The Santa Monica Persuasion by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A grey and chrome high rise building sits on an urban L.A. street. The wind howls, blowing trash along the streets. Homeless folk sleep in shop doorways and down back alleys.

It is calm and still.

Suddenly a run-down car burns rubber round the corner and heads towards the building. It slows as it reaches the front of the building and two men quickly get out, one white, one Hispanic.

They rush to the back seat of the car, open the back door and fumble around.

They pull out a body of a middle-aged man dressed in a suit. He is dead with a knife embedded in his stomach. There is a note attached to the body, held in place by the large, bloody knife.

The men quickly shuffle towards the door of the building. They drop the body on the doorstep, examining the intercom and ring a bell.

Quickly they leave, rush back to the car and get in.

The car speeds off, screeching round the corner as the door to the building opens.

JOEY THE MUTE (33) steps out of the door. He is casually dressed and is an enormous, burly man. A scar runs across his entire neck, bridging over the windpipe.

He bends down, examines the body, reads the note and then quickly scrambles to his feet, pulling out a cell phone.

INT. OUTSIDE GABE FEDERICI'S OFFICE - DAY

KWANE JACKSON (38) is an African American male, dressed in a grey suit and grey turtle neck. He has closely cropped hair and a neatly trimmed goatee.

BILLY BRANDO (35) is white, average height, average build and with sandy blond hair. He is dressed in a black suit and black turtle neck.

The two men stand outside the door of Gabe's office.

KWANE

So what you think boss wants?

BILLY

Dunno. Does it matter?

KWANE

I guess not.

BILLY

We're paid to do what he wants.

KWANE

Well, as long as we don't gotta work with that asshole Franco I'm fine with it.

The both laugh.

BILLY

Okay. You ready?

Kwane nods.

Billy opens the door and they both enter the office.

INT. GABRIEL FEDERICI'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is huge, more like an upmarket apartment in size. The room is very long and quite bare. The cream walls are spotless and a couple of paintings hang on each wall.

The door is dark hardwood and is decorated on either side by a large, potted bonsai tree, one either side.

At the far end a large mahogany desk stretches almost the width of the wall, it is sparsely decorated, a telephone, a large metal ashtray and a couple of books.

GABRIEL 'GABE' FEDERICI (67), sits behind the desk, he is a tall aging man in a pin striped suit. He has an ill tempered look about him and scowls and as he smokes a decorated wooden pipe.

Kwane and Billy walk casually across the hardwood floor of the office, to the desk, where there are two chairs laid out opposite.

Gabe puffs on his pipe and motions for them to sit down.

BILLY

You look well boss.

The old man speaks in an Italian-American accent.

GABE

I wish I could say I am. Sit down.

Billy and Kwane sit down.

Gabe continues to smoke his pipe for a few seconds as the two men wait patiently, respectfully

GABE (CONT'D)

We got ourselves a situation boys. My degenerate fuck-wit son Francis has got himself captured by the Vitali gang down in Santa Monica.

BILLY

What? How do we know this?

GABE

Alessandro was with him. This morning I get a wake up call, Alessandro's dead body on my doorstep, with a fucking note saying they got my boy.

KWANE

Santa Monica? What the fuck was he doin down there?

GABE

I sent him. To pick up some machine guns. How do you fuck that up right? Vintage Franco. If I'd known that fucking guido Vitali had branched out into arms dealing I'd have seen to Franco was never there.

BILLY

Why did you send him, ain't you and Francis, y'know, not on terms?

GABE

It's true we ain't on terms. He knows I've cut him out of the family business in any real capacity. But I like to humour him every now and then, he is my son after all. Anyway now that fucking shyster Vitali's trying to extort me. Trying to make me look weak in front of the whole goddamn uncivilized world.

BILLY

How?

GABE

He's demanding a trade. They want a shipment of diamonds I got coming today in exchange for Franco. Now sure, we ain't exactly pals since the Denise Di Marco incident, but he's still my boy, so I'm compelled to deal with it.

KWANE

How they know about that?

GABE

Well that's the million fucking dollar bamboozle ain't it?

BILLY

So how do you wanna deal with this situation boss?

GABE

Well, I got a shipment of rocks coming today that I owe to that Limey bastard McGraw. I wanna take 'em and move 'em over to deal with this Franco situation.

BILLY

Okay.

GABE

I want you boys to do the trade for these stones, then get your asses down to Santa Monica with the rocks and bring Franco back here to me.

KWANE

Vitali?

GABE

I want that fucking dago off the map. Take him out, and his grease-ball fucking guineas too!

BILLY

What about McGraw?

GABE

I'll deal with that cock-sucker when the time comes. All I want you two worrying about is these goddamn stones.

He has a coughing fit for a few seconds.

Kwane and Billy look nervously at each other.

KWANE

You okay boss?

Gabe calms himself and reclines in his chair.

GABE

I'll be fine. Goddamn emphysema's kicking the shit outta me. Now... The dealers will be arriving with the ice in a couple of hours. You're meeting them here.

He hands Kwane a scrap of paper, which Kwane glances at then tucks into his suit pocket.

GABE (CONT'D)

Joey'll give you the bag of dough on the way out. Now get the fuck outta here fellas, I'm tired of company today.

Gabe motions to the door, swings around in his chair, his back to the two men.

He smokes his pipe in silence for a while.

They rise from the seats slowly, carefully and then leave.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is compact, long but not very wide. It is in total contrast to Gabe's office - there is no sign of any decorating or upkeep.

