

THE FIVE ALIVE

Written by  
Eric Dickson

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. EVERGLADES - SWAMP - DAY**

A densely populated grove of bald cypress dots a calm but marshy swamp water. A tiny egret prances along the thick and slimy skim in pursuit of a fish.

An overcast sky. All is quiet and peaceful. Until...

A SUDDEN ROLL OF THUNDER breaks the silence. Followed by a barely audible BUZZING SOUND.

In between the trees...

AN ALUMINUM SWAMP BOAT drifts along slowly with a COUGHING MOTOR barely pushing its weight.

In the back, A CUBAN LOCAL in a dirty ball cap grips a tiller handle and drags a cigarillo. Sitting calmly up front is SHAWN "AKEEM" NAVARRO---30s, blonde dreadlocks, Jamaican, exotic green eyes, but with a true aura of darkness.

**EXT. BOAT DOCK AND BAR - DAY**

CUBAN RAP spills from a broken down bait and tackle shack currently serving as a makeshift arena for bare knuckle brawlers.

TWO SHIRTLESS BRUISERS trade some brutal swats before an excited but rough crowd.

The swamp boat drifts along the dock. Akeem's attention drawn to the two fighters. Meantime, The Cuban local ties a frayed rope to a steel cleat.

Akeem is helped from the boat by EL CHANGO---40s, a three hundred pound beast of a specimen with monkey like ears and a vintage football jersey.

EL CHANGO  
Welcome to the jungle, Mi Amigo.

**INT. BOAT DOCK AND BAR - DAY**

CHANGO'S GUY takes up a collection of cash from the rough and rowdy crowd of gator rustlers and poachers.

An UNCONSCIOUS FIGHTER, busted open lip and face, is swiftly drug onto a corner stool.

Still on the dock, Akeem and El Chango peer inside.

EL CHANGO

As you can see, my problem isn't getting the help. It's keeping them out.

Akeem watches on as TWO NEW BRAWLERS trade some rapid fire punches and kicks. BLOOD SPEWS. SPIT hits the stained wood floors.

EL CHANGO (CONT'D)

With my doors open twenty four seven, and more product than I can handle, the competition is fierce, mi amigo.

El Chango nods at the crowd.

EL CHANGO (CONT'D)

So I let them decide who leaves with their pockets full.

EL Chango pats Akeem on the shoulder. The two men head for the back of the bait shack.

**EXT. BOAT DOCK AND BAR - REAR DECK - DAY**

Out back is an underwater gated fence that forms a sort of homemade alligator holding tank. And this tank is filled to the brim with gators.

El Chango opens an ice chest rested against the shack and pulls out two cold beers. He hands one to Akeem...who pops and chugs.

CHANGO'S GUY #2 throws a bucket of chum to his gators as the three men watch them go to town. Jaws strike meat, water splashes, bellies roll.

EL CHANGO

Last month, I get approached by an agent with the Wildlife Commission. Tells me for the right price, I can keep the right people off my back. Game farm applications. Limited entry permits. Hunting and fishing licenses. We're talking unlimited access. Anyone that wants to do business with me gets automatic federal protection.

Akeem isn't impressed.

EL CHANGO (CONT'D)

I know, I know. What does any of this have to do with me? Turns out it was all too good to be true. My guy on the inside says some puto gator farmer's been doing some sniffing around. Asking a lot of questions about me.

El Chango picks up a manila file from a wooden bench, hands it off to Akeem, who opens, takes a look.

It's the image, arrest record and jacket of one DETECTIVE JASON "JJ" BAUMBACH---30s, blonde hair, chiseled, still in his dress blues.

EL CHANGO (CONT'D)

Dude's a cop. Miami PD. But you already know that. He took down your brother last year in that rooftop shootout.

Akeem stares at the picture with intense hatred.

EL CHANGO (CONT'D)

He drew so much heat from you and your crew he went into hiding. Went on loan to The Feds for some serious deep cover work. Well I've found him, Mi Amigo. The way I see it, we have ourselves a mutual problem.

Akeem slowly stares up at El Chango. His eyes red hot with rage and ready to explode.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR FARM - DAY**

The filthy rear door of a jacked up pick up with giant super swamper mudding tires swings open...reveals a dozen or so giant live gators tied at their hands and feet.

A dirty REDNECK in a cap flipped backwards smiles and snaps at his bubble gum, proud of his catch. He turns to

JASON "JJ" BAUMBACH---40s, older and heavier with long hair and a thick beard. He removes his shades to get a better look at the stocked truck's product.

Inside are several metal coolers.

REDNECK

So, check this out, brother man. I know you been down and out lately but I got what you need right here. One stop shopping, baby. We're talking four dozen dino eggs just ready to hatch.

JJ pops open one of the coolers and sees a whole nest of giant white eggs rested in wet grass.

REDNECK (CONT'D)

At thirty an egg, we're at roughly fifteen hundred. Now, that's half of what I can get for these things with the Cuban down the road. He's asking a hundred a head for the gators, today I'm taking fifty. So what's up? You like my pups or what?

JJ

Sounds to me like you just ran out of drinking money, friend.

REDNECK

Yeah, something like that. Family's gotta eat. You know how it is.

JJ

Yeah. I know how it is.

REDNECK

But I'll tell you what. If I throw in a couple dozen steaks and some jerky, I'll give you everything I got for Twenty Five Hundred. It's a steal. You'll be stealing from me.

JJ

Sorry, pal. I don't deal in stolen product.

JJ walks back to his broken down gator farm as the redneck chases after him.

REDNECK

That's not what I heard.

JJ

Well you heard wrong.

REDNECK

Yeah. If you were in the phone book, I would've heard of you.

JJ pulls out a pouch of gator jerky from his outdoorsman shirt and takes a big pinch.

JJ

Look. Why don't you go see your Cuban friend down the road. If he's so great, why bother with me?

REDNECK

Come on, man. Don't act like these cops ain't robbing you blind too. I heard stories.

JJ

You did, did you?

REDNECK

That's right. I know you're not exactly taking in the weekly gees no more. I'm in the same boat, man. If I even touch the fat man's swamp, these cops are jacking half my profit. Come on. Let's do this. Make me a deal.

JJ stares over the redneck's shoulder, back at the pick up truck. He slowly comes around.

JJ

I'll give you fifteen hundred. Final offer. And let's not pretend you actually rustled those puppies yourself.

The redneck laughs, slaps JJ on the shoulder.

REDNECK

Yo, whatever, bro. Fifteen. Good deal. I'll take it. Today's a good day after all.

From around both sides of the gator farm's shabby novelty shop rush two man teams of FEDERAL AGENTS in FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICES UNIFORMS.

AGENT #1

Federal agents! Hands in the air!

The redneck stares back at JJ, completely distraught and the life sucked from his body.

JJ pulls a thick wad of jerky from his pouch, offers some to the redneck.

JJ

Jerky?

**INT. ALLIGATOR FARM - NOVELTY SHOP - DAY**

The redneck sits in a cheap fold out chair and sips at a hot coffee -- now surrounded by ARMED MEN and WOMEN in FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICES UNIFORMS.

One agent gawks aimlessly out a window, watches the downpour of rain strike the dirt road. He wears a Kevlar vest marked POLICE: GAME WARDEN on the front and rear.

Another agent pulls a soda out of a glass door cooler and watches the redneck. This is SPECIAL AGENT TERRY ALDRICH, F.B.I.---40s, thin gray hair, career cop.

ALDRICH

It's been almost thirty minutes and I'm still asking the same questions. I'm starting to get impatient.

REDNECK

Look. I told you I ain't allowed out there no more. This El Chango knows I got a record. He don't trust no one he hasn't hand picked himself. He's real careful like that.

JJ sips a coffee and watches passively from a stool behind the phony front register.

ALDRICH

I don't think you understand. It's not him you need to be worried about here. Racketeering. Hunting without a license. Conspiracy to deal in stolen property. All very serious charges on their own. Even if they weren't violations of your probation, which they are. Hell, just the weapons charge alone is enough to put you away for another five.

The redneck sighs, slumps forward. Aldrich leans in, gets right in his face.

REDNECK

Dude. I don't know their names, bro. How many times I gotta tell you the same story? Officer jerk off face. That's what I call them. Who the hell can tell the difference? You cops all look alike.

Aldrich stands upright, smiles smugly at the redneck.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR FARM - DAY**

JJ follows Aldrich out the front door as the other agents load the redneck in an unmarked patrol jeep.

The metal coolers and the other contents of the pick up are laid out on the wet dirt road. The Game Warden and partner give them a good inspection.

Another pair of WILDLIFE OFFICERS use long metal pipes equipped with collars to load a lively gator into a holding trailer.

ALDRICH

You did good work here today. If we make some actual arrests off this idiot I'll be sure to put in a good word with your Lieutenant.

JJ

So that's it? Wham bam thank you mam and I'm out?

ALDRICH

What did you expect, Detective? This is a federal investigation. One we let you in on I might add. Besides. I didn't think cops got off on busting other cops.

JJ

It's not those cops I'm interested in.

ALDRICH

I get it. You want Diaz. Well get in line. They're looking at him for at least half a dozen cold bodies. No one's looking to blow a murder conviction over some illegal alligator trades.



JJ

All of this to bust some swamp  
divers with their palms out?

ALDRICH

Look, this isn't just about a few  
bad cops. It goes farther than  
that.

JJ perks up, intrigued by this new development.

ALDRICH (CONT'D)

I could tell you more but, as of  
now, it's classified. Until I get  
clearance or hear you're with us  
for the duration, that information  
stays with me. Now go get some  
rest. You look like crap.

Aldrich humps it back to a Game Warden jeep as JJ huffs with  
defeat, tosses his half smoked butt.

**EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - DUSK**

The sun is starting to dim out as AN ORANGE GLOW casts down  
over the peaceful water. Before this small lake stands a  
secluded three story home with an aging boat dock.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK**

JJ enters the third story, onto a screened in porch that  
overlooks the lake. He tosses his keys on an old coffee  
table, whipped, takes in the scenery.

JJ

What am I doing here?

JJ snags a pair of binoculars from a kitchen counter top and  
takes a closer look.

**JJ'S POV:**

He spots the hump of a gator drift slowly across the marshy  
swamp water. The sound of a PUTTERING BOAT ENGINE draws  
his attention to...

A SKINNY JAMAICAN (one of Akeem's crew) pulling away from the  
dock in an old two seater.

JJ (CONT'D)

What the hell is this...?

The Jamaican holds some sort of electrical device with a built in antenna.

**BACK TO SCENE**

JJ lowers the binoculars.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Holy sh--

**EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - DUSK**

The Jamaican punches a bright red trigger on the handheld detonator, watches the home.

From the third floor deck, JJ rushes out a side door, leaps over a balcony railing...

SPLASH!

While JJ is still under --

THE HOME EXPLODES as pieces of WOODEN PLANK and SHATTERED GLASS blanket the smooth lake waters.

The Jamaican ducks down, hands over his head. The home all but collapses on the beach like a homemade tower of used popcicle sticks.

**UNDER THE PIER**

JJ finally comes up for air, observes a TWELVE GAUGE wrapped in plastic, taped to the dock's weather worn and chipped undercarriage.

**EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - DUSK**

The boat swings around, heads straight for JJ. The Jamaican is overtly colorful, wide eyed, laughing.

**UNDER THE PIER**

JJ tears the shotgun free of the wooden planks, swims toward a nearby metal ladder.

JJ  
I got somethin' for ya.

**EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - DUSK**

The boat makes a sharp turn, barely misses crashing into the dock's edge. JJ steps up the ladder, rushes up the pier, tears plastic from his hidden shotgun.

JJ

Yeah, you better run!

He takes aim.

The Jamaican spots the shotgun, loses his cocky grin. He tries to speed off...

POW!

...and he's struck in the back, collapses into the lake.

The boat continues on without him, drifting off into the GORGEOUS SUNSET. The Jamaican resurfaces, bobs on the water like a piece of cork.

**INT. DOLPHIN SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT**

This posh two-story complex is ripe with activity as SHOPPERS head up and down escalators, stuffing their snack holes, carrying coffees, sodas, recent purchases.

**FOOD COURT**

The center hot spot of the mall is about as packed as it can get without breaking fire safety codes.

Sitting at a table with his back turned to TWO TEENAGERS playing the hand slap game is CHARLIE GLASCO---30s, burly, thick beard, surveillance expert.

**SUPER: DOLPHIN MALL, MIAMI**

GLASCO

Oh, yeah. No problem catching purse snatchers in here.

MUNZ (V.O.)

What do I gotta do to get you to stop complaining? Send you a milkshake and a cookie?

GLASCO

I want bourbon chicken.

Watching Glasco from a second story railing is his best bud BOBBY MUNZ ---30s, tall, wiry, goatee.

MUNZ

Don't let them get you with that free sample.

LIVIA (V.O.)

You guys wanna at least pretend your paying attention?

MUNZ

Sorry, Liv. But this guy needs to start eating dinner before he comes to work.

Walking past Munz and mixing in with the crowd is vice decoy officer OLIVIA "LIVIA" MORGAN---30s, light skinned, African American.

She looks across the way, over the mid section of the mall, catches eyes with CHRISTI CAPPELI---30s, Italian American, dark hair, rockin bod.

Cappeli winks as she passes.

Livia spots a SUSPICIOUS MAN leaning against the wall by a hot pretzel shop. He sports a ball cap and shades, holds a smart phone to his mouth.

LIVIA

White male, ball cap and glasses.  
By the pretzel stand.

CAPPELI (V.O.)

Something tells me he didn't just have his pupils dilated.

Cappeli stops near an escalator, leans on the second story railing, eyes on the suspect.

LIVIA

passes him and acts oblivious.

Their suspect gives her backside an eyeful as...

CAPPELI

slowly walks toward them.

CAPPELI

Munz. You got eyes on our guy?

MUNZ

spots him from across the way, heads for the pretzel stand.

MUNZ

I'm on him. So what's the play here, gang? Are we sticking to the plan or throwing it out the window as usual?

LIVIA

nears the end of this wing and comes upon a long corridor marked EXIT.

CAPPELI

JJ's not here, Bobby. It's going down just like we planned. Just keep your eyes on Livia. Don't lose her.

MUNZ (V.O.)

Got it.

Livia reaches the long hallway but stops, pretends to use the phone, glances back at...

The suspect, who stops a second, walks to the railing and stares down at the crowd of shoppers.

LIVIA

He's stalling. You still got him?

Livia spots Munz heading her direction from the other side of the second story fence.

MUNZ (V.O.)

I see him, Liv. I see both of you.

LIVIA

How about you, Charlie? You on your way to the garage or what?

**INT. DOLPHIN SHOPPING CENTER - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

Glasco moves through the awful crowd coming at him from every direction, heads for an elevator near the east wing exit where a crowd waits at the door.

GLASCO

About a minute out, Liv.

**INT. DOLPHIN SHOPPING CENTER - SECOND STORY - NIGHT**

Livia still by the hallway with the phone to her ear and walking in circles. She sneaks another peek at the suspect as he pretends not to notice.

LIVIA

Hurry it up there, bourbon chicken.  
This guy's not gonna wait around  
forever.

CAPPELI (V.O.)

Stay cool, Liv. I got your back.

Livia spots Cappeli in line at the pretzel shop.

GLASCO (V.O.)

I'm getting off the elevator and in  
position. Ready when you are.

LIVIA

Okay, boys and girls. Here we go.  
Pretend you've done this before.

Livia pockets her phone, heads down the long corridor toward an exit marked PARKING GARAGE.

Cappeli and Munz watch as the suspect heads after her.

**INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Livia walks swiftly toward the far off double doors that lead to the garage. She drops her bags and purse to the floor, pulls out her smart phone.

The suspect smiles, runs full speed towards her, snags up the bags and purse, darts for the double doors.

Livia smiles.

LIVIA

Coming your way, Glasco.

**EXT. GARAGE ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

The suspect bursts through the doors and is quickly met with a forty five to the nose. Glasco shoots him a shit eating grin as wide as his brawny shoulders.

GLASCO

Going somewhere?

The suspect jets toward a down ramp. Glasco rolls his eyes and lowers his gun.

GLASCO (CONT'D)

Crap!

He takes off after him.

Livia swings open the doors and finds Glasco running down the ramp and out of sight.

LIVIA

Hey! Charlie!

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Glasco bolts down a sloping ramp and onto the level below the garage roof. The lot is jam packed with cars and the suspect nowhere to be found.

He stops, takes a second. With his gun gripped in both hands, he stoops down, checks under the rows of parked cars for bodies.

An elevator door DINGS.

Glasco glances left, and into a corner where the doors of an elevator slowly close.

GLASCO

Hey!

Glasco rushes to the elevator but is too late. He mashes the button, over and over. But to no avail. He makes for the nearby stairs, chases down the steps.

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Glasco goes track star down the two flights of stairs, and eventually storms out a metal door.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEVEL ONE - NIGHT**

Glasco rushes out of the stairwell...

...and into the first level of the garage. He's stopped in his tracks, caught off guard by...

