.

JACK

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Jack bows. The Young Guy reviews him, a bit surprised, and walks off.

JACK (V.O.)

Cheers to a new life.

Jack continues down the street.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ice and Cream creep towards Peter's room, pistols in hand, breath held.

As they break in, they discover the bed empty. Cream sprints to the window. Spots Peter outside, as he races off in the darkness.

CREAM

Shit!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack and Nick argue in a deserted street. Jeremy hides behind a truck. CLICK. CLICK. He takes photos of them.

NICK

You've got to come back, Jack. It's not a question.

JACK

Give it up, Nick. I'm not returning.

NICK

You won't be getting any last tries.

JACK

Fuck you. Don't speak to me like I don't know how this works. I brought you in, remember? I made you.

Nick quiets himself, slight rage in his eyes.

NICK

I've come to you as a friend, Jack, to guard you, the shepherd, back to the sheep.

JACK

Fuck the shepherd and fuck the sheep. Tell Marco I'm done.

Jack storms off.

INT. FBI BUILDING - JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeremy searches for "Debt Collector" on his computer. Finds nothing.

INT. CASPER'S OFFICE

Casper's on the phone.

CASPER
We don't want liabilities. I'll set
it all in motion. We'll push from
our end here, you do the same.

There's a knock on the door. Casper drops the phone.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Come in.

Jeremy strides inside.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Agent Jeremy. Wasn't expecting you.

JEREMY
I know. I hit a roadblock.

CASPER
(gesturing to a chair)
Take a seat.

Jeremy sits.

JEREMY
I can't find anything on the man
known as the Debt Collector.

CASPER
Oh, that's a very private case, but
I'll grant you access to it. Are
you convinced he's the one?

JEREMY
Yes, I am.

Jeremy's eyes narrow, serious.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jack orders for a coffee at the counter. While he waits, a
stunning, elegant, African-American LADY drifts to his side
and stands half a yard from him. Her brunette hair is
carefully packed into a lovely ponytail.

Jack is fixated on her, caught in her enchantment. His vision
goes blurry. He makes a little stagger and quickly grips the
counter to steady his balance.

The lady's CHRISTINA GEORGE (35), sweet, warm, and charming.

CHRISTINA
Are you okay?

She gazes at Jack's sickly face. He stares down, his vision disoriented.

JACK
Yes, I'm fine.

CHRISTINA
You should probably get some rest,
and maybe take a day off.

She grabs her coffee from the BARISTA, pays for it, and leaves the shop. Jack glares at her all the way out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jack strolls down an aisle in the park.

As he walks past a public bench, he catches sight of Christina seated on it; her face buried in a magazine. She gazes up at him.

CHRISTINA
Are you not the man I met at the
coffee shop?

JACK
Yes, I am.

CHRISTINA
Are you feeling any better?

JACK
Yes. Thank you. What are you doing
here, if you don't mind me asking?

CHRISTINA
I excused myself from work. It's
been a rough couple of hours.

JACK
Oh, sorry about that.

Jack takes a step forward, then makes a quick stop.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can I sit with you?

CHRISTINA

Sure.

Jack takes a seat beside her.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

My name's Christina.

JACK

I'm Jack. Nice to meet you.

CHRISTINA

You too.

Jack stares awkwardly at the ground.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

There's something strangely attractive about you, but I can't quite figure it out.

JACK

I'll tell you. I'm a bad man, and good women like you have a habit of being attracted to a nasty guy like myself.

Christina takes it for a joke. She laughs.

CHRISTINA

I didn't realize you're funny. Where are you from?

JACK

Princeton, West Virginia. We're the friendliest people in the United States - but I might be the one exception, though.

Christina laughs again.

JACK (CONT'D)

How about you? Where are you from?

CHRISTINA

Indianapolis.

JACK

How long have you been here?

CHRISTINA

Two months. And I can say the people have been pretty welcoming.

Christina checks her watch.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I've to go now.

As she gets up, Jack also rises.

JACK
Um, Christina, can I see you again?

She takes a minute to answer, carefully reviews him.

CHRISTINA
Yes, you can.

EXT. MAGAZINE COMPANY - DAY

Christina and Jack stand on the pavement.

CHRISTINA
So, here's where I work.

Jack stiffens a bit.

JACK
Can I pick you up later today?

Christina radiates a glorious smile.

CHRISTINA
Yes.

JACK
Well then, I'll see you later - or
soon.

She smiles, awkward. Nods. Stumps into the company. Jack doesn't take his eyes off her.

EXT. MAGAZINE COMPANY - NIGHT

Christina emerges outside. As she bounds down the street, Jack speeds over to her, dressed in the same clothes as earlier.