Walls are patchy the wooden floorboards are cracked and show signs of wear and sawdust. An old fan whirs on the ceiling above and a broken air conditioning unit hangs on the wall.

Kwane and Billy walk casually across the lobby just outside Gabe's office. There is a desk and chair in the center and over the far side a television sits in front of a large brown couch.

Joey the Mute sits on the couch. The television is on and plays cartoons.

Kwane and Billy wait patiently by the desk, but Joey does not move. He doesn't even move his eyes from the T.V.

Billy clears his throat but Joey still doesn't react.

Kwane shoots Billy a look.

KWANE

Er, Joey?

Still nothing.

KWANE (CONTD) (CONT'D) Look man, we don't wanna disturb you whilst you're watchin' your 'toons, but, uh, boss says we gotta get the shit from you.

Joey slowly climbs off the couch.

He walks over to the desk, glancing over his shoulder back towards the television.

He reaches under the desk and pulls up a large black bag, placing on the table top.

He speaks, his voice is husky and barely a whisper.

JOEY

Okay, here's the pony.

He pats the bag.

BILLY

How much?

JOEY

Half a mil.

KWANE

Ain't the shipment worth 1 mill?

BILLY

Yeah.

KWANE

So if these rocks got a street value of a mil, why we only takin half?

JOEY

The rocks are hot. Get the impression these clowns wanna get them gone asap. They wanted the quickest price they could get. Boss offered half a mil and they took it.

Joey looks around at the cartoons again.

KWANE

I don't like it.

BILLY

Me neither. But that's the job ain't it.

KWANE

Joey, what you know about these dealers?

Joey turns back to them.

JOEY

Not much, couple of crackerjacks from Boston I hear. They shouldn't give you no trouble. But, just in case, I made you two a packed lunch. If you know what I mean.

He winks and picks up a second black bag from under the table, placing it next to the original.

He opens it.

Billy and Kwane look inside.

There are two bullet-proof vests in the bag.

BILLY

Body armor. Nice.

JOEY

And...

He holds up a grenade grins and drops it in the bag.

Kwane and Billy grin at each other.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Now remember, don't eat your lunch too quickly.

He chuckles and looks around at the television again.

Kwane and Billy smirk.

BILLY

Yeah. Thanks Joey.

JOEY

My favorite show's on now. You two should go.

He walks back to the couch and slumps down into it. Eyes fixated on the T.V.

Billy and Kwane pick up a bag each.

They share a look.

KWANE

Okay, uh Joey, we gonna get off okay dog. So, uh, thanks. Check you later.

Joey doesn't respond.

BILLY

See ya Joey.

They leave. Joey's gaze never leaves the T.V.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Billy and Kwane descend a long, narrow staircase. Sunlight pours through a glass door at the bottom of the stairs.

They move casually down the stairs, carrying a bag each.

BILLY

So how long you known Joey?

KWANE

Joey?

BILLY

Yeah.

KWANE

Shit, I've known Joey since we was kids. He was a couple of years older though.

BILLY

I guess the nickname's cos of the whisper?

KWANE

Joey the Mute?

BILLY

Yeah.

KWANE

Nope. Opposite actually. It's ironic. Used to be he'd never shut the fuck up. He used to blab his mouth, blab, blab, blab, blab. One day he blabbed to the wrong people and got his scar as a reminder.

BILLY

Nice. So what's with the cartoon shit?

KWANE

Motherfucker's addicted to television.

BILLY

Fuck off!

KWANE

Seriously. Apparently the medical term for it is T.V. dependence. You believe that shit?

BILLY

I gotta say, I've heard of smack addiction, crack addiction and I've even heard of sex addiction, but I ain't ever heard of fucking T.V. addiction. You shitting me here?

KWANE

No way. 100 per cent. It's an actual condition.

BILLY

Damn that's fucked up.

KWANE

Ain't it? Apparently the cat's had it for years. He used to watch it all the time when we was kids. Everyone just figured he liked his cartoons and shit.

BILLY

That's crazy.

They exit the door at the base of the staircase.

EXT. STREET - DAY

They walk briskly along the street.

Very urbanized - the buildings are large and ominous and dull in color, black, grey, brown, brick.

Smog and pollution hangs in the air.

Traffic flows quickly down side streets.

Down gloomy back alley streets, homeless men and women huddle round rusting barrels housing makeshift fires.

Rubbish tumbles along the streets at every turn, caught in the breeze.

KWANE

Fucked up thing is, the nigger don't even like most of the shit he watches. But he can't stop y'know? It's a compulsion man, like his brain gotta have the fix. Fucked up a nigger can get like that y'know?

BILLY

Yeah. Fuck that. If I ever get that way with anything I want you to shoot me man. Just fucking end it, cos I couldn't handle that shit.

Kwane chuckles.

KWANE

Don't worry I'd shoot your ass in a heartbeat!

BILLY

I bet you fucking would as well.

KWANE

Goddamn right I would!

He laughs.

BILLY

Asshole.

They turn down a side street and walk towards a Cherry colored saloon car.

Kwane looks at his watch.

KWANE

We got a couple of hours, wanna get some food?

BILLY

Yeah. I gotta make a quick stop first though.

KWANE

Why?

BILLY

Need to stop in and see Dolores.

KWANE

Oh shit! How long's it been since your dumb-ass seen her?

BILLY

Goin on 10 months.

KWANE

That's fucked up!

Kwane starts laughing.

BILLY

I'm glad you find it so amusing. Asshole.

KWANE

I'm sorry man. I'm sorry.