THREE JAMAICANS

branding HIGH TECH MACHINE GUNS and laughing.

The three guns unload a BARRAGE OF BULLETS that send Glasco flying through the stairwell door.

A VAN WITH NO WINDOWS rushes to the scene. A side door swings open as TWO OF THE GUNMEN jump in and a THIRD runs to Glasco's bullet ridden body.

He unfolds a photograph from his coat pocket, drops it on Glasco's chest. It's the exact same black and white police photo of JJ given to Akeem.

THE THIRD GUNMAN jumps back in the van. Before he can shut the door...they're gone.

**INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - MORNING**

JJ at his desk, head buried in his hands as he rubs at some seriously tired eyes. Some aspirins and a bottle of pepto rest near his gun holster.

Cappeli at her modest desk in the corner. Staring at nothing and arms folded.

CAPPELI

I miss him already.

Munz sits morosely on the edge of his desk, hands rested on top of his head, gazes down at the floor.

Presiding over them all is LIEUTENANT KURT JANCOWICZ---50s, pockmarked, bad hair. His cheap suit draped over an even cheaper polo shirt.

JANCOWICZ

Memorial service is Friday. St. Dominic Church. Ten AM. All officers not on duty to attend.

MUNZ

That was fast.

JANCOWICZ

Charlie's ex took care of it. Funeral too.

MUNZ

Ex wife?



JANCOWICZ

Finally decided to come out of the  
woodwork after being MIA with  
another man for four years. Nice  
huh?

Munz looks caught off guard.

MUNZ

How about that. All these years  
and I never even knew he had an ex  
wife.

JJ

Yeah, well some of us never knew  
him at all, Bobby.

MUNZ

He always liked you, JJ. I know he  
gave you a lot of grief. But that  
was just his way of showing you he  
had your back. Believe me. I was  
his best friend and if he gave  
anyone hell it was me.

Cappeli's eyes well with tears.

CAPPELI

He told me about her once.

They all turn to her.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

About him. The other guy. One  
night, after a few drinks, he broke  
down and told me all about it. He  
must've really trusted me to let  
his guard down like that. To be  
that vulnerable.

Munz cracks a grin.

MUNZ

You and Charlie?

Cappeli put off by Munz.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

I can't believe he bags Cappeli and  
doesn't tell me.

JJ

Bobby, go easy, huh.

CAPPELI

You know, I am still sitting here.  
Maybe wait to act like a pig after  
I leave the room next time.

MUNZ

Sorry. All these revelations  
hitting me all at once. First the  
ex wife and then...

JJ

Yeah, yeah. We get it, Munz. Now  
lay off.

CAPPELI

What I wanna know is...why Charlie?

JJ

Why do you think? To get at me,  
that's why.

JJ isn't as sad. He's more angry than anything.

JJ (CONT'D)

You know who whacked Charlie, L-T.  
It was Navarro. So why are we  
still sitting here on our hands?

JANCOWICZ

Now you hold it right there.  
You're not even supposed to be  
here, Baumbach. Navarro and his  
crew could be watching the building  
right now. I already got one cop  
dead.

(to all)

I'm not letting any of you out of  
my sight until Navarro's brought  
in. None of you.

MUNZ

What're we supposed to do? All go  
into hiding? Go hold up in the  
swamps like JJ?

JANCOWICZ

If we have to. Damn right. Yes.

JJ

Yeah, right. Because that worked  
out so well for me. Or maybe you  
forgot I almost got my boys blown  
off.

JANCOWICZ

I didn't forget, JJ! Did you?!  
What the hell do you think I'm  
talking about here!

JJ

What we should be talking about is  
what kind of badge these swamp rats  
who leaked my location to Navarro  
were wearing. State or Federal?

MUNZ

Damn straight.

JANCOWICZ

Could've been anyone. Someone you  
busted down in the Glades.  
Could've recognized you and dropped  
a dime to Navarro just to see you  
burn. Don't jump to conclusions  
because your blood's up, JJ.

JJ kicks his cowboy boots on the edge of his desk while  
fishing out an old pack of smokes.

JJ

Come on, L-T. You know that's a  
crook. Those Feds working the  
swamps were selling permits to fat  
boy by the truckload. Nice and  
clean with federal signatures and  
all the perks that go with it. I  
saw them with my own eyes.

Jancowicz avoids the subject, steps away from JJ, frustrated.

JJ (CONT'D)

As soon as I got too close and  
asked the wrong questions, they  
tried to burn me. Who else could  
it be?

Livia struts through the front door. SPECIAL CASES BUREAU  
painted on the fogged glass window.

LIVIA

Someone just called in a tip on our  
guy. Recognized him from the mall  
security tapes. We got him. Right  
here. Right now. Downstairs.

JJ almost falls out of his chair with excitement as he  
reaches for his coat.

JANCOWICZ

What do you think you're doing?

JJ

To get a pedicure. The hell do you think? I'm going down there.

JANCOWICZ

That door say homicide to you? Glasco's their case now.

LIVIA

(to Jancowicz)

Actually, Lieutenant, they're requesting both you and JJ. Asap.

**INT. DADE COUNTY CORRECTIONAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Just outside a row of holding cells with sliding metal doors sits a small waiting room. Nothing fancy here, just some metal chairs bolted to the floor.

A pay phone on the wall, along with a flat screen TV.

Watching the news, super relaxed, his arms wrapped around a couple of chairs, is FBI AGENT LIONEL HAYES---30s, African-American, flash suit, gator skin shoes.

**ON THE TV:**

A pre-recorded news report of the parking garage shooting at the Dolphin Mall. A *FEMALE REPORTER* holding a microphone in the garage intercut with fuzzy security tape footage of the three Jamaicans and Glasco.

Also watching is SPECIAL AGENT RYAN BEDFORD---40s, tailored suit, gelled hair, glasses. He's very official and wants the room to know.

The front metal door slides open and in walks both Jancowicz and JJ, now with his Florida Gators t-shirt tucked into a pair of wrinkled khakis.

Hayes stares down at his rough and worn cowboy boots and barely conceals his laughter.

JJ returns the much flashier cop's stare.

JJ

Ever go to a party and realize you were seriously under dressed?

Hayes cracks a grin.

BEDFORD

Detective Baumbach. Always a pleasure. For you, I'm sure.

JJ

I wish I could say the same, Bedford. What's OCB doing here? No, let me guess. You're surveilling the Jamaicans and we can't touch them? Something like that?

BEDFORD

No, but close.

Bedford turns to Hayes.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Jancowicz. JJ Baumbach. Meet Lionel Hayes. One of our deep cover ops out of New York.

JJ

Yeah, he looks very incognito.

Hayes smiles, winks at JJ.

BEDFORD

Hayes was heading up a special organized crime task force infiltrating the Jamaican street posses in New York. We had some luck there for awhile, generated a lot of leads. We even had solid interdepartmental cooperation from all five boroughs. The reason being that so many cops were being killed. Targeted and wasted by these maggots.

JJ

Sounds like someone's cover was blown. A lot of that going around.

BEDFORD

Precisely. Now, after what happened to you out in The Glades, we see this leak is even bigger than we thought. We're talking high up. Across state lines. At the Federal level.

JJ  
Yeah, no kidding.

JANCOWICZ  
Hey, Baumbach. Take it easy.

JJ  
Look. What're we doing in here?  
Why are we in here standing around  
instead of in that cell putting the  
fear of God in the purse snatcher?

JANCOWICZ  
Baumbach, would you just shut up  
and listen for a few minutes? For  
once?

JJ  
(to Bedford)  
Just give me five minutes alone  
with him. We'll have Navarro in  
cuffs before nightfall.

HAYES  
(to JJ)  
Wow. You're not so bright, are  
you, cop?

JJ  
Excuse me? Do we know each other?

HAYES  
You got a target on your back wider  
than The East River, cop. You know  
this dude's dropping a dime to  
Navarro's crew as soon as he makes  
bail. How long you think you gonna  
last out there?

JJ  
I don't remember asking for your  
opinion, friend.

HAYES  
Too bad, ace. This is a wake up  
call. Navarro almost turned you  
into gator bait and your mouth's  
still writing checks your butt  
can't cash.

JJ  
What does that mean?

HAYES

It means you're not thinking clearly. You're on an outlaw trip and you need to reign it in.

JJ makes the move for Hayes, stopped by Jancowicz.

JANCOWICZ

He's right, JJ. You show your face in there, you're only making it easier for these bastards.

HAYES

Easier? You'll be dead as soon as you leave this building.

JJ gives up, leans against the wall, arms folded, pouting like a school kid.

JJ

Okay, fine. So what's the plan here fellas? Educate me.

HAYES

You're forgetting one important detail. Your suspect's been locked up since they ran that story on your dead friend. As far as he knows, we're looking at him for your cop's murder.

JJ slowly comes around. He stares at the TV and watches footage of Navaro's crew unloading bullets.

He shares a look with Jancowicz.

JJ

Okay, Hayes. You're elected. Let's see what you got.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

TODD "THE SNATCHER" HATCHER--30s, pencil neck weasel and small time petty crook with scared eyes, sits behind a cheap folding table.

A BUZZER goes off. The front metal door slides open and in walks Hayes with his coat off and tie loosened...looking more like a beat cop than a hot shot fed.

HAYES

Maybe you can help me out with something.

(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

I got a room full of cops waiting outside who think you're way too small time to ice a cop. But I say different. Now tell me I'm wrong.

Hayes plants himself in a chair across from Hatcher.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Convince me.

HATCHER

Why isn't anyone telling me anything? What kind of game are you pulling here? It's been almost two hours. Where's my lawyer?

HAYES

Relax. We're just two guys talking. You know, you're good. Really good. How you're just sitting there acting all confused like you don't know what's going on. They teach you that in con school?

HATCHER

Look. We both know you got me all over those security cams. So spare me the hot lamp routine, flash.

HAYES

We got more than security cams. We got witnesses. An undercover cop who watched you tear into that parking garage about thirty seconds before another cop got himself burned.

Hatcher tries to look surprised by this news. His shock could be real and it could be an act. Hayes tries hard to get a read on him.

HATCHER

You ain't got nothing on me, brother. Check the tapes. I ain't got nothing to do with no cop getting whacked. I know that garage got cameras all over the place. Check them.

HAYES

You're gonna need a better alibi, Snatcher. Those cameras have been down for weeks.

(MORE)



HAYES (CONT'D)

But we already got all we need.  
You and a cop going into that  
garage and one of you walking out  
alive.

HATCHER

Tell me something. I mean, you  
know who I am. You cops have  
probably been what? Watching me  
for a couple weeks? Connecting me  
back to those other malls that got  
hit. Putting me under  
surveillance. Funny none of my  
victims ever reported me using a  
gun, now did they?

Hayes holds his poker face.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Now, out of the blue I'm just gonna  
whack out some cop over a stolen  
purse. Pretty thin, cop.

Hayes stares back at the one way mirror.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Sorry, but I'll take petty theft  
over a murder rap any day of the  
week.

Hayes smiles and nods, leans back in his chair.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Now. Where's my lawyer?

**INT. VIEWING ROOM - INTERROGATION - DAY**

Jancowicz, Bedford and JJ await behind a one way mirror  
looking very disappointed. In walks Hayes who shuts the  
door behind him.

JJ

A little rusty there, Hayes?

HAYES

You tell me, Detective.

JJ

From first glance, I'd say you just  
got your butt handed to you by a  
purse snatcher.

HAYES

You see it one way, I see it another. I tell him those cameras were down and he doesn't flinch.

JJ

Yeah, I know. You bluffed. He called it.

HAYES

Yeah, I bluffed but he just tipped his entire hand.

JANCOWICZ

Would somebody speak friggin English!

HAYES

He knows we can't tie him to your friend's hit. Because he's got the inside track on what went down. Including about two dozen sub machine gun rounds in your dead cop.

JANCOWICZ

He knows there were three shooters.

JJ figures it out.

JJ

(to Bedford)

He been watching TV in there or not?!

BEDFORD

No. No way. News didn't even cover Glasco's hit until after he was brought in.

JANCOWICZ

What about his lawyer? You sure no one's talked to him since he was busted?

BEDFORD

Positive. I'd know about it. Nobody's been in or out of that cell but Hayes.

JJ's cell BUZZES.

JJ

Excuse me.

He turns away, answers.

JJ (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
You find anything or what?

**INT. TODD HATCHER'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Munz has several opened shoe boxes on a kitchen counter top. All filled with stolen driver's licenses, credit cards and other forms of ID.

He flips through a stack.

MUNZ  
Nada. Just a shitload of stolen credits cards and some other hot product. Checked every inch and crack of this place. Even the air vents. No cash here. At least nothing worth bragging about. So what're you thinking? A wire deposit? Safe deposit box?

**INT. VIEWING ROOM - INTERROGATION - DAY**

JJ turns, checks with Jancowicz and Bedford, who are both staring and waiting.

JANCOWICZ  
Is that Munz? Tell him to drop whatever secret undercover mission you got him on and get his sorry butt back here.

JJ turns his back.

JJ  
(quietly)  
I don't know. Maybe. Look, just get back here, asap, would ya? L-T already made us.

MUNZ (O.S.)  
Got it.

JJ pockets his cell.

JJ  
(to Bedford)  
So what do we do with this guy?

BEDFORD

He's locked up until Monday morning. Meanwhile we follow the money trail. Run his bank records. Recent deposits. After the arraignment and he posts bail, we hold him under twenty four hour surveillance. Maybe, if we're lucky, Hatcher hasn't been paid yet and when he goes to collect we can catch Navaro in the act.

JANCOWICZ

(to JJ)

Where the hell is Munz?

JJ

He's...running a secret undercover operation. Sir. He'll be back soon.

BEDFORD

Good. I wanna brief him and the rest of your team as soon as possible. Get you up to speed.

(to Jancowicz)

Let me know when he arrives.

With an urgency, Bedford steps out.

JJ throws another hard stare at Hayes, who catches the door before it shuts, struts out.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY**

A bright yellow AUDI R8 SPYDER jumps from lane to lane as it outruns TWO PATROL CARS in hot pursuit.

JIMARCUS ALLEN---20s, nappy unkempt dreads, Jamaican, behind the wheel, and his white girlfriend YVETTE--20s, long braids and arms painted with tats, rides shotgun.

From his rear view mirror, Jimarcus stares at the cops, laughs like a giddy school girl.

YVETTE

It's coming up! Slow down! You're gonna lose them!

Jimarcus carefully taps the brakes and rides the bumper of a truck in front of him.

The cops now closing in.

JIMARCUS  
That's right, mon. Be a good  
little piggy and come home.

**INT. POLICE CAR #1 - DAY**

TWO YOUNG COPS barely out of the academy trail shortly behind the Audi as it sits idle behind a truck.

YOUNG COP #1  
What the hell's he doing?

YOUNG COP #2  
Unit Twelve Fifty One in pursuit of  
stolen vehicle! Yellow Audi  
convertible headed southbound on I  
Ninety Five! Suspects are one  
male, black! One female,  
Caucasian!

The Audi approaches an EXIT SIGN marked SUNRISE BLVD and barely merges in time.

The TWO COP CARS follow behind.

YOUNG COP #2 (CONT'D)  
Now heading east on Sunrise  
Boulevard!

**EXT. SUNRISE BOULEVARD - DAY**

The Audi CUTS A HARD RIGHT, burns through a turning lane, cuts across two busy lanes of traffic, and then...

OVER A GRASSY MEDIAN

Cars HONK. People CURSE.

Now headed in the opposite direction, THE AUDI ducks under the I-95 underpass, slows to a halt at a RED STOPLIGHT.

The TWO COP CARS attempt to follow across the median as oncoming cars STOMP THEIR BRAKES.

The car out front spins in a ninety degree angle.

**INT. POLICE CAR #1 - DAY**

The sideways car, now blocking both lanes, is SLAMMED INTO and pushed across the asphalt.

YOUNG COP #2

Watch out!

Young Cop #1 spots the car sliding toward them and barely avoids getting crushed.

**EXT. SUNRISE BOULEVARD - UNDERPASS - DAY**

As the stoplight TURNS GREEN, the Audi STOMPS THE GAS...only to stop dead center of the intersection.

Several cars barely avoid striking them from behind...swerve around...HONKING and CURSING.

DRIVER

Are you crazy?!

HONK-HONK!

Another car drives around them, and through the now YELLOW LIGHT...just before turning RED.

DRIVER #2

Get the hell off the road!

Other drivers getting off an exit are forced to wait.

Jimarcus and Yvette step out of the car in a very casual and fearless manner. Their hands raised.

The TWO PATROL CARS come to a screeching halt as ALL FOUR COPS jump out with guns drawn.

Before they know what's happening...

A JAMAICAN MAN steps around a tall pillar at the highest point of the left side underpass.

In his arms is a high tech M4A1 ASSAULT RIFLE equipped with grenade launcher.

YOUNG COP #1

What the...?

Young Cop #2 and the other TWO OFFICERS spot yet another JAMAICAN MAN step around the right side pillar with the same model M4A1 RIFLE.