JACK
I'm sorry if I look like a stalker.
It's just that I can't get you out
of my head.

CHRISTINA
Have you been home?

JACK

Yes, I have - or I was, but I returned about three hours ago. I didn't want to miss you when you finished up with work.

Christina studies him, speculates.

CHRISTINA

Okay. I guess we could grab dinner.

JACK

It'd be a pleasure.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jack and Christina eat at a descent restaurant.

CHRISTINA

Can I ask what you do for a living?

JACK

I'm a debt collector - or I was.

CHRISTINA

A debt collector? Is that a thing? Like a bank job?

JACK

No, not a bank job, but still a job. At least before I quit.

CHRISTINA

Do you mind me asking why you quit?

JACK

I lost passion for it. I'm setting out on a new path now.

CHRISTINA

That's intriguing.

Christina leans forward.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

What do you plan on delving into now?

JACK

Before I met you I could only think of going home, starting over, and doing a bit of good before death comes.

CHRISTINA

Death? You speak of death like it's a person.

JACK

In my line of work, death is actually a person, or a group of persons.

Christina laughs again.

CHRISTINA

You're truly funny. I like your use of metaphor. So now that you've met me, what changed?

Jack ponders on his answer.

JACK

I feel like I'm in love with you.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Jack lies on a pew. His eyes gaze upon the ceiling, his hands propped up underneath his head. *He's in a world of his own fantasy.*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jack sits on the hospital bed, eyes eagerly fixed on the DOCTOR (50's), who glances into a folder.

DOCTOR

You've been diagnosed with nasal and paranasal tumors.

Jack's unfazed.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Would you rather begin treatment immediately or have it operated?

JACK

Neither.

The Doctor gawks at him.

DOCTOR

You could be dead in a couple of months.

JACK

It doesn't matter. I need this. I'm going to be dead anyway.

DOCTOR

So why did you come if you weren't ready to get help?

JACK

I knew something was wrong with me. Just needed to be sure what it was.

DOCTOR

I don't understand.

JACK

Doctor, have you ever felt so low that you were convinced you couldn't feel any lower, only to come across something so beautiful that completely blows you away and raises you higher than you could've imagined?

The Doctor doesn't understand a thing.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's where I am right now. Treatment or no, I really don't have that long to live. Why waste the little time I've got trying to save a life that's already damned?

EXT. MAGAZINE COMPANY - DAY

Jack waits with a cup of coffee. Christina emerges outside.

JACK (V.O.)

I need this pain and I need this excitement.

She takes the coffee from him.

CHRISTINA

Thank you.

They stride down the pavement.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Jack and Christina stroll through the noisy park, hand in hand.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They stroll down an illuminated street.

JACK
I don't deserve you, Christina.

CHRISTINA
Don't say that.

JACK
But it's true. I've done a lot of
ugly stuff.

CHRISTINA
Even you deserve a second chance,
Jack. You show remorse through
sobriety.

She holds his hand.

JACK
Her face was stuck to my head like
a bad music on repeat.

Christina kisses him on the cheek. It catches him off-guard.

CHRISTINA
Let go of the past.

She leads him away.

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Marco peers at an exquisite oil painting hung on the wall. He moves his hand over it, fascinated. A phone is pressed to his ear.

MARCO
Hello, Peter. I need you to run an
errand for me. You'll get a very
special reward in return.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack and Christina stroll down the pavement.

Jin's hitmen watch them from within their car across the street.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

A filled-up theatre. Adorned THESPIANS perform on the great stage. It's a captivating show.

Christina and Jack meander quietly through the aisle. They sit in two empty seats, excited. They hold hands and focus on the performance.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The performance is over. The crowd exit the theatre. Jack and Christina proceed down the street.

A HOODED MAN shows up behind them. He watches the happy couple with vengeful eyes, then trails them at a steady pace.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The street is empty. Shops closed up.

Jack and Christina walk hand in hand, clueless of their stalker.

The Hooded Man draws up closer, his pace quickens. When he gets close enough, he stops.

HOODED MAN (STEVE)

Hey.

The couple stop. Steve's face stays hidden under the hoodie.

STEVE

(to Jack)

I've been looking for you.

JACK

Do I know you?

Christina clings to Jack, uncomfortable, tense.

Steve flips off the hoodie to reveal two red eyes, determined, vindictive.

STEVE

Do you know me now?

Jack's still clueless.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You murdered my daughter.

Jack passes a sigh. *The night's about to get rough.*

JACK
Emma. I didn't forget.

STEVE
Don't you call her name.

Steve points a threatening finger at Jack.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You killed her.