They reach the car and climb in, Billy in the drivers side.

Kwane laughs again.

BILLY

Fuck you.

KWANE

(grins)

Okay, lets go see your better half.

BILLY

Not just yet. I need some java first.

Billy speeds off.

INT. CHERRY SALOON CAR - DAY

Billy pulls the car to a stop outside MINNELLI'S CABARET BAR. He pulls out the keys and sighs deeply.

He picks up a polystyrene cup off the dashboard, takes a swig and grimaces.

BILLY

This fucking coffee tastes like shit. And seven goddamn dollars as well.

Kwane chuckles.

KWANE

What you expectin' for seven dollars, a hand-job with your coffee?

BILLY

No, but I resent paying seven dollars for a paper cup of piss poor coffee that would've cost me a buck fifty if it didn't have some fucking emblem slapped on the front of every goddamn cup.

KWANE

So it's not the coffee that bothers you it's the politics?

BILLY

Look, can we not do this right now? I gotta put my game face on, go in there and charm the hell out of her.

Kwane sniggers.

Billy gives him the finger.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Okay here goes. Wish me luck.

KWANE

Ha. You gonna need more than luck man.

BILLY

Y'know, that ain't helpful.

Billy climbs out as Kwane laughs again.

KWANE

Have fun. I'll wait for your sorry ass here.

Billy shows him the finger without looking back and walks into the bar.

Kwane chuckles to himself.

INT. MINNELLI'S CABARET BAR - DAY

Minnelli's Cabaret Bar and Restaurant is an old style bar, large and wooden paneled. The bar itself is a huge crescent shape, taking up a large portion of one wall.

Beside it is a huge wooden stage, high up and jutting out into the room. There is a chrome finish to much of the furnishing and the bar is in decent condition.

At the back end of the bar is a section with homely booths, small tables and velvet covered seats. In front of the stage is a large, open-plan seating area, with basic wooden round tables.

Billy walks into the bar.

It is virtually empty, a few scattered patrons sip drinks and hunch in corners.

A woman singing provides a perfect backdrop for the bar. Her voice is angelic and heartbreaking all at once.

Billy walks up to the bar and leans on it.

KATHY (20's) the barmaid approaches him, from behind the bar, towel over one shoulder. She is a short, petite, raven haired young woman. She is unconventionally attractive.

BILLY

Hey Kathy.

She nods.

KATHY

Hey Billy. Good to see ya honey.

BILLY

Good to see you.

Billy leans over the bar and they embrace warmly.

KATHY

What can I get ya?

BILLY

Gin and Tonic. Lots of ice, lots of lime.

KATHY

You bet.

She starts preparing his drink.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Been a longtime.

BILLY

Ain't it always? Dolores working?

Kathy grins and motions towards the back area.

KATHY

Can't you hear her?

BILLY

I always forget what she sounds like. Been too long.

KATHY

(laughing)

Ain't it always?

She places his glass of G&T on the bar top.

He hands her the money.

She shakes her head.

KATHY (CONT'D)

On the house.

BILLY

Thanks Kathy.

KATHY

You bet.

She goes back to work.

Billy picks up his drink and walks around the side of the bar to an open-plan seating area. Round tables and chairs are dotted about the room.

On a large stage at the far side of the room a band plays behind a woman singing.

DOLORES CAULFIELD (29) cavorts on the stage, she is a beautiful brunette woman in a tight-fitting red dress, which hugs her figure in all the right places.

Hers is the angelic voice heard earlier. She continues to sing into a microphone. A band plays behind her.

There are barely any patrons in the seating area, so Billy has the pick of seats. He chooses a table near the back and sits down, placing a napkin on the table. He rests his drink on the napkin and sits back in the chair, watching the stage.

INT. MINNELLI'S CABARET BAR SEATING AREA - DAY

The band have finished their set and they stand around talking. A few patrons stop to converse with them.

Dolores spots Billy and after a few seconds of chatting with the band she ends the conversation.

She skulks over to Billy, walking gracefully, sultry, one leg in front of the other. She carries a black clutch purse in one hand.

She stops at the table, grinning.

She speaks in a soft Southern drawl.

DOLORES

Well, well, Billy fucking Brando!

BILLY

Hey Dolores.

DOLORES

You look good.

BTTTY

You look unbelievable.

DOLORES

Girl done good huh?

BILLY

I'll say. So you're the lead singer now?

DOLORES

Uh huh. We got a tour of the cabaret clubs in the summer. Then we may even make a record.

BILLY

That's great. That's what you always wanted ain't it?

DOLORES

My whole life.

BILLY

So how did this happen then?

DOLORES

We were playin a bar one night in Reno and some Sammy Rothafel type cat sees us. Comes right up after the set, offers to manage us on the spot.

BILLY

Wow. I'm impressed.

She slides down into the seat opposite him, placing her bag on the table top.

Kathy walks over with a tray in hand.

KATHY

Great set Dee. Ya want a drink honey?

DOLORES

Screwdriver. Thanks Kathy.

KATHY

Sure thing.

(to Billy)

How about you sugar?

Billy raises his glass.

BILLY

Same again please.

KATHY

You bet.

Kathy walks back to the bar.

Billy takes a sip of his drink as the jukebox kicks in.

Dolores opens her bag pulls out a cigarette holder and a pack of cigarettes. She slides one into the holder, lights up and takes a puff.

She holds the packet out to Billy.

BILLY

Nah, I quit. Sorta.

DOLORES

Sorta? What d'ya mean sorta.

