

STREET TOUGH

written by

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INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT - DAY

A young black man's limp and BULLET RIDDEN BODY lay dead on a BLOOD soaked carpet.

A pair of two hundred dollar sneakers frantically paces back and forth over the body as

SHERRI LOPEZ (20s), latina beauty, hard living, kneels down, clings onto the edge of a king sized mattress, cries over the deceased. She stares up at --

RENALDO "RENNY" REY (30s), Puerto Rican, black, matching black jumpsuit and gold bling.

RENNY

Shut up! I can't hear myself think!

Sherri crawls toward the body, reaches out to him.

Renny shoves her arm away.

RENNY (CONT'D)

What're you doing? He's dead! You wanna lay down with him?! You want that shit?!

He aims his gun at Sherri's head. She squeezes her eyes shut.

RENNY (CONT'D)

You stay away from him! It's all your fault anyways! It's your fault!

EXT. LOW RENT APARTMENT - DAY

Four suited up TACTICAL COPS approach the exterior door with kevlar vests and shotguns. They turn and spot --

LIEUTENANT DENNIS FLINT (50s), graying hair, long coat, loose tie and a tired way about him.

Flint pats each of them on the shoulder.

FLINT

Lieutenant Flint. I'm taking point.

TAC #1

Fuck are you doing? We're cleared for a full breach.

FLINT
 You're cleared when I say you're
 cleared.
 (matter of factly)
 Now get-back.

The four kevlar cops stand on each side of the door in two by two formation.

TAC #2
 He's got a kid in there, you know?

FLINT
 No shit, asshole. You wanna fill
 it full of holes?

Flint RAPS his fist on the door. Hard.

The four cops all stare at each other with equal confusion.

FLINT (CONT'D)
 Okay, Renny! You're scaring the
 neighbors! You know the drill!

INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT - DAY

Renny hides behind a wall with a pistol to his girl's head.
 He peaks around a corner, stares at --

THE FRONT DOOR

As another LOUD KNOCK causes the baby to CRY OUT.

Renny stares into the

BABY'S ROOM

across the hall. An INFANT GIRL lay in her crib as her CRIES
 are audible throughout the apartment.

FLINT (O.S.)
 Yo, Renny! It's me! Lieutenant
 Flint! I know we got some unwanted
 visitors here but I got your back!
 You know I do!

Renny shuts his eyes, scared to death. He keeps a firm hold
 of Sherri as she wimpers with fear.

SHERRI
 You heard him. Just get the fuck
 out of here.

RENNY

Shut up. Open your mouth again and I'll throw you against that front door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - DAY

A slew of PATROL CARS with LIGHTS FLASHING and TACTICAL POLICE VANS are on the scene.

Some locals in gym shorts and t shirts gather around to see what all the commotion is about.

ON A STAIRCASE

awaits a PATROLMAN with a walkie to his mouth. He stares up the steps at --

PATROLMAN #2 hidden behind a brick wall and a GLOCK gripped in both hands.

An UNMARKED SEDAN arrives in the lot. Out of the car jumps a very eager --

DETECTIVE JOE MARTIE (30s), tank top, gang tats, lean but tough and scarred from several gunshot wounds.

Martie rushes to the staircase, flashes a quick badge to PATROLMAN #1.

MARTIE

Detective Martie. Got any ID on our shooter?

PATROLMAN

I don't know. Lieutenant Flint's up there with SWAT right now.

MARTIE

Flint? What the hell's robbery doing here? How many inside?

PATROLMAN

Two. One adult female and one infant female. The hostage's daughter. At least that's the rumor.

MARTIE

And what about the apartment number?

The Patrolman shoots him a hard look.

PATROLMAN

How the hell should I know, man? I just work here.

Martie is greeted by Flint's partner SGT. BOBBY VANCE (40s), bug eyes, aged skin, weird hair.

VANCE

The hostage is Sherri Lopez. Looks like the girlfriend. Neighbors heard two gunshots followed by Lopez and our shooter doing a non stop shouting match until units arrived.

MARTIE

Crystal Lopez.

PATROLMAN

Who?

MARTIE

Sherri Lopez. They call her Crystal. She slings meth for Renny Rey. Word is she's his latest regular.

PATROLMAN

(shocked)

Rey's up there? Good God be with us.

Martie checks the onlooking crowd growing in numbers. Mostly local neighborhood HOODLUMS and PROJECT KIDS. They all turn to each other, whisper and stare back at the police with real hate in their eyes.

MARTIE

He's right. You fill this prick full of holes, half the block will be out here before you can blink.

VANCE

Yeah. We gathered that, Martie. Thanks.

MARTIE

This should be an all available. Where the hell's your back up?

VANCE

Don't worry about it, Martie. And what the hell's Task Force doing here anyway? Does this look like a gangland hit to you?

Martie stares up the stairs at the second Patrolman, ready to take the shot.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Flint's talked down more assholes than years you been alive, so just stand down and enjoy the show.

INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT - DAY

Flint opens the front door, quickly shuts and deadbolts behind him. He stares up at

Renny with the gun to Sherri's head.

FLINT

Where is he?

RENNY

The bedroom.

Flint casually heads for the bedroom as Renny watches him with caution.

Flint ducks inside --

THE BEDROOM

And spots THE BODY on the floor. Two bullets in him. Blood spilled everywhere.

In no hurry, he shuffles his way back out. He re-joins Renny and Sherri in --

THE LIVING ROOM

And smiles back at Renny.

FLINT

Not too smart, Renny. The DA's not gonna be happy. But what happened happened. Another banger gone. Fuck it.

Sherri squints, confused.

FLINT (CONT'D)

But if you put a bullet in Sherri,
it's gonna change some things. I
won't be able to clean that up.

Renny seems worried by this as his eyes shift side to side,
in deep thought.

FLINT (CONT'D)

So here's what's gonna happen. You
let her go. Take me as your
hostage. I got a car waiting for
us downstairs. Take you wherever
you want. No one needs to know you
were ever here.

SHERRI

Fucking crooked ass cop.

FLINT

(to Sherri)

I'm sure Sherri here doesn't wanna
go down for distribution. Do you,
Sherri?

Flint takes out a baggie of crystal meth from his coat
pocket.

FLINT (CONT'D)

From what I hear, there's a lot
more where that came from.

Sherri looks as if she could kill Flint.

FLINT (CONT'D)

So we're all gonna do the smart
thing and forget today ever
happened.

SHERRI

You're crazy.

Flint moves for the bedroom, points down the hall.

FLINT

He was a jealous ex. Tried to take
out you and Renny. But Renny was
too fast for him. Grabbed a burner
from the nightstand. A clear cut
case of self defense. No biggie.

RENNY

Better not be fucking with me, cop.

Flint smiles. He puts the walkie to his mouth.

FLINT

Well, boys. Looks like a false alarm. We got a couch here with a fresh bullet shot through the cushion. Mister Rey here has promised he won't be killing any more couches today. Everyone can go home.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

Martie grips a thirty eight snub with two hands and moves swiftly across the pavement toward a caged garage.

He stares

IN THE GARAGE

As Renny and Flint are nowhere to be found.

Martie spots a car coming up the alley as

THE GARAGE DOOR OPENS

And nearly knocks him out of the way. He steps aside and FLASHES HIS BADGE to the driver.

EXT. SHERRI'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Renny steps out with a gun to Flint's head. The four kevlar cops are no longer on the scene.

RENNY

Where the hell the cops at?

FLINT

Told you I'd take care of it. I took care of it.

Renny shoves Flint toward the stairwell.

RENNY

Move it.

Flint keeps his hands up, heads for the rear stairwell as Renny keeps a gun to his back.

INT. APARTMENT GARAGE - NIGHT

Renny keeps his gun on Flint's back as they walk to his SQUAD CAR with the engine still running.

MARTIE

Appears behind the trunk of a car. Gun aimed at Renny.

MARTIE

HOLD IT!!!

Renny aims and FIRES a full CLIP in Martie's direction.

Flint ducks down, covers his head from the crossfire.

Renny runs back into the interior --

STAIRWELL

as the large metal door is almost shut.

Martie chases after him, grabs the door before it shuts in his face. He charges up the steps.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Renny reaches the top of the second flight of stairs and spots --

Martie at the bottom, gun aimed up at him.

POW-POW-POW

He's RIDDLED WITH BULLETS as he drops his gun over a railing and stumbles against a wall.

Severely wounded, he can barely flinch. He squints his eyes shut in pain as

Martie slowly walks up the steps. Aimed and ready.

MARTIE

The next one goes in your head.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Martie sits in a cushioned chair in this cold white room with a television on the wall and three year old magazines spread across a coffee table.

Standing over him are Flint and his superior LIEUTENANT OSCAR AVILLA (40s), ex banger, pot marked latino.

AVILLA

Ya know, you should've just killed him. At least then we could get rid of the body.

Avilla shakes his head, paces the floor with worry.

AVILLA (CONT'D)

Fifteen years ago, this city almost burnt to the ground when those idiot rookies put five bullets in his mother. Not to mention the millions in damages their little mistake cost the department. Just wait until this gets out.

MARTIE

You think sneaking Rey out the back door is gonna keep this from getting out? There were over a dozen witnesses watching the front of that building. Not to mention the dozen or so tenants who most likely saw us carry him out of the garage.

AVILLA

I don't know, Joe. I guess we'll find out, won't we?

A DOCTOR in blue scrubs wears a white mask around his neck as he approaches the men.

Avilla and Flint turn to him, anxious.

DOCTOR

He's got a fractured right humerous and some damage to the subclavian artery. He lost a lot of blood but he's stable. A half an inch lower, things could've been a lot worse.

AVILLA

So he's gonna make it?

DOCTOR

He'll live but he's gonna require months of rehab before he regains full use of that arm.

FLINT

(smug)

Gee. That's great news, Doc.
Thanks a bunch.

The Doctor watches them all huff with defeat. Confused.

DOCTOR

You're welcome.

He shakes his head, walks off.

MARTIE

(to Avilla)

Why wasn't anyone covering the rear
entrance?

Avilla turns to him.

AVILLA

What?

MARTIE

Flint ordered all units to stand
down. Said there was no body in
that apartment. I wanna know why.

AVILLA

Hardly your biggest problem right
now, Detective.

MARTIE

That might be but I'd still like an
answer.

Flint hovers over him, annoyed, worked up.

FLINT

I had a decision to make. He's got
a gun on a four month old baby. I
didn't need two dozen cops making
him any more nervous so I called
off the dogs. What I didn't want
was a riot on my hands which,
thanks to you, is now inevitable.

Martie doesn't wanna hear this as he folds his arms and looks
away from both men.

AVILLA

(to Martie)

Even if he recovers, we've already
declared war on Rey. You do
realize that, right?

MARTIE

Hell are you talking about?

AVILLA

I'm talking about I don't care if he slaps his old lady around, kicks her down a flight of stairs or puts a bullet in her head.

(serious)

We DON'T-TOUCH-HIM! Those are the rules!

Martie smiles. Scoffs at Flint.

MARTIE

I get it. Today was about saving the department some bad press. Not saving two hostages.

AVILLA

I'd watch my mouth if I were you. You don't have the time in.

MARTIE

(smartass)

Yes, sir.

AVILLA

You're gonna have to go into protective custody. No matter what went down today, this looks bad. Like we were looking to put Rey into early retirement.

The PING from a nearby elevator catches the three men's attention as they all turn.

TWO SUITS

Step off. Looking very City Hall official. They approach Avilla and Flint.

SUIT #1

Captain Avilla. Detective Martie.
A word, please.

The Suit heads for a nearby SUTURE ROOM as Avilla and Martie follow behind.

SUTURE ROOM

The lights are dimmed. And it's very quiet. Out of the way. Suit #1 gives Suit #2 the nod to shut the door behind them.

He does. Martie watches him closely.

SUIT #1

I'm afraid the word's already out about Rey. Sherri Lopez came forward. Scared Rey's people will be gunning for her and her baby when they find out what happened in that apartment.

MARTIE

What's that have to do with me?

SUIT #1

Based on Lieutenant Flint's suggestion, both The Chief and The Commissioner feel it's unsafe for either of you to be in the city.

SUIT #2

You'll be on Lopez's detail under protective custody until further notice.

MARTIE

I'm just supposed to run from this guy? For how long?

SUIT #1

If I were you, Detective, I'd be thinking about a transfer. Out of the city. Like my ass depended on it.

MARTIE

Do I have a choice?

The two Suits share an unspoken exchange.

SUIT #1

No. You don't.

Martie huffs.

MARTIE

Exactly how long is this gonna take?

SUIT #1

If Rey dies on the table? Not long. But you better pray he doesn't recover.

Flint scoffs out loud. Martie shoots him a dirty look.

SUIT #1 (CONT'D)
Because when word gets out, it
won't just be you they come after.

FLINT
The whole fuckin force will have
targets on their back. It'll be
just like fifteen years ago.

SUIT #1
Precisely.

AVILLA
So what happens now?

SUIT #1
We have a car waiting downstairs.
With two armed escorts. We'll
transfer Detective Martie and Miss
Lopez to the safe house where
they'll be staying until further
notice.

MARTIE
Do I get to pack a change of
underwear?