The two Jamaicans fire TWO SIMULTANEOUS GRENADES at the two patrol cars as the MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS fill the underpass with SMOKE and DEBRIS.

As the SMOKE CLEARS, the BURNING BODIES of all four cops are seen on the scorched pavement.

A VAN WITH NO WINDOWS comes to a halt near the Audi. Jimarcus, Yvette and the two hitmen jump in.

They speed off.

**EXT. JAMAICAN GROCERY STORE - DAY**

The van with no windows parks in the rear entrance of this small and family owned store.

An OLDER MAN of Jamaican descent stands at the rear door in a white apron. Standing next to him is a JAMAICAN TEEN in a grocery clerk's uniform.

Also on the scene is a large delivery truck with an aluminum loading ramp.

Jimarcus and Yvette step from the van, rush up the ramp and into the DARK SHADOWS of the truck.

FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS, racing down the ramp, flies the young couple on TWO RED DUCATIS.

The motor bikes kick up dirt and clay as they speed out of the lot...back onto the main drag.

**INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - DAY**

Jimarcus and Yvette enter the front double doors of this impressive Rastafarian temple.

Inside is a multi-colored wall to wall painting of Jamaican art and works of religious expressionism.

LIT CANDLES and CANDELABRAS rest beneath tall, stained glass windows featuring religious icon HAILE SELASSIE.

A voice from above catches their attention.

AKEEM (O.S.)  
Welcome home, brothers and sisters.

Yvette turns, looks up.

Akeem rests his hands on the rail of a balcony.

**INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - BALCONY - DAY**

Akeem hits a joint while ARNELL ROBIE---60s, Jamaican, gray hair, tailored suit, sits in a front row pew looking uncomfortable and out of place.

ROBIE

I cannot guarantee an across the board yes, Akeem. The zoning board is very wary of approving projects of this magnitude without knowing where the funding is coming from.

Yvette and Jimarcus appear at the top of some stairs as they enter the balcony. Yvette is very angry with Akeem and it's obvious to everyone.

AKEEM

Since when does that matter?

ROBIE

Let's face it. Some of the extra curricular activities of your...people...make my people very nervous.

YVETTE

What's wrong, Arnell? Afraid your people may finally find out what a fraud you really are?

ROBIE

I don't think I like your tone.

YVETTE

A youth center for the underprivileged. What a joke. What do you think he's planning on doing with these centers once they're built? He's gonna brain wash those kids just like he's brainwashed you.

AKEEM

That's enough.

YVETTE

That is enough!

Yvette walks circles around Akeem, sizes him up.



YVETTE (CONT'D)

You call this The Revolution. The truth is you don't give a damn about your brother. All you've done is martyr him.

Akeem checks with Robie, who packs his briefcase and stands to leave. He makes for the stairs, but Yvette quickly blocks his path.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

(to all)

All of you. You talk about loyalty. When all you care about is money. That's what this little war is all about.

Robie nudges her out of the way, walks swiftly to the stairs.

AKEEM

I take it you're not happy, Yvette?

YVETTE

You told me Baumbach would be dead by now. This was supposed to be about avenging your brother. Swift and just revenge! Your words! Not destroying his legacy and the legacy your father spent his life building!

Akeem thinks this over, turns to the balcony, leans over the edge. His mind in true conflict with itself.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Maybe that's what your revolution is all about. Just waiting for your turn to die. Well don't take down the people of this community with you, Akeem. They have the chance for a real life your family never had.

Akeem, his back still turned.

AKEEM

You know what I always liked about you, Yvette? Your loyalty to my brother. You stayed, even when you could've walked, a thousand times. If you care about him and the legacy of his family name you will remain loyal to me.

Akeem turns to her. A deeply sinister look. As if he's staring into her soul.

Yvette storms out, races down the steps.

AKEEM (CONT'D)  
Keep an eye on her.

Jimarcus heads for the stairs. Akeem walks to the rear of the balcony, stares out a small window that overlooks the outer streets.

Yvette jets across the two lane highway, hopping mad.

**EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - DAY**

JJ behind the wheel of his 1982 black Corvette, with t tops removed, comes to a stop at a traffic light. He looks to his left, spots a worn down boxing club that looks to be a hundred years old.

Over the entrance, in chipped red paint and in giant letters written on an ancient brick foundation: CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING.

JJ pulls a quick u turn, parks at the curb. As he steps out, he's greeted by Cappeli and Livia.

JJ  
This the right address?

LIVIA  
Must be. We're all here.

A loud WHISTLE draws their attention upward.

Bedford stands at an open window on the second story. The glass cracked and filthy.

BEDFORD  
Upstairs!

Bedford ducks back in.

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - DAY**

The second floor loft is one big spacious area with hard wood floors and windows on all sides but one. Five of the oldest, cheapest and barely usable work desks occupy each end of the gloomy dungeon.

FLUORESCENT TUBE LIGHTS dangle from silver chains over what was once a nautilus and free weights room.

In the dead center sit JJ, Livia and Cappeli at two long picnic tables with fold out legs.

Jancowicz stands, watches on as Bedford lays down manila files in front of all three cops.

BEDFORD

Welcome to the new SCB, ladies and gentlemen. Until further notice, you will work, eat, and sleep at this address.

Munz finally arrives. They all turn and stare.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Detective Munz. Nice of you to join us today.

Munz rolls his eyes, takes a seat next to JJ.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

As I was saying, you are all temporarily reassigned to the new SCB and OCB task force. With specific focus on one Shawn Akeem Navarro. Judging by all the weird looks, you may be asking yourselves why me? Why in the world would I recruit a bunch of bottom shelf vice cops?

Munz cracks a smile.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Well I'll tell you why. Thanks to Detective Baumbach, you are all the latest targets of the number one most wanted name on the FBI's domestic terrorist list.

They all shoot JJ a nasty look.

JJ

You're welcome.

BEDFORD

And since all my intel suggests not one but multiple leaks within the DOJ, you four have become my most trusted allies in this fight. Navarro's taken one of your own.

JJ, Munz, Livia and Cappeli all sad at the mere mention of Glasco's death.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

The Jamaicans are known for these very brutal and very public assassinations. Glasco was chosen for a reason. He was the first of Detective Baumbach's team to be sacrificed.

LIVIA

Sacrificed?

BEDFORD

His death was a very specific message. To Detective Baumbach and to the police department. Come in peacefully, out of hiding, and no more will be killed.

MUNZ

They could've killed all of us.

BEDFORD

That's right. They could have.

CAPPELI

But they didn't.

BEDFORD

They don't want you. They want Baumbach. As long as he's on the streets, they will continue to wreak havoc on Miami.

JJ

But no pressure on me.

BEDFORD

In addition, I suspect that Navarro will continue executing each and every one of you until that day comes.

Once again, the team give JJ the stink eye.

JJ

My bad.

BEDFORD

So we have to be swift and we have to be careful.

(MORE)

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

I need a crew of cops dedicated to accomplishing one thing and one thing only. Taking down Navarro and doing it quickly.

Bedford circles the table, makes eye contact with each of the cops as he delivers his speech.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Since Navarro's sanctioned all of your deaths and shown your faces all over half the city of Miami, I'm assuming all four of you have a very special interest in closing this one.

LIVIA

I'd say that's a safe assumption.

BEDFORD

Good. Then we'll get on with it.

Bedford points at a chalkboard on wheels: a photograph of ANDREW WOLK---50s, wild hair, crazy eyes, sociopath, is taped dead center.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Andrew Wolk. Ex oil tycoon turned insane religious zealot. Ran a cult of about a hundred other second amendment flag waiving radicals. Convinced half his home town the government was conspiring to take all of their weapons. Well, as it turns out, he was right.

JJ squints, confused. They all turn, stare at one another. Wondering where this is all going.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

A crew of off the clock ATF agents were secretly sanctioned by the DOJ to neutralize Wolk and his followers. Take out the compound. Completely. Make the whole thing look like an inside job.

MUNZ

Wait a minute. They killed themselves. And Wolk burned down the compound. You're saying that was all made up?

BEDFORD

The government was afraid of some serious backlash, taking out a people peacefully exercising their second amendment rights. But they couldn't trust Wolk at his word. He was growing in power and so were his followers. To them, it was a problem that could no longer be ignored.

CAPPELI

So they murdered him? All of them? As in women and children too?

BEDFORD

Wolk and his people were supposedly in possession of over a thousand different firearms. From handguns and assault rifles to all varieties of explosives. Military grade. When these agents stormed the compound, they were reported to make off with not only these weapons but close to two million in loose cash.

MUNZ

All lost in the fire. According to the very unofficial report.

BEDFORD

Precisely.

JJ

Not bad for a day's work. Sounds like one stop shopping.

CAPPELI

So we're just skipping over the part about the government having innocent people killed. Not important?

Cappeli can't believe it, leans back in her chair with an instant headache.

MUNZ

Come on. It isn't the first time, Cappeli.

LIVIA

And it won't be the last.

JANCOWICZ

Come on, guys. Quiet down. This is important.

BEDFORD

One of the agents at the compound was killed with an M4A1 assault rifle. Just happens to be the same exact weapon that was used to kill two police officers in New York earlier this year. A murder we now know was committed by The Jamaican posses. The first of what's become a string of orchestrated hits on various law enforcement personnel. Stretching across state lines.

MUNZ

And the conductor of this orchestra being Akeem Navarro.

BEDFORD

Correct. Navarro's used his fifteen minutes of fame to accomplish something no one has ever done before. Brought together competing criminal organizations across state lines for one single purpose.

JJ

Kill cops.

BEDFORD

Yes. That's part of it. But what Akeem wants more than anything in this world is to strike fear into the hearts of the public. And to use that fear to build his brand.

CAPPELI

His brand? What is he? Bob Marley?

BEDFORD

You see, Navarro, unlike his father before him, sees violence as a means to an end. He believes to bring about peace, a war must be fought. Only then will you grab the public's attention. Force them to choose sides. And like all wars, there must be an end. One winner left standing.

(MORE)

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Otherwise, the fight will continue.  
Business as usual.

JJ

Funny. Here I was thinking he was  
all about money, drugs and sex.

Bedford smiles. The others crack up.

BEDFORD

Fringe benefits of the job,  
Detective. Navarro likes the  
action as much as the next guy.  
But it's not what drives him.

LIVIA

Okay wait. Back up a second. How  
did these guns end up with The  
Jamaicans again?

JJ

I'll tell you how. Our guys in the  
ATF got themselves an early  
retirement plan. And I'm not  
talking no 401K.

BEDFORD

According to the evidence, this  
appears to be the case. And with  
the man himself, Akeem Navarro,  
here in Miami...word on the street  
is he'll be looking to make another  
buy very soon.

JJ

And how do we know that?

BEDFORD

Because, Detective. We're gonna be  
the ones to put the word out.

JJ

Hate to disappoint you but I don't  
think I can pass for Jamaican.

MUNZ

You can barely pass as white.

They all laugh.

BEDFORD

You're right, Detective. That  
would be a hard sell.



Bedford points to the door.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)  
Hayes on the other hand is perfect.

They all turn, watch Hayes lean on a door frame, listening quietly.

JJ isn't thrilled. Bedford notices.

JJ  
(smug)  
Perfect.

Bedford slowly walks around the table, hovers behind JJ who rubs the bridge of his nose in quiet protest.

BEDFORD  
Until Akeem Navarro is officially brought to justice, you will consider him as part of the team. This means extending him every courtesy you yourself would demand if the situations were reversed.

Bedford stares directly at JJ, then back to Jancowicz for affirmation.

JANCOWICZ  
You listening, JJ?

JJ  
Oh, yes, sir.

BEDFORD  
Great. Then it's settled.  
(to all)  
Open up your folders and we'll go over your assignments.

All four cops open their manila files.

BAILIFF (V.O.)  
All rise as the Judge enters the courtroom.

**INT. DADE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HATCHER'S ARRAIGNMENT - DAY**

Hatcher stands with his attorney MR. ZACKS---30s, bad tie, restless eyes, public defender.

JUDGE JUDITH GOLDFEIN---60s, stern, thick glasses, too much plastic surgery, takes a seat.

BAILIFF

Be seated.

The courtroom attendees take their seats. Hatcher watches them, confused, takes his seat. Mr. Zacks quickly and firmly grasps his arm.

MR. ZACKS

(quietly to Hatcher)

Are you crazy? Stand up.

Mr. Zacks shakes his head, buttons his suit jacket.

MR. ZACKS (CONT'D)

Idiot.

Hatcher is distracted by the courtroom doors opening and Hayes stepping in with a Jamaican shirt, beach hat and black shades that disguise his eyes.

Hayes lowers his shades a bit, makes direct eye contact with Hatcher -- who nearly pisses himself.

The prosecutor BILL BURKE---50s, career ADA, reading glasses, looks over his shoulder, watches the exchange.

Hayes never takes his eyes off Hatcher -- popping a squat behind the prosecution.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN

(reads)

First case this morning is Mister Todd Hatcher. On June Ten of this year you were arrested and charged with one count of robbery in the third degree, a felony, and one count of resisting without violence. A misdemeanor.

(to Hatcher)

Do you understand the charges of which you are being accused?

HATCHER

I do, your honor.

Munz rises about three rows back, walks to the prosecution and whispers in Burke's ear.

An irritated Judge Goldfein watches them, grows impatient.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN

What's happening here? Young man, identify yourself.

Munz smiles, waves hello to Judge Goldfein, quietly makes his way back to his seat.

Burke stands.

BURKE

Your honor, if I may. In light of Mister Hatcher's very recent cooperation in another ongoing investigation, the arresting officers are requesting the state dismiss both charges against the defendant.

Mr. Zacks confused but pleasantly surprised.

HATCHER

Excuse me??

JUDGE GOLDFEIN

Am I to take it this is news to the prosecution?

BURKE

It is, your honor.

MR. ZACKS

You're not the only one.

(to Hatcher)

You think you could've filled me in on this before we walked in here?

HATCHER

I don't know what the hell he's talking about.

(to Judge Goldfein)

Your honor, don't listen to these cops! They're crazy! This one here!

...points back at Munz who plays stupid.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Beat me with a phone book and stuck his gun in my face! Whatever they're saying it's a bunch of lies! I swear! I demand a re trial!

MR. ZACKS

(quietly to Hatcher)

You're not on trial.

HATCHER  
 (to Mr. Zachs)  
 Shut up! Fake ass lawyer!

Judge Goldfein bangs her gavel, over and over.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN  
 That's quite enough, Mister  
 Hatcher.

Hatcher turns, spots a very angry Hayes stand and head for the rear doors.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN (CONT'D)  
 (to Burke)  
 Am I to assume the state has no  
 objections to this?

BURKE  
 We don't, your honor.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN  
 Very well.

Judge Goldfein bangs her gavel.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN (CONT'D)  
 Case dismissed and you're free to  
 go Mister Hatcher.

The attendees all rise and pour out the back door. Hatcher stands, distraught, frightened for his life.

MR. ZACKS  
 What the hell's the matter with  
 you? You're a free man.

Mr. Zacks pats him on the shoulder, packs his briefcase and files out with the rest of the room.

Munz gives Hatcher a quick wink and a smile as he waits in line at the door.

HATCHER  
 Hey! Cop! Get back here! We're  
 not done yet!

And Munz dips out, out of sight, gone.

HATCHER (CONT'D)  
 Hey! I'm talking to you!

**EXT. DADE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - FRONT STEPS - DAY**

A panicked Hatcher races down the steps, staring in all directions, on the lookout.

A CAMERA CREW and a swarm of REPORTERS spot him and throw microphones in his face. He blocks the onslaught of FLASHING BULBS with his hand.

REPORTER #1

Mister Hatcher, did you have anything to do with the murder of Detective Charlie Glasco?

HATCHER

Get out of my face! I don't know what you're talking about!

REPORTER #2

Is it true that you've already identified the real killers for the police in exchange for immunity?

HATCHER

I said get lost!

Hatcher shoves Reporter #2 to the ground as he literally runs down the remaining steps.

Reporter #2 stands, brushes himself off and catches eyes with MUNZ

who watches from a nearby bench. Disguised in a security guard's uniform, sporting dark shades.

Reporter #2 smiles, gives him a wink. Munz winks back, heads for a parking garage.

**EXT. STREET CURB - DAY**

Hatcher, still paranoid, stares over his shoulder as he rushes toward a taxi parked at the curb.

On the sidewalk, the FEMALE CABBIE wears a ball cap and shades, her face buried in a magazine.

HATCHER

Come on! Get me outta here!

FEMALE CABBIE

Where to?

HATCHER

Wherever. Just drive. Let's go!

Hatcher jumps in the back. He's such a wreck that he gawks out the rear windshield in a cold sweat.

The female cabbie throws her magazine in the garbage and smiles ear to ear. It's Livia.

She hurries around the cab, jumps behind the wheel and off they go. Meanwhile, across the street, a familiar BLACK CORVETTE pulls away from a curb, makes a quick u turn, follows behind them.

**INT. CORVETTE - DAY**

JJ behind the wheel as Hayes rides shotgun.