BILLY

Well, it's this thing. I don't wanna tell you cos you'll make fun of it.

DOLORES

I won't I swear. C'mon tell me.

BILLY

Well, I got this 1 cigarette I always keep on me. Y'know, just in case. One last smoke.

She shrugs.

DOLORES

That's the dumbest thing I ever heard. Ah well, suit yourself.

So to what occasion do I owe this dubious pleasure?

BILLY

Occasion?

He finishes the end of his drink.

She scoffs.

DOLORES

Come on Billy, I'm not young and naive enough anymore to believe you're just gonna pop back into my life one day and take me out to dinner, no strings. No sir. There's always some agenda and I wanna know what.

BTTTY

What makes you think there's an agenda? Maybe I just wanna see you after all this time.

DOLORES

Cos I know ya.

Kathy comes back to the table with her tray. She places Dolores and Billy's drinks in front of them and pops a large glass ashtray down in the middle of the table.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Thanks Kath, you're a doll.

KATHY

You bet.

Kathy leaves.

DOLORES

So why ya here Billy? I'm guessing it ain't for Kathy's famous G&T's.

She takes a generous sip of her Screwdriver and puffs on her cigarette, patiently.

Billy takes a few sips of drink.

BILLY

Goin away.

DOLORES

Ha, I knew it. I fuckin knew it.

BILLY

Me and K.J. gotta go to Santa Monica, pull a job.

Could be dangerous. When we get back I'll have to lay low for a while. Just wanted to pop in and say-

DOLORES

-Goodbye?! Ya know, you are some piece o' work Billy Brando!

She stubs out her cigarette vigorously.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Guess I was the fool for fallin for ya, huh?

She drains her glass.

BILLY

Dolores, can we not do this now?

She laughs.

DOLORES

Screw it. Don't worry buster, I ain't gonna start weeping or nothing. I cried all my tears over ya years back.

BILLY

Dee-

DOLORES

Billy it's fine honey. Honestly. It's just real good to see ya is all.

BILLY

(smiles)

You too.

He takes another drink.

The duke-box kicks in with a new song; Chris De Burgh's 'Lady In Red'.

Dolores brightens.

DOLORES

I love this song!

BILLY

You don't love this song. Nobody loves this song.

DOLORES

I do. I love it.

She stands up and extends an arm to Billy.

DOLORES (CONT'D) Will ya dance with me Billy?

BILLY

Sure.

He stands and takes her hand.

They move a couple of meters across from the table.

He pulls her close and they slow dance in the empty bar.

DOLORES

I just really connect with it, ya know? Do ya ever hear a song, or an album and it makes ya wonder if maybe ya drunkenly poured ya heart out to the artist one night at a bar and they went away and wrote a record about it? Do ya ever get that?

BILLY

All the time.

He pulls her in closer and they dance cheek to cheek for a while as he song blares out.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Listen, Dee. Maybe when I get back and everything's blown over, maybe in a few months we can-

DOLORES

-Shh. Just dance with me a while Billy, okay?

BILLY

Okay.

They continue to dance in the darkened bar.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MINNELLI'S CABARET BAR - DAY

Billy walks out, where Kwane is waiting by the car. He leans against the side of the bonnet.

BILLY

Well that was brutal.

KWANE

So, how'd she look?

BILLY

She looked fucking great.

KWANE

Man I hate that shit!

BILLY

Me too. C'mon, I'm hungry. Let's get something to eat.

They climb in the car.

Kwane drives away.

INT. DINER - DAY

The two men are in an old style 1950's American diner, the tables are hard plastic of varying colors, red, blue, white. Booth seats are covered in faux leather.

The white marble counter top stretches the length of the building. Metal stools below are attached to the floor. The seat covers are also made from red and blue faux leather.

Billy and Kwane sit on stools at the counter top with their food in front of them. They both have cheeseburgers.

BILLY

So you ever been to Santa Monica?

KWANE

Yeah once. Didn't care for it much.

BILLY

Why not?

KWANE

Too many people.

BILLY

As opposed to L.A.?

KWANE

But L.A.'s huge. Santa Monica's tiny. Y'know, by comparison. And there's all these motherfuckers crammed into one tiny space. Drive a nigger crazy livin down there.

BILLY

Hmm.

KWANE

You ever bin?

BILLY

Nah. Kinda looking forward to goin to be truthful.

KWANE

Why?

BILLY

Well, y'know, I've never been to the ocean.

KWANE

What?

 \mathtt{BILLY}

I said I never been to the ocean.

KWANE

I heard what you said I just can't believe it. You ain't never bin to the ocean?

BILLY

Nope.

KWANE

Shit. But you live in L.A. man.

BILLY

Central L.A.

A WAITRESS comes over with a pot of steaming coffee.

WAITRESS

Refill boys?

KWANE

Please.

BILLY

Definitely.

She fills their mugs.

WAITRESS

You enjoy your food now boys.

She smiles and walks away.

KWANE

Thank you.

BILLY

Thanks.

KWANE

Anyway, L.A.'s L.A. dog.

BILLY

Well I was raised in Utah.

KWANE

Shit nigger I grew up in Nebraska and even I seen the ocean!
Goddamn that's some shit!

BILLY

Well look, I'm gonna get to see it now ain't I.

KWANE

True. I just think it's insane you ain't though. I mean that's one of the fundamental things a man's gotta see before he dies, y'know? Like sunrise or sunset.

BILLY

Look man, so I ain't as cultured as you are or whatever. But I'm gonna get to see it now. So, can we just change the topic please? I ain't in the mood for this.