SUIT #1
We've already taken the liberty of
packing your things. It's all
waiting in the car downstairs.

Martie checks with Avilla who gives him the nod. Flint rolls
his eyes and steps out.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Martie is escorted by the two Suits toward a BLACK SUBURBAN
parked near the rear of the lot. It sits alone. Out of the
way.

MARTIE
Couldn't find a closer spot, boys?

Suit #2 opens the rear door for Martie who takes a peak
inside. He spots Sherri Lopez in dark shades and a ball
cap. Her hair in a ponytail.

SUIT #1
Let's go, Detective. We don't have
much time.

Martie ducks in the car.

Suit #2 shuts behind him and gives the nod to Suit #1 who crawls in the front passenger seat.

Suit #2 walks to a nearby black four door, jumps behind the wheel and starts the engine.

INT. BLACK FOUR DOOR - NIGHT

Before he can put it in drive, a YOUNG BANGER with a shaved head, gang tats jumps up from the backseat, slashes Suit #2's throat.

EXT. BLACK FOUR DOOR - NIGHT

TWO BANGERS exit the backseat with MACHINE GUNS and run up on the Suburban.

Martie and Sherri spot them coming and duck down.

The Two Bangers RIDDLE THE SUBURBAN with RAPID GUNFIRE as GLASS FLIES and TIRES EXPLODE.

They empty their clips. Banger #1 gives the nod to #2 as he runs to the rear passenger window, checks inside.

Martie and Sherri lay dead on the upholstery.

They run back to the black four door, jump in and speed off.

The SMOKE from hundreds of bullets still looms in the air like a heavy early morning fog.

EXT. BIG DRAGON ACADEMY - DAY

LINDA MARTIE (50s), dark hair, business suit, sad eyes, steps from her car and stares at the dojo's front window. She cracks a slight grin as old memories become new again.

INT. BIG DRAGON ACADEMY - DAY

Several STUDENTS of varying age are running drills on workout mats as the dojo's owner and chief instructor JIMMY KOLFAX (60s), dark eyes, serious, worldly, walks the room and watches carefully.

The Students are holding fake guns and rubber knives and taking turns disarming them.

KOLFAX

Good. But you can do it faster.
Don't get so comfortable with
yourself. Remember. You might
think you're fast but that bullet
will always come out faster.
We're talking a split second
between life and death.

Kolfax pays careful attention to one student in particular who is lightning fast and puts his opponent on his back with little trouble.

The student on the floor slaps the mat. Angry with himself as the other student smiles.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

Anticipate your opponent. Make
them scared of you. Like you're
the one with a gun in your belt.
Eye contact is key. You start
looking all over the place, looking
for a gun, he's gonna shove one in
your face. The eyes don't lie.
Your opponent can tip his hand
without speaking a single word.

Kolfax spots a familiar face by the front door.

Linda smiles and waves back at him.

Kolfax offers her a warm smile in return.

INT. KOLFAX'S OFFICE - BIG DRAGON ACADEMY - NIGHT

Kolfax offers Linda a cold bottle of water as he wipes himself down with a towel.

LINDA

I would've called you first but I
didn't have time. The TV vultures
were on my doorstep before I could
even process what happened.

KOLFAX

I just saw on the news this
morning. I'm so sorry. I guess
maybe I should've called too. I
just thought you needed some time
to...

Linda holds out her hand, stops him. Kolfax nods with appreciation, hangs his head low.

LINDA

I know we left things on a bad note. I said some pretty horrible things to you the last we talked.

KOLFAX

Forget it. Ancient history.

LINDA

The police aren't telling me much. About who did this to Joey. Because Joey shot Renny, they're claiming it could've been anybody. Narrowing down a suspect is virtually impossible when the list of suspects is five miles long.

Kolfax scoffs with disgust.

KOLFAX

They said that to you?

LINDA

It's like they're not even gonna try, Jimmy. They're just gonna sweep it under the rug. Like he was nothing.

Kolfax chugs down his water, paces the room with a fuming anger boiling up inside him.

KOLFAX

Of course. To them, Joey's bad press. Last thing they wanna do is drudge up the past. Cause another departmental scandal. More innocent people are killed. Etcetera, etcetera. It's damage control.

LINDA

Come on, Jimmy. They have to know something. Those hospitals have cameras. They saw who shot Joey. They had to have. At least the description of who it was. Something! Anything! But they're not even trying!

Linda breaks down in tears. Kolfax snags a few tissues from a box on his desk. Offers them.

KOLFAX

I haven't been down to that station in fifteen years. They're not exactly gonna give me a hero's welcome. I can't promise that they'll cooperate.

LINDA

Yeah, I know. But anything you can find out would be great. Your my last hope, Jimmy.

LATER THAT DAY

Kolfax shuts off all his lights and spots a small photo on the wall of him, old partner MIKE MARTIE (50s) and Joe at Joe's graduation ceremony. All of them in dress blues.

Kolfax takes the photo off the wall. Gets a closer look.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kolfax peeks around a corner and spots --

MIKE

Frisking a very young RENNY REY (17) who leans his palms against a dirty brick wall.

Mike pulls a bag of CRYSTAL METH from Renny's pocket and stuffs it in his own.

KOLFAX

Hey!

Mike stares back at Kolfax. His eyes bloodshot.

Renny makes a run for it. Mike turns back just as Renny disappears around the corner.

WHITE FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Renny runs for his apartment just as his MOTHER (40s), a bag of groceries, unlocks and opens the door.

TWO UNIFORM COPS turn the corner and draw down on --

Renny just as he ducks inside. His mother drops her groceries to the floor, quickly raises her hands.

POW-POW-POW-POW-POW

Five shots from both cops take Renny's mother to the hallway floor.

The two young rookies stare back at each other in utter shock as they slowly move in on her body.

WHITE FADE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Two CORONERS carry out a BODY BAG on a wheeled stretcher as the local NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS watch on.

The two rookies give their statement to a PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVE as --

Kolfax and partner Mike watch from a sidewalk across the street.

Mike stares over at Kolfax who reluctantly crosses the street toward the detective.

WHITE FADE TO:

INT. POLICE HOUSE - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mike takes off his BADGE and ID. Drops them on his Captain's desk with tears in his eyes.

Kolfax watches through the glass from his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG DRAGON ACADEMY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Kolfax looks sick as he re-lives the nightmare. He hangs the photo back on the wall.

INT. HOSPITAL - EAST WING - DAY

A UNIFORM COP rests in a chair and keeps a careful eye on each end of the hall.

Behind him is RENNY'S ROOM.

Vance struts up the hall, passes a nurse's station on the way, greets them with a smile.

The Uniform Cop sees him coming and stands.

VANCE

Why don't you take a walk. Give me a few minutes alone with Mister Rey. We got some questions for him about Martie.

The Uniform Cop stares back at Renny's room with pure anger and disgust.

UNIFORM COP

Find those bastards who did Martie. You got that?

VANCE

Yeah. We're working on it.

Vance pats him on the shoulder as the officer heads for the elevator.

A BLONDE WOMAN passes him on the way. She is pushing a meal cart with Renny's lunch. It is actually the real SHERRI LOPEZ in disguise.

Vance gives her the nod as she enters Renny's room and goes unnoticed by the nurse's station.

INT. RENNY'S ROOM - DAY

Renny lay in bed, bandaged, his arm in a sling.

Sherri locks the door behind her, smiles back at him, reaches under the meal cart and pulls out a large duffel bag.

Renny returns with his own smile.

EXT. RENNY'S ROOM - OPEN WINDOW - DAY

The window is slid open. Out steps Renny with a climbing rope tied to his waist. He SLIDES DOWN with little effort as --

Sherri watches the door closely.

Renny makes it down okay, stares up at Sherri who also begins down the rope.

Renny helps her down as the two high tail it across the roof of the building, toward a

FIRE ESCAPE

Where they hurry down the steps full speed ahead. Renny LAUGHS out loud.

INT. POLICE HOUSE - METRO DIVISION - NIGHT

Kolfax follows his old partner HAL JACKSON (50s), black, heavy set, tough, through the crowded cubicles of uniform cops and plain clothes detectives recording statements from the city's civilians.

JACKSON

It's a good thing most of the department you remember retired, Kolfax. Probably would've shot you on sight.

KOLFAX

I miss you too, Hal.

Kolfax stares around the room and notices most of the cops watching him with disdain.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

Yeah, I definitely feel the love.

Jackson makes it to his desk, opens a drawer and grabs a manila file. Tosses it down in front of Kolfax who takes a peak.

JACKSON

Check this out. This little motherfucker here been driving around in a stolen car for six months. He's literally robbed the same place half a dozen times and PD won't touch him. Know what they tell this poor prick he's been robbing?

Kolfax shakes his head.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

The cops are too scared to pick him up. Afraid they might get shot cruising through Rey's turf.

Jackson scoffs out loud, grabs a bottle of aspirins from his desk drawer.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Bastard gets rich of his own mother's death. And what does he do?

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

He buys up half of the projects.
Makes his own people go to work for
him.

Jackson and Kolfax take a seat.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You need to borrow some money? No
problem. But now I own your ass.
He used the city's money to buy
these people like slaves.
These dumb motherfuckers call this
asshole Robin Hood. Like he's
their Lord and Savior because he
stole from the city and gave to the
poor. Meanwhile, he's killing the
same people he claimed to be
protecting. The irony of this
shit's a motherfucker.

KOLFAX

Tell me about him.

JACKSON

Homicide says he's got over three
dozen project kids on his payroll.
Pulling hits. Drive-bys. They're
calling Rey's operation the new
"Murder Inc". Motherfucker wants
to be the next Scarface or some
such shit.

KOLFAX

This is all real interesting but
what does this have to do with my
boy getting killed?

JACKSON

First of all, he wasn't your boy.
He was Mike Martie's boy. Until he
put a bullet through his brain
because you ratted him to IAD.
Lest we not forget.

KOLFAX

Yeah. Thanks for the recap old
partner. I almost forgot.

Jackson shoots him a nasty look.

JACKSON

All I'm saying is...it took some
real balls walking up in here after
all these years.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

They're may not be a whole lot of familiar faces left in this building but that don't mean these cops don't know who you are and what you did.

KOLFAX

I didn't come here for a history lesson, Jackson. I came here because I need to know if you have my back on this.

JACKSON

What difference does that make? You're gonna do what you're gonna do. You always have. What do you need from me?

KOLFAX

I wanna talk to the staff at the hospital. I also wanna check those cameras. Someone in that building saw these guys at some point that night. Since no one in this building seems interested in solving this thing, that leaves us.

Jackson leans back in his chair, uninterested.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

Linda Martie came to me for answers. Because I owe that much to Mike. She also seems to think no one here gives a shit. I'm starting to think the same thing. If I'm wrong, you can prove me wrong and help me nail these motherfuckers.

Jackson cracks a very unexcited grin. He nods with appreciation.

INT. HOSPITAL - EAST WING - NIGHT

Jackson and Kolfax hurry toward Renny's room where several uniform cops are in a circle exchanging reports.

Jackson walks to the nurse's station and flashes a quick badge.

JACKSON

Sergeant Jackson. What the hell happened here?

NURSE

Watch your tone. You wanna know what happened, ask your partner. It's not my job to babysit criminals. That's your job.

The Nurse nods in the direction of Sergeant Vance who is busy taking statements from the nursing staff.

Vance spots Kolfax watching him like a hawk.

NURSE (CONT'D)

He's the one who let that nurse in without identification. Ask him what happened. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got patients to tend to.

The Nurse turns her back, grabs a chart from a work desk and goes about her business.

Jackson meets Vance halfway while Kolfax takes a back seat and observes.

JACKSON

What the hell did you do, Vance?

VANCE

Spare me. I've taken enough shit over this from downtown. So back off. You wanna know what happened? Read the report.

Vance steps around him but is stopped by Kolfax.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Fuck are you doing here, Kolfax? You here to unplug some ventilators? Ruin some more lives?

Kolfax gives him a sly grin.

KOLFAX

No. I was just passing through and thought I'd see what all the excitement was about.

VANCE

Yeah, right. Let me guess. Martie's mother came to see you too?

KOLFAX

She's a little concerned that maybe PD's heart just isn't in solving her boy's murder. I don't know where she could get such a crazy idea. You seem so on top of things and all.

Vance fights the urge to slug him.

VANCE

Fuck you.

Vance heads out. Kolfax turns and watches him all the way down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Jackson and Kolfax watch security footage of the hospital parking lot.

A black four door parks in the far end of the lot. The black Suburban parks just a few spaces away. Out steps --

The TWO SUITS as they head for the ER doors.

JACKSON

Fast forward.

The SECURITY GUARD fast forwards the footage as we notice AN OLD BLUE CAMARO stop just behind the black four door.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Freeze it.

The footage FREEZES on TWO BANGERS as they step out of the CAMARO and one of them opens the rear door of the black four door.

KOLFAX

Look at that.

JACKSON

Look at what? You can't see shit from this angle and they're wearing hoodies.

KOLFAX

Come on, old partner. You can do better than that.

Jackson stares at the open car door.

JACKSON
Sonofabitch. The back door's wide open.

KOLFAX
Pretty convenient, don't you think?

JACKSON
These guys were hiding in the back seat the whole time.

Kolfax turns to the Security Guard.