JACK
I did. There's no use denying that.
It was an accident and I've had to
suffer the consequence ever since.

STEVE
I didn't come to hear your
confession.

Steve digs into his pocket. Pulls his revolver. Aims it at Jack, his hand a little shaky.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I came to kill you.

Instinctive, Jack steps between Christina and the gun.

CHRISTINA
No, please. Don't do it.

STEVE
Stay away from this.

JACK
(to Christina)
It's alright.

CHRISTINA
No.

Christina throws herself in front of Jack. Shields him.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
You'll have to kill me first.

STEVE
You didn't kill my daughter, he
did.

Christina carefully gestures to him for caution.

CHRISTINA
I know how you feel.

STEVE
You've got no goddamn idea how I
feel.

CHRISTINA
I lost my only brother when I was
sixteen. He was murdered when two
robbers broke into our home. He
never did anything, but they shot
him in the head. So I know how you
feel, 'cause I was consumed with
hate and revenge, just like you are
now. But it got me nowhere.

STEVE
This isn't about you or your
brother.

CHRISTINA
You're right, it isn't. But I want
you to think about Emma. If she was
looking at you right now and seeing
what you're about to do, would she
be proud of you?

Tears roll down Steve's eyes. He wipes it with the back of
his hand and steadies the gun again, but his hand still
shakes.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I don't know you, or who you are,
but I can tell that this isn't you.

Jack breathes quickly, edgy.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
You won't feel any better by
killing him, nor will it bring your
daughter back. You're going to feel
much worse than you do right now; a
whole lot worse.

Steve falls to his knees. He lowers his gun and sobs. He's a
mess; a true wreck.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Do this for Emma. It's hard, but
you've got to forgive. It's what
Emma would want.

(gesturing to Jack)

(MORE)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Look at him, he's a different
person now. He's changed. You have
to forgive him - for Emma.

Steve rubs off his tears again. Climbs to his feet, gun still
held firmly.

STEVE
I'm a mess without my daughter. I
can't continue.

CHRISTINA
I can get you help.

Steve shakes his head quickly.

STEVE
No. I just feel so bad. I wake up
every day feeling like I'm living a
life I don't belong in. I can't
function.

CHRISTINA
There's a way out. Take my hand.

Christina gives him her hand. Anxious. Afraid.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Just take it.

Steve looks at her hand, speculative. He shakes his head
again.

STEVE
No. It's over.

He turns the gun on himself, and BANG... in his own head.

Christina's scream echoes to the ends of the street. She
sprints to his side and grabs his corpse, weeps.

Jack reels back, dazed; but he stables himself. Kneels on the
ground, relieved, ashamed.

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nick sits in a chair. Marco gazes out his window.

NICK
Let's give him a little time,
Marco. He might come back to his
senses.

MARCO
What if he doesn't?

Marco retreats to his seat.

MARCO (CONT'D)
It's really sad to lose a man as
valuable as Jack. We might never
find his like again.

NICK
He made the choice to quit... but
maybe he could change his mind
again.

MARCO
I doubt it. I've known him twenty
years and he never goes back on his
word.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Christina kisses Jack on the mouth. He wraps his arms around
her.

CHRISTINA
Are you coming in for tea?

JACK
No, not tonight. There's something
I have to take care of. I'll pick
you up tomorrow for lunch.

He pulls away from her. She fixes her eyes on him, hesitant.

CHRISTINA
I love you, Jack.

She catches his hand. Doesn't want to let go.

A few blocks off, a salon car sits in the shadows across the
street.

INT. SALON CAR - NIGHT

Jin's hitmen spy on Jack and Christina. Cold answers a phone
call.

COLD
(re: Jack)
We have him right here. Looks like
our hero found some love.

He waits. A voice echoes back on the phone.

COLD (CONT'D)
We'll get it done.

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Christina is home alone. She puts on a nightdress. Wipes makeup off her face. Rolls down her blinds.

She crawls into her bed. Turns off the bedside lamp. Then rolls her blanket over her.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE

TWO MEN creep to the door. They put a piece of string in the lock, work it up, and crank the door open.

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE

Quietly, Ice and Cream step inside. They shut the door without a sound. They come to the living room and spy out the window at the empty street. *No one spotted them.*

Ice picks up the cellphone on the small dinner table and stumps it. SMASH!

Christina jerks up at the noise.

Cream walks through the house. He opens up her fridge, takes a jug of milk, and downs it thoughtlessly. He spills the rest on the floor. Draws a circle with it.

Ice cracks a quiet laughter.

Christina appears in the living room and freezes on the spot.

CHRISTINA
Who are you? How did you get in?

ICE
Is Jack here?

CHRISTINA
No, he left.