KWANE

Sure. What you wanna talk about?

BILLY

The job I guess.

KWANE

Okay, so we meet these cat's, do the exchange. That should be easy. The hard part I reckon's when we get down to Santa Monica, get that asshole Franco and bring him back.

BILLY

Agreed. So where we meeting?

Kwane reaches inside his jacket pocket and pulls out the scrap of paper he got from Gabe.

KWANE

Not sure. It's on here.

He unfolds the piece of paper and hands it to Billy.

Billy takes a drink of coffee from his mug and frowns at the scrap of paper.

BILLY

Revello Drive? Sounds like a house.

KWANE

I was just about to say. Shit, guess we'll see.

He chuckles.

BILLY

Yeah you laugh, but we better fuckin gear up. I don't like surprises.

Both men take a drink and continue eating their food.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING AREA - DAY

The car rolls slowly along a dirt and tarmac road, pulling in to park in an enclosed parking area next to an old and abandoned looking warehouse.

Just in front of there warehouse there is a large wooden gate with the numbers: 1630 painted on.

Kwane and Billy climb out of the car and walk to the boot.

They open it and Billy takes out the holdall of money, placing it on the ground beside him.

He and Kwane start to gear up.

They take off their jackets, open the bag that Joey left for them and strap bullet-proof vests on.

BILLY

So how many guys in there?

They take out their pistols, check the clips and cock them, ready for action.

Billy pulls another two pistol out of the bag and hands one to Kwane.

They both check the clips, repeating the process.

KWANE

Fuck knows.

BILLY

So there could be one, there could be ten?

KWANE

I guess.

BILLY

Why do we never have shotguns? Next job we're getting a fucking shotgun!

Billy closes the boot, picks up one of the bags and the two men walk towards the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Billy and Kwane reach a doorway inside the warehouse. The walls are white and dirty with peeling paint-work.

They stand either side of the doorway.

Billy clutches a bag in one hand, his pistol in the other.

Kwane holds a pistol in each hand.

Billy nods to him, they spin round and face the door.

Billy raps on the door with the butt of his gun.

The door opens slowly and PETER ARMIS (51) stands in the doorway. He is a short, fat, balding man with glasses.

He backs away into the room as Billy and Kwane step through the doorway.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The room is large and empty except for a wooden table in the middle and a couple of metal barrels over the far side.

There is an opening at the far end of the room leading to a separate room.

Kwane takes point as they enter the room, guns outstretched. Billy follows behind him.

Armis backs away around the table where his partner, JIMMY (40's) stands with a shotgun outstretched, aimed at Kwane. Jimmy is a tall, thin man, with high cheekbones and a full face of stubble.

ARMIS

Okay, let's all relax. No need for anyone to get silly. You got the money?

No-one flinches.

Kwane keeps his guns aimed at the Armis.

Jimmy keeps his shotgun fixed on Kwane.

Billy points his pistol at Armis. He shakes the bag.

BILLY

You got the stones?

Armis picks up a satchel and places it on the table.

He unzips it and pulls out a small, black shoulder bag, places it on the table next to the satchel and backs away.

Kwane nods at Billy and keeps his gaze locked on the Jimmy.

He re-angles one of his weapons at the Armis.

Billy walks to the table.

Places the bag of money next to the shoulder bag.

Unzips the bag, pulls out a wad of notes and tosses the wad to the Armis.

Armis catches the wad and begins skimming through it.

He walks to the bag and opens it to reveal stacks of notes.

He turns to he Jimmy and nods.

Billy unzips the shoulder bag and tips some of the contents into the palm of his hand.

Some diamonds fall into his palm. They sparkle and glisten in the dull light.

KWANE

We good?

BILLY

Yeah, we're good.

Billy puts them back, zips up the shoulder bag and slings it over his shoulder.

He retreats back behind Kwane and both sets of men back away slowly.

ARMIS

Pleasure doing business gentlemen.

Armis and Jimmy back away towards the doorway behind them, Jimmy keeps his shotgun aimed at the ready.

Billy and Kwane back towards the door and exit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING AREA - DAY

The two men stroll to the car.

Billy tucks his weapon away and climbs in the drivers seat, tossing the shoulder bag onto the dashboard.

Kwane pauses at the car door and checks the surrounding area carefully, before tucking one gun in his belt and climbing in.

INT. CHERRY SALOON CAR - DAY

Kwane hangs out the window with his gun, checking the area one final time.

Nothing.

BILLY

Let's go.

Kwane ducks back in and places the gun on the dashboard.

Billy starts up the car and gently pulls away.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Armis and Jimmy are stood back at the table, where the deal was made, bag open on the table, counting the piles of money carefully.

From the doorway behind them -

HARRY POWELL (40's) enters the room. He is medium height and medium build, with brown hair and deep blue eyes. He wears a dark brown suit. He has a holstered pistol clipped to one side of his belt and a police badge tucked into the other side.

He carries a light brown file in his hand.

Swaggering casually, assuredly, across the floor.

HARRY

Well gentlemen, are these the perps?

He sweeps across the warehouse, the heels of his shoes echoing on the stone floor. Armis and Jimmy glance nervously at each other as Harry approaches the table.

He tosses the file down on the table.

Armis opens it.

Jimmy shuffles close to him.

They survey the contents - a picture of Billy and one of Kwane and a separate document with writing on.

ARMIS

Yeah. Who are they?

HARRY

They're two of Gabe Federici's boys.

JIMMY

As in the Federici family?