KOLFAX
Give us a second, would ya?

The Security Guard stands to leave. Kolfax waits until he's out the door.

JACKSON
What's that all about?

KOLFAX
The way they rolled up on that Caprice, you'd think they were expecting it to be unlocked.

JACKSON
Yeah. Not only that, how did they know Joe Martie would be taking off in that Suburban.

KOLFAX
We got ourselves an inside job, old partner. These guys were tipped off before Joe even knew what the plan was.

Jackson appears in deep thought. His eyes dance back and forth as he pieces it all together.

JACKSON
Wait. Are you saying the powers that be had Martie set up?

KOLFAX
Anyone that watches this video who isn't completely deaf, dumb and blind sees a set up. No wonder no one seems interested in solving this thing. It seems our boys downtown want this one closed for good.

JACKSON
I don't like the way you're
thinking, Jimmy.

KOLFAX
I don't either. But sometimes the
truth hurts.

Jackson huffs in exhaustion.

JACKSON
You're definitely not gonna make
anymore friends on this one,
Kolfax.

KOLFAX
I got enough friends. Let's go.

EXT. FREEWAY UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Several muscle cars and suped-up hot rods converge under this
spacious and out-of-the-way underpass. Several BANGERS in
gang attire step from their cars.

Out of the last vehicle steps --

Renny and Sherri. His arm still in a sling and Sherri no
longer wearing the blonde wig.

Renny's right hand OX (30s), black, body builder with face
tatts and shaved mohawk, steps to his boss.

OX
I see your girl pulled it off.
Good for her. I guess she's not
done with your ass after all.

SHERRI
Where is she? Where's my girl?

OX
Relax. She's safe. Back at the
crib. Sleeping like a baby. Don't
worry about it.

SHERRI
Don't tell me to relax. You said
she'd be here. If I did this,
we're square.

RENNY

No. What I said was, if you did this, the baby would be safe. You. Now, that's another story.

Ox gives the nod to two of his guys. They walk to one of the hot rods and pop the trunk. It's wrapped very carefully in plastic sheets.

Two more bangers grab Sherri by the arms and drag her toward the open trunk.

Her SCREAMS are echoed throughout the walls and pillars of the underpass.

RENNY (CONT'D)

You should've never stepped out on me, baby. I told you what would happen and you didn't listen.

One of the bangers pulls a large pistol from his belt, about to hold it to Sherri's head until he spots --

AN UNMARKED COP CAR

Speeding their direction. The car comes to a screeching halt and out steps --

VANCE

Who runs to Sherri's rescue.

VANCE

Take that gun away from her! Get the fuck back!

Renny smiles and gives his guy the nod to back off. The banger slowly lowers his gun as

Vance grabs Sherri by the arm and shoves her toward his squad car.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Get in there and lock the door!

Vance turns to Renny and his men.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Don't get cute, Rey. Or your luck's gonna run out! Real quick!

RENNY

Sure. Of course. Whatever you say, cop.

VANCE

Wipe that fuckin smile off your face cause we got a serious problem.

Vance hands Renny an eight by ten glossy of Kolfax on his cell phone by the hospital doors.

VANCE (CONT'D)

This shit's not over. Not by a long shot. Your master plan didn't work. This fuck Kolfax already checked the security tape. It's only a matter of time before he's got enough on you to put you away forever.

RENNY

You sound real scared, cop.

VANCE

That's right. Because I'm smart. When he's done with you and your crew, he'll be coming for me next. That concerns me.

OX

This guy really so badass?

VANCE

Yes!

Ox smiles back at his crew. They all share a good laugh.

VANCE (CONT'D)

(to all)

Yeah. Keep laughing assholes. That's just what he wants.

(to Renny)

Take him out. And I mean right now. Tonight. Or we're all in for a world of hurt.

Vance runs back to his car. Renny slowly loses his smug grin.

RENNY

You heard the man. We got work to do.

INT. TONY'S BAR - WHITTIER PROJECTS - DAY

The bar is dimly lit and almost pitch dark if not for the beer lights on the wall and florescent tubes dangling over the pool tables.

Some latino MUSIC blasts from the juke as a local girl struts her stuff for a onlooking crowd.

In walks Kolfax who instantly catches everyone's attention. He heads to the bar and greets the bartender

TONY REY (20s), thin, strung out, gang colors, head dress. He shoots Kolfax a cold look.

KOLFAX

What's up, Tony?

TONY

Motherfucka, you must be fuckin stupid walking up in here like this. Do you know they out lookin for you?

KOLFAX

Yeah, I kind of figured that. That's why you're gonna call your brother and tell him to call off his dogs.

TONY

Why the fuck would I do a stupid ass thing like that?

KOLFAX

Come on, Tony. You gonna pretend I didn't have you and your brother's back fifteen years ago?

Tony hangs his head with shame.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

Mike Martie was a dirty cop. That's why he lied about those rookies who shot up your mother in that hallway. To him, she was just another spic junkie who just happened to be in the way. She was an easier mess to clean up.

TONY

Oh, yeah? So why the hell you helping his boy?

KOLFAX

Because my partner Mike lost his mind on drugs. Years before he put a gun in his mouth. He was a good man once. Just like his boy Joey. He was a good cop.

TONY

And you feel responsible or something. That it?

KOLFAX

Something like that.

Tony smirks with disgust.

TONY

All I know about this dude Joe Martie is that he filled my brother full of holes. So why the fuck should I help you?

KOLFAX

Because if he wanted your brother dead, he could've popped a new asshole in his forehead. But he didn't. He let him live because he's smarter than his old man was. He cared more about saving these streets from getting burned up than sending up some dumb ass dope dealer.

TONY

You know, you should watch your mouth in here, man.

Kolfax feels a few of the regulars rise from their chairs and close in on him.

KOLFAX

You tell your brother that the cops don't want him. Neither do I. All I want are the motherfuckers who set up Joe Martie. He can hand them over like a good boy. Or I'm gonna fuck his ass. That simple.

PATRON #1

Hey, dumb fuck.

Kolfax smiles. Slowly turns around.

KOLFAX

There a problem, brother?

PATRON #1

You're the problem, bitch. Coming up in Tony's place. Disrespecting him. Why don't you come over here and start some shit with me, mother fucker.

KOLFAX

I said what I came here to say. Now if you'll be so kind as to get the fuck out of my way, I'll be on with it.

PATRON #2

You're dead meat.

Patron #2 busts a bottle over his chair and charges Kolfax head on.

With lightning fast efficiency --

A KNEE to the groin as Kolfax

-- TWISTS HIS ARM --

SLAMS it against the bar. SNAP!

Kolfax grabs a peering knife from the bar --

JAMS IT INTO HIS HAND.

Patron #2 SCREAMS out in agony.

It's a full scale attack from the entire bar.

Kolfax snaps a few arms and sends the rest flying across tables.

In a matter of seconds, it's all over.

Until --

A SKINHEAD holds a large forty five on the back of Kolfax's head.

SKINHEAD

Where you goin, badass? I didn't hear no fat lady.

Kolfax smiles and shrugs his shoulders.

Before you can blink --

He TWISTS skinhead's WRIST and he's on his knees.

Skinhead stares down the forty five now pointed at his own face. He trembles with fear as

Kolfax pulls the trigger.

POW!

The shot hits the bar floor just inches from Skinhead's ear as he writhes on the ground like a worm.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)

Mother-fucker!

Tony throws down a bar towel in defeat. Kolfax smiles and steps to the bar with a confident ease.

KOLFAX

You sure you ain't ready to talk?

TONY

Look. He ain't been here, man. How stupid you think he is. He knows you out lookin for him.

KOLFAX

So you have talked to him? Now we're getting somewhere.

TONY

He said if you came by to keep you here. But I don't play that shit. You had our mother's back. He don't remember that shit because he's too busy counting his gold rings with his selfish ass.

KOLFAX

I appreciate that, Tony. And I got your back. As long as you need. You know I do.

Tony nods with appreciation.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

You tell your brother what I said.

Kolfax heads for the door. One of the patrons rises from the floor with his nose all busted to shit. Snarls at Kolfax, ready to charge him.

Kolfax swiftly --

KICKS HIM IN THE GROIN as he's --

THROWN through the FRONT DOOR like a rag doll.

Tony shakes his head at the pitiful sight.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Vance comes to an abrupt halt just behind a parked bus ready to pull out.

He turns to Sherri. Hands her a bus ticket.

VANCE

As of now, you're involvement with Mister Rey ends. You even think about calling your cousin or any other half baked ideas of retaliation, forget it. You wanna see your little girl again, you follow my instructions.

SHERRI

Where is she?

VANCE

I took care of it. On the back of this ticket is an address. She'll be waiting for you at this address when you get off.

SHERRI

I don't understand.

VANCE

Nobody asked you to understand. Just do what I tell you to do or I'll see to it the next time you see her will be on visitation day.

Sherri wipes her tears and jumps out. She heads for the long line moving into the bus. Vance drives off.

INT. POLICE HOUSE - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Avilla stands at a modest podium in front of a full room of plain clothes GANG UNIT COPS sitting in old schoolhouse desks.

In a far corner sits Kolfax as he listens in on the nightly briefing.

AVILLA

In the wake of Joe Martie's death, City Hall has officially put us on alert. All of our interdepartmental intel strongly suggests that there will be more shootings. More dead cops. You know what that means.

Kolfax eyes the room. All the cops are dead serious and focused on Avilla. They want blood.

AVILLA (CONT'D)

We're looking for the new meat. Initiations. Recent juvie hall grads looking to bust their cherry and up their status by doing a cop. You know the drill. Let's do what we do only do it better. And faster. Get to it.

And the room quickly clears out as Kolfax stands, watches them leave and meets Avilla halfway.

AVILLA (CONT'D)

I heard you've been sniffing around. I also hear what happened down at Tony Rey's. Not too smart. I suppose your hear to ask about Joey.

KOLFAX

I kind of figured you might wanna find Joe's killer. Maybe I'm wrong.

Avilla steps to Kolfax. Fuming mad.

AVILLA

Who the hell are you to question my loyalty to Joe? This is a police matter. Hate to break it to you, but you have not been a police officer for a very long time. Now, kindly see yourself out.

Avilla heads for the door. Kolfax turns to him.

KOLFAX

Just one question. What was Joey doing at Sherri Lopez's place that night? What's his interest in that building?

AVILLA

It's Renny Rey's territory. He's got half a dozen guys on the inside of his organization. Informants. He heard the call on the radio and thought maybe it was one of his guys holding the gun. Case closed.

KOLFAX

It's not case closed. Something got him killed.

AVILLA

Yeah. The streets. They tend to do that. Are you looking for some kind of explanation as to why Renny Rey had Martie blown away? He did it because he could. Because he wanted revenge and he's got the pull to make it happen with the snap of his fuckin finger.

KOLFAX

Those guys from downtown. They ever show you some ID before you handed them Martie?

Avilla angrily tosses down a stack of files on a nearby desk, steps closer to Kolfax. Out of patience.

AVILLA

You got something you wanna ask me?

KOLFAX

Seems like a lot of folks around here want this one to go away.

Avilla chokes back his anger. Lets out a sigh of relief.

AVILLA

I'm from these streets, Mister Kolfax. I've invested the last twenty years of my life trying to clean up these neighborhoods. Get some of these kids out of the projects before it's too late. There's still a lot of good families here. Good people.

Kolfax huffs with boredom.

AVILLA (CONT'D)

Now's not the time for retaliation.
All that's gonna do is kill
whatever trust we've built between
us and them. We do that, we're
looking at more dead cops. More of
these kids getting locked up
forever.

KOLFAX

And by trust you mean looking the
other way when a cop dies.

AVILLA

You don't think I want the punks
who did Joey? It's all I think
about.

KOLFAX

What're you gonna do about it?

AVILLA

You let me worry about these guys.
But we're gonna do it my way. Not
yours. You can see yourself out.

Avilla excuses himself. Kolfax watches him closely.

INT. GILLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Kolfax and Jackson have a couple beers at the bar. Some
classic rock blasts from the juke.

Jackson hands Kolfax a thick file. He opens it. The faces
of the TWO SUITS from City Hall.

JACKSON

Huffer and Landis. Joe's personal
escorts to the safe house. Turns
out they were both ex cops. Worked
narco for awhile then busted down
to traffic for issues with
substance abuse.

KOLFAX

Who the hell sent them to the
hospital that night?

JACKSON

Word around the office...after Huffer and Landis left the force they started themselves a new business. Started shaking down neighborhood dealers from their old beat. Taking their money and their product.

KOLFAX

Just a couple of strung out junkies looking for their next high.

JACKSON

Exactly. Someone set up Joe alright. Who sent them? That's a whole other problem altogether. One thing's for sure. They had dirt on Huffer and Landis. Enough to force them into taking this job.

KOLFAX

Cops. Boy, this just gets scarier and scarier, don't it?

JACKSON

You're not helping matters. I told you I'd get you in the building. I didn't say anything about keeping you there.

KOLFAX

You heard I went to Avilla?

JACKSON

Fuckin A right I heard. You run up in there with your prick sticking out of your pants questioning Avilla's loyalty?

Jackson rolls his eyes.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Joe was like a son to him. Who do you think got him into plain clothes? The son of Mike Martie. Nobody wanted anything to do with him. Just on principle.