ICE
Oh, that's a relief.

Christina hugs herself, afraid.

CHRISTINA

Who are you?

Cream throws the jug on the floor.

CREAM

We're Jack's associates. Yeah, I think that's a fair way to put it.

CHRISTINA

Well, he's not here. I'd like you to leave now.

Her eyes glance down at the dismantled phone. She gasps.

ICE

We didn't come here for Jack, Christina. We came here for you.

Ice inches closer to her. She takes cautious steps back in the direction of her room.

CHRISTINA

What do you want?

CREAM

We need you to pass a message across to Jack.

CHRISTINA

Why don't you call him on the phone and tell him yourself?

CREAM

It's a more physical message than it is verbal.

Quick, Christina runs to her room. The men chase her. She locks her door just before Cream lunges at it.

CREAM (CONT'D)

Open the goddamn door.

Christina sprints across the room to the phone line. Her hands shake, her body quivers. She dials 911 and waits desperately, panicking.

VOICE OVER PHONE

911 what's your...?

CHRISTINA

Please help me. Two men broke into my home. They're trying to kill me.

Cream lunges at the door again.

CREAM
Don't make this any worse,
Christina.

ICE
(to Cream)
Step away.

Ice jabs at the door with his leg. It falls open.

Desperate, Christina screams over the phone.

CHRISTINA
I need help.

ICE
You, bitch.

Frantic, Christina leaps over the bed towards the window.

CHRISTINA
Help me! Please help me!

She opens the window, ready to throw herself out. Ice grabs her by the hair. Lunges her back.

ICE
Bitch.

She crawls to a corner of the room, hopeless, terrified. She checks around her; finds nothing. She sobs.

CHRISTINA
Leave me alone, please.

Cream seizes her by the leg and drags her out of the room. Christina swings her other leg at him.

She grabs ahold of the door, but loses her grip. She screams, horrified.

ICE
Shut up.

Ice smacks her across the face several times. He hauls her back to the living room. Blood streaks down her face.

CHRISTINA
Please, let me go. Please.

CREAM

We're going to let you go, honey.
All we're trying to do is send a
little message, is all.

Ice takes out a plastic bag.

CHRISTINA

No. What are you trying to do? Let
me go.

Christina fights effortlessly, as Ice rolls the bag over her head. She struggles, wiggles. Her breath chokes up in her throat.

The bag thins the air around her. She gasps, despairing. Her arms swing around, frantic.

Ice chokes the bag tighter. His eyes are cold, resolute. He doesn't let go.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack saunters up the pavement. He's passive, head in the clouds. His cellphone buzzes in his pocket.

JACK

Hello.

INDISTINCTIVE VOICE

Debt Collector.

Jack holds still.

JACK

Who are you?

INDISTINCTIVE VOICE

Doesn't matter. I found your little
girlfriend. Now I'm coming for you.

Jack's hand goes limp. His phone drops to the ground. He swings around and sprints back down the street.

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack bursts into the empty house. He steps over the mess.

JACK

Christina?

Christina lies unconsciously on the floor. Jack dashes to her. Gathers her in his arms.

JACK (CONT'D)
Christina.

She looks calm, motionless; seemingly asleep. No gun wound, no stab wound, except for the bit of blood on her face. Jack checks her pulse, it's cold, unresponsive.

JACK (CONT'D)
No. What have I done?

Jack sobs into her lifeless body.

JACK (CONT'D)
No, no.

Sirens wail down the street. Vehicles screech to a halt. It's the police.

Jack jumps to his feet. *He can't be found here with her.* He wipes the tears off his face.

POLICEMEN charge into the house, headed for the living room. Jack darts toward Christina's bedroom.

POLICEMEN
Freeze! Freeze!

They chase him. Jack breaks into the room and lunges himself right out the window.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE

Blinding lights.

POLICE OFFICERS and their vehicles surround the area. Jack watches them, too afraid to move. He shields his face from the headlights.

POLICE OFFICERS
(chorusing)
Stop right there! Get down on your
knees. Get down now.

Special Agent Jeremy steps into the light. He ogles Jack like an arch nemesis.

Jack takes advantage of the distraction. He sprints down the street. Police officers shoot at him.

JEREMY

Hold you fire! Hold your fire.

The shooting stops. Officers hurry into their vehicle and pursue after Jack.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Jack is wounded. He clutches his side, as he speeds drunkenly through a little traffic. He doesn't stop, he doesn't slow down.

He runs down the street like a man on a timer. Police sirens cry in the distance.

Jack swerves into a darkened alley. He leaps onto the fire escape, clumsy, and pulls himself up. Slow and weak, he climbs higher.