ARMIS

As in Gabe Federici who cost you your reputation your marriage and almost your job.

HARRY

One and the same. And thank you Armis, for reminding me.

ARMIS

Sorry.

JIMMY

Billy Brando and Kwane Jackson? So what's their story? Never heard of em.

HARRY

Billy Brando, aka The Nebraska Kid. Rap sheet the size of my exwife's ass. Started off in burglary, armed robbery, grand theft auto, the usual. He's upgraded to drug-trafficking, arms dealing, assault. And that's only what we know about.

ARMIS

And Jackson?

HARRY

Kwane Jackson is our very own John Gotti. Robbery, auto theft, smuggling, hi-jacking, drug trafficking, kidnapping, murder, gambling, racketeering. You name it, this sorry sack of shit's done it. Now, I want these two fuck's. And I don't just want them. I want the whole goddamn empire. I want Federici. I want him on his knees begging me to show mercy before I fill his skull with lead. But these two are the key. We get to them, we get to Federici.

Gesturing to the money.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So, Armis, we good?

He watches Armis intently.

Armis stops working and adjusts his glasses clumsily.

ARMIS

Uh, yeah, we're good boss. All here. Bad bills just like you said. Just re-counting.

HARRY

(nods at Jimmy)
Jimmy? You plant the tracker?

JIMMY

Yes boss. In the bag with the rocks. Just like you said boss.

HARRY

And they didn't find it?

JIMMY

No boss.

HARRY

You're sure Jimmy? You're ABSOLUTELY positive, they didn't find the tracker?

Jimmy and Armis both stop working and keep glancing nervously at one another.

JIMMY

Yes sir. Absolutely they didn't.

ARMIS

I can verify boss. Clean plant. We can start tracking them asap.

Harry approaches the table and leans on it.

He breathes in deeply, grinning.

HARRY

Ah, success. That is good news gentlemen. Good news indeed.

He stands upright and reaches into his jacket.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm going to toast the occasion with a smoke. Would you boys like a cigarette?

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes, sliding one out and putting it in his mouth.

He holds the packet out to Armis.

Armis shakes his head.

He offers the pack to Jimmy.

JIMMY

No thanks boss.

Harry shrugs and puts the packet of cigarettes away.

HARRY

Suit yourselves.

He pulls out a silver cigarette lighter and lights his smoke, taking a long drag.

Armis and Jimmy still look nervous, they don't move.

They watch Harry as he smokes.

Harry exhales slowly.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(motions to the table)
Get all this shit cleared away.
I'm going to check on the car.
When I get back you two better be all geared up and itching to leave.

He walks away.

Armis and Jimmy nervously look at each other again and start their counting again - much quicker this time.

Harry exits the room.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Jimmy drives chewing furiously on gum, Harry sits in the passenger's seat of the car smoking a cigarette and studying the road intently. He flicks ash out of the open window beside him.

Armis sits in the back seat studying an electronic device which bleeps intermittently.

HARRY

(calm, expressionless)
Armis, do you know of a way to
stop that goddamn bleeping? It's
driving me fucking insane.

Armis shifts in the back and fiddles with the device.

Turning it upside down and examining the base of it.

He checks the sides.

Knocks it against his palm a couple of times.

Sill the bleeping persists.

ARMIS

Er, there's, er, no way of turning the bleep off boss. Sorry.

HARRY

(drawls casually, eyes
fixed on road)

It's not your fault Armis. Don't ever apologize for something that isn't your fault. It's a sign of weakness.

Armis looks nervous and a little perplexed.

ARMIS

Yes, er, sorry boss. Shit. I did it again.

HARRY

Don't worry about it Armis.

He turns to the backseat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How far out are they?

Armis shuffles forward awkwardly and hold the device out so that Harry can see it.

ARMIS

About two klicks and slowing. I got em right here.

He taps the screen.

HARRY

Good.

(turns to face front
 again)

Not long now fellas.

JIMMY

Uh, Harry?

HARRY

Yes Jimmy.

JIMMY

Uh, isn't this shit that we're doing, like, going rogue and shit, wouldn't we y'know, get in trouble? Especially if people get hurt or killed?

HARRY

Yes I suppose that is a risk Jimmy.

JIMMY

Well pardon my saying so, but couldn't we just hire a coupla two bit crack heads to do it for us. I mean, end of the day, we're tracking two felons. Worst case scenario we kill em. How hard can that be?

There is a few moments silence.

The hum of the car is the only noise to be heard.

Jimmy and Armis look nervously at Harry but he just stares straight ahead, smoking.

His expression and mood do not change

HARRY

Y'know boys, there's this great story about Pablo Picasso.

ARMIS

The artist?

HARRY

You hear of another fucking Picasso?

Armis sinks back into his seat sheepishly.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Anyhow, so, Picasso was eating dinner in a restaurant one evening, when a guy walked up to him and told him he'd pay him one million dollars to draw him a picture. Picasso grabbed a napkin, scribbled on it for 30 seconds, handed it back to the guy and said 'One million dollars please.' 'A million dollars?!' said the man, 'but it only took you 30 seconds to draw that!' 'Yes' replied Picasso, 'But it took me 50 years to learn how to draw that in 30 seconds.'

Harry smiles faintly and returns to his cigarette.

Jimmy looks like he's about to say something, but thinks better of it.

He seems confused.

JIMMY

Er, okay.

The car falls eerily silent again.

Harry winds his window down slightly further and flicks his cigarette out onto the road.

INT. CHERRY SALOON CAR - DAY

The car suddenly jolts up and down.