KOLFAX

So it's safe to assume Avilla will be taking out the motherfuckers who did Joe.

JACKSON
Very safe.

KOLFAX
So what are we doing sitting here?

Jackson chugs the rest of his beer. He quickly shakes his head no.

JACKSON
No. I'm not following a cop. I got you this far. You wanna tail Avilla, you do it on your own time.

Kolfax smiles and nods.

KOLFAX
I understand. Go home to your wife. And kids. Give them all a hug for me.

Jackson shakes his hand. Offers him one last smile.

JACKSON
This is where I come out. Good luck to you, old partner.

KOLFAX
Appreciate it.

JACKSON
And watch your ass. Cause they're watching yours.

Jackson heads for the door.

Flint sips a beer in a far corner and keeps his eyes on Kolfax. He opens his phone. Dials:

FLINT
Jackson just head for the door. Stay with him.

EXT. GILLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Jackson struts across the street to his car parked at the curb. Watching him from behind a chain link fence and in his car is --

VANCE

Who chews what's left of his sandwich.

FLINT (O.S.)
You hear me out there?

VANCE
Got him.

He cranks his engine.

EXT. ABANDONED PLAYGROUND AND PARK - NIGHT

A whole crew of punks and bangers in gang colors gather under a brick overhang. An old barbecue and picnic area that's seen better days.

A children's playground with rusted monkey bars and swing set are long abandoned.

Kolfax watches them from a parked car.

The bangers all form a large circle as two of them remove their shirts and fist bump. They go round and round. Throw fists as the crowd eggs them on.

AVILLA'S CAR arrives on the scene. Avilla jumps out and quickly breaks up the fight. He shouts and points an angry finger at the mob of bangers.

KOLFAX
What the fuck is he doing?

INT. JOE MARTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Linda opens the front door and lets in Kolfax who quickly finds the light switch.

LINDA
I haven't been here since the...

Linda pauses. Kolfax nods.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I couldn't. You know, he's been here almost a year and this is my first time seeing the inside.

Kolfax does a quick sweep of the messy apartment. Linda follows behind.

LINDA (CONT'D)
What exactly are you looking for?

KOLFAX

I guess I don't know yet. But I
guess I'll know when I see it.

Linda squints, confused.

LINDA

Well then. I'll leave you to it.
You can lock up when you're done.

Linda can barely contain her tears as she heads for the door.

KOLFAX

Did Joe ever talk about work with
you? A special case he was
working? Anything at all?

LINDA

We didn't talk about his work.
That was my one rule when I heard
he was joining the force. The job
ruined his father. I guess that
was my way of dealing with what
happened. Pretending that it
couldn't happen to Joe.

Linda wipes her tears, about to shut the door behind her.

KOLFAX

Remember what I said. Straight
home and lock the windows and
doors.

Linda stops, steps back in.

LINDA

You're scaring me, Jimmy.

KOLFAX

Just a precaution. Until I find
out exactly what happened.

LINDA

I'll talk to you tomorrow.

Linda heads out.

Kolfax goes back to walking the room. He finds a whole open
file on a breakfast table.

He picks up a stack of eight by ten glossies. There of
various gang members on street corners. Fighting at the
playground.

And lastly, several shots of one YOUNG MAN in particular committing a series of felonies.

Kolfax sets the photos down and picks up a thick rap sheet. The same image of the man in the pictures. The name at the top reads PARETTA, FELIX.

Kolfax takes a seat at the table, reviews the file.

INT. HAL JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson lays out on the couch with SPORTSCENTER on the tube. His wife ELANA (40s) picks up two empty bowls of ice cream and heads for the kitchen as --

A CELL RINGS on a coffee table. Jackson checks the CALLER ID: KOLFAX

JACKSON

Shit.

He answers.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Yeah, dammit. What is it?

INT. JOE MARTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kolfax still at the kitchen table with Paretta's file in hand.

KOLFAX

Felix Paretta. What do you know about him?

JACKSON (O.S.)

Never heard of him. Who is he?

KOLFAX

Well. Joe sure heard of him. He's got pictures of him and a bunch of his associates all over the apartment.

JACKSON (O.S.)

What's his interest in Paretta?

KOLFAX

Well. Got his sheet right here in front of me. Pretty impressive considering his tender age.

(MORE)

KOLFAX (CONT'D)
But it's missing a couple of
highlights.

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson quickly sits up on the couch.

JACKSON
Like killing a cop.

INT. JOE MARTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kolfax still at the kitchen table.

KOLFAX
I'm thinking Mister Rey and his
crew were prepping this young man
for initiation. Martie's got pics
of him getting the shit kicked out
of him. Pulling his first armed
robbery. All the highlights are
here. I figure the next cop
wearing a toe tag gonna have
Felix's name all over it.

JACKSON (O.S.)
So now what?

KOLFAX
Now. We gonna pay Felix a little
visit.

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson still on the couch. He rubs his tired eyes.

JACKSON
Whachu mean we, white man?

KOLFAX (O.S.)
I mean you don't want me going into
gang territory without back up. Do
you, old partner?

Jackson huffs with exhaustion.

JACKSON
Thirty minutes. And bring me a
coffee. A big one.

Jackson hangs up.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kolfax and Jackson use binoculars to watch the gang gather under the brick overhang and picnic area while a FIRE burns in an old oil drum.

JACKSON'S POV:

The gang take turns hitting a meth pipe as THE LEADER unzips a gym bag of guns and hands them out.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Looks like they're clocking in for work.

Jackson lowers his binoculars. He turns to Kolfax who is still watching the crowd.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You're not going over there. With a gun or without.

Kolfax lowers his binoculars.

KOLFAX
Ya know, you're no fun anymore. Where's your sense of excitement?

JACKSON
I'm missing my shows.

KOLFAX
Yeah, well. You better buckle up for safety because...

Kolfax opens his door.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)
The real show's about to begin.

He steps out.

JACKSON
Kolfax! Hey!

Kolfax ignores him and heads toward the playground.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Go on. Go get killed. I got the keys, motherfucker. Leave your ass here.

EXT. ABANDONED PLAYGROUND AND PARK - NIGHT

Kolfax casually walks into the crowd of GANG BANGERS and MEXICAN SKINHEADS. Several of them now branding PISTOLS and SAWED OFF SHOTGUNS.

Their leader CHE (30s), a seasoned veteran with gang color head dress and facial scars, drops his blunt and steps to Kolfax.

CHE
You lost, holmes?!

SKINHEAD #1
Yeah, he definitely lost.

SKINHEAD #2
He gotta be lost. Motherfucker
can't be that stupid.

They all share a good laugh as they carefully circle Kolfax who keeps one eye peeled.

SKINHEAD #3
Yo, my partner asked you a
question, white boy. Are you
stupid and deaf?

Kolfax cracks a grin.

KOLFAX
Yeah, I must be crazy come messin'
with ya'll. I know that's right.
Still, that's gotta tell ya'll
somethin about me. Doesn't it?

They all turn to one another and have a big laugh. Some shake their heads. Confused.

CHE
This motherfucker thinks he's a
badass.

Che is tickled by Kolfax. Amused by him as he cracks a big grin.

CHE (CONT'D)
Alright. Takes some big old fat
nuts come up in here like this. So
whatchu want, man?

KOLFAX

I got some business inside I gotta take care of. Nothing that should concern you gentlemen.

CHE

Yeah, well. What happens in there is our business. But I'll tell you what. We'll see to it they get the message.

Kolfax shakes his head in disagreement.

KOLFAX

Well, see, that's not gonna work for me. This message, you see, is kind of personal. Something I gotta deliver myself.

The crew all turn to one another. Shocked. They can hardly believe the balls on this dude.

SKINHEAD #4

This motherfucker is crazy.

CHE

Yo, you think I'm gonna let you walk up in there and smoke some fool, just like that?

He gets in Kolfax's face.

CHE (CONT'D)

Look around you.

The crew all hold their guns in a gangster stance. Unflinching. Pure mean.

CHE (CONT'D)

You must be new here, holmes. Ain't nobody go in there unless they get by me.

KOLFAX

Yeah, I kind of figured that. With all ya'll standing out here with all these guns and all. Tell you what. If you're that concerned, I'll leave you my gun. I can pick it up on my way out.

Kolfax snags up his piece from a shoulder holster, holds it in the air by the barrel.

The crew all aim their guns. Ready to fire.

SKINHEAD #3

You must be stupid pulling a gun up
in here, vato?!

KOLFAX

Yeah. I'm stupid and I'm crazy.
Thought we already established
that.

CHE

You're lucky you didn't just get
smoked, fool.

KOLFAX

You guys still worried about little
old me? Tell you what.

Kolfax ejects the clip and shell from his pistol and drops it
to the dirt.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

You bring me the best you got out
here. We go toe to toe and I take
his ass down, ya'll gonna let me
pass.

SKINHEAD #2

Yo, this dude must really wanna get
smoked, fool.

SKINHEAD #1

Yeah, no shit, bro.

KOLFAX

If I lose...well...I guess I won't
be going anywhere. Now will I?

SKINHEAD #3

This guy wants an ass whipping, I
say we give it to him.

Kolfax backs into an open field, ready to scrap.

KOLFAX

Well come on then. Show me what
you got.

Che WHISTLES as the crowd splits open.

LOCO (20s) a true badass with rippling muscles and chest
tatts steps to Kolfax.

CHE
 Let's go, Loco. Teach this old
 motherfucker a lesson.

He laughs as the crowd all gather around Kolfax and Loco. They circle each other like sharks. Neither making the first move.

INT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jackson watches Kolfax dodge a few punches from behind the wheel.

JACKSON
 Stupid sonofabitch. I knew he
 couldn't help himself.

EXT. ABANDONED PLAYGROUND AND PARK - NIGHT

Kolfax dodges several hard swats from Loco as the tougher, leaner young man grows angry, slaps himself in the face.

CHE
 Come on, man! Whachu waiting for?!

Loco throws one deadly punch after the next as Kolfax ducks and weaves and is never touched.

Finally, Loco connects with a hard left hook. POW!

Kolfax stumbles back a bit. His nose busted open. He spits some blood into the dirt as the crowd ERUPTS.

LOCO
 Come on, old man! Do something!

KOLFAX
 Come on. Finish me off.

Loco charges him full speed

KICKS him in the chest.

Kolfax is KNOCKED OVER a bench and stumbles to the concrete slab beneath. As he gathers himself --

Loco jumps on the bench and throws another HIGH KICK as

Kolfax grabs his leg and STRIKES him IN THE BALLS.

Loco sucks some wind.

Kolfax throws him FIVE MORE SHOTS TO THE NUTS as Loco collapses onto the picnic table like wet cement.

The crowd all gather by the table. SCREAM in Loco's face.

SKINHEAD #1

Get up! What the fuck are you doing?!

SKINHEAD #2

Smoke this motherfucker!

Kolfax wipes the blood from his nose as Loco pulls himself together and crawls off the table.

KOLFAX

(taunts)

Come on, boy. I'm getting kind of tired. I'm getting kind of tired.

Loco throws a double ROUNDHOUSE KICK at Kolfax who

-- SPINS IN A CIRCLE and --

THROWS a HARD ELBOW to Loco's face.

POW!

Loco's NOSE also BUSTED OPEN as he falls to the grass like a heavy lump of shit.

Kolfax picks him up by the arm and

TWISTS it as Loco SCREAMS in pain.

CHE

What're you doing?!

Kolfax once again KICKS HIM IN THE BALLS as Loco drops to his knees. Grabs them in pain.

Kolfax throws a HIGH KNEE to Loco's face as he's KNOCKED to the grass.

Loco slowly stands. Dazed. His bell rung. He pulls a SWITCHBLADE and jabs at

Kolfax who TWISTS HIS WRIST as the blade drops to the grass below.

He wraps one arm around Loco's neck and one behind his head as Loco GASPS for air.

Kolfax lets him go as Loco drops to the grass. Done.

The crowd all draw down their guns.

Kolfax, a bit out of breath, walks to Che.

KOLFAX

You gonna let me by now?

CHE

You really are crazy. And you also about to die.

The gang all close in on Kolfax. Guns aimed.

KOLFAX

I wouldn't do that if I were you. You see, there's about half a dozen or so cops watching you guys as we speak. Just waiting for one of you dumb motherfuckers to mess up.

The gang all turn and look around them. Looking for cops or anyone else who could be watching.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

Just imagine if all of your boys pulled their triggers. That's a whole lot of murder convictions right there. Or...you can step aside and let me go about my business. Pretend this little pow wow never happened. You decide.

Che gives his men the nod to stand down. They all lower their weapons with disappointment.

Che slowly steps out of Kolfax's way as he makes his way toward the old apartment building.

INT. HOUSING PROJECTS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kolfax walks the cold empty halls of this prison like housing project. The apartment doors are mostly painted with GRAFITTI and GANG SYMBOLS.

He stops and KNOCKS on one of the doors. A viewer slides open to reveal iron bars and a WOMAN'S EYES. This is WANDALYN PARETTA (40s), latina, heavy makeup, lipstick and hundred dollar hair.

KOLFAX

Wandalyn Paretta?

WANDALYN

Hell you want?