Two floors to the top, Jack knocks promptly on a window. No one shows. He continues to knock.

Finally, the window folds up. Jasper pops his head out.

JASPER

Jack? What in fuck's name are you doing here?

JACK

Please, let me in.

Jasper hesitates. He speculates.

JACK (CONT'D)

Please.

He steps aside. Jack flings himself in.

INT. JASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Neat. Cozy. The apartment is a small, tightly-packed home, much to Jack's surprise.

JASPER

How do you know where I live?

JACK

I've always known where you live.

JASPER

But you'd rather pretend like you didn't care.

JACK
It doesn't matter. I've never been
happier to see your face as I am
right now.

Jack throws himself to the floor, exhausted. Jasper spots the
blood on his shirt.

JASPER
Where did you get that?

JACK
I got shot.

JASPER
How?

JACK
Long story. Get me some alcohol.

With a slight reluctance, Jasper goes out of sight. He
returns with a bottle of Scotch. Jack pops it open. Gulps it.

JASPER
(re: wound)
Should I help you stitch that
before it gets infected?

JACK
Not right now. I need to feel some
pain.

Jasper quiets himself. Jack downs the Scotch.

JACK (CONT'D)
Did I ever tell you I found love?

Jasper shakes his head, no.

JACK (CONT'D)
Well, the big, bad Debt Collector
found some love... and then he lost
it.
(raising Scotch)
Cheers to me.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)
I should've never gotten involved
with her. She'd be alive right now
if it weren't for me.

JASPER
Do you know who killed her?

JACK
I saw no one, but I know who
probably did.

Jack sighs.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Marco. I hope the devil
reserves a special seat for you in
hell.

He pauses.

JACK (CONT'D)
If we meet in hell, I'm going to
fuck you up.

JASPER
Since you know who's after you, and
fighting back isn't an option...

Jasper eyes Jack's hands.

JASPER (CONT'D)
What then are you gonna do?

JACK
What I was originally going to
do... Head home.

JASPER
They're gonna find you, Jack.

JACK
I know, and it wouldn't matter. You
should also be careful, Jasper.
Benny's killers are still on the
loose.

JASPER
Those bitches ain't getting to me.

Jack nods. *He's in no mood to argue.*

JACK
(muttering)
I killed her. I really killed her.
Should've let her go. Should've
just let her go.

JASPER
Are the police after you?

Jack nods.

JASPER (CONT'D)
That makes it worse. How far can
you run?

JACK
Not very far.

JASPER
Are you going to turn yourself in?

JACK
No. I'm going home.

INT. JASPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jack still sits on the floor, a bandage wrapped around his injury. His knees are drawn up like a child in hiding. Jasper peeks out the window.

JASPER
I wasn't sure we'd make it through
the night.

JACK
I've got to leave soon. Here's the
first place they're going to come
looking for me.

JASPER
Have you heard from Peter?

JACK
Not a word. He could be dead for
all I know.

JASPER
I need to go out. If they're
outside somewhere looking for you,
then it's best to make it all seem
normal as possible. I'll get
breakfast.

INT. CASPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeremy and Suzy stand at Casper's desk.

JEREMY

This doesn't make any sense.

CASPER

Cast all doubts away, Agent. Our suspect is a notorious, cold-blooded killer. We have every reason to believe he murdered her.

JEREMY

According to the reports from her phone call, two men were trying to kill her, not one.

SUZY

Perhaps he had one other man with him.

CASPER

Then we've got two suspects on the loose. We must identify them immediately.

Jeremy glances from Suzy's face to Casper's, befuddled.

CASPER (CONT'D)

You're charged to arrest or eliminate the suspects wherever you find them. Got it?

SUZY

Got it.

Suzy studies Jeremy. He furrows his brows, confounded; seemingly disagrees. Question marks pop all over his face.

INT. JASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack groans. He feels his hand on his wound and checks the bloodstain. Jasper whisks in with a cup of warm tea. Jack takes it.

JACK

Thank you, Jasper.

Jasper sits on the couch.

JASPER

In a million years I could've never imagined the Debt Collector needing my help.

JACK

The strong are sometimes weak too,
under the right circumstances.

JASPER

Ironically, you're not hiding in
Peter's apartment; the kid you
boldly chose over me.

JACK

Can we forget about that? I think
I've had to pay for my decision
ever since.

JASPER

I'll forget about it when I'm dead.

Jack waves his head, exhausted.

JASPER (CONT'D)

You chose a fucking kid over me.
That betrayal stung like hell.

JACK

I'm sorry.

JASPER

Sorry doesn't cut it.

JACK

What then do you want from me?