HAYES

You should've seen his face.

(Jamaican accent)

It was beautiful, mon!

JJ

Awfully early to be celebrating, flash.

HAYES

Are you kidding? I'll give him an hour before he's on the horn begging to turn states.

JJ

Yeah. That is if he lives that long. This so called trap you laid out might come back to bite us all in the ass.

HAYES

What made you so cynical, cop?

JJ

Call it a hunch.

HAYES

A hunch?

JJ

That's right. It's what some of us lowly, bottom shelf vice cops use to break open cases. Maybe you've heard of them.

HAYES

With all do respect to your psychic abilities, why don't we wait and see how this plays out.

JJ

Yeah. Laugh it up.

JJ checks both his side view and rear view mirrors. Overly cautious and on alert.

JJ (CONT'D)

You may not think much of my investigative skills, but one thing I do have is my nose. And it's telling me something ain't kosher.

**EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY**

The long and congested strip crosses over the vastness of Biscayne Bay. Cars barely inch forward.

Livia's taxi somewhere in the midst of the chaos.

About ten cars back sits JJ's Corvette. Also sitting still and unable to switch lanes.

**INT. CORVETTE - DAY**

JJ checks both mirrors, starts to sweat a bit as his knees bounce in anticipation. Hayes watches with concern.

HAYES

Hey. Are you alright, man? You sick or something?

JJ

Something ain't right, flash. I don't like it. Call me psychic. Call me crazy. All I know is I'm getting that feeling and it ain't good.

HAYES

Maybe you need to go to the bathroom.

**EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY**

Somewhere near the front of this mess, a car turned sideways blocks both lanes. Another car smashed into it. Pieces of headlight and bumper everywhere.

Stepping from the rear doors of this second car are Jimarcus and TWO of his HENCHMEN. All three wearing matching shades and knitted slouch hats.

And all three branding M4A1 ASSAULT RIFLES.

People SCREAM. Jump from their cars. Flee the scene.

**INT. TAXI CAB - DAY**

Livia, behind the wheel, spots the three Jamaican hitters strutting their way through traffic.

HATCHER

Get us the hell outta here!

Livia quietly reaches for her gun in a side door console.

Hatcher opens the rear door, runs like hell down the middle of the causeway.

Livia checks her rear view mirror. Hatcher almost a distant memory at this point.

LIVIA

Hey!

**INT. CORVETTE - DAY**

JJ and Hayes watch on as Hatcher darts up the causeway like a bat out of hell.

HAYES

What the hell's he doing?

JJ opens his door, about to chase him down until...

HAYES (CONT'D)

Baumbach!

JJ faces forward.

Jimarcus and the two henchmen moving toward them with their gigantic grenade launchers.



JJ  
Well that's not good.

HAYES  
Not good at all.

JJ shuts his door. People step from cars, run the opposite direction.

JJ  
Go. And stay down.

**EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - CORVETTE - DAY**

Hayes pops open the passenger door, crouches near the ground and tip toes his way behind the idle traffic. He is quiet and smooth like.

**INT. CORVETTE - DAY**

JJ leans down, out of sight, reaches up and unhooks the right side lever of his t tops.

**EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY**

Jimarcus and the two henchmen split up, stare into various car windows in search of Hatcher.

They walk past the Corvette. JJ goes unnoticed.

**EXT. CORVETTE - DAY**

JJ pops out of the t-top, gun drawn. For the first time, we get a glimpse of his silver COONAN 357 MAGNUM AUTOMATIC. A real hand cannon.

POW!

...striking his Jamaican target in the back.

Jimarcus and the other henchman face JJ...

...unload DOZENS OF ROUNDS and expel brass like coins from a slot machine.

JJ ducks down. His Corvette shot to hell.

TWO TIRES EXPLODE.

Falling out of the passenger door, JJ barely makes it out with his life, crouches behind idle cars.

Hayes sneaks up behind the two Jamaicans. Aims his GLOCK 17 LONG SLIDE at the second gunman.

POW-POW-POW!

Down he goes. Jimarcus spins around, faces...

Hayes, as he jumps for cover behind a truck.

The truck itself quickly ripped to shreds as THE DRIVER runs out, into the open, hands raised.

THE DRIVER

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Jimarcus loses patience, KNOCKS THE DRIVER OVER THE HEAD with the butt of his weapon.

He races up the causeway in search of JJ.

JIMARCUS

Baumbach!

Livia pops up from behind the hood of an SUV. Her THIRTY EIGHT gripped in both hands.

LIVIA

HOLD IT!!!

Jimarcus makes short work of the SUV.

Livia dives for cover. Glass blankets the pavement.

Out of nowhere, JJ pops up behind a car. Jimarcus in his sights.

JJ

Drop it!

Jimarcus turns his grenade launcher on JJ.

JJ (CONT'D)

Holy sh --

Jimarcus FIRES ONE OFF as the rocket speeds toward JJ and leaves a trail of smoke in its wake.

JJ leaps over a side causeway railing, just as the car he was hiding behind is quickly INCINERATED.

KABOOM!

JJ falls into Biscayne Bay.

SPLASH!

Jimarcus drops his weapon, escapes on foot.

Livia spots him running off, then turns her attention to the twisted pile of exploded metal.

LIVIA  
Oh my God.

FIRE and SMOKE billow into the air.

The panicked SCREAMS of dozens of GRIDLOCKED PASSENGERS echo the causeway.

LIVIA (CONT'D)  
JJ!!!

Livia grips her gun tightly, checks in between cars.

Hayes runs through traffic, meets her halfway.

LIVIA (CONT'D)  
Where's Baumbach?

HAYES  
I don't know.

**EXT. BISCAYNE BAY - PRIVATE YACHT - DAY**

A handsome PLAYBOY with abs of steel opens a sliding glass door and heads for a champagne bucket.

PLAYBOY  
Don't start anything without me!

A totally drenched and exhausted JJ crawls over the side of this big money boat.

The Playboy watches as JJ falls face first to the deck.

PLAYBOY (CONT'D)  
Hey, my man! Can I help you with something?!

JJ takes a moment. He glances at a pair of deck chairs.

On the chairs sit two sets of skimpy bikinis. Some GIGGLES are heard below deck.

PLAYBOY (CONT'D)  
Kind of a bad time, player.

JJ scoffs with disgust.

JJ  
Must be nice.

JJ finally gets upright, squeezes the water from his shirt and spots a smart phone on a nearby table.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Can I make a call?

PLAYBOY  
Seriously?

He pulls his badge from a coat pocket.

JJ  
I need your phone.

PLAYBOY  
Will that get you out of here  
faster?

JJ  
I promise.

PLAYBOY  
Then by all means, help yourself.

JJ snags up the phone and dials. As he waits, the Playboy heads below deck, shuts the door.

Some more GIGGLES as JJ stares at the two sets of bikinis and rolls his eyes.

JJ  
God, promise me. Next time just  
let me drown.

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT**

A crew of uniformed DELIVERY MEN attach Venetian blinds to all three walls of louvered windows.

Watching passively is JJ, all cleaned up with short hair, no beard and a ball cap. Appearing fifteen years younger.

Hayes sits shirtless in a chair as Cappeli uses adhesive surgical tape to fit his belly with a BODY WIRE.

CAPPELI

Nice to see you again, JJ. Almost forgot what you looked like.

JJ

Say. Where'd you find that wire? Looks awfully familiar.

JJ winks back at a smiling Munz who sits at his awful desk. A couple of phone books hold up a busted leg.

CAPPELI

I found it in Charlie's desk, okay?

MUNZ

Back at his place?

CAPPELI

Yeah, Munz. He was getting it every night. Non stop.

Munz and JJ barely contain their laughter.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

There. You happy? Got a visual yet?

MUNZ

Yeah. And it's a good one.

Jancowicz comes up the steps with Bedford as they check in with Hayes.

BEDFORD

(to Hayes)

You feeling good? Ready to rock?

HAYES

(Jamaican accent)

Every-ting irie, mon.

Hayes and Cappeli share a smile. Judging by the look on his face, JJ feels left out.

JJ

I'm fine, thank you.

Bedford turns to JJ.

BEDFORD

What the hell happened out there?

JJ

What happened is your little set up backfired, special agent man. You all but signed Hatcher's death warrant by putting his face on camera.

BEDFORD

Yeah, no kidding. That was the idea. You were supposed to pick him up before that actually occurred.

JJ

One problem with that, Bedford. Someone was already waiting for him. And that someone was sitting in court today.

JANCOWICZ

If that's true, that means Navarro and company were whacking Hatcher no matter what.

MUNZ

What have we gotten ourselves into, boys and girls?

JJ, Cappeli, and Munz all look scared.

BEDFORD

Alright. We check the tapes. I wanna know about every face un accounted for in that courtroom today. If they've gotta sheet, I wanna see it.

Livia struts in and dumps a bunch of eight by ten photos in Bedford's hands. All from inside the courtroom.

LIVIA

His name is Jimarcus Allen.

Bedford surprised by Livia's promptness.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Allen and our dead Jamaican friend on the causeway were investigated two years ago for their involvement in a human trafficking operation.

JJ

Sounds familiar.

LIVIA

What they would do is post  
classified ads in The Herald.  
Looking for girls of a certain  
type.

CAPPELI

Jamaican.

LIVIA

They target these young mothers and  
their children fresh off the boat.  
Penniless and desperate.  
Meanwhile, their contacts back in  
Jamaica already promised to get  
them set up once they hit the  
mainland. A job, home. Of course,  
they never follow through on  
either.

BEDFORD

This operation. Navarro's brother  
was involved in something similar.

JJ

Yes he was. He even put a knife to  
one of their necks. A thirteen  
year old girl.

Bedford squints. As if this hits a chord with him.

BEDFORD

That's funny, Baumbach. The report  
said it was a gun. Or maybe you're  
just getting your stories mixed up.

Cappeli, Munz, Livia and even Hayes look as if they feel  
empathy for JJ.

**EXT. JAMAICA HILL ROOFTOP - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

REGUS NAVARO---20s, light skinned Jamaican, Akeem's brother,  
holds a sharp knife to a YOUNG GIRL'S throat.

REGUS

Back off! I'll cut her throat!

JJ moves in on them, Coonan magnum in hand. He has Regus in  
his sights...

POW!

**WHITE FLASH TO:**

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

JJ snaps out of it. Cappeli watches him closely. Her concern written all over her face. Jancowicz steps in, breaks the awkward silence.

JANCOWICZ

(to Bedford)

Detective Baumbach was cleared,  
Bedford. And this doesn't help us.

BEDFORD

The Miami PD may have cleared your  
Detective but he hasn't been  
cleared by Navarro or his crew.  
Pedophile or not, his brother's  
death was an act of aggression. An  
act of war. Started by the police.

CAPPELI

(to JJ)

It's not your fault, JJ. None of  
this.

JJ grows frustrated, rushes out the door.

JANCOWICZ

(to JJ)

Where are you going?

He slams it shut.

BEDFORD

(to Jancowicz)

You better get a leash on him  
before he gets himself killed.

Jancowicz chases out the door after JJ.

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

JJ takes a break, leans against the wall, sparks up a smoke as Jancowicz hovers on the steps above him.

JANCOWICZ

What's the matter with you?

JJ

You mean besides almost getting my  
ass blown off twice? I guess  
besides that, I'm doing swell.



JANCOWICZ

You gonna let Bedford keep you from doing your job?

JJ

He is keeping me from doing my job.

JANCOWICZ

Listen to me. I know you're frustrated but today wasn't a total loss. We got a line on Allen. Tomorrow morning, Hayes is gonna check out this gun range. We got a nice tip on the guy that runs the joint. Took a pinch earlier this year for illegal arms trafficking.

JJ

I'm going to IAD. Throw myself on my sword. Maybe it'll stop all this.

JJ tosses his smoke against the wall, as it bounces back and strikes Jancowicz in the hand.

JANCOWICZ

What are you trying to do? Burn the place down?

JJ

Might as well. Half the city's been blown all to hell because of me. Why stop now?

JANCOWICZ

Not everything's about you, JJ! You think going to IAD is gonna satisfy Navaro? He won't be happy until you're wearing a toe tag! Or maybe you haven't noticed yet!

(beat)

Think about Charlie!

JJ

I am thinking about Charlie.

JANCOWICZ

Good. Then you know your partners need you. They've already lost one cop this week. Now go home, get some rest and screw your head on straight. We got a big day ahead.

Without flinching, Jancowicz is back up the steps. JJ takes a moment, lets it all sink in.

**EXT. MOONLITE TWIN DRIVE IN THEATER - DAY**

Like most drive in's, this one's in the middle of nowhere. Below a decrepit white screen, not used since the Reagan Era, sits an outdoor gun range of sorts.

Under a wooden awning stands A CUSTOMER testing out a 10MM sub machine pistol. He's firing at a metal target sliding along a moving range track.

A 1985 ROLLS ROYCE SILVER SPUR comes cruising in behind a protective chain link gate. It parks on the dirt lot and out steps Hayes; a Jamaican shirt and straw hat.

This time, carrying a very thick aluminum briefcase.

From the old snack bar and sipping a soda from a paper cup stands the range's owner and operator TOMMY B---40s, Tommy Bahama shirt, beach slacks.

Tommy B takes a special interest in Hayes's briefcase. He meets him halfway.

TOMMY B

Welcome to The Moonlite Twin.  
First time I presume?

Hayes smiles.

HAYES

First time in Miami. But not my  
first time. Mister...?

TOMMY B

Everyone around here calls me Tommy  
B.

Hayes observes his wardrobe.

HAYES

No kidding.

Tommy B can't help but stare at the large briefcase and then the classic Rolls Royce.

TOMMY B

Nice ride. Pretty rare. They got  
a lot of those where you come from?

HAYES

That they do. That they do.

TOMMY B

Are you looking for a membership?  
Mister...

Snaps his fingers.

TOMMY B (CONT'D)

I never did get your name.

HAYES

No. You didn't. And no I'm not.  
I was hoping we could skip the  
formalities, Mister B.

TOMMY B

I see. Well. In that case, follow  
me.

Tommy B leads the way. Hayes smiles, follows behind.

They step around the back of the barely standing movie screen  
leading to a private basement door.

Tommy B opens and steps down a short set of steps. Hayes  
reluctantly follows.

**INT. MOONLITE TWIN - DOWNSTAIRS RANGE - DAY**

Tommy B and Hayes enter a pitch dark room as A LIGHT SWITCH  
is flipped on. It's the super bowl of gun stores.

Hayes observes a glass encasing full of every handgun known  
to man, as well as a back wall equipped with assault rifles  
and various sub machine guns.

MUTED GUNFIRE echoes the hallway outside as Hayes turns and  
observes a man enter a nearby men's room. He's wearing  
protective earphones.

TOMMY B

Shut the door.

Hayes shuts and locks behind them.

TOMMY B (CONT'D)

Okay, Rasta man. Now that we've  
gotten the pleasantries out of the  
way. If you are who I think you  
are. Then what kind of weight are  
we talking about here?

HAYES

And if you are who I think you are, Mister B, I have a message for your federal friends. My organization has been more than generous. We expect nothing less than a more than generous discount.

TOMMY B

Not that I have those kind of friends. But if I did...what are you looking for exactly?

HAYES

My superiors are looking to cool things down a bit. The police are getting too close. What we're looking for is something a bit more low key. Safe. Sniper rifles. Military grade of course. Thirty millimeter.

TOMMY B

Thirty mils, huh? And how many you gonna need?

HAYES

Two dozen. In exchange, we unload three dozen M4A1s. As I said before. More than generous. Your Feds can keep the change.

TOMMY B

Now see, that's gonna be a tough sell.

Tommy B plops himself on a counter near the register.

TOMMY B (CONT'D)

Those guns are used. Tainted.

HAYES

My point exactly. By tomorrow evening they can be scrap metal. All evidence linking your government to the merchandise will be gone, mon. Now be a good delivery boy and relay my message.

TOMMY B

Gee. I don't know. This all sounds kind of dangerous. What's in the briefcase?

HAYES

First, set up the meeting. Then we worry about who gets what.

Tommy B tries to get a read on Hayes. Unsure. He reaches for a business card poking out of a holder near the front register.

Hands it to Hayes.

TOMMY B

Same time tomorrow. Number's on the card. And if I were you, I'd start scraping some cash together.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Hatcher, wearing a cheap white bathrobe, splashes on some even cheaper cologne. A KNOCK at the door grabs his attention. He opens a dresser drawer, pulls out a 380P.

HATCHER

Yeah? Who is it?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Room service.

Hatcher puts the gun back in the drawer, heads to the door and answers. Cappeli on the other side. Her hair cut short and dyed red, dark shades, hooker skirt, in her latest deep cover disguise.

CAPPELI

Surprise.

HATCHER

Hey. You're not her. You're not Rachel.

Cappeli invites herself in. Hatcher shuts the door.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

What is this? Where's Rachel?

CAPPELI

Rachel Mack. Twenty two. Four consecutive busts for prostitution. And four for possession of an illegal substance. One of which we tested against a bag of coke also found in your pocket.