KOLFAX

Yes, ma'm. I got some pictures of your boy out here I thought you might wanna take a look at.

WANDALYN

Pictures? You got a warrant or something?

KOLFAX

No, not really. I'm a close friend of Joe Martie's family. His mother's still pretty upset. Wanting answers and all. I have a feeling your boy may be able to help with that.

Beat.

WANDALYN

You a friend of Martie's, huh?

KOLFAX

That's right.

WANDALYN

Hold on.

Kolfax steps back a bit. The door swings open as Wandalyn sizes up her visitor. She is sporting a short skirt and revealing top.

She quickly snags up the manila file and fans out the pictures of Felix committing a series of crimes.

WANDALYN (CONT'D)

You know, he promised him protection. Your friend Joe.

(scoffs)

He couldn't even watch his own ass. Now my boy's scared to leave the house.

FELIX PARETTA (19), chubby, fleece shirt, baggy pants, pokes his head out from a corner bedroom.

FELIX

What you let him in for? Ain't nobody said you could let him in.

Felix struts into the living room. Chest puffed out, fists clenched.

Wandalyn, equally mad, gets in Felix's face. Stops him halfway.

WANDALYN

I said. You know, you might be all hard ass out there but in here, I'm running the show. This is my house.

Kolfax smiles back at Felix who keeps his tail firmly between his legs.

WANDALYN (CONT'D)

Now, this man is a friend of Joe's. And if you're smart you'll listen to what he has to say. Last I checked, you running out of friends out there.

KOLFAX

You know, Joe had some serious evidence against you, Felix. Enough to lock you up for a real long time. Yet, here you are. Snug as a bug, back at home.

Felix looks down in shame. Kolfax smiles.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

That tells me you and Martie were pretty tight.

FELIX

Where you hear that shit?

Felix charges him.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Man, I said where did you hear that?!

KOLFAX

Intuition. Plus, your friends are all outside getting suited up. Ready to hit the streets and do some damage. And here you are. Locked up in your house. Letting your mother answer the door after hours.

Felix peaks up at his mother with shame.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

To me, that could mean one of two things. Your hiding from them, or you're hiding from the cops. So which is it?

FELIX

Man, what're you talking about? Coming in here acting like you know me. You ain't got nothin on me. So why don't you take your ass on out of here with that shit.

KOLFAX

I'm talking about a little birdie told me you were the trigger man on the Joe Martie hit. You were next in line to bust your cherry.

Wandalyn seems surprised by this.

FELIX

Man, who the fuck told you that shit? Cause they're a fuckin liar! Trying to pin that shit on me! I tell you just like I told that other cop! I ain't got nothin to do with burnin no cops!

WANDALYN

(to Kolfax)

If you're a friend of Joe's like you say you are then you should know Felix had nothing to do with it. He was helping him. Getting him closer to Renny.

FELIX

Yo, shut up, mom! Don't be telling him that shit!

KOLFAX

Is that why you're in here? You hiding from these guys? Afraid they might know the truth?

Felix takes a seat near the television. Kolfax comes closer as Wandalyn watches them closely.

FELIX

Man, I told them I wasn't doing no cop and they been sweatin me ever since. Saying I need to prove my loyalty and shit.

KOLFAX

How long you think you're gonna last hiding in here? These guys aren't going anywhere.

FELIX

Yeah, tell me something I don't know.

Felix kicks his feet on a footstool. Wandalyn rushes over, pushes them to the floor.

WANDALYN

Sit up! You think this is all a joke?!

Felix rolls his eyes and folds his arms in protest. He looks away from Kolfax.

KOLFAX

You know the cops are offering a reward. For information on whoever did Martie. I know you heard about it.

Felix looks up at him. Intrigued.

FELIX

Yeah. So what?

KOLFAX

You cooperate, I'll see to it you and your mother get set up somewhere safe. Outside the city. A fresh start.

WANDALYN

(to Kolfax)

Don't do that. Don't go making promises you can't keep. That's what the last cop did. You saw what happened to him. No offense. But this is my son's life we're talking about.

KOLFAX

You're right. You all should stay here. Felix can try his luck back on the streets. Maybe he won't end up face down on the sidewalk before his twenty first birthday.

Wandalyn stares down at her boy. Worried. Felix looks like a scared child.

WANDALYN

Alright. I want it in writing.
Signed by the DA. Or he don't say
shit.

KOLFAX

I can do that. But first I'm gonna
need a name.

Wandalyn turns to Felix who seems unconvinced.

WANDALYN

Go on! Tell him!

FELIX

Man, you ain't figured this one out
yet? Cops really are stupid.

KOLFAX

First of all, I'm not the cops.
Second, quit stalling.

Felix rocks back and forth. Hands clenched tightly together.
Unsure as he checks with his mother.

FELIX

Man, Renny went down. Think about
it. Who the fuck you think smoked
Joe? Who would want his ass more
than anybody else?

Kolfax thinks it over. Felix shakes his head.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Can't believe you ain't figured
this shit out yet.

KOLFAX

Tony.

WANDALYN

Tony who? You mean Tony Rey? His
brother?

FELIX

All I ever hear is how the two of
them don't talk. Ain't talked in
years. All the sudden, Renny goes
down and Tony's running around town
talking about getting revenge.

KOLFAX

Because this thing runs deeper than
just his brother.

(MORE)

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

We're talking a fifteen year war with the police. First his mother, now his brother. Renny's crew were all looking to him to make the first move.

(to Wandalyn)

Ma'm, I truly appreciate your time.

Kolfax heads for the door. Wandalyn and Felix almost jump out of their shoes trying to stop him.

FELIX

Yo, man. Where you going?

WANDALYN

Yeah. Where the hell are you going?

KOLFAX

I'm gonna go pay Tony a visit. Get his side of the story.

WANDALYN

Not so fast. What about his deal?

KOLFAX

(to Felix)

I haven't been a cop for a really long time so I'm not in a position to offer you no deal. But I'll try real hard to keep your name out of it.

(to Wandalyn)

If I were you, I'd keep your door locked. Ya'll have a good night.

Kolfax turns to the door. Wandalyn quietly motions to Felix to say something.

FELIX

Hey! Alright, alright. I wanna make a deal. Tonight. Right now.

Kolfax turns back around. A cocky grin.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I give them Tony in exchange for protection. But like she says, I want it in writing.

Kolfax nods in agreement.

EXT. TONY'S BAR - WHITTIER PROJECTS - LATE NIGHT

Kolfax and Jackson watch the local bangers walk in and out of Tony's bar. LOUD LATIN MUSIC blasts through the front door with each visitor.

JACKSON

Is this what I think it is?

KOLFAX

This is Tony's place.

JACKSON

Yeah, I thought so. And what ever happened to getting that warrant for his arrest again?

KOLFAX

We can't get that warrant yet. Not without Felix's testimony.

JACKSON

Right. So why are we here instead of doing that?

KOLFAX

Well, old partner. Because Tony may not be the only one involved in this thing. No matter what that kid says.

JACKSON

So we're still thinking cops had Martie killed.

KOLFAX

It's looking more and more that way, partner. But until we know what cops, we gotta do this quietly.

JACKSON

And by quietly you mean what? Quietly beating a confession out of Tony?

KOLFAX

Renny Rey's people know I went to see Paretta. They also know there's a good chance he squealed on Tony. For Tony, A plus B equals a visit from some dirty cops tonight.

JACKSON
Are you thinking Tony's days are
numbered?

KOLFAX
Something like that.

JACKSON
So this is a stakeout?

KOLFAX
That's right.

Jackson half heartedly nods as he stares back at the busy
corner bar.

JACKSON
I guess it would help if I knew who
we were looking for.

KOLFAX
I don't know. You're the cop. I
figured you'd probably know when
you saw them.

Jackson sighs with exhaustion as he rubs his tired eyes.
Kolfax smiles back at him.

JACKSON
Dirty cops. A cop hating street
gang out for blood. You're gonna
get me killed.
I'm telling you right now, if I get
killed, you're a dead man.

Before they can blink, the rear door SWINGS OPEN and in jumps

RENNY REY

with a pistol to Jackson's head.

RENNY
Good evening, Officers. Enjoying
the show?

Kolfax looks to his piece on the dash. Renny spots it.

RENNY (CONT'D)
Don't even think about it.

JACKSON
Don't do nothing stupid now.

RENNY
 Stupid? You're the ones here
 without no warrant.

Kolfax and Jackson share a stupid look. Renny watches the exchange.

RENNY (CONT'D)
 Yeah. I thought so.
 (to Jackson)
 Put your hands on the dash and
 don't even think about moving.

Jackson turns to Kolfax. Renny presses the gun against his cheek as Jackson flinches.

RENNY (CONT'D)
 What I just say?! Face-forward!

Jackson faces forward, stares out the windshield as Renny pulls his gun from a shoulder holster.

KOLFAX
 So what's the plan, Renny?

RENNY
 The plan? Your partner here is
 gonna take a walk.
 (to Jackson)
 And he's not gonna even think about
 giving me any trouble. Are you,
 big boy?

Jackson stays quiet. Renny jabs him in the back of the head with his pistol.

RENNY (CONT'D)
 Are you?!

JACKSON
 No. No trouble at all.

RENNY
 Good. Now get your fat ass out.

Jackson opens his door and carefully crawls out.

RENNY (CONT'D)
 Shut the door!

Jackson gives Kolfax one more look before shutting the car door behind him.

RENNY (CONT'D)
Now it's just you and me. Hands on
the wheel.

Kolfax grips the wheel with both hands.

RENNY (CONT'D)
Now drive.

Kolfax starts the engine. Pulls away from the curb and down
the street.

KOLFAX
Where to?

RENNY
I'll tell you where to when we get
there. Just keep driving.

Renny watches Kolfax from the rear view mirror. A slight
grin.

RENNY (CONT'D)
It's been a long time, cop.
Thought you split town a long time
ago.

KOLFAX
I was thinking about it.

RENNY
I bet you're wishing you left now,
huh, cop?

KOLFAX
Joe Martie's mother came to see me.
Looking for answers about her boy.
I figured I still owed her that
much.

RENNY
Yeah, well. I hate to disappoint
you, but I ain't got nothing to do
with that.

KOLFAX
Could've fooled me, Renny. Unless
that was your girlfriend's master
plan to break you out of the
hospital.

Kolfax stares back at him from the rear view mirror.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

That was your girl, Sherri, wasn't it?

Renny just stares back at him. Unsure.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

You pull the old switch-a-roo. The two of you escape and nobody even thinks about looking for a dead girl. Real clever.

(beat)

You wanna tell me what the fuck's going on?

Renny leans back in his seat. More relaxed as he rests his gun on his lap. His other arm still in a sling.

RENNY

A few months back, these two cops show up at my crib at one o'clock in the morning. These fuckin junkies Huffer and Landis. Some real local hard asses. Offering me and my people protection for life. Telling me for the right price, our block could be untouchable.

KOLFAX

Tell me about them.

RENNY

After about an hour, we shake on the deal. Grease their palms with a little down payment. All the sudden we're all one big happy family. Next thing you know, they're doctoring crime scenes. Planting evidence. Straight up framing dudes for murder then smoking them before they can stand trial.

KOLFAX

Sounds like a couple of hired guns to me. And you're the one who made it all happen.

RENNY

That's right. Because out here, it's kill or be killed.

(MORE)

RENNY (CONT'D)

I got tired of seeing my friends and family doing life over some stupid shit that should've never went down in the first place. Just cause they were out here protecting their own. Trying to keep their families safe. Trying to put some fuckin food on the table.

Kolfax shoots him a shitty grin.

RENNY (CONT'D)

So these cops come to me with a plan. I'm in charge of putting together the lists. Lists of names who are better off underground, ya feel me?

KOLFAX

These names wouldn't just happen to be rival gangs.

RENNY

Real smart, cop. The deal was they keep my people above ground and out of jail and we keep the peace between us and the cops. Real simple.

KOLFAX

And what about Joe Martie? Did he deserve what he got?

RENNY

Like I said. I ain't got nothing to do with Martie getting smoked. They were gonna do that shit with or without me. I was just a more convenient story for the cops.

(beat)

You bought it, didn't you?

KOLFAX

What was their interest in Joe Martie?

RENNY

Why you think? He was getting too close. He had all kinds of guys on the inside. Snitches. Informants. Ready to blow the whistle on the whole operation. Blow it up from the inside out.

KOLFAX

That's funny cos the last image I remember seeing is Tony smoking Huffer and Landis right along side Joe Martie.

Renny grows tired and stares out the window. Ignores Kolfax as he shakes his head in frustration.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

I'm thinking maybe you and your brother were just killing two birds with one stone that night. How am I doing? Getting close?

RENNY

Okay, cop. What if it were your brother? And some banger put three bullets in him? He's all laid up in the hospital. You just gonna walk away? Let the cops deal with it?

Kolfax is strangely quiet as he contemplates this difficult question.

RENNY (CONT'D)

I thought so. That's the problem with you cops. You only see one side. Shut your fuckin eyes to everyone and everything else.

KOLFAX

And we're supposed to shut our eyes with you, Renny? Because of what some dumb ass cops did fifteen years ago.

Renny looks away. Ashamed.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

That guy back at Sherri's apartment. That one you smoked out. I'm guessing that was her dealer. She had the bug just like your mother did.