JASPER

For weeks I imagined chopping off
your hand so you'd know what it
felt like, but now staring at you -
seeing you look so vulnerable, I
feel sorry for you. Considering
this feels like the last time I'm
ever gonna see you, I think I'm
gonna let it go.

A little silence hovers between the men.

As they hear creeping sounds outside the apartment, Jasper
jacks up immediately. Jack holds his breath.

Jasper puts a hand under the couch and pulls his pistol. He
slowly pulls back on the hammer. CLICK. Tips to the door.

Jack remains still.

Jasper waits. Everything goes silent. He returns to the
window.

As he opens the curtain and takes a slight peep outside, an object WHISKS in and knocks him on the head. He falls back.

JACK

Jasper.

Jack crawls to him. As he rolls him over, he discovers Jasper dead; a gun hole pierced in his forehead. A line of blood drips down his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

No.

CRASH. The window breaks. CRASH... CRASH! A vase shatters. Bullets WHISK about.

Jack lowers himself, desperate. He creeps toward the kitchen, frenzied. He hides his head.

A bullet pierces his arm, he grunts.

Gunfire perpetrates the apartment from the outside corridor. Objects crash and explode.

Jack survives the onslaught. Makes it to --

INT. KITCHEN

He slides the window open and slits to the outside. Gunfire continues.

EXT. JASPER'S APARTMENT

Jack climbs down the fire escape, hurried. He breathes quickly. When he gets down, he runs down the alley.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Late-night. Probably past midnight. Jack runs through a deserted street with a bloody arm. He doesn't stop, doesn't look back.

When he hears a police siren up ahead, he sprints into a new alley. He takes a moment to breathe.

He darts into another deserted street. He's drained, wobbly, dazed.

Approaching a streetlight, someone grabs him, and pulls him into a narrow alley... Peter.

PETER

Jack.

Jack blinks quickly, eyes foggy.

JACK

Peter, how did you find me?

PETER

I followed my instincts.

JACK

I'm so happy to see you.

PETER

There's no time, let's go.

Peter checks the street and travels across. Jack follows him. They arrive at a dishy saloon car. Jack checks it, surprised.

JACK

(re: car)

How did you get that?

PETER

I stole some money and bought it.

It's no big deal.

Peter goes in the driver seat. Jack hesitates, but makes up his mind and slides in the passenger seat. Peter drives away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Dawn. Peter's car glides up the highway, headed out of the city.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

A large empty field spreads across both sides of the road, over the horizon.

Peter pulls up at the field.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter takes the key out of the ignition and checks Jack's arm. Something dark and mysterious lurks in his eyes. He seems different, changed, even a little older.

PETER

How did you get into trouble?

JACK
Trouble found me.

PETER
Come, let me have a better look at
it.

He exits the car.

EXT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Jack steps out. He leans on the hood of the car. Peter probes
his arm.

PETER
It looks pretty bad.

He opens Jack's shirt and recognizes another injury. Blood
sips through the bandage; looks nasty.

PETER (CONT'D)
You're not looking so good.

Jack touches himself.

JACK
I can't even feel my face.

PETER
You don't have to run, you know. We
can stay and fight. Or we could
just go back and make a new group.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
It's no use, Peter. I've made so
many mistakes and I've misled you.
I'd ask you to forgive me if I
didn't think it was too late.

PETER
You did nothing wrong. You took me
in like I was your son. You taught
me to survive, to fight, to be
strong.

JACK
It was at too great a cost.

PETER
Not to me.

JACK
No. I'm going home.

Jack returns to the car, uninterested in the conversation.
Peter scowls, disappointed.

EXT. STORE - DAY

A lone, local roadside store.

Peter's car is parked in front.

INT. STORE

Peter rolls a bandage over Jack's arm. The STORE OWNER (40), reviews them suspiciously.

As they stroll out, Peter snatches a pair of sunglasses from the rack. He wears it with the label. Makes a little spin.

STORE OWNER
Are you going to pay for that?

Peter ignores the Store Owner. The Owner makes a bold lunge for Peter. Peter hits him really hard on the face. He follows up with a kick, then another.

JACK
Peter, stop.

Peter doesn't listen. He strikes the Owner across the face again, until Jack wraps his good arm around him and hurls him back.

JACK (CONT'D)
I said, stop.

Peter quits the store.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Store Owner)
I'm so sorry.

Jack takes a quick glance around. As he looks up, he stares straight into the security camera. He swerves away and bounces out of the store.

EXT. STORE

Peter treads forth and back, hot, restless.

JACK
What the fuck is wrong with you?

PETER
I'm sorry, okay? Had some pent-up aggression building up in me. Just had to blow it off. It's over now.

He walks to the car. Jack gazes dumbly at him.