Billy hits the brake and the car skids slightly.

The sound of dull thudding on the road.

Kwane and Billy try to look out the back of the car.

KWANE

What the fuck did you just hit man?!

BILLY

Nothing!

KWANE

So we didn't just run over something?!

BILLY

I'm not saying we didn't run over nothing, I'm saying I didn't hit nothing.

Billy slows right down as the car begins to jolt more and there is a sound of the wheel scraping on the road.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Looks like we got a flat, gotta pull over. We got a spare?

KWANE

Fuck no! Man you know I didn't pack no spare!

BILLY

So what the fuck we gonna do?!

KWANE

I dunno.

BILLY

Fuck. We need to get off the road.

The car slows and pulls alongside an industrial complex. A sign on the wall reads: Underground Parking Complex.

KWANE

(points to sign)

Bingo.

BILLY

Uh huh.

He turns the car slowly and pulls into the ramp leading to the underground car park.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING COMPLEX - DAY

The car slowly and awkwardly rolls down the ramp, jolting and bumping as the wheel thuds on the ground through the flat tyre.

Dull brown and grey concrete beams hold up the levels of the parking structure.

Reaching the bottom of the ramp Billy turns the wheel and the car turns sharply, pulling into the complex itself.

Billy drives along the complex, but all the spaces on this level are full.

Across the room is a ramp leading up to the next level.

The car roars up the ramp and makes a squealing turn onto the next level.

Billy drives straight across to the ramp on this level.

He turns and drives up this one too.

After a couple more levels they find themselves on a level that is very empty, only a handful of cars are dotted about here and there.

Billy slows down and pulls the car to a stop in one of the parking slots.

INT. CHERRY SALOON CAR - DAY

Billy leans on the steering wheel.

He shuts the car off slowly.

Both men lean back in their chairs, exhaling in relief.

BILLY

Fuck!

Billy pockets the car keys. And after a couple of seconds pause they both climb out of the vehicle purposefully.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING COMPLEX - DAY

Kwane and Billy both walk to the rear of the vehicle and lean against the boot, arms folded, pensive.

KWANE

You alright?

BILLY

Yeah.

KWANE

So we got a flat...

BILLY

Yep.

KWANE

Blow out with no spare.

BILLY

Yep.

KWANE

So what do you reckon we do?

BILLY

Well, way I see it, we ain't got much choice but to hot wire one of these cars now do we?

KWANE

I guess we don't. But which one?

They gaze around at the other vehicles on their level - there aren't many.

A motorbike sits tilted in the space next to them.

A few spaces down is a red saloon car - no good.

Opposite the red saloon is white mini - no good.

Opposite where Kwane and Billy stand is a large, WHITE VAN. Kwane grins as he sees it and slaps Billy on the arm, drawing his attention to the car.

BILLY

Perfect.

They both grin, slinking towards the van as if it is a pretty girl in a bar they are approaching.

As they approach the vehicle, a screeching sound echoes round the car park. The guys spin round and crouch to look at the level below and they see...

An unmarked, black saloon car burns rubber across the tarmac, racing toward the ramp leading to their level.

Billy and Kwane watch it for a couple of seconds, before rushing back to the Cherry Saloon. They pop the trunk and take out a black bag, as the black saloon car ascends the ramp and stops at the far end - side on to the men.

The two men stand, staring at the black saloon, which sits stationary, engine still purring across the other side of the level.

The engine shuts off and the complex falls silent.

Suddenly a window at the rear of the car winds down and a gunshot rings out in Billy and Kwane's direction. It echoes loudly around the complex.

Harry and Jimmy climb out of the car.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Armis places the tracking device on the seat next to him and fumbles about with an array of weapons.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING COMPLEX - DAY

Billy and Kwane race for cover behind a concrete pillar next to the White Van.

Kwane dives to the floor, the satchel of diamonds hitting the ground.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

The tracking device bleeps twice and then stops. The screen goes dead.

ARMIS

Shit.

He picks up the tracker and shakes it.

No luck.

He bashes it with his fist a few times.

Nothing.

Armis tosses it onto the seat, pulls out a gun, cocks it and climbs out of the car.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING COMPLEX - DAY

More gunshots ring out. Then there is a moment of silence.

Jimmy takes cover behind the bonnet of the car, whilst Harry and Armis each stand behind concrete pillars just in front and to the side of their car.

Kwane and Billy make eye contact, guns drawn and Billy leans out from behind the pillar and unloads three shots in the policemen's direction, before taking cover again.

BILLY

It's those fools from the warehouse!

KWANE

What the fuck do they want?!

BILLY

Well I don't think they wanna invite us for a beer!

The cops return fire and then take cover.

HARRY (O.C.)

Police, boys! Throw your weapons down now and I'll think about cutting you a deal.

Billy fires at Harry.

KWANE

How the fuck did we end up trading with cops? How did they even know we was gonna be there?!

BILLY

I dunno, but something ain't right that's for fuckin sure.

Kwane scrambles behind the van and begins to reload.

Billy fires again from behind the pillar.

The police fire back. Harry fires his gun empty.

He tuts and tosses it away in disgust.

Armis hands him a spare pistol, which he grabs and fires a few times in Billy and Kwane's direction.

HARRY

Jimmy, bring me Trudy.

As Harry and Armis pride cover fire, Jimmy races to the rear of the car, pops the trunk and pulls out a big fuck-off shotgun.

He gazes at the shotgun, caressing it.