RENNY

I told him what would happen the next time he brought that shit around her and my little girl. What can I say? He should've listened.

KOLFAX

Look. You did what you did because you were protecting your own. I get it. I don't want you. And believe it or not, I don't want your brother. I want the dirty motherfuckers who ordered that hit.

RENNY

Told you already. It was those motherfuckers. Huffer and Landis. You need your ears checked?

KOLFAX

Don't bullshit me, man. They didn't have themselves killed. Someone else sent your brother there that day. This ain't just about a couple of cops. Who else is involved?

Renny watches Kolfax in the mirror. The words are there but he can't muster up the courage.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

Because you didn't bust up in my car to take me on this long ass drive for nothing. You got something you wanna tell me. Something your dying to tell me.

Renny rubs his weary face.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

But you're conflicted. You wanna hand them over and end this thing. But you don't wanna hand over your brother in the process. I get it. I understand.

RENNY

They got my little girl.

Kolfax stares back at him with the utmost sincerity.

RENNY (CONT'D)

Sherri too. Holding up at some house outside of LA. I don't know where. But you go busting down the wrong door one night, asking the wrong questions about cops, she's as good as dead. Ya feel me?

KOLFAX

They want you to kill me. Then you get your little girl. That was the deal they made with you. Wasn't it, Renny?

RENNY

You tell me, Jimmy. What am I supposed to do? What if it were your daughter?

KOLFAX

We go to the DA. Tell them everything. These assholes will have no choice but to hand over your daughter and disappear.

RENNY

Just come clean, huh? Just like that. Just hand over my brother after getting my back.

Kolfax grins.

KOLFAX

Your daughter or your brother. Sounds like you in a tight spot, son.

RENNY

Alright. Here's the deal. I hand these guys over to your partner. Hand over all the books. The entire operation. Every name of every motherfucker these guys took down in the last six months. And my brother walks. That's my deal.

KOLFAX

We got Paretta in custody. He's ready to talk. As it turns out, we may not need you.

RENNY

What about my brother?

KOLFAX

He pulled the trigger, Renny. He was a big boy and he made his decision. You see, Martie's mother kind of still wants justice for her boy. I made a promise to her. I tend to keep my promises.

Renny grows tired of this and sticks his piece to the back of Kolfax's head.

RENNY

Yeah, well, I'm about to break that promise. Pull over.

Kolfax pulls to the curb, throws it in park.

KOLFAX

You kill me, your brother still goes down. This ain't gonna change anything.

Renny pulls back the hammer. Kolfax loses his smug grin.

RENNY

I got a little message for your police department. You go get your dirty cops. And they forget about my brother. But if anything happens to him...I mean anything... We're gonna have us a history lesson up in here.

Kolfax looks into Renny's eyes.

RENNY (CONT'D)

There's gonna be more dead cops. More chalk outlines. More shit burning to the fuckin ground than they've ever seen before. Shit's gonna make Ninety-Two look like a walk on the beach. You got that?

KOLFAX

It's never gonna be enough, is it son? No matter how many chalk outlines you create. How many streets you destroy in this city. Nothing's ever gonna be quite enough. You'll never be even enough.

Renny thinks this over. His face full of anger and rage.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

And here you are. Working for them this whole time. Irony is a motherfucker, ain't it?

Renny fights the urge to shoot him. But Kolfax is cool and unflinching as he smiles back at Renny from the mirror.

RENNY

You got the message. You just tell them what I said.

Renny jumps out, disappears down a dark alley as Kolfax watches him from his side view mirror.

INT. POLICE HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Felix sits at a long table, anxious and fidgety as he bounces his knee and chews his finger nails.

Next to him sits his family's lawyer ALBERTO PEREZ (40s), balding, thick glasses, flash suit.

Jackson quietly sits across from them. His feet kicked up on the table. He YAWNS out loud from a serious lack of sleep thanks to old partner Kolfax.

In walks Avilla who is dead serious and stares down Felix with a cold way about him.

LINDA MARTIE

also ducks in the room.

Felix spots her and almost falls out of his chair with surprise.

Linda takes a seat at the table next to Jackson as she shoots Felix a hard stare.

Avilla throws down a thick manila file onto the table before Felix. Photos of Felix robbing stores, mugging, and a few other felonies spill out into the open.

AVILLA

I hear you want a deal. Okay. Here's my deal. You testify against Tony Rey in open court or you're looking at at least fifteen years. That's about as simple as I can make it.

PEREZ

What is this? A joke?
(beat)

The only reason my client is even sitting here is because he was promised a monetary award for his cooperation in prosecuting Joe Martie's killer. As well as protection.

(MORE)

PEREZ (CONT'D)
You know damn well that Mister
Paretta is taking a serious risk by
even being here.

Jackson and Avilla share an exchange.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
And as long as we're making
threats...this is a clear case of
coercion on the part of your
Detective Jackson. Because if you
had anything more than pictures, my
client wouldn't be sitting here.

Jackson checks with Avilla who grows impatient. Perez has
him by the ass and it shows.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
He was working in conjunction with
Detective Martie on an open police
investigation. In full cooperation
with your police department. That
means whatever deal he made with
Detective Martie is as solid now as
they day he offered it.

AVILLA
That's funny. Because, according
to our records, your client was
never registered as an informant.
Nor do we have any evidence
whatsoever regarding this supposed
deal with Joe Martie.

PEREZ
You don't have any evidence
regarding anything, Lieutenant. As
far as your department is
concerned, these photos could've
been taken weeks after my client
met with Detective Martie. In
short, Lieutenant. You have no
case.

LINDA
(to Felix)
Do you know who I am?

Felix stares up at her. A bit ashamed.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Antonio Rey shot and killed my son.
My Joe.

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

I don't know what deal you made with him but I do know that it was fair. And you should more than likely be sitting in a jail cell as we speak if it weren't for Joe. If you're any kind of human being at all, you'd understand your obligation to him. And to me. And to yourself.

Felix bounces his knee. Nervous. He nods with appreciation.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Joe had an insurance policy with the department. Most of which was left to me. If it's money and protection your after, I can see to it you and your mother are taken care of when this is over. But you're gonna do this. You're gonna do it because it's the only way you'll ever be able to look at yourself in the mirror again.

Felix rubs his tired face. His eyes full of emotion. On the brink of tears.

PEREZ

(to Avilla)

Can we get all of that in writing?

AVILLA

What's it gonna be, Felix?

Felix looks down. Unsure.

FELIX

Yeah. Okay.

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson answers the door. Kolfax on the other side.

JACKSON

Thank God you're here. I almost fell asleep.

Jackson steps aside as Kolfax ducks in.

KOLFAX

Yeah, I know, buddy. But we gotta talk.

Jackson peeks into the --

LIVING ROOM

at Elana wrapping up an open bag of chips. She is none too pleased to see Kolfax yet again.

ELANA

(ugly)

Hello, Jimmy. Can I get you a drink?

KOLFAX

No thanks. I'll just be a minute. Didn't mean to disturb ya'll so late.

ELANA

You hear to take my husband again?

KOLFAX

No, ma'm. I promise.

ELANA

Mmm-hmm.

Elana gives him a nasty look on her way to the kitchen.

Jackson shakes his head. A deep sigh as he heads for his study while Kolfax follows behind.

JACKSON'S STUDY

Jackson slumps in his recliner with exhaustion as Kolfax hovers over him. Wide awake and full of energy.

KOLFAX

I need to know what Avilla's planning on doing with Paretta.

JACKSON

You mean does he know anything about these dirty cops?

KOLFAX

He knew Tony was the trigger man. I'm guessing maybe he knows who sent him.

JACKSON

It's Avilla's case now, Jimmy. If Paretta knows more, he'll get it from him.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

But you gotta let this go. You've done all you can do for Linda Martie and for Joe.

KOLFAX

Did you even tell him what went down between me and Renny? Any of it?

JACKSON

If anybody finds out I'm working with you...of all people...I'm looking at a world of hurt. I could lose my pension, Jimmy.

(angry)

Fuck no I didn't tell him.

KOLFAX

Come on, old partner. You can't bullshit me. The department wants to keep this one quiet. They know there's dirty cops working those projects.

Jackson shuts his eyes. Tired of all of it.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

What did they tell you? Let me guess. They have an open investigation and we're to stay out of it.

Jackson opens his eyes. Annoyed with Kolfax's pushing.

JACKSON

Avilla's not stupid. He knows Joe was onto something. So maybe he hasn't announced it to the whole department yet but can you blame him? We don't even know who we can trust.

KOLFAX

They got to you. They already know me and you have been sniffing around. Don't they?

JACKSON

If they catch me looking into the Martie shooting, it's an official suspension. That's it.

Kolfax shakes his head, turns his back.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What did you expect, Jimmy? If this shit gets out, we're looking at a repeat of fifteen years ago only worse. A string of homicides tied directly back to the department?! Can you imagine the blowback?

KOLFAX

So what happens when they actually find these guys? This shit's bound to get out one way or another.

JACKSON

Look. All I can tell you is Avilla's building a case. Let him build it. Nobody wants Joe's killers more than him. No matter what it looks like.

Kolfax halfheartedly nods.

EXT. TONY'S BAR - WHITTIER PROJECTS - NIGHT

Renny stops on a sidewalk just down the street from his brother's bar.

It's as busy as ever as the locals stroll in and out and the MUSIC BLASTS through the front door.

Renny spots a familiar UNMARKED SQUAD CAR at the curb and makes his way around the side of the building.

He stops at a tall FIRE ESCAPE and pulls down a heavy iron ladder. He moves quickly up the steps and zig zags his way to the second floor apartment.

EXT. TONY'S BAR - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Renny stops at the window, quietly opens it up and crawls inside.

INT. TONY'S BAR - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Renny hears a TOILET FLUSH as Tony steps out of a corner bathroom and zips his pants.

TONY

Yo. Where you been, man? Flint's been looking all over for you.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
Wanting to know why you ain't
whacked that cop like he asked.

Renny watches the door closely as he steps closer to Tony.

RENNY
(quietly)
Fuck are you doing back here, man?
Are you stupid or something?

TONY
What're you talking about? This
dude Flint's got our back, man.
All you gotta do is do this fuckin
cop and we're good. Ain't nobody
can touch us.

RENNY
What're you thinking, man? You
could just go and whack a cop and
ain't nobody gonna do nuthin?

Tony thinks it all over.

RENNY (CONT'D)
They're out looking for you right
now, asshole. They know
everything.

Renny grows frustrated and paces in a circle as he shakes his
head with a real anxiousness.

Tony looks put off. His feelings hurt.

TONY
Yeah. And maybe I should've let
that cop kill you and get away with
it. Fuck kind of shit are you
talkin about?

RENNY
Man wake up! This motherfucker
Flint gonna kill you! They gonna
kill me too because ain't nobody
gonna stop until somebody pays for
that cop!

Tony turns his back. Unwilling to listen. Renny grabs him,
spins him around.

RENNY (CONT'D)
This dude Kolfax been running
around with his old partner making
all kinds of noise.
(MORE)

RENNY (CONT'D)
It's only a matter of time before
that shit gets out.

Tony gives him a nasty stare. Fights the urge to slug Renny.

RENNY (CONT'D)
When it does, these cops gonna take
out anybody that can finger their
asses!

Renny jabs his finger into Tony's chest.

RENNY (CONT'D)
That means you and me, stupid
motherfucker! So get your shit cos
we're outta here!

FLINT (O.S.)
You gonna leave without saying
goodbye?

They both turn to Flint by the stairwell door.

FLINT (CONT'D)
After all we've been through
together.

Renny draws his gun on Flint.

RENNY
Where is she? Where's my little
girl?

FLINT
She's safe. They're both safe.
For now.

Flint stares Renny up and down. Sizes him up.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Renny, you weren't planning on
skipping out on me, were you?

Renny and Tony share a quick look.

FLINT (CONT'D)
We made a deal. You get me and my
partner what we want and we all go
our separate ways. And you and
your family can leave this place
and start a new life together.
Away from all the shit.

Flint scoffs and shakes his head.

FLINT (CONT'D)
But here you are putting all of
that in jeopardy.

RENNY
Tell me where they are or your
dead.

FLINT
I wouldn't do that, Renny. If I
don't answer to Vance in the next
few days, he's gonna assume the
worst. You know what that means.

Tony stares back and forth between Flint and Renny.

TONY
Come on, man. Just put your gun
down. Just do like he says.

Renny's hands shake as he grips the pistol tighter. He
slowly lower his gun.

FLINT
That's a good boy. Smart choice.

Flint slowly reaches out his hand, snags the gun from Renny
who backs down.

FLINT (CONT'D)
But. You shouldn't have tried to
fuck me in the first place.

He draws down on Renny who backs up in a panic.

Tony opens his desk drawer. Empty.

FLINT (CONT'D)
(to Tony)
You looking for this?

Flint pulls TONY'S GUN from his trousers.

He AIMS RENNY'S GUN at

TONY

-- SHOOTs HIM in the chest as his body is flung over a corner
desk.

RENNY
Mother-fucker!

Renny charges after him as

Flint AIMS TONY'S GUN and fires a SINGLE SHOT at Renny's chest.

POW!

as Renny drops like cement.