(MORE)

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Maybe you forgot but the two of you got busted together last year in Hialeagh. Before she moved up in the world and joined the Queen of Hearts escort service.

Hatcher slaps himself in the forehead and drops to the mattress in defeat.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Word on the street was you were Rachel's most loyal customer.

HATCHER

How did you know?

CAPPELI

I figured by now things were getting lonely for you in whatever rat hole you were hiding out in.

HATCHER

Look. I just want you to know I had nothing to do with that cop.

CAPPELI

I think you're secret's out, Hatch.

Cappeli stares around the room, looking for something.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Where's the gun?

Hatcher huffs with defeat.

HATCHER

Under the tv set.

Cappeli opens the drawer, retrieves the 380P and ejects the small magazine of bullets.

CAPPELI

Rachel used to turn tricks for Jimarcus Allen. A cat house out in Jamaica Hill. So what was the deal they made with you, Hatcher? Set up Glasco and we'll let Rachel go for good this time?

HATCHER

They were gonna kill her. Shoving all that poison in her arm. Controlling her mind. What would you have done?

CAPPELI

Get your stuff and let's go. It stinks in here.

HATCHER

Are you crazy? I go out there, I'm dead.

CAPPELI

You stay here, you're dead. If I found you this easy, how long you think it will take before Allen and his crew track you down?

And this stops Cappeli in her tracks. A sincerely frightened look comes over her.

HATCHER

What is it?

CAPPELI

Nothing. Just get your stuff together.

Cappeli dials a number, waits for the other end.

MUNZ (O.S.)

Yo. This is Bobby.

CAPPELI

How long will it take you to get to the Stardust Motor Lodge?

**EXT. STARDUST MOTOR LODGE - NIGHT**

Munz, his head and goatee now completely shaved clean, loads an uncuffed Hatcher in the back of his car, shuts the door and nods to Cappeli.

Livia, now with short blonde hair and also dressed like a streetwalker, joins Cappeli.

CAPPELI

Have you heard from JJ?

LIVIA

Not since he walked out last night. So are we doing this without him or what?

CAPPELI

I think I might know where he is.

**INT. MUNZ'S CAR - NIGHT**

Hatcher slumps down in the backseat, plays up the scared angle as he stares out every window.

Munz watches him in the rear view mirror.

MUNZ

Don't sweat so hard. We're gonna get you safe.

HATCHER

Yeah, just like the last time?  
What a joke.

Hatcher notices his rear door is unlocked. Munz comes to a slow stop at a red light. A long line of traffic in front of him.

MUNZ

Let's go. Today.

Hatcher spots a MAN crawl out of his car at the curb, with the driver's window open, and greets his WIFE who is a few cars down the line with her hood popped.

Without warning, Hatcher jerks open his door and runs for the car with the window open.

Munz watches him from the rear view mirror.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Hey!

Hatcher opens the door, jumps in, cranks over the engine and pulls a hot u turn.

Munz runs like hell to keep up.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Hatcher!

The MAN helping his WIFE also spots Hatcher tearing down the street in his stolen car.

MAN

Hey, you! What the hell! Get back here!

Munz gives up. He's long gone.



**INT. MCNULTY'S IRISH PUB - NIGHT**

JJ is bellied up at the bar enjoying a boilermaker and drowning his sorrows.

In walks Cappeli, who looks down right disgusted. The two catch eyes.

JJ  
Ever been to an Irish wake,  
Cappeli?

JJ downs his shot. Cappeli tosses her purse aside on the empty stool next to him.

CAPPELI  
You're German.

JJ  
Nice outfit. You ever consider  
dressing like this more often?

Some snickers from the other end of the bar. JJ smiles, salutes them with a mug of beer.

CAPPELI  
I don't know if you heard but  
there's a contract out on you. Not  
real smart walking into a bar  
you're known to frequent four  
nights a week.

JJ  
Maybe I'll do everyone a favor and  
get whacked.

CAPPELI  
I found The Snatcher.

JJ  
Great. I figured you would. I'm  
sure he'll make for some great  
testimony.

CAPPELI  
Is this your official retirement  
party?

JJ  
You ever run Regus Navaro's record?  
Don't answer because I know you  
have.

Cappeli takes a seat. All of the sudden not as mad anymore as her eyes suggest compassion.

JJ (CONT'D)

The kid had a cleaner rap sheet than me for God's sake.

CAPPELI

Yeah, he also threatened to kill a thirteen year old girl.

JJ

Regus Navaro worked undercover in Jamaica. He was an informant. Spent three years infiltrating youth gangs. Helped addicts get clean and find religion. What do you think he was doing at a cathouse in Jamaica Hill?

CAPPELI

I don't know.

JJ

Turns out he was making arms trades and slinging dope, then giving the profits to Jimarcus. He was buying these girls freedom.

BARTENDER

(to Cappeli)

Get you something?

CAPPELI

Bourbon. Straight up.

JJ

Yeah. Make it two.

CAPPELI

None of that changes the fact he held a little girl as his hostage.

JJ

A little girl he had zero intention of hurting. These Navaros. They're heroes back home. They weren't blowing up cop cars and trafficking stolen guns. Somewhere along the lines, Shawn Navarro lost faith in this country. And he became Akeem. Vigilante for the people. I turned this guy, Cappeli.

CAPPELI

I don't buy it. You know what I think?

JJ

What?

CAPPELI

I think Navarro started getting high on the action. All of the sudden, the line between right and wrong got skewed. He's become everything he hates. Everything his father hated.

JJ thinks this all over. His interest now piqued.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

And instead of blaming himself, he's looking to blame the cops. Because it's easier for him to accept. Or. There's another reason.

JJ

What's that?

CAPPELI

He wants some good old fashioned revenge. Either way, he's gotta be stopped.

**EXT. SECLUDED PARK - LATE NIGHT**

A van with no windows is parked next to a large F150 with extended cab and black cargo protector.

Hayes arrives in his 85 Rolls Royce. As he steps out...

Tommy B steps from the passenger door of the van. And from the driver's side steps AGENT LYLE SCHRADER, A.T.F. ---40s, a square jawed shifty character.

SCHRADER

Alright. Where's the merchandise? Excuse my candor, brother man, but that trunk ain't big enough.

HAYES

Change in plan, federal agent man.

SCHRADER

Is that right?

HAYES

Akeem Navaro sends his apologies.  
But with The Feds kicking in doors  
all over town, we can't just be  
handing over the evidence.  
Especially to unfamiliar faces.

Schrader and Tommy B share an annoyed look.

SCHRADER

Okay. So I guess we'll be taking a  
cash payment then.

HAYES

In due time. I was promised a  
demonstration first.

SCHRADER

(to Tommy B)  
Show him.

Tommy B walks to the Ford truck's cab, peels back the cargo  
protector to reveal several metal crates.

Hayes walks over to get a closer look. Tommy B unlatches one  
of the boxes to reveal a 30MM SNIPER'S RIFLE.

He smiles, ear to ear.

HAYES

Very nice.

SCHRADER

I'm afraid we'll have to skip the  
demonstration. Out here on the  
water and all. Can get pretty  
loud.

TOMMY B

You like the merch or what?

HAYES

Okay, mon. How much for how much?

SCHRADER

How many you want?

HAYES

All.

SCHRADER

Seventy Five. Fifteen of which  
goes to my friend here for his  
broker's fee.

Hayes smiles, sets his case on the opened rear door of the pick up and unhooks the latches.

OUT OF THE TREES run several Kevlar fitted agents marked ATF. All branding MP5s and swarming the pick up.

ATF #1

Hands in the air! Do it!

Hayes loses his slick smile, slowly raises his hands.

Two ATF guys quickly put him in the dirt and cuff him.

**EXT. ATF SAFE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

A small and dilapidated home with a broken down boat dock sits all by its lonesome. An undisclosed location in the middle of the swamps.

**INT. ATF SAFE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

Hayes sits tied to a chair, breathing hard, sucking in short breathes. His face scratched, bloodied.

Schrader hovers over him. Standing in a cobwebbed kitchen with no cabinets and an old gas stove.

ATF GUYS on both sides of Hayes. Behind him. One having a smoke at the front screen door.

SCHRADER

Do you mind? I'm bronchial.

The smoker shakes his head, steps outside as the screen door SLAMS SHUT and startles Hayes.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

All of this talk about enhanced interrogation techniques. To waterboard. To not waterboard. I say nothing gets a quicker response faster than a good old fashioned ass beating.

He laughs as Hayes struggles to catch his breath.

HAYES

Mister Navaro doesn't take kindly to disloyalty. You just signed your death warrants. All of you.

SCHRADER

Not so smart killing a bunch of local cops then trying to cut a deal with the Feds. No offense, Rasta man, but you must be smoking too much of that ganja stick. Either that or you're working with the cops. So which is it?

HAYES

If you thought that I wouldn't be here.

SCHRADER

This is true. This is very true. They wouldn't just send you in blind without back up. And you weren't wearing a wire. That cancels that. So that just leaves one explanation.

Schrader stirs something on the stove with a wooden spoon. He pours the contents into a bowl.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Something about canned ravioli on a gas stove that takes me right back to my childhood.

He takes a big swallow.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

As I was saying...  
(swallows)  
You're new to this party. Am I right? One of Navaro's new recruits?

HAYES

First tings first. Who da hell are you?

SCHRADER

Yes, I am the guy that jacked those guns from the compound in Texas. No, I am not the guy you're looking for.

Hayes squints, not following.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Still confused? Well let me spell it out for you. Those guns your boy Navaro bought from us.

(MORE)

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

They were loaded. Wired with voice recorders and location devices. Otherwise known as bugs.

Hayes slowly figures it out.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

We were gonna catch all you little rack head soldiers before you blew away the competition. But much to my dismay, about two weeks after our little swap meet, those bugs stop working. Leaving my team and I with our little baby pistols in our hand.

HAYES

Sorry tings didn't work out.

SCHRADER

I know you pot smoking dumbass foot soldiers aren't smart enough to find those bugs yourself. That means I have a leak in my organization.

HAYES

That's your problem.

SCHRADER

No. No, no. Actually it's your problem now. Because you're gonna schedule yourself a sit down with Mister Navarro. And you're gonna tell him that if he doesn't give me the name of my rogue agent...I'm gonna start taking out his army. One by one.

Snaps his fingers.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Just like that.

HAYES

I can't promise you he'll agree tah dis.

SCHRADER

(making fun)

Oh no. He'll have tah agree to dis.

(normal)

(MORE)

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

You see, this rogue agent of mine is most likely in possession of around a hundred hours or so of audio surveillance. Of which he's most likely using to blackmail Navarro and your little Revolution. So don't take my short disposition the wrong way. I'm not a big fan of rogue agents.

HAYES

Could've fooled me, mon.

Hayes smiles. Schrader and his crew laugh it up.

SCHRADER

Set it up. I don't care what it takes. Find him. Or I'll find you.

HAYES

How can I pass on a deal like tat?

JJ (V.O.)

You told him you were a cop???

**EXT. SECLUDED PARK - DAWN**

Back at the lake from earlier. The sun just about to rise, starting a new day. Munz skips a rock across the water.

JJ paces back and forth in front of a very tired and busted up Hayes caked in dried blood.

Jancowicz also at the scene.

JJ

I'll tell you, Hayes. Not exactly the smartest play, considering.

HAYES

They're after the same man, Baumbach. I don't like this Schrader any more than you but he's on our side. And the last I checked, we were getting our asses handed to us.

JJ

These guys stole over two million in loose cash. You do realize that, yes?



HAYES

Allegedly.

JJ throws his hands up in defeat, paces on the dirt ground. Jancowicz lets him have his tantrum.

JJ

Allegedly. They did it! Not to mention running an illegal, off the books arms deal with The Jamaicans! I'd be surprised if they didn't lock up Schrader's crew along with Navarro!

JANCOWICZ

Lay off, JJ! Hayes had to make a gut decision and he made it! Now this Schrader's giving us a list of his entire team! Anyone and everyone involved in that raid!

JJ stops pacing, grabs the bridge of his nose. A real headache setting in.

JANCOWICZ (CONT'D)

Someone on that list knew you were on loan with the feds for the last six weeks. Otherwise there wouldn't be a giant hole down in The Glades where a house used to be.

JJ checks with Hayes. Munz joins them.

MUNZ

He's right, JJ. Could be the break we've been looking for.

JJ reluctantly nods in agreement. He shoots Hayes another hard stare of disapproval.

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DRUG HOUSE - DAY**

The brick walls with bright yellows and oranges. Jamaican gang signs, graffiti and other tribal art.

Jimarcus stands before a very thin and shaky RACHEL MACK-- -22, strung out prostitute, as he prepares her a fresh syringe of black tar heroin.

Her eyes are vacant. Dead. She grips a tourniquet in her mouth as he injects the needle into her bone thin and track marked arm.

JIMARCUS

That's a good girl. Who takes care  
of you?

Rachel tears up. Fights the pleasure but ultimately giving  
in as the heroin takes effect.

Jimarcus loses patience. Grabs her by the arm, jerks it  
toward him as Rachel SCREAMS OUT.

JIMARCUS (CONT'D)

Who???

RACHEL

You do.

JIMARCUS

And you're not going tah disappoint  
me again. Are you?

Rachel shakes her head. He grabs her by the hair.

Jimarcus whispers in her ear.

JIMARCUS (CONT'D)

He can't help you. Because he  
won't give you what you need. Not  
like I can give you.

**EXT. JAMAICA HILL SLUMS - NIGHT**

A barely recognizable Livia, dressed in a provocative mini  
skirt with bright red boots and matching purse, struts her  
stuff up a sidewalk rife with JAMAICAN LOCALS.

Her short blonde hair, looking much like Wesley Snipes in  
Demolition Man, is a real standout as she shakes that  
thing like she's drumming up business.

MEN ON THE STREET get an eyeful. HOOKERS AT THE POINT block  
the sidewalk in a territorial stand off.

Livia moves away from the main drag, cuts down an alley way  
and fights her way through a busy produce market and street  
bazaar.

JAMAICAN MUSIC blasts from store fronts and grocery marts.  
Lots of HUSTLERS on the strip, bartering, taking money,  
hocking arts and crafts.

TWO JAMAICANS dressed in fancy leather jumpsuits---TANGO and  
DRAK---follow shortly behind Livia, but far enough behind  
to not be noticed.

Livia reaches the end of the market, cuts down another dark alley way.

Tango and Drak give chase.

**EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT**

Livia is barely visible in the darkness, if not for some DIMLY LIT BULBS hanging above the rear doors of the two brick buildings enclosing her.

Tango and Drak sneak up behind her -- closing in.

TANGO

Where you going, my princess?

Livia turns, smiles back at them. All confidence.

LIVIA

(Jamaican accent)

Who asking?

Tango and Drak split up, circle Livia. She tries hard to hold her composure.

DRAK

Why we not see you round here before, princess? You either lost or looking for salvation.

TANGO

Which is it?

LIVIA

(Jamaican accent)

Salvation, huh? I take it you two gon' take me to da promise land?

Drak pulls a syringe from his coat.

DRAK

No use in fighting it, my lovely. We can do dis the easy way or da hard way.

Munz appears from behind a green dumpster. A black do rag on his bald head, and carrying a very high end, police issue assault rifle.

MUNZ

Let's go with the easy way. You do what we say and you don't die.

Tango and Drak very calmly raise their hands in the air.

DRAK

No call for da big guns, mon. We  
just talkin' here.

MUNZ

Drop the needle, Rasta man.

Drak tosses the syringe. Tango keeps his hands up.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Good man.

Without warning, Munz slaps his weapon across Tango's face.

BLOOD SPRAYS. Down he goes. Out cold.

DRAK

Take it easy, mon!

MUNZ

Against the wall! Turn around!

Tango kisses the wall, hands flat.

DRAK

You dat cop. Both of you. You's a  
fucking dead mon!

Munz kicks in Drak's knee. He drops to the asphalt.

An assault rifle tickles his nose.

MUNZ

Queen of Hearts. Where is it?

DRAK

I know no Queen a Hearts, mon!  
Alls I know is you a dead white  
mon!

Munz fires a few WARNING SHOTS. Drak almost shits himself.

MUNZ

Last chance!

Livia pulls a card from Tango's pocket. An official "Queen of Hearts" business card with a number and address.

LIVIA

I got it.

MUNZ  
 (to Drak)  
 Close your eyes.

Drak squeezes his eyes shut.

Munz smashes his gun in his face.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT HOUSING - LAUDERHILL PROJECTS - NIGHT**

Munz and Livia sit in a SWAT VAN with the sliding door open as a team of KEVLAR FITTED COPS escort a slew of damaged YOUNG WOMEN through the dilapidated courtyard.

Most of them black or Jamaican descent. A few white and Latina. All thin and strung out.

One of them turns, stares Livia in the eye.

Some shirtless JAMAICAN PIMPS get loaded into a paddy wagon marked MIAMI PD.

LIVIA  
 It's never gonna stop, ya know?