JIMMY

Hey Trudy. Sorry to wake you, but you're always sayin we never take you out anywhere nice. Well, now you're out. Do us proud baby.

He kisses Trudy's barrel and rushes over to the other two, taking cover beside them.

He hands Trudy over to Harry.

Harry smiles.

Takes Trudy, caressing her.

He cocks her.

HARRY

Cover us boys.

Armis and Jimmy take a pillar each and begin flanking Harry with cover fire.

Harry walks forward a couple of paces and fires Trudy.

BANG.

A shell flies into the pillar shielding Billy and some concrete flies off into the car park.

BANG.

Harry fires again, this time at the other pillar.

Again, pieces of concrete break from the pillar and fly haphazard across the room.

KWANE

Have they got a motherfuckin shotgun?!

BILLY

It would appear so.

KWANE

Why the fuck didn't we get no shotgun?!

BANG.

A third shot rings out from Trudy, narrowly skimming the pillar as Billy sinks further down behind it.

BILLY

K.J.!

Suddenly Kwane pops up from behind the White Van and begins firing on the cops with pistols in each hand.

They are forced to change position.

Harry retreats back behind Armis and Jimmy.

Billy leans from behind his pillar and begins firing.

The police officers are forced to take cover again.

BILLY (CONT'D)

We need to get fuck outta here!

KWANE

No shit. Any ideas?

BILLY

We hijack this motor and get the fuck out of dodge.

KWANE

Sounds good to me.

They both take cover behind the van and the police continue returning fire.

BILLY

But we gotta hot wire the car. And we need a diversion.

KWANE

You still got that grenade?

Billy pulls a grenade out of his pocket and grins.

KWANE (CONT'D)

Shit. That makes me happy bro. But we only got one shot, so don't fuck it up!

BILLY

Thanks.

Kwane takes the butt of one of his pistols, breaks the window on the drivers side of the van and unlocks the door.

KWANE

No worries. Don't forget to cover my ass whilst I start the van!

BILLY

On it dog. On three?

KWANE

One...

BILLY

(to self)

Steve Young on the 22.

Kwane kneels up and fires over the bonnet with his pistols, whilst Billy fires around the back.

KWANE

Two...

Harry and Armis are back behind their pillars now and Jimmy is slightly further back taking cover behind their car.

They duck for cover.

Kwane fires rapidly.

Billy pulls the pin on the grenade.

BILLY

(to self)

Looks for the runner...

He launches the grenade across the room.

Billy watches it hit the floor and slide underneath the police car.

Harry and Armis dive between two parked cars.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(grins)

Touchdown!

He and Kwane duck behind the van as...

BANG...

The grenade explodes, blowing the police car up with it.

Kwane hands one of his pistols to Billy, flings open the door of the van and sinks into the drivers seat. He holds his gun at the ready, aimed through the window opposite as smoke and flames engulf the destroyed police car.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'll cover you. Do it.

Kwane puts his gun down on the passenger seat and ducks underneath the dashboard.

Harry and Armis scramble out of their hiding place.

They fire in Billy and Kwane's direction as they race to the car.

Billy fires back.

The two cops get back behind their pillars.

Armis provides cover fire as Harry rushes to the car.

HARRY

Jimmy?!

He covers his eyes with his forearm as smoke engulfs his face.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(coughing)

Jimmy?!

He looks around the area as yet more shots ring out.

Jimmy's lifeless body is sprawled out a few meters from the burning car.

Harry races to it, kneeling down.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Jimmy? Jim!

Harry checks the body but it is limp and lifeless.

Harry is pissed. He grits his teeth and clenches his fists, the anger on his face is plain.

He picks up Jimmy's gun which lies a couple of meters away from his body.

Billy fires from behind the vehicle again.

BILLY

Nearly out!

KWANE

Two seconds.

Billy fires again, one of his guns fires empty so he tosses it to the curb.

BILLY

One down!

KWANE

Almost there.

Harry, fueled by rage, blows his cover, wandering into the open.

He fires at the van, blowing bullet holes in the side of the vehicle and shooting out one of the windows.

Billy returns fire but misses.

BILLY

Kwane!

KWANE

Two seconds.

Harry fires again.

ARMIS

Harry, take cover. You're gonna get hit.

Harry ignores him and fires at the van again.

Billy dodges, taking cover as the bullet clips the edge of the van's rear.

Suddenly the van starts up and Kwane sits up, grinning.

KWANE

Let's get the fuck outta here.

Billy blindly fires twice more in Harry's direction.

He stops firing, opens the passenger side door and...

BANG...

... A bullet flies through the broken window and hits Billy in the side of the ribs.

He drops, grabs his side and screams in pain.

KWANE (CONT'D)

Billy! Shit!

Kwane grabs his gun and scrambles out of the van.

He fires a couple of times at Harry who takes cover.

Kwane drops to Billy's side.

KWANE (CONT'D)

Billy!

Billy grins and winces.

BILLY

I've never been shot before. You believe that?

He clutches his side with both hands.

KWANE

We gotta go. Now.

Billy nods.

Kwane helps him up.

The police fire on them again, but miss, hitting the pillar and the van.

Kwane lies Billy down in the back and fires back at Harry and Armis.

He closes the door, rushes to the drivers seat and revs the van up.

Kwane burns rubber, pulling down the ramp nearest to the van and heading for the exit.

Harry empties his pistol at the van as it drives away, but only connects a couple of times.

He lowers his gun and pulls out a cell phone, punching in some numbers and holding it to his ear.

HARRY

(into phone)

Walt, it