Flint drops Renny's piece on the carpet near his body. He drops the second gun near Tony's desk.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - WEST LA - NIGHT

Sherri changes her baby girl on a towel laid out on the guest room bed. She stares up at --

VANCE

Who watches her like a hawk.

SHERRI

Where the hell is Renny? You told me he'd be here by now.

VANCE

I'm not his babysitter so I don't know.

Sherri finishes changing her. She sets her upright on the bed.

SHERRI

You're lying. Something's happened and you won't tell me.

VANCE

Relax. As soon as Renny delivers the money to my partner, the three of you will be together again. One big happy family.

SHERRI

He should've called by now.

VANCE

You just worry about your kid. You let me worry about Renny.

Vance ducks out as Sherri picks up her baby, rocks her on her shoulder.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vance steps in with nightly news playing on a television. The TWO IMAGES of RENNY and TONY side by side as A NEWS ANCHOR covers the breaking story.

Vance quickly TURNS DOWN THE VOLUME and hears his CELL PHONE RING from the coffee table.

He snags it up. Answers:

VANCE

Yeah?

FLINT (O.S.)

We're moving on to Plan B. And remember. No witnesses.

Vance sighs with uncertainty.

VANCE

Got it.

He hangs up.

EXT. MOTOR LODGE INN MOTEL - EARLY MORNING

A ROOM SERVICE ATTENDANT rolls her cleaning cart down the second story hall and spots --

A DOOR WIDE OPEN

In the distance.

She rolls her cart toward the room and notices the drapes still shut.

She knocks on the door as it SWINGS OPEN.

ROOM SERVICE

Hello?

She steps inside and spots --

SHERRI

In bed with a NEEDLE in her arm and TOURNIQUET wrapped tightly around her bicep. Dead.

She GASPS in utter shock of this horrific sight and quickly darts out of the room.

INT. LINDA MARTIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Linda and Kolfax sit at a breakfast nook as she sips a coffee in her bathrobe.

Kolfax across from her as he breaks the bad news.

KOLFAX

According to the report, there was something weird going on between the three of them. Turns out, Tony was the real father of Sherri Lopez's baby.

Linda almost spills her coffee in shock.

LINDA

What?

KOLFAX

I saw the receipts. Every alimony payment. Turns out that part was true.

Linda shakes her head. Hard to believe.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

Tony tries to make amends, get clean of heroin and get back in the child's life but Sherri was having none of it. Meanwhile, she was having a secret affair with Renny.

LINDA

His own brother?

KOLFAX

Renny stages her death at the hospital and hides her at a safe house just outside the city. They're saying that Tony found out what was going on and killed his brother. But not before Renny could get a shot off.

LINDA

You actually believe any of that?

KOLFAX

Not a fuckin single word of it. That guy Renny took out at Sherri's place was her dealer. She's still using as much as Tony.

(MORE)

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

If not worse. But that's the official report.

LINDA

I see. And what about the unofficial report?

KOLFAX

Unofficially, these dirty cops had Tony and Renny killed. Sherri too. But we still don't have names.

LINDA

You must have some idea at this point. With everything you and Jackson have been doing.

KOLFAX

I can't say yet.

Linda grows frustrated and smacks the table. Kolfax hangs his head low.

LINDA

You can't say or you won't say?

Kolfax thinks it over. He finally comes around.

KOLFAX

Dennis Flint. He works robbery. He's the one who talked Renny out of Sherri Lopez's apartment the night Joe was set up. He would be my first choice but proving that's gonna be tricky.

LINDA

What does Avilla have to say about it? Is he looking at Flint or not?

KOLFAX

That you'll have to ask him.

LINDA

What does that mean?

KOLFAX

It means I've done all I can here.

LINDA

So now you're just gonna walk away like before? That it, Jimmy?

KOLFAX

They're gonna nail these guys. You just gotta give it time.

Linda stands, unable to sit still as she paces the tile.

LINDA

Come on, Jimmy. They're covering it up. Open your eyes. If you don't do this, nobody will. You understand? I have no one else.

KOLFAX

They've already threatened Jackson. They're gonna take his badge. His pension.

LINDA

Since when do you care about your partners, Jimmy? Or their families?

Linda slumps her hands down on the kitchen counter. Tired. Worn out.

Kolfax looks utterly defeated.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Just get out. Please.

Kolfax slowly stands, heads for the door. Linda cries out as tears shoot down her face.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - FOOD COURT - NIGHT

Felix sits at a far two-seater away from most of the mall crowd. He sips a tall soda, fidgets in his chair. A bit on edge.

FLINT

spots him from across the room, heads over.

Felix pulls himself together as Flint approaches.

FLINT

This seat taken?

FELIX

Who's asking?

FLINT
Your friendly local law
enforcement.

He smiles. Felix gives him the nod to sit down.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Ox says you wanted to talk to me
about Jimmy Kolfax. He says he's
been asking a lot of questions
lately.

Felix is unsure at first as he checks his surroundings. He
twittles his fingers and thumbs. All worked up.

FELIX
He came to my crib. Threatened me
and my mother. Talking about how
he gonna hand me over for smoking
Joe Martie. Told him to go fuck
himself because I ain't had nothing
to do with it.

Flint checks over Felix's shoulder at Ox watching them both
from a lunch line. The two catch eyes. Flint turns his
attention back to Felix.

FLINT
That's interesting. And what did
he say?

FELIX
He saying everyone be dropping my
name and shit. Saying it was me
who whacked out Martie.

FLINT
Did you?

Felix slaps the table in anger.

FELIX
Fuck you talking about, man? You
know I didn't do that shit. It was
Tony. Now everybody covering his
ass saying it was me.

Flint looks around as if he's being watched.

FLINT
Okay. So what do you want me to do
about that?

FELIX

What do you think, man? You gotta get this fool off my back. He knows it was Tony who whacked that cop.

FLINT

Yeah? So what? Tony's dead. And so is Renny. He can't convict a dead guy.

FELIX

Don't play me, man. Just cause Tony dead don't mean nothing. This dude's serious about handing my ass to the cops if I don't start giving him names.

Flint leans in nice and close.

FLINT

And what the fuck does a two bit shit stain like you know about anything?

FELIX

I know more than you think, cop. I know a lot about your crooked ass. Unless you want these cops knocking on your door, you need to take care of this motherfucker.

Flint smiles, nods with appreciation.

FLINT

Well. You've given me a lot to think about. I'll have to get back to you on that.

FELIX

Man, fuck that. I need an answer. Right now. You gonna smoke this fool or not?

Flint stares Felix up and down. Reads him. Felix grows visibly nervous.

FLINT

Tell you what. I'll be in touch.

Flint leaves quickly. Felix looks disappointed.

Flint heads down a --

HALLWAY

Where Ox is waiting behind a wall. He sips a tall soda as Flint sparks up a smoke.

FLINT (CONT'D)
 He's wired. Take him out. Only do it quietly. No gangland bullshit. You're a professional. A professional who works for me.

Ox smiles and nods.

OX
 Whatever you say.

INT. MALL RESTROOM - NIGHT

Felix hides in a bathroom stall as he yanks a complicated WIRE TAP and RECORDER from his chest and belly.

THE DOOR IS KICKED IN

As Ox snags up Felix by the shirt collar.

OX
 What's up, Felix?

INT. SHOPPING MALL - FOOD COURT

Avilla rushes through the front doors. Panicked. He searches the busy tables for Felix. Nothing.

He maneuvers his way through the maze of shoppers and diners as they all turn and stare at the worked up cop with a crazed look in his eye.

Avilla spots a sign marked RESTROOMS and runs toward it. He makes it to the --

HALLWAY

And spots OX and Felix heading out a side door.

He pulls his gun, runs for the exit.

CHE

Steps from behind a wall. Presses a GUN to Avilla's head.

CHE
 Far enough, cop.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Che and Loco take turns shoving Felix around as he walks toward Ox and his crew who wait near an old pile of rubble and dirt in this long abandoned factory.

Loco pushes Felix to the ground right in front of Ox who stares down at him with disgust.

OX

Man, look at me!

Felix stares up at Ox with hate in his eyes. Che and Loco stand behind their prisoner. Guns out and ready.

OX (CONT'D)

Now ain't this a sight. First you bitch out on doing that cop. Now you turnin on your own people. You proud of yourself?

FELIX

Man, you the one turning on your people! Man, those bitch ass cops killed Renny and you ain't done SHIT!

Che and Loco both stare back at Ox. A touchy subject.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Man, you don't care about nothing but yourself!

OX

Oh, so now you a badass? A little late for that shit, little man.
(to Loco and Che)
Hold his ass down.

Loco and Che grab Felix's arms as he squeezes his eyes shut.

Ox pulls his GUN. Aims down at Felix.

OX (CONT'D)

Man, open your eyes, bitch ass nigger!

Felix slowly opens up his eyes. Stares up at Ox as true fear consumes him.

OX (CONT'D)

Time to take your medicine.

FELIX

Fuck you!

Ox FIRES A SINGLE SHOT into Felix as his body falls limp to the rubble and dirt.

Che and Loco stare down at the young man. Not exactly proud as they stare back at Ox.

OX

(to Che)

What's this I hear about you giving this fool Kolfax a pass?

CHE

Whatchu talkin about, man?

Ox gives the nod to Loco who puts him in a choke hold.

CHE (CONT'D)

Fuck are you doing, man?! Get off me!

Ox gets in his face.

OX

Take a good look, man. Look at him!

Che stares down at Felix's corpse.

OX (CONT'D)

This shit's on you. Unless you wanna lay down next to him, you gonna smoke this fool Kolfax once and for all.

Che gives him a hard ass stare.

OX (CONT'D)

And you better get that bad ass look off your face. I'll smoke your ass right now.

Che looks away. Ox grabs his face, points it forward.

OX (CONT'D)

You got until tomorrow to make this shit right. Or I'm gonna have me some leftovers. You got that?

(to Loco)

Let him go.

Loco loses his grip on Che who gasps for air. Ox and the rest of his crew walk to their cars.

INT. DINER - EARLY MORNING

Jackson steps in with stacks of paperwork. Police records, arrest reports and so forth. He surveys the room and spots --

JUAN "ONE TIME" AGUILAR (20s), tall, NBA jersey, corn rows, picking at his breakfast in a corner booth.

Jackson approaches him.

JACKSON
You wanted to see me?

Aguilar nods to the open seat across from him. Jackson takes a seat. Drops his heavy stack on the table.

AGUILAR
You that cop looking into Renny Rey?

Aguilar reaches into his pants.

JACKSON
Keep your hands on the table.

Aguilar pulls out a cigarette box and his lighter.

AGUILAR
Yo. It's not like that, man.

JACKSON
Do it!

Aguilar drops the box and presses his palms flat on the smooth table.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You got something you need to tell me, Juan?

AGUILAR
Man, how you know who I am?

Jackson nods to his paperwork.

JACKSON
It's all in there. Juan "One Time" Aguilar. Been running with Renny Rey since kindergarten.
(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

According to everything I've read about you, your one of his closest compadres. The kind of guy Renny would trust with his life. No way he'd up and leave town without you hearing about it first. So let's start with that. What's really going on?

AGUILAR

Man, all this shit they talking about Tony and Renny smoking each other out. It's all bullshit. It was a fuckin set up.

JACKSON

Set up by who?

AGUILAR

I don't know.

JACKSON

Come on, man. You gonna play this game with me?

AGUILAR

I'm telling you, I don't know. But I've seen him. I seen his face.

JACKSON

Where?

AGUILAR

When Renny got out. Met up with him and Sherri under the freeway. Tony came to me the day before with the whole thing worked out. Gave me this gun filled with blanks. Says we gotta make it look real. Motherfuckin Ox wants Sherri under ground. She be drawing too much heat after what happened.

JACKSON

What're you talking about?

AGUILAR

I'm talking about there's no way Tony shot Renny. He was helping him and Sherri break outta town. It was his idea to fake Sherri's death.

JACKSON

Fake her death? She already faked her death back at the hospital.

AGUILAR

Man, I'm not talking about that shit. I'm talking about later.

Jackson is confused.

AGUILAR (CONT'D)

Renny says to shoot her. Stick her in the trunk and drive off. Ox won't even know what the fuck's going on. We was supposed to meet up at some motel off of I Ten. Meanwhile, Ox thinks we're getting rid of the body. But she's alive, man. I don't have no fuckin bullets in the gun.

JACKSON

Why don't you get to the point where you saw this guy.

AGUILAR

Man, that's what I'm trying to tell you. This motherfucker shows up right when I got the gun to Sherri's head. Thought I was really gonna kill her. So he took her.

JACKSON

Who's he?

AGUILAR

Man, I told you I don't know his name, alright?

JACKSON

You think you could pick him out of a lineup?

Aguilar nods with no doubt.

AGUILAR

Yeah. No problem.

INT. BIG DRAGON ACADEMY - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - DAY

Kolfax packs what's left of his things into a large suitcase. He hears FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs and pulls a gun from his pants.

He aims at the staircase and at --

JACKSON

Who pokes his head in.

JACKSON
Hell are you doing?

KOLFAX
Making some changes.

JACKSON
I wondered why your front door said closed.

KOLFAX
Apparently I forgot to lock up.

JACKSON
Yeah. Not real smart considering.