INT. F.B.I BUILDING - DAY

The office is busy as usual. An AGENT works on his computer. Abruptly, a footage of Peter and Jack in the store overtakes his screen.

AGENT
We got him.

The Agent prints images from the screen. He takes them and marches down the hall. He knocks on Jeremy's office and proceeds in.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE

Jeremy's eyes rest on his computer.

AGENT
We found our suspect.

He hands Jeremy the images.

AGENT (CONT'D)
He was spotted on Route 28, West Virginia, travelling with a teenager. Number plate "AFK 5055".

Jeremy jumps.

JEREMY
Well, let's go get him. Contact the West Virginia State Police right away to keep tabs on his vehicle. We're finally going to catch that sonofabitch.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter drives. Jack ogles the side mirror. A sedan car suspiciously speeds closer to them.

JACK
(re: sedan car)
Do you see that?

Peter peeps at his side mirror.

PETER
It's probably just a random car.

INT./EXT. SEDAN CAR - DAY

Jin's hitmen load MK18's. They cock them and shoot at Peter's car.

EXT./INT. PETER'S CAR

CRASH. Jack's side mirror dismantles. Jack ducks.

JACK
They found us.

The rear glass shatters. Bullets puncture the car.

Jack ducks again. Peter maneuvers the wheel.

PETER
Is it Nick?

JACK
No. Benny's killers.

Jack and Peter dive their heads. Peter stamps the gas pedal.

The car whizzes through traffic.

Peter opens the glove compartment. Takes out a .357 Magnum. Hands it to Jack.

PETER
Take this.

Jack takes the gun, absentminded. It falls off at once. His hands shake.

JACK
(re: gun)
I can't use it.

BUMP. The hitmen ram into their car.

PETER
I've got no choice. We need to go
into the city.

Peter swerves the car into a new route. Jin's hitmen keep a hot trail on them.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Peter's car swivels desperately through the streets. Three police vehicles chase the car in a hot pursuit; their alarms blare unforgivably. It's a highspeed chase.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

Large helicopter blades spin effortlessly. Jeremy and Suzy hurry out of the helicopter. An FBI AGENT approaches them.

FBI AGENT
The police have them on the run.

JEREMY
Where are they?

FBI AGENT
They're heading for the rail tunnel
outside the city.

JEREMY
Take us there.

EXT. RAIL TUNNEL - DAY

Peter's car screeches to a stop at the edge of the tunnel. Peter and Jack throw themselves to the outside. They hurry into the tunnel.

Police vehicles show up at the distance, their alarms wail all the way.

INT. RAIL TUNNEL

Jack and Peter run up the rail track. Noises echo from the end of the tunnel. Light flashes.

Peter stops. He leans against the wall, exhausted.

JACK
Come on.

Jack puts his good arm around him for support, but Peter shoves him off. Jack draws back, stunned. Peter stands upright.

PETER

Why, you should've gone back with me, save us all this trouble.

JACK

What are you talking about?

Peter pulls a pistol. Points it at Jack. Jack sucks his breath.

PETER

I really didn't want to do this, but this was my task - bring you in or kill you.

Jack sighs.

JACK

Why didn't I see this coming?

PETER

Because you're blinded by trust.

JACK

Says a child I once took as a son.

PETER

I'm not a child anymore. I'm a man now. And you once told me that in this world it's eat or be eaten. You told me that I shouldn't hesitate to fight for what I wanted, the whole world be damned.

JACK

Don't try to make me responsible for your bad choices.

PETER

Mine - yours, it's all the same.

JACK

Do you remember I also told you the world keeps spinning? One moment you're on top, the next minute you could be at the bottom.

PETER

Well, I never plan to return to the bottom.

Peter ogles Jack, impassible.

PETER (CONT'D)
How mightily you've fallen, Jack.
What a shame.

JACK
Where did I go wrong, Peter?

PETER
It's not about you. It's about me.
Since you told me about your dream
of finding power in a high
position, it became my dream too.
Two suns can't shine in one sky.

JACK
You really didn't need this. You
didn't have to get my blood on your
hands. I've been sick, Peter,
really sick. I wasn't going to live
that long anyway.

Peter scoffs.

PETER
You still don't get it, do you? I
need to kill the boy and become the
man.

Jack waves his head painfully.

JACK
Oh.

PETER
I'm sorry Debt Collector, but it's
time we had a new debt collector.

He fires at Jack.

Jack stumbles back, reaches desperately for the wall, but his
knees give out on him. He spills to the side, onto the dirt.

JACK
Oh, Peter... Peter.

The noises get louder, closer. Peter approaches him, eyes
void of emotions.