Munz squints, confused.

LIVIA (CONT'D)  
 They'll just set up show somewhere else. With a whole new crew of girls. All crying out for someone to help. Only next time we won't be there to hear them.

MUNZ  
 Well we can't really worry about that now. Can we?

Livia turns to him, perturbed.

MUNZ (CONT'D)  
 It's not why we're here, Liv. At least not yet. Keep your head in the game.

**INT. POLICE VIEWING ROOM - INTERROGATION - NIGHT**

Bedford stands behind a one way mirror with Munz as they stare back at DERRIKA HENDRICKS---20s, Jamaican American, tight dreads, Queen of Hearts madam.

In walks Livia.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Livia pops a squat in front of Derrika. They both sit in silence. A staring contest of sorts.

LIVIA  
You proud of yourself, sister?

DERRIKA  
Sister? Sister soldia? You tryin' to run game on me?

LIVIA  
Nah. Anyone can tell you sold out a long time ago.

DERRIKA  
Ouch.

LIVIA  
Jimarcus Allen.

DERRIKA  
Who?

LIVIA  
Who? Jimarcus Allen. The same busted ass, sorry bastard that stuck in a needle in your arm three years ago and tried to do the same to me tonight. Don't play me, girl.

Derrika cracks a cocky grin.

DERRIKA  
Oh, that Jimarcus. Ain't seen him in months.

LIVIA  
Queen of Hearts under new management now? That it?

DERRIKA  
J split. Around October of last year. Said he had bigger things coming.  
(smiles)  
Last I heard, he be making a real splash downtown, causing all kinds of fireworks.

JJ busts through the door, fresh out of patience.

JJ

Okay Miss America. You can forget the victim card, or any other ideas you got brewing under that kitchen mop you call a hairdo.

Livia rubs her temples, annoyed with the intrusion.

JJ (CONT'D)

If you think because Allen stuck a needle in your arm when you were nineteen years old that we're gonna forget about the three dozen or so underage girls you tricked out, you can forget it.

DERRIKA

Oh, you a real tough badass, ain't you, white boy?

JJ

That's right, sweetheart!

Derrika tears up.

DERRIKA

You don't know nuthin' about me or what I been through, cop!

Livia quietly huffs in protest. JJ, elbows down, gets right in Derrika's face.

JJ

All I'm hearing from your stable up at Queen of Hearts is..."talk to Derrika"!

(beat)

You think I care about your sob stories?! You're going to prison!

DERRIKA

Will see what my lawyer has to say about that. The'yre a sucker for sob stories like me.

JJ

You can forget that lawyer! You're gonna talk to me, sweet pea!

DERRIKA

I wanna lawyer, right now!

Bedford storms through the door, a raised eyebrow.

BEDFORD  
Back off, Baumbach.

JJ  
(to Bedford)  
Shut up!

He faces Derrika.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Jimarcus Allen. Where is he? You  
have five seconds to tell us where  
he is or your life is over.

Derrika panics. At a loss for words.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Five. Four. Three.

DERRIKA  
I told you I don't know!

JJ  
You didn't tell me nuthin. Two.  
One...

DERRIKA  
Alright. I know where his homeboy  
stays. But that's all I know.

LIVIA  
His homeboy. He's got a lot of  
homeboys, Derrika.

DERRIKA  
No. This white dude. Todd  
something.

Livia, JJ and Bedford share a look.

DERRIKA (CONT'D)  
He be trying to run a game on  
Jimarcus. Tellin' him how he want  
Rachel back.

JJ  
And who's Rachel?

DERRIKA  
Dis white boy saying he gonna drop  
all his homeboys to the cops if he  
don't get her back. Names,  
addresses, all his operations.  
Everything.



JJ

If you know where he stays, why  
doesn't Allen go pop a pill between  
his eyes?

DERRIKA

I told you, man. I ain't seen  
Jimarcus in months. But this white  
boy been asking around, harassing  
all my girls. Wanting them to say  
where Rachel be holdin' up.

JJ

Sounds like Todd's been spending a  
lot of money at Queen of Hearts.

DERRIKA

Last I heard he's cribbing in some  
basement out near da airport.  
Renting out a room from some old  
woman. Hiding from you.

JJ groans out loud, out of patience, pulls a pen and notepad  
from his coat pocket, tosses them on the table.

JJ

The address. Write it down. Now.

Derrika snags up the pen and paper, a defeated look.

**EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT**

A 757 makes its final turn on the pass and slowly crawls up  
the long stretch of runway.

It's cleared for take off -- and off they go. In mere  
seconds, the plane is a distant memory.

Somewhere across the tarmac, away from the airport, just  
hidden behind some trees and a chain link fence sits an  
old TWO STORY HOME.

A somewhat private and secluded property with no other homes  
in the nearby vicinity.

Fighting through the surrounding trees and approaching the  
outskirts of the property are Livia, Cappeli, Munz, JJ and  
last but not least, Hayes.

As the home comes into view, they all stop, crouch down,  
hidden behind the brush.

JJ

Alright. Let's hope the landlord didn't screw us and kept that back door unlocked.

MUNZ

(confused)

Wait. You called her?

JJ

Hayes and Cappeli take the front. When Hatcher sees you guys rapping your fists on the door, he's gonna freak and book it up the stairs. Bobby and I will be waiting to grab him at the back door.

LIVIA

What about me?

JJ

I'm glad you asked. You're gonna stay here in case Hatcher bolts up those basement stairs and makes a run for it.

CAPPELI

How's he gonna do that? We're gonna be waiting by the door?

JJ

No. Eventually, our landlord's gonna invite you two inside. But hopefully, by then, Bobby and I will have Hatcher on the ground and cuffed.

Cappeli nods.

CAPPELI

Okay. I get it.

JJ

Everyone okay with this?

They all collectively nod. Hayes is strangely indifferent.

JJ (CONT'D)

Hayes. You got something to add?

HAYES

This is your horse, man. I'm just holding the tail.

JJ nods.

JJ  
Okay, then. Let's do it.

JJ and Munz haul ass to the backyard, staying low and lightning fast.

Hayes and Cappeli casually make their way to the house. Hayes keeps his eyes on the basement steps.

**EXT. SECLUDED HOME - NIGHT**

Hayes and Cappeli step on the porch as Hayes loudly raps his fist on the front door.

HAYES  
This is dumb.

CAPPELI  
I second that.

**INT. SECLUDED HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Hatcher hears knocking at the door. He runs to his unkempt pull out couch, pulls a NINE MIL from under the cheap mattress.

He cracks open the basement door, peeks his head up the steps and listens in. A PORCH LIGHT cuts through the darkness.

A door opens.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)  
Yes. Come in.

The sound of the front door SHUTTING.

Hatcher quietly begins up the short flight of stairs.

**EXT. SECLUDED HOME - BACK YARD - NIGHT**

One on each side of the door, JJ and Munz wait patiently with their guns drawn.

MUNZ  
The hell's going on in there?

JJ  
(whispers)  
Shut up.

**EXT. BASEMENT STEPS - NIGHT**

Hatcher goes full track star up the remaining steps, turns a corner, makes for the front lawn.

WHAP!

He's met with Hayes elbow.

Down he goes. Hatcher SPITS BLOOD and a possible tooth.

HAYES

Out front, Starsky and Hutch.

Livia steps out of the trees. Cappeli steps out the front door, gun drawn, ready for action.

JJ and Munz return to find Hatcher bleeding from the mouth and twisting in the dead grass.

HAYES (CONT'D)

(to JJ)

You sure we brought enough guys?

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT**

Bedford, JJ and the entire team are gathered around a badly bloodied Hatcher. Most of the above lights have been shut off. A single DESK LAMP burns in Hatcher's tired eyes. A bag of ice to his face.

HATCHER

Yeah, you guys really wanna protect me. Just look at my face.

BEDFORD

Navarro's gonna do a lot worse than give you a black eye and a chipped tooth. So stop jaggin' around and give us some names.

HATCHER

You think I wanna wake up with my throat slit tomorrow? No thanks.

MUNZ

You were the one blackmailing Navarro, genius.

HATCHER

I only told those girls that so they'd tell me where to find Rachel.

(MORE)

HATCHER (CONT'D)

The truth is, I don't know shit. I was bluffing. Okay? Genius!

Munz rolls his eyes.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

I'm not dying for any woman. Not even her. I'm not stupid.

MUNZ

You sure about that?

Cappeli elbows him in the arm. Munz gives up and heads for the coffee station.

BEDFORD

So you don't have any idea where to find Jimarcus Allen, Navarro or his crew. And you don't know a thing about your girlfriend's business. That what you're telling us?

HATCHER

Hey. You guys had me. Locked up. Done deal. You're the ones who cut me loose. Remember that? You can't charge me twice. I didn't do shit.

JJ

How about possession of an unlicensed firearm.

HATCHER

Oh, how do I sleep at night with that one hanging over my head?

Bedford grows tired, huffs with exhaustion. Hayes gives him a tap on the shoulder.

Bedford steps aside. Hayes steps up.

HAYES

This Rachel must be one real piece of ass. Going through all of this. Either that or you're one dumb bastard.

HATCHER

What's your problem?

HAYES

This girl's suckin and rubbin half of Jamaica Hill.

(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

Just so she can get a regular taste of that brown sugar. And you're running around Miami, handing over your life savings. Thinking she's gonna come back. All these girls are doin is running game on you.

Hatcher can't look him in the eye. He's so red hot mad, he's close to exploding.

HAYES (CONT'D)

And you're acting like this Rachel chick even gives you the first thought. Like she's not the one who's been sticking that needle in. Like she's the victim. There's only one victim here, son. That's you.

HATCHER

Oh, really?

HAYES

They been playing your dumb ass. Rachel. Her little girlfriends down at the Queen of Hearts. All of them.

Hatcher defiantly shakes his head.

HATCHER

No. They poisoned her.

HAYES

(smug)  
Oh, they. Okay.

HATCHER

That's right! First they poisoned her body, and then her mind!

HAYES

And you're gonna make it all right again. Is that it?

HATCHER

Someone has to.

HAYES

How far you willing to go for this girl? Huh? You gonna get yourself killed? Then what?

Hatcher slumps in his chair, all the fight gone.

HAYES (CONT'D)

You think this girl's gonna care one second if you get your ass blown off? Or is she gonna skip the funeral and find the next idiot she can bleed dry?

HATCHER

(explodes)

I told you, I don't know anything!

Hayes leans in, nice and close to Hatcher.

HAYES

Oh, I don't think that's really the case, now is it? I think your girl is dirty as the day is long. And I think she's in deep. And I think she told you a few things.

Hatcher thinks it all over. JJ, Livia, Cappeli and Munz all await his answer.

HATCHER

Alright. Rachel's told me some shit. Stuff she's done for Allen and his crew.

HAYES

She was a drug mule. Let's just get that out of the way. Am I right? Yes or no.

HATCHER

Yeah. And set up the occasional meet for Allen. Brought other girls into the business. Handing out free samples. Giving girls a taste of the pipe. That kind of thing.

HAYES

That's not all she's into. What else?

JJ smiles, as if impressed with Hayes performance.

HATCHER

I've been trying to get her out for years. But she..

HAYES

She what?

HATCHER

The bitch, man. It's like she cares more about that damn pipe than me.

HAYES

She ever smoke anyone?

Hatcher's reluctant to answer. The truth is on his lips but he can't quite spit it out.

HATCHER

You can't ask me that.

HAYES

You don't have to give me names. Just tell me. She ever kill anyone? Or tell you she killed somebody?

HATCHER

It's not her, man. It's not. It's that shit.

HAYES

I think you keep telling yourself that. Because you want it to be true. But you know what I think?

HATCHER

No.

HAYES

I think she likes it.

Hatcher wipes his tears. Hayes gets even closer.

HAYES (CONT'D)

And I think you've done enough for this girl. Don't let her ruin your life too. It's time she answered for herself.

Hatcher nods in agreement.

HATCHER

What do you want me to do?

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Hayes, with his sleeves rolled up, splashes some cold water in his face, catches JJ in the mirror.



He turns, faces him.

HAYES

Poor chump really had it bad for that girl, didn't he?

JJ

Apparently not that bad. He just gave her up on a silver platter. And did it under five minutes.

HAYES

Yeah. That he did.

Hayes grabs some paper towels, wipes his hands dry.

JJ

Pretty good stuff, Hayes. Have to admit.

Hayes smiles, tosses the towels in a waste basket.

JJ (CONT'D)

Sorry I've been so...

HAYES

Rude and dismissive?

JJ

I was gonna say eager. Maybe a little anxious.

HAYES

A little.

JJ

Ya know, I've worked with these people for almost nine years. For the most part, we make a pretty good team. But I just learned a few short weeks ago that I got a price on my head. And because of that, my team's got a price on their heads.

Hayes folds his arms, losing patience.

JJ (CONT'D)

All because I shot some mop head punk on a rooftop. Needless to say, they're a bit shaky about it.

JJ steps closer to Hayes, up close and personal.

JJ (CONT'D)

If anything happens to them, it's my ass. They're gonna be looking at me to call the shots.

Hayes nods with understanding.

JJ (CONT'D)

Now isn't the time for some outsider to come in and mix things up. It breaks down the trust I've built with them.

HAYES

You don't trust me, Baumbach? Is that what this whole thing is about?

JJ

In part.

HAYES

Speak your mind. It's just us here.

JJ

You bring in Navarro, he's a pretty big catch for your Federal boys. All those hundreds of contacts he'll most likely give you. Guns. Drugs. Cash. It's like one stop shopping.

HAYES

I'm sure there's a point to this.

JJ

Yeah. The thing is, Hayes, is I'm not looking to bring Navarro in. Not in anything that doesn't include a body bag.

Hayes lets that sink in.

JJ (CONT'D)

As long as he's alive and kicking, none of my team are safe. You do get that, don't you?

HAYES

Understood. I'll do my best to keep that in mind.

JJ

You do that.

JJ dips out.

**EXT. OUTLET MALL - NIGHT**

A two story outside mall is ripe with activity. Lots of hopping bars and hot dance clubs.

Sitting on some steps near an escalator is Hatcher. He is anxious, worried, fidgety.

LIVIA (O.S.)  
Take it easy, Hatch. We got your  
back.

Jimarcus and a strung out Rachel appear at the top of the escalator. About to get on. He grabs her by the wrist and pulls her close. Whispers in her ear.

Sitting on a bench downstairs, Cappeli peeks around a small palm tree, stares up at them.

CAPPELI  
I got eyes on Allen. The girl too.

SCHRADER (O.S.)  
Roger that, Cappeli.

Cappeli stares at Hatcher, and then Schrader hanging over a second story railing.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)  
Everybody be cool. I've got him.

Hatcher stares up at Rachel. A giant smile. She barely smiles back, still nervous.

Livia, now disguised in a beret and dark shades, stands next to the ladies room, pretends to be texting as she sneaks a quick peak at

RACHEL

moving down the escalator.

Hatcher keeps eye contact with Rachel as he races down the adjacent steps...meets her at the bottom.

HATCHER  
Baby? Are you okay?

Jimarcus stands at the top of the escalator, watches the lovebirds overdue reunion.

SCHRADER

Nice and smooth. Here we go.

Schrader casually moves in on Jimarcus.

As Rachel makes it to the bottom, she pulls a gun...

All the color drops from Hatcher's face.

Rachel FIRES A SINGLE SHOT.

Hatcher drops like cement.

Rachel cries as she hovers over him.

Livia closes in.

LIVIA

Freeze!

Rachel aims in Livia's direction but is met with three tightly grouped shots to the chest.

Down she goes.

Livia instantly tears up.

From inside his coat, Jimarcus pulls a sawed off shotgun.

Schrader EMPTIES A CLIP into Jimarcus. His mangled corpse tumbles down the escalator.

Cappeli kneels before a badly wounded Hatcher. His eyes full of tears and resentment.

HATCHER

She tried to kill me!

CAPPELI

Breathe. You're gonna be fine.

Livia hovers over Rachel. Observes the track marks up and down both arms. Her lifeless eyes gaze up at her.

Livia now in a trance. In shock.

Cappeli looks to Livia, notices her catatonic state.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Hey! Liv! Snap out of it! I need you to call an ambulance!

Schrader stares down at Jimarcus. Nothing but a bloody lump of human garbage left here.

SCHRADER  
 (to Cappeli)  
 It's on its way.

He observes the three perfect holes in Rachel's chest.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)  
 (to Livia)  
 Nice grouping.

Livia shoots him a nasty look, heads out. Cappeli watches her head for the door.

**EXT. OUTLET MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Livia moves at a snail's pace, almost in a trance as she takes a seat at the curb. Her arms rested in her lap, staring at the asphalt.

The sound of nearing POLICE SIRENS grows louder by the second as RED AND BLUE LIGHTS hit Livia's face.

**EXT. CITY HALL - DAY**

A MOB OF REPORTERS occupy the roundabout circling the once Pan American Terminal Building at Dinner Key.