KOLFAX
Yeah, well, I've been making a lot of errors in judgement lately. Kind of why I'm talking off.

JACKSON
Juan "One Time" Aguilar.

KOLFAX
Who?

JACKSON
He made a positive ID.

Kolfax stops packing, looks to Jackson.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Detective Scott Vance. Works robbery. He did Sherri Lopez at that motel. He was the last one seen with her.

KOLFAX
So what're you doing here talking to me?

JACKSON
They found him this morning. All
shot up to shit on the sidewalk.
Looks like a drive-by.

KOLFAX
So you don't have shit.

JACKSON
We're close. So close I can taste
these assholes.

KOLFAX
Good. Send me a postcard when you
got them.

Kolfax returns to packing. Jackson laughs and shakes his
head. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He answers:

JACKSON
Yeah?

He listens.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You gotta be kidding me? Where?

Kolfax looks up.

Jackson hangs up.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
They just found Avilla.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - PROJECTS - DAY

Both Avilla and Felix hang from opposing basketball rims as
CRIME SCENE TECHS, UNIFORM COPS and PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVES
work the scene.

Jackson's car comes to a screeching halt as he and Kolfax
rush toward the action.

Kolfax walks to Felix as

Jackson checks on Avilla.

A specific date is carved into Avilla's chest: 7-13-02

JACKSON
Lousy motherfuckers.

Kolfax stares up at Felix. The word RAT carved into his exposed chest.

A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT hits the backboard above Felix's head as

KOLFAX

Stares off into the distance. He searches the streets and sidewalks on the other side of the court. And then to a

ROOFTOP

Where he sees the blinding reflection of a RIFLE SCOPE pointed down at him.

KOLFAX

Jackson!

Kolfax ducks down as

MACHINE GUN FIRE

Rips through the open court and cops run for cover behind SQUAD CARS. Behind a NEWS VAN.

JACKSON

Jimmy!

Kolfax attempts to stand and run as

Jackson runs toward his old partner.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Get down!

Jackson TACKLES KOLFAX just as TWO BULLETS strike him in the ass and upper leg.

Down they go.

Kolfax drags Jackson behind the CORONER'S WAGON as MACHINE GUN FIRE tears through the car like swiss cheese.

Kolfax aims his gun toward the

ROOFTOP

Where the gunman has now left.

Kolfax turns to Jackson who is bleeding bad.

KOLFAX

You alright?

JACKSON
No, I'm not alright. I got shot in
the fuckin ass. Asshole!

Kolfax pats his shoulder.

KOLFAX
Stay down.

JACKSON
Oh, okay!

Kolfax darts off.

Around the court's chain link fence and hidden safely behind
some bleachers.

He stares through the grooves and cracks of the metal seats
and watches the building across the street.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Kolfax rushes across the busy intersection as CARS HONK and
SWERVE to miss him.

He runs into an alley where a tall FIRE ESCAPE leads to the
rooftop.

TWO BANGERS

Pop up from behind a dumpster with pistols.

POW-POW

As Kolfax takes down one.

POW-POW

And the second quickly follows.

Kolfax makes his way up the ladder and keeps his eyes on the
edge of the roof.

Che stares down at him with his machine gun. Before he can
fire --

Kolfax fires SEVERAL ROUNDS and STRIKES Che in the shoulder.

He quickly runs up the steps and to the --

ROOFTOP

Where Che is on the ground and holds his wounded shoulder. His machine gun a good ten feet away.

Kolfax kicks the gun aside as he steps to Che.

CHE
Whachu waiting for, man? Arrest my
ass!

Che slowly stands. A cocky smile.

CHE (CONT'D)
Come on. Take me in.

KOLFAX
You and me got a problem. You see,
I can't really take you in. I
haven't been a cop for a really
long time. My old partner who is a
cop is downstairs, bleeding. He
can't take you in either.

Che looks worried.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)
So I guess there's only one way you
getting off this roof.

CHE
Yeah. I guess so.

Che pulls a back-up piece. Sticks it in Kolfax's face who quickly SNAPS Che's arm over his shoulder.

Che SCREAMS in pain as

Kolfax twists his broken arm and forces Che to the edge of the roof.

He stares down at the black asphalt below.

CHE (CONT'D)
Come on, man! You can't do this!
You need me! I'm the only one who
seen their face! You ain't got
shit without me!

Kolfax pulls a CELL PHONE from Che's pocket. Holds it to Che's face.

KOLFAX
No, man. I did need you. But do
me a favor though. Tell Renny I
said hi.

He tosses Che off the roof as he quickly plunges to his death.

Kolfax stares down at his handy work.

INT. JACKSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jackson is laid up in bed with two bullets in his leg and ass. He is none too pleased with Kolfax who stands at the window looking pitiful.

JACKSON

Here I am with a bullet damn near stuck up my ass, and I'm worried about you.

KOLFAX

Watchu worried about me for?

JACKSON

About what my old lady's gonna do to you when she walks in here.

KOLFAX

Yeah, I guess I shouldn't be here right now, huh?

JACKSON

Shit. If I were you, I'd be anywhere else but here.

The two share a big laugh.

KOLFAX

I'm sorry, old partner.

JACKSON

No you're not. You're happy to still be alive. You should be. We came real close to getting our butts shot off and for what?

Kolfax thinks this over.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

These stupid asses ain't got a chance out there. Ain't nothing we can do to change that.

KOLFAX

Yeah, I'm starting to see that now.

JACKSON

Felix Paretta tried to get out and looked what happened to him. Let's face it. There's no winning this one, partner.

Kolfax nods in agreement.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So you still picking up and leaving us, Kolfax?

KOLFAX

Like you said, man. Ain't no winning this time.

Jackson watches Kolfax closely.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

What?

JACKSON

Here I was thinking you were gonna put up some kind of fight. Tell me how wrong I am. That Jimmy Kolfax never gives in. Never lost a fight in his life.

Jackson shakes his head with disappointment.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I guess not.

KOLFAX

I would say that if it weren't for the fact that we already lost.

Jackson grows truly sad.

KOLFAX (CONT'D)

Renny's dead. We got Felix killed and our only other witness is face down on some sidewalk with a bullet in his skull. Add the fact that Linda Martie will probably never speak to me again. And still hasn't forgiven me for what happened to Mikey.

(beat)

This one's fucked.

Jackson cracks a slow grin.

JACKSON

Now tell me what you're really thinking.

KOLFAX

I was thinking I'd go get me some coffee. Try to wake up a little. While in the process trying not to run into your wife in the hallway.

Jackson smiles.

JACKSON

And? Then what?

Kolfax stares dead at him. Very matter-of-factly.

KOLFAX

Then going and killing these motherfuckers.

INT. BIG DRAGON ACADEMY - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kolfax loads the remaining shell of his twelve gauge and rests the weapon on a table next to a full arsenal of hand guns and other weaponry.

DOWNSTAIRS

Kolfax walks to his front door and locks up for the night. One by one, he walks to each window and shuts the blinds.

He shuffles into his --

OFFICE

And to his desk where he slumps down in his chair. He opens the top drawer and it's empty.

OX (O.S.)

Missing something, cop?

Kolfax smiles and stares up at

OX

Who holds a gun to Linda's head.

Loco and TWO MORE OF HIS CREW duck in the office.

KOLFAX

That's my gun your holding to her head.

OX

You think you was just gonna skip
on out of here? Like you was gonna
get a pass or something?

Ox shakes his head.

OX (CONT'D)

From what I hear, you and my crew
here got some unfinished business.
They wanna see just how badass you
really are, old man. So I'm gonna
leave you all to it.

Ox smiles at Linda as he rubs the barrel of the gun on her
smooth face.

OX (CONT'D)

Meantime, me and your sweet lady
friend here gonna go for a ride.
(to Linda)
Isn't that right?

LINDA

Just shoot him in the fuckin face,
Jimmy.

KOLFAX

Two against one. That's not really
a fair fight, now is it? Here
ya'll are with guns and everything.
Seems like I don't got much of a
chance.

Ox and the others laugh.

Kolfax reaches

UNDER HIS DESK

Where a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN is wired to the drawer. He snags
it up --

POW!

The first blast KNOCKS Loco OFF HIS FEET and

THROUGH A WINDOW

Where his body hits the workout mat on the other side of the
dojo floor.

OX'S GUY #2

Reaches for his glock but Kolfax is too fast.

POW!

As the banger is THROWN INTO A WATER COOLER and then to the office floor.

Ox and Linda quickly make for the door as he carefully keeps his gun to her head.

Kolfax slowly and cautiously steps out of the office with his gun aimed at Ox. His eyes are locked in on his opponent. Cool. Unfeeling. Steady as hell.

Ox looks worried as he and Linda duck out the front door.

OX
Come on, old man. Come and get
her.

Kolfax follows them --

OUTSIDE

EXT. BIG DRAGON ACADEMY - NIGHT

Ox walks through the small parking lot, between some parked cars and into a bigger one. A RITE AID sits in the near distance.

KOLFAX
Did I ever tell you I'm a pretty
good shot?

Ox smiles back at him.

OX
I guess you better take the shot
then.

A UNIFORM COP

Steps out of the drug store and spots Ox and the hostage. He quietly walks up behind them.

UNIFORM COP
Stop it right there!

Ox spins around and FIRES THREE SHOTS at the Uniform Cop. He dives for cover. His leg wounded.

Kolfax ducks behind a PARKED VAN.

Ox turns back to him. Now gone.

He walks Linda toward the van.

OX
Come on, badass! Come on out and
play!

Kolfax appears from behind a parked car and sneaks up behind
Ox like a silent killer.

He grabs his PISTOL HAND as

Linda makes a run for it.

KOLFAX
Get the fuck out of here!

Kolfax and Ox wrestle for control of the gun as BULLETS ARE
FIRED and CAR WINDOWS SHATTER.

Several CUSTOMERS dive for cover as

Ox gets the better of Kolfax and

THROWS HIM

against the hood of a random car. He grabs his throat and
SQUEEZES TIGHT.

OX
You say something, cop?!

Kolfax SQUEEZES HIS NUTS as Ox stumbles backward.

Kolfax throws a barrage of DEADLY PUNCHES into Ox's CHEST,
NECK and FACE as the big ape tumbles to the ground.

Kolfax circles him. Never breaks eye contact.

Ox struggles to stand. But when he does...

He CHARGES KOLFAX full speed ahead as

Kolfax casually KICKS OUT A LEG and TRIPS HIM.

Ox goes down FACE FIRST. His nose and mouth a BLOODY MESS.

OX (CONT'D)
Mother-fucker.

Kolfax picks him up by the arm. And in a super-fast,
complicated move, holds it under his armpit and

BREAKS IT IN TWO

Ox SCREAMS OUT as

Kolfax turns in another complicated circle and HOLDS HIS HEAD in a TIGHT LOCK.

CRUNCH!

His neck broke. Kolfax drops the lump of shit to the asphalt as Linda pokes her head out from behind a parked car.

MINUTES LATER

A TAXI CAB sits parked in front of the RITE AID. The engine still running.

Kolfax hands Linda Ox's GUN.

KOLFAX

You keep this on you until you get where your headed. You see anyone you don't know trying to open that cab door, you shoot them between the eyes. And I mean no questions asked.

LINDA

What about you? Why aren't you coming with me?

KOLFAX

Cause this ain't over yet.

He escorts Linda into the cab. She ducks her head out.

LINDA

Look. If it's forgiveness you're looking for, then fine. I forgive you. But I won't forgive you if you get yourself killed.

FLINT (O.S.)

Isn't this sweet. Our first lover's quarrel.

Kolfax stares up at Flint who stands just in front of the cab with his gun aimed at the

DRIVER

Who keeps his hands raised.

DRIVER

Oh, shit.

Kolfax casually walks toward Flint who quickly turns his gun on him.

FLINT

That's far enough.

Kolfax stares over the roof of the taxi to see VANCE also branding his handgun.

KOLFAX

So how's this gonna work? You gonna shoot us in front of a dozen witnesses?

FLINT

Haven't you heard, Kolfax? We're the cops. We're untouchable. Now get the girl out of the backseat.

Kolfax takes a beat. Smiles.

KOLFAX

How about that, Linda? Are you down with that plan?

Linda holds her new gun against the backseat window at

VANCE

who has no idea what's about to hit him.

He stares down at Linda and the GUN now aimed up at his chest.

VANCE

Shhhit.

Before he can fire the first shot.

POW-POW-POW

The rear window SHATTERS as

Vance is hit with two out of three bullets and drops to the asphalt.

The driver ducks down in his seat just as Flint AIMS HIS GUN through the front windshield at

Linda in the backseat. She stares back at him. Scared for her life.

POW-POW-POW

As Flint is hit with three from Kolfax and also drops to the asphalt. Both cops dead as a doornail.

Kolfax keeps his gun aimed in Flint's direction. He walks over and stares down at the dead lump.

Linda also steps out and hovers over Vance. His dead eyes stare back at her.

A young black CUSTOMER steps out from behind his PARKED CAR and walks up to Kolfax. Several other customers also survey the bloody aftermath.

CUSTOMER

Say, my man. You some kind of
badass or somethin?

Kolfax turns to him. A real sly grin.

KOLFAX

That's right.

FADE OUT.

THE END