PETER
They don't want you caught. They
want you retired, just like you
asked.

JACK

Oh, oh.

PETER

Thank you. I'll never forget you.

He fires again. Jack slumps. He writhes for about a second or two, then passes out.

Peter stares him down; an archenemy finally defeated. When he jerks back to his senses, he sprints down the end of the tunnel.

When Jeremy, Suzy, and the other officers arrive at Jack's body, Jeremy and Suzy stop. The officers continue their chase of Peter.

JEREMY

They got him.

Jeremy kneels beside Jack. He examines Jack's face, almost fascinated. *He's wanted this moment for a long time, but not this way.*

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Oh, this really sucks.

SUZY

I guess it means the end of the road on our investigation.

Jeremy shakes his head.

JEREMY

No. I'm not going to stop, not until I get to the very end of the road. I need to know everything.

SUZY

The road looks pretty rough, Agent.

JEREMY

I don't care. I signed up for this. Now I need to catch that killer.

Jeremy sprints down the tunnel. Then...

BANG! A gun goes off in his back. He trips to the ground.

Suzy holds a pistol. She shivers.

SUZY

Why, why do you have to be so stubborn?

Jeremy gawks at her.

SUZY (CONT'D)
Why couldn't you just walk away?

She wipes a tear off.

SUZY (CONT'D)
You gave me no choice, Jeremy. I
love you, but I can't let you go
on.

Jeremy pants.

JEREMY
Why...?

Slowly, he rolls over. Writhes in agony.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Why, Suzy?

SUZY
It always ends the same way. There
are no heroes in this story,
Jeremy. I wish you'd listened to
me.

JEREMY
Suzy.

SUZY
You should've walked away.

BANG. The next shot goes in his heart.

OFFICER #1 and OFFICER #2 return from the end of the tunnel.

OFFICER #1
We heard a noise. What happened?

SUZY
Call the ambulance. An agent was
shot.
(pointing to Jack)
He shot the agent.

OFFICER #2
We'll get the ambulance right away.

The officers sprint back down the tunnel.

Suzy carefully wraps Jack's hand around the gun. She takes
her phone.

SUZY

It's done.

EXT./INT. ICE & CREAM'S CAR - DAY

Jin's hitmen drive by. Ice and Cream stare them down.

Peter hurls himself into the backseat. He takes a long, deep breath. Ice drives off.

INT. CASPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Casper's on the phone. He glares out the window.

EXT. MARCO'S HOUSE - DAY

Marco's wife lies on the sunlounge. Marco spills sun cream on her. Massages her. Holds a phone with his free hand.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

CASPER

It's over.

MARCO

Oh, what a relief. I've been waiting for the good news all morning. He'll, however, be missed.

CASPER

Indeed, he will. He was a good tool... And as for the kid?

MARCO

Oh, I promised him something special, and he's sure to get it.

CASPER

We need to see, Marco.

MARCO

We will, Casper. Real soon.

Marco hangs up. Smiles to himself.

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter makes his way into the office, almost slowly. He studies Marco's desk, mesmerized. Nick, Ice, and Cream enter after him.

PETER

Oh.

Peter advances to the desk. He takes shallow breaths, totally captivated. Throws himself into Marco's chair.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yes.

Ice and Cream stand opposite him, like guards. Nick goes around the desk and stands at Peter's righthand side.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, yes.

Peter smiles to himself, proud. He slaps down Marco's frame, chuckles. He leans back in the chair.

It's all quiet. Then...

Peter gurgles. His mouth spurts blood. A knife goes in and out of his throat, as Nick stabs furiously into his neck.

Peter clings to his neck, desperate. Fights to hold the blood in.

Nick stabs fervently into his chest. Peter breaks into a cry.

Hopeless, Peter stumbles out of the chair. Spills onto the floor. With a choke, he drags himself towards Ice, basked in blood.

Ice glances down at him, emotionless. Nick carefully trails him, knife still in hand. Peter gasps.

Nick pins him to the floor and stabs him in the gut. He twists the knife in, then stabs him again.

Peter gives a low cry, then falls silent, dead.

Nick dusts himself, satisfied. He yanks the knife out, wipes it against Peter's clothes, and advances to the chair. He dusts it. Throws himself in it.

NICK (V.O.)

In the Mob, there are no heroes,
only villains - and you see every
one of us fuckers? We're the last
piece of shit you wanna meet, so
don't feel bad for us. This is our
reality.

Nick laughs. He crosses his legs over the bloody desk. Ice drags Peter's corpse out; his blood marks the floor all the way out.

Nick raises Marco's frame back up. Repositions it. Leans back in the chair. *Now the office looks perfect again.*

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END