In the grassy center of this roundabout, the AMERICAN FLAG is raised high in the air, swaying in the wind. COMMISSIONER THADDEUS MCFARLANE---50s, Jamaican American, fancy suit, stands behind a hot mic, addresses the crowd.

MALE REPORTER #1  
 Commissioner, McFarlane! Can you tell us what precautions the police department is taking to ensure the safety of their officers!

MCFARLANE  
 Our precautions are to find the bastards responsible.

Some BOOS from the hostile crowd that pour out into the neighboring street.

FEMALE REPORTER #2  
 Excuse me, Commissioner, but that's a very vague and empty response with all do respect. What the people would like to know is how exactly is the department planning on tackling this situation?

CROWD MEMBER

Yeah! You tell him!

McFarlane clears his throat, plays with the mic as if to give himself a moment.

CROWD MEMBER #2

Answer the question!

MCFARLANE

First of all, I'd like to dispel any rumors that there's talk of a walkout. This is indeed not the case. In fact, quite the opposite is happening. We have men and women of uniform working overtime. Double time. Following up various leads that have been acquired over these last several weeks.

A very ANGRY CITIZEN rushes to the front of the crowd and personally addresses McFarlane.

ANGRY CITIZEN

Is that supposed to be some kind of answer?! No, he's gonna be alright with his bullet proof windows and body guards!  
What about the rest of us that have to drive to work every morning!

CROWD MEMBER #4

Yeah, that's right!

MCFARLANE

All I can tell you is that we are currently working in conjunction with several law enforcement agencies, ensuring that all bases are covered and no stone is left unturned. Now. This is not simply a local problem. This is a national problem. These are acts of domestic terrorism.

ANGRY CITIZEN

That's funny! They didn't look so domestic to me!

And this causes an UPROAR from the crowd. Riotous applause and an equal number of BOOS.

**EXT. SLUMS - BACK ALLEY - LATE NIGHT**

A stretch limo carefully fits into an extremely narrow back alley between two graffiti painted tenements.

At the end of this alley stands a tall and mysterious figure silhouetted by a set of HEADLIGHTS.

The limo stops and out of the rear door steps McFarlane in another fancy suit. He steps up the alley toward the unknown figure hidden in shadows.

McFarlane meets this figure halfway. AKEEM.

AKEEM

Were you followed?

MCFARLANE

No. I don't think so.

AKEEM

I don't think so is not an answer, Commissioner. It's those sort of responses that worry people.

MCFARLANE

I don't have eyes in the back of my head, now do I?

AKEEM

Argumentative. Hostile. That's two strikes against you already, Commissioner. And we're just getting started.

Akeem steps out of the shadows. A gun in his belt. McFarlane notices.

MCFARLANE

My apologies.

AKEEM

I'm not convinced of your sincerity. Therefore, I cannot fully trust you. I need reassurance.

MCFARLANE

You want me to tell you I like you? Good job? Kiss your ass? Is that it, son? Well, I don't like you. Or anything you stand for.

Akeem smiles.

AKEEM

Brutal honesty. Much better. I caught your performance on the news today. Very...by the numbers yet...without substance.

MCFARLANE

You know what those people see when they look at me? They see you. And that breaks my heart.

AKEEM

I saw that. You are indeed between a rock and a hard place. I'm certain your friends at City Hall have already prepared an out for all involved. Damage control if you will.

MCFARLANE

Son, to be honest with you, I don't know what to do. But I suppose that's what this big meeting was for, right?

Akeem walks in circles around McFarlane. Keeps the upper hand and holds his gleaming stare.

AKEEM

I've been following your career for quite some time now. I like you, Commissioner McFarlane. I like you very much. What you've done for this city. For our people. But after my brother was murdered and your fellow law enforcement helped them bury the evidence...I lost my faith.

Akeem stops, faces McFarlane.

AKEEM (CONT'D)

I need you to help me get it back. To regain that trust.

Akeem gets nice and close.

AKEEM (CONT'D)

Are you a loyal man, McFarlane?



**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT**

Munz is damn near passing out at his desk. A tall stack of files in front of him. He checks with...

JJ also at his desk, wide awake and totally wired. He's flipping through various pages, using his fingers to mark his spot.

MUNZ

We've been cross checking these files for almost five hours.

JJ

Doesn't seem like it.

MUNZ

You're right. Feels more like twelve hours.

JJ jams his finger down on the page as if he's found something of importance.

JJ

Diaz.

MUNZ

Diaz. Diaz who? This is Miami. A little more specific.

JJ

Diaz. Chango Diaz. Fat gator tail sandwich eatin bastard I was staking out down in The Glades. One of Schrader's crew busted him last year for running guns to the Cubans in exchange for coke.

JJ leans back in his chair, puts all the pieces together as Munz watches. Hayes steps in with a bag of fast food hoagies and three large coffees.

HAYES

What is it?

MUNZ

Shh. He's thinking. It's a whole process with him. Just go with it.

JJ

Damn gator farm was just a front. He was probably using airboats to make the trades. It's the middle of nowhere. Nice and quiet.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

Local cops think he's just rustling  
gators and he lines their pockets.  
Nobody's the wiser.

Hayes hands Munz his coffee. He immediately dumps in several  
packets of sugar.

MUNZ

Okay, so let's pretend I was never  
in The Glades for the last six  
weeks and tell me what the hell  
you're talking about.

JJ

But it doesn't make sense. This  
agent. Brian Willis. He wasn't  
there. So how did he know I was  
there?

HAYES

Damnit, Baumbach. If you don't  
tell us what you're talking about,  
I'm gonna have Munz over there beat  
you with the Dade County Directory.

JJ

Just give me a second here fellas.

JJ digs deeper through the Chango Diaz report and skips to  
the very last page. Two agents have signed off. Brian  
Willis and Terry Aldrich.

JJ (CONT'D)

Terry Aldrich.

MUNZ

Who?

JJ looks up.

JJ

Aldrich. He's the leak. What the  
hell do you think I'm talking  
about?

(to Hayes)

Get Schrader on the horn and get  
his ass down here. Right now.

Hayes stares at him sideways. Not thrilled with JJ's  
demanding tone.

HAYES

Aye aye, Captain.

Hayes turns to his desk.

JJ  
Hey, Lionel.

Hayes turns back. JJ smiles.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Good call with Schrader. You were  
right. I was wrong.

Munz smiles as he witnesses the awkward exchange. Hayes is all smiles, surprised.

**INT. SCHRADER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A simple lamp shines on an end table. Below it, Schrader's smart phone BUZZES and LIGHTS UP. Schrader enters from the kitchen with a scotch rocks, snags up the phone.

SCHRADER  
Yo. Agent Hayes. Talk to me.  
(listens)  
Is that right?  
(listens)  
Twenty minutes. We'll be there.

Schrader hangs up, tosses his phone on a leather chair. He stares across the room at a faceless person we have yet to identify.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)  
Baumbach found Diaz's file.

The mystery man is none other than Special Agent Terry Aldrich from The Glades.

ALDRICH  
Of course he did, asshole. You all  
but gave him my name.

SCHRADER  
Like I always say. Keep your  
friends close and your enemies  
closer. Time to suit up.

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT**

JJ stands at the louvered window, peeks through some blinds, stares into the street below.

JJ

How did they miss it?

Munz at his desk. His feet kicked up, pops his knuckles while they wait for Schrader's arrival.

MUNZ

How did who miss what?

JJ

Chango Diaz. He was Aldrich's case. If it took us all of a few hours to figure out the leak, why didn't Schrader catch it? He knew Aldrich a lot better than us.

HAYES

Easy. It could be they didn't hear about your almost buying it in The Glades. Maybe they didn't know Aldrich was surveilling Diaz.

JJ

But they did hear about it.

HAYES

How you know that?

JJ

Because I told him. Stood right there when I told him the whole story. I drop Aldrich's name and Schrader doesn't flinch. Never even acknowledges he knew a Terry Aldrich.

HAYES

You're getting that feeling again. I can tell.

Munz sits in a daze. Consumed by his own thoughts. Hayes stands over him, snaps his finger.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Hey. Earth to Munz. What is it?

MUNZ

Something Schrader just said on the phone.

JJ rushes over.

JJ

What?

MUNZ

Twenty minutes. He said we'll be there. We. As in not just him. What did he mean by that exactly?

JJ and Hayes share a look.

**EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT**

FOUR ARMED TO THE TEETH MEN, in all black with ski masks and night vision goggles, quietly charge up the street toward Clippers.

Two stop on each side of the door, branding high tech semi autos with laser scopes.

One on the corner acts as a lookout.

The fourth and last man stands in the middle of a connecting street and stares up at the opened louvered windows of the second floor.

Almost no visibility inside as they stare through the barely cracked open venetian blinds.

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - FIRST FLOOR - LATE NIGHT**

The two men by the door enter the gym. An almost pitch black room with a sparring ring, working bag and several bench press and work benches.

One starts up a short flight of stairs. The other does a quick sweep of the room.

**EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT**

The lookout man is drawn to the BOOMING BASS of a passing car and WHISTLES a warning.

The man in the street ducks behind a truck.

The BOOMING CAR passes.

Our man behind the truck stares through his night laser scope.

**SCOPE POV:**

Lights on inside. But no signs of life.

**BACK TO SCENE**

He steps back into the open.

Without warning, a pair of BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS barrel towards the man as he's STRUCK HEAD ON. He goes tumbling over the hood and roof of Hayes Rolls Royce Silver Spur.

His limp body drops to the asphalt.

Hayes and JJ jump from the Rolls as Hayes snags up the dead man's M4A1 assault rifle.

The lookout man FIRES A FEW ROUNDS.

Hayes RETURNS HIS FIRE.

The barrage of RAPID GUNFIRE quickly throws the second gunman to the sidewalk.

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT**

The last two gunmen enter the secret squad room, remove their dark masks to reveal Schrader and Aldrich.

The room is completely empty. No cops. Just vacant desks.

ALDRICH

You said they'd be here! Where are they?!

The louvered windows are RIDDLED WITH GUNFIRE.

Schrader and Aldrich duck for cover.

**EXT. CLIPPERS'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT**

Hayes and JJ mercilessly spray the entire second story of their temporary squad room.

Bullets fly. Sparks fly. Brass hits the asphalt.

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT**

Schrader and Aldrich under some desks.

SCHRADER

Baumbach!

**EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT**

Hayes aims the assault rifle and grenade launcher at the second floor windows.

JJ gives him the nod.

Hayes fires one off.

PHHHHEEEWWWW! The lightning fast rocket BLAZES RED as it CRASHES THROUGH THE SECOND STORY WINDOW.

**INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT**

The grenade drops right next to Schrader's face as he cowers under JJ's desk. He and Aldrich share one last look. They're screwed.

**EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT**

The entire second story ERUPTS IN FLAMES as the louvered windows BLOW OUT. What's left of the Venetian blinds flap in the wicked aftermath of the explosion.

Hayes lowers the rifle. He and JJ catch their breath and enjoy the scenery.

JJ

Lucky shot.

The man in the street barely stands, aims a back up automatic pistol at Hayes and JJ.

MUNZ

comes out of the darkness, empties a clip into the kevlar fitted agent.

Down he goes.

Hayes and JJ give Munz the nod. Munz exhales in relief, cracks a sly grin.

**EXT. ST. DOMINIC CHURCH - DAY**

Lines of UNIFORM COPS in their finest blues pour into the doors of the Cathedral.

Jancowicz, now dressed in his best suit and tie, stands at the doors, greets the officers as they enter.

JANCOWICZ

Hey. Good to see you again.

He shakes several hands as the officers pour in. Meanwhile, keeps his eyes on the streets before them.

CAPPELI (O.S.)

How are we looking, Lieutenant?

JANCOWICZ

I wish you'd stop asking me that.  
You're making me very nervous.

CAPPELI (O.S.)

Sorry.

**INT. ST. DOMINIC CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY**

A coffin sits below the pulpit. Both sides of the aisle are filling with cops in dress blues, dark suits and ties, and women in their Sunday best.

Watching from behind the wall of a confessional is Munz. He speaks into a shoulder mic.

MUNZ

(to all)

Any suspicious faces out there?

LIVIA (O.S.)

Just the usual stew.

Munz smiles back at Livia, who stands on the other side of the sanctuary.

JANCOWICZ (O.S.)

Come on, guys. Pay attention,  
would ya?

**IN THE BALCONY**

stands Cappeli, who stares down at the growing crowd and Glasco's casket up front. JJ stays low, sits on a step, out of view of the sanctuary.

CAPPELI

There's something so wrong about  
this. It's Charlie's funeral. And  
we're holding surveillance.



JJ

All of us in one place at the same time. It's Navaro's best shot at taking us out for good.

CAPPELI

You really think he'll show? There's two hundred cops here.

JJ

That's what I'm afraid of. Half the department is here. He could knock us off before we even knew what hit us.

JANCOWICZ (O.S.)

You're not making me feel very good about this, Baumbach.

JJ

My bad, boss. Let's take this asshole down. Better?

MUNZ (O.S.)

That's much better.

JJ

Hey. Pay attention down there, would ya? Gees.

POLICE SNIPER (O.S.)

Hey, Lieutenant. I think we got something here.

JJ and Cappeli share a worried but excited look.

**EXT. ST. DOMINIC CHURCH - DAY**

A crew of three very well dressed JAMAICAN MEN step from an Audi four door, head up the steps of the church. All with matching black shades and crazy dreads.

JANCOWICZ (O.S.)

Take them.

A crew of UNDERCOVER COPS mixed in with the crowd draw their handguns, rush the three Jamaicans.

UNDERCOVER #1

Against the wall! Move!

They push them against the wall, frisk all three for weapons but come up clean.

Jancowicz arrives on the scene. A walkie in hand.

UNDERCOVER #2  
They're clean, Lieutenant.

Jancowicz stares across the street at some church funded project housing. POLICE SNIPERS perched on a fire escape and on the roof.

A couple more COPS watch from their car.

JANCOWICZ  
SWAT, you guys keep your eyes peeled over there! A little faster next time, please!

POLICE SNIPER (O.S.)  
Roger.

POLICE SNIPER #2 (O.S.)  
Roger that.

JJ and Cappeli step outside and spot the three suspects.

Hayes steps out of the crowd, greets them.

HAYES  
Hell are you doing out here, ace?  
You wanna get killed?

JJ ignores him, joins Jancowicz and checks out the three Jamaicans.

JJ  
They got any ID?

UNDERCOVER #3  
They're clean.

JJ  
The hell they are. Have your men check the perimeter. Right now!

Undercover #3 nods to JJ, goes about it.

JJ checks with Jancowicz, who stares down the street looking nervous and on edge.

JJ (CONT'D)  
What're you thinking, L-T?

Out of nowhere, Jancowicz is hit with a sudden realization.

JANCOWICZ

Get down!

Jancowicz shoves JJ aside just as a RIFLE SHOT strikes him in the small of his back. JJ and Cappeli watch on as...

Jancowicz SPITS BLOOD and drops to the pavement.

Cops and their wives run for cover. Hayes covers Jancowicz from further gunfire.

JJ

(to Hayes)

Dumbass! Get out of there!

A pair of UNIFORM COPS grab JJ and Cappeli, physically drag them from the scene, hide them behind a pillar near the front doors.

JJ ducks his head out, stares all around him. Out into the street, down the street.

JJ (CONT'D)

Where was it?! Where did it come from?!

CAPPELI

I don't know!

JJ stares down at Jancowicz presumably dead body. Hayes checks his pulse.

HAYES

He's breathing!

JJ looks over Hayes head, spots their POLICE SNIPER on the fire escape reloading another shell.

JJ

What the hell?!

CAPPELI

What is it?

JJ

Hayes!

Hayes spots the FLASHING LIGHT OF THE SUN reflecting off the rifle scope, takes cover behind a wall.

JJ peeks his head out as a SECOND RIFLE SHOT tears off a piece of the stone pillar.

JJ (CONT'D)  
 (to Cappeli)  
 Get inside!

CAPPELI  
 Yeah, no shit! You're coming with  
 me!

JJ foolishly runs out, into the open, ducks behind a brick wall and walkway that acts as a down ramp leading to the outside street.

HAYES  
 (to JJ)  
 Hell are you doing, man?!

A THIRD RIFLE SHOT wizzes past JJ's ear.

He ducks down. His Coonan Magnum gripped tightly in both hands as he rushes down the sloping ramp.

**EXT. PROJECT HOUSING - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY**

The Police Sniper races down the rusted out steps of this outside fire escape.

JJ races into a side alley, with Coonan mag aimed up at his intended target.

JJ  
 Drop it!

The Police Sniper stops, drops his rifle to the filth ridden alley below, slowly raises his hands.

JJ (CONT'D)  
 On your head! Let's go!

With lightning fast hands, the Police Sniper pulls a back up gun and draws down on JJ.

JJ (CONT'D)  
 Drop it!

JJ unloads. POW-POW-POW!

BLOOD SPRAYS the brick behind our sniper. Three of the largest exit wounds ever.

The instantly dead sniper tumbles down the steps. His legs get caught in the iron grate.

**INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - SPECIAL CASES BUREAU - DAY**

Munz sits on the edge of his old desk. Cappeli back in the corner, arms folded. JJ with his feet kicked up as usual. Back to where it all started.

All three stare back at Jancowicz's empty office.

MUNZ

I can't believe he's gone.

CAPPELI

I don't understand how something like this could've happened. Another cop? Why? How?

JJ red hot with rage.

Bedford and Hayes walk in, looking equally gloomy. The bearers of even more bad news.

JJ

Are you gonna just stand there? I know you know something, Bedford. So out with it.

Bedford lets out a long and tired sigh.

BEDFORD

We ran the sniper's phone records. Checked all recent calls. Turns out he got one call two days ago and again yesterday afternoon from the same caller. About an hour before Glasco's funeral.

Bedford checks with Munz and Cappeli. Both on the edge of their seats, waiting.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

It's McFarlane.

Cappeli and Munz shocked.

JJ doesn't quite believe this. Completely stone faced. As if his mind hasn't accepted it yet.

JJ

McFarlane.

BEDFORD

We checked up on our sniper. He's got fifteen years in. Clean record.

(MORE)

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Word around the fire is McFarlane saved his old man's life back in the Gulf War.

MUNZ

Why would McFarlane try to burn JJ?

JJ lets this new revelation sink in, then jumps up from his desk, throws on his sport coat.

HAYES

And where are you going, Supercop?

JJ

I was thinking of driving up to McFarlane's doorstep and blowing his brains out.

(to all)

Anyone wanna come?

MUNZ

Cool.

Munz tosses a new clip in his gun, drops his feet to the floor, wired and ready.

BEDFORD

Now hold on! We don't know if he was behind the church hit, so just settle down a second.

JJ

He cut a deal with him. With Navarro. That's why no attacks since last week. No more blood and guts on his streets in exchange for my head on a platter.

BEDFORD

That's one possibility. Could also be your imagination.

JJ

You stay here and file your reports, agent man. I'm gonna go get McFarlane to talk.

JJ heads for the door.

HAYES

(to JJ)

You know, just when I was starting to respect you, you go and wanna do something stupid again.

JJ and Munz ignore him, continue out.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
Hey! I'm talking to you, cop!

JJ stops. He and Munz wait while Hayes heads to a gun rack and snags a twelve gauge.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
You're gonna need back up.

Hayes joins JJ and Munz at the door. Cappeli cracks a smile.

BEDFORD  
Stand down, Hayes. This is my operation!

Cappeli grabs her piece, chases out the door.

**INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DUSK**

The room is suspiciously empty and quiet. The lights now dimmed down as the SOFT GLOW OF LIT CANDLES coming from stained glass windows sets an eerie mood.

Through the rear doors walks McFarlane. He has a thick briefcase with him.

McFarlane stares up at the strangely painted walls as if for the first time. He cautiously steps inside.

AKEEM  
You broke your promise, Mister Commissioner.

McFarlane checks every inch of the room. No Akeem.

MCFARLANE  
I've got what you asked for!

Akeem appears below the pulpit as if he had been kneeling before God himself.

AKEEM  
Bring it to me.

McFarlane walks to the pulpit, rests the case on some sort of Rastafarian communion table, opens it up.

Akeem looks inside to see what looks to be dozens upon dozens of AUDIO CDS carefully packaged and marked with specific dates and times.

MCFARLANE

Found them in Aldrich's hotel room.  
I take it this is what you've been  
looking for?

AKEEM

Poor, confused Agent Aldrich.  
After years of dedicated service to  
his government, he's allowed his  
own addictions to take control of  
his mind. Everything he once  
believed. Everything he once stood  
for...

(beat)

Gone. All because of a gambling  
addiction.

MCFARLANE

What are they?

Akeem shuts the case, locks it back up.

AKEEM

Aldrich's way of keeping the upper  
hand. But, like so many before  
him, he allowed money to cloud his  
judgement.

He turns to McFarlane.

AKEEM (CONT'D)

Now. You were about to tell me why  
Baumbach is still alive.

JJ (O.S.)

I've got one theory...

Akeem checks the sanctuary. Hayes moves in on him from the  
outside aisle, twelve gauge racked.

JJ on the other end. His gun rested causally to his side.

JJ (CONT'D)

I chalk it down to pure  
stubbornness. It's a family trait.

Akeem laughs, then pulls an equally large handgun, holds it  
to McFarlane's back.

JJ quickly draws down on him.

JJ (CONT'D)

What's the play here, Shawn?



AKEEM

I'm curious, Detective! How many more will you let die?! Are you truly willing to trade your life for theirs?!

McFarlane's lips quiver with utter fear. JJ's eyes suggest empathy for the pathetic man in tears.

MCFARLANE

Please. God.

AKEEM

I guess now's as good a time as any to find out!

HAYES

Nobody's dying here, Akeem! Not today!

JJ makes eye contact with McFarlane who is completely falling apart emotionally.

JJ lowers his gun. Hayes can't believe it.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it, Akeem!

JJ has completely given up, stares back at Akeem, waiting to take his medicine.

Akeem laughs.

#### **FROM THE BALCONY**

Yvette appears with a gun...FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS in JJ's general direction.

YVETTE

I'll kill you!

JJ leaps behind a pew for cover. BULLETS STRIKE THE WOOD all around him as pieces go flying.

Hayes aims his twelve gauge at the balcony and unloads three full racks: POW-POW-POW!

Yvette is struck with the third blast as she stares down at her bloodied stomach in shock.

Hayes also in shock. A real waste.

Yvette tumbles over the rail, into the pews below.

JJ sits up, aims his weapon at Akeem, who books it toward the front end sanctuary doors.

He RIDDLES THE DOOR WITH BULLETS. Akeem is long gone.

HAYES  
(to JJ)  
I got this side!

Hayes books it out the left side doors.

Cappeli checks on Yvette's body, which landed perfectly in one of the center aisle pews. A bloody mess.

McFarlane on his way out the rear doors.

Munz draws down on him.

MUNZ  
Hold it! Turn around!

McFarlane turns.

MUNZ (CONT'D)  
Hands on your head!

**INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - HALLWAYS - DUSK**

Hayes slowly walks the dimly lit halls with classroom doors on both right and left sides. He rests his back on each of the doors as he peers through cubicle windows.

No sign of Akeem.

Hayes hears a DOOR CRASH SHUT and echoes the long and empty halls of the desolate church.

**INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - CAFETERIA - DUSK**

A large dining area equipped with dozens of cheap round tables and plastic chairs.

A bulletin board on the wall features pictures of McFarlane and young children in various neighborhood outreach programs throughout Miami.

The door swings open and in walks Hayes, shotgun in one hand, holding the door open with the other.

He lets it quietly shut behind him.

A door on the other end of the room swings open as...

Hayes takes aim.

In runs Munz like a madman, ready to shoot something.

MUNZ  
Don't shoot!

Hayes rolls his eyes, lowers the shotgun.

MUNZ (CONT'D)  
I think I squirted a little.

**INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - HALLWAY - DUSK**

JJ swings open a men's room door, ducks his head in. All clear. He closes the swinging door and approaches a staircase.

The steps lead into an unknown DARKNESS above.

All of the sudden, the electricity shuts down. No lights anywhere in the building.

A handheld FLASHLIGHT shines bright, next to JJ's Coonan, as he begins up the creaky steps.

**INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - UPSTAIRS - DUSK**

JJ is cautious as he walks this new hallway, SHINING HIS BRIGHT LIGHT into various dark corners.

He hears what sounds like a WINDOW OPENING and follows the source up the hallway.

**INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - CLASSROOM - DUSK**

A large stained glass window, painted with Jamaican art, has been pulled open, allowing what's left of the SUNLIGHT to creep into the pitch dark room.

JJ appears at the door, spots the open window, shines his flashlight around the room...

AKEEM hides in a tight corner. His bright green eyes wide and full of hate.

Before JJ can react, Akeem fires of a round: POW!

The BRIGHT MUZZLE FLAIR and gun shot to the arm sends JJ tumbling to the hallway floor.

Still down, he unloads in Akeem's direction.

The RAPID GUNFIRE pierces the darkness.

Akeem's body falls limp out the open window.

The FLASHLIGHT now on the floor, aimed down the other end of the dark hallway. It just happens to spotlight Hayes, who rushes to JJ's aid.

HAYES

Where is he?

JJ grabs his aching arm.

JJ

I'm fine, thanks.

Hayes grabs the flashlight, ducks his head in the room. Gives it a good sweep. He walks to the open window.

The smooth waters of Biscayne Bay three stories down. But no sign of Akeem's body.

Hayes stares off, into the distance. Not particularly happy or sad. Just relieved as he takes in the beauty of the sun setting over the water.

**EXT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - NIGHT**

Munz and Cappeli lean on a squad car with lights still flashing. All crapped out.

JJ stands near the water. His arm in a sling. A private moment of reflection.

MUNZ

You heard from Livia?

CAPPELI

No. Hasn't called. Isn't answering.

MUNZ

She alright?

CAPPELI

I just told you, I haven't talked to her.

Munz stares back at JJ, still by the water.

A couple of CORONERS wheel Yvette's body from the church and toward a meat wagon.

Hayes stands with Bedford.

HAYES

Who was the girl?

BEDFORD

Yvette Peron. Ex girlfriend of Regus Navarro. They say Regus helped her get clean. Got her off the streets. She was known as a real go getter in the Jamaican community. Worked closely with the police in getting these refugees out of the sex trade. Some say she wanted Baumbach dead more than anyone. Even Akeem.

The two are almost saddened by the sight of Yvette getting loaded in the wagon.

HAYES

Hero turned cop killer overnight.

BEDFORD

Believe it or not, not everyone believes in the integrity of the police department.

HAYES

Yeah, no kidding. Unprovoked shootings. Beatings. Half of law enforcement on the take. How do you think the public's gonna take it when word of Schrader and Aldrich's secret operation gets out?

JJ

It won't get out. Will it, Bedford?

JJ finally joins them.

JJ (CONT'D)

The powers that be will make sure this one disappears right along with Navarro.

BEDFORD

Not my call, Baumbach. I'm just a worker bee. Like you and your team.

Hayes gets a phone call, steps away for a minute.

MUNZ

Shit rolls down hill, JJ. That's what we're for. Isn't that right, FBI man?

BEDFORD

(to Munz)

Last I checked, you wanted Glasco's killer, well I showed you how. You think there's a war on cops now? Like Hayes said, wait until your official report makes the news.

The wiped out cops all share a silent exchange. They've had more than enough.

JJ pats Bedford on the arm.

JJ

It's been real, Bedford.

JJ, Munz and Cappeli all head for their cars.

BEDFORD

Hey, cop! We still have a body to pull out of that bay! Maybe you forgot!

They all stop, turn to Bedford.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

The way I see it, until Navarro's found, dead or alive, you're gonna be looking over your shoulders. Asking yourself 'is today the day?'

Munz and Cappeli both take this to heart. JJ checks with Hayes, who re joins the others. A worried look.

HAYES

McFarlane just went on record. It's official. As of yesterday, there's an open contract on all of us. Me included.

The team all share a look. A cross between shock and outright fear for their lives.

JJ  
Where the hell is Livia?

**INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Livia watches highlights of Akeem Navaro's disappearance and possible death on the evening news. She's in a bathrobe and still very much depressed.

She loses interest, shuts off the tube.

Livia turns to her half empty bottle of vodka and glass on the coffee table. A tired sigh.

She rubs her tired neck, heads for the kitchen.

**INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Livia swings open an empty dishwasher. She begins loading an enormous pile of unwashed plates and other filthy dishware into the washer.

**EXT. OUTLET MALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Livia FIRES THREE SHOTS into Rachel's chest. Her hands tremble as she's overcome with emotion.

A cluster of healed track marks on Rachel's arm.

**INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Livia runs a finger down the crease in her forearm. Her mind consumed with dark memories. She snaps out of it, continues loading the dishes.

Her cell RINGS on the counter behind her. But Livia is either oblivious or too stubborn to answer. The ringing muffled by the sound of RUNNING WATER.

**EXT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - REAR POOL DECK - NIGHT**

The wooden door of a small pool supply shed creaks open. Out steps none other than...

AKEEM, still soaked from his swim.

Akeem brands a nine mil, stares through the rear pane glass windows of Livia's home. He watches her pass through the halls...back and forth...and finally to the kitchen.

**INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Akeem slides open a rear glass door. He is smooth, calm and quiet as he leaves the door open.

Dishes are heard CLANKING and CRASHING as Akeem draws closer to his intended target.

The full blast of the SINK WATER muffles his methodically slow and deliberate footsteps as he moves down a thin hallway...closing in on Livia.

**INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Akeem leaps around the corner, gun drawn and ready for blood. He's shocked to find that Livia is gone and that he's been listening to a pre recorded tape.

An old style tape and CD player rests on the center island counter top. The sounds of dishes and running water are coming from the tape deck.

He turns around, finds...

Livia hiding in a pantry, gun aimed at his chest.

POW!

The first shot sends Akeem to the kitchen tile. He manages to get to his feet, stumbles off, down a hallway, and further into the house.

**INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Akeem makes it to the rear sliding door. A bullet lodged in his stomach. But before he can squeeze through the half-opened space, he comes face to face with...

Hayes, branding a twelve gauge.

POW!

The blast sprays the glass door. A symmetric ring of radial cracks but still intact.

Saved by the glass shield, Akeem tumbles backward, onto the back of the living room couch.

He spits blood as he struggles to push himself upright.

Hayes racks another one.



Livia turns a corner with her thirty eight. She fires one shot after another, striking Akeem in the arm, shoulder, chest, and all over.

Akeem CRASHES through the damaged glass.

Livia squeezes the trigger. Click!

And Akeem tumbles into the deep end.

SPLASH!

Cappeli steps through what used to be the rear door, rushes to a startled Livia's aide.

Munz and JJ also join them. Munz stares into the bloody pool water and observes what's left of Akeem.

He kneels down, stares into Akeem's dead eyes.

MUNZ  
(to Livia)  
I think you got him.

They all share a sly grin. And without warning...

AKEEM bursts from the water. A gun pressed to Munz's arm.

POW!

Munz falls limp into the pool, along with Akeem.

Akeem jumps up, aiming his gun at Hayes.

Hayes puts him away with a SHOTGUN BLAST that takes most of his head from his shoulders.

Akeem is done.

JJ  
Bobby!

JJ leaps into the water, drags a wounded Munz toward the shallow end, and finally to safety.

LIVIA  
(into a phone)  
I got an officer down at Fourteen  
Eleven South Haven Street.

Munz looks dead, not moving and no signs of life.

JJ  
Come on, buddy. Not you too.

Suddenly, Munz opens his eyes.

MUNZ

Can you quit pulling my arm? I've been shot, ya know?

JJ rolls his eyes.

The five of them share a cheap laugh and enjoy their first moment of peace in days.

**EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY**

Hayes unloads the last of his bags from JJ's unmarked squad car while JJ quietly slips a twenty to a bag checker.

BAG CHECKER

Thank you, sir.

He rolls Hayes luggage to the baggage check.

JJ

Well. I suppose this is it.

HAYES

Yeah. Looks that way.

JJ

I guess we'll probably never see each other again, huh?

HAYES

Yeah. Probably not.

JJ nods. A bit bashful. Too proud to say the words.

JJ

Well. In case we don't. It's been fun.

HAYES

You call jumping off bridges and rockets whizzing past your ass fun?

JJ

Yeah, well. They say it takes a few near death experiences to fully appreciate what it is you really have.

HAYES

I see. And have you told her any of this yet?

JJ

Who?

HAYES

(smiles)

Watchu mean who? You know damn well who. Your reason for living. The one who gets you up in the morning before your feet hit the floor.

JJ laughs.

JJ

Oh her? That's all water under the bridge. No pun intended.

HAYES

Well. As far as all this being fun. I wish I could say the same. But if I had to go through this mess all over again...

JJ cracks a grin as Hayes also finds it difficult to find the right words.

HAYES (CONT'D)

I guess I couldn't see myself doing it with anyone else. You're the real deal.

Hayes extends his hand. JJ takes it. A moment of true respect between these two cops.

JJ

Yeah. Likewise.

After an awkward silence, Hayes breaks the ice.

HAYES

So which one was it? Livia or Cappeli?

JJ

Why does it matter?

HAYES

It doesn't. Just call me curious, that's all.

JJ

Like I said.

HAYES

Water under the bridge. Yeah,  
yeah...

JJ

That's right. Not really something  
I like to talk about with  
strangers. No offense.

HAYES

Say no more.

Hayes smiles, heads for the terminal. JJ heads for the  
driver's side, about to crawl in.

Hayes stops, turns back...

HAYES (CONT'D)

So. Hypothetically. You know,  
since we probably won't see each  
other again. Just in case it's  
Morgan, and I'm not saying it is,  
you won't mind if I...

JJ

Don't you got a plane to catch,  
Hayes?

Hayes laughs, heads inside. JJ cracks a smile.

FADE OUT.

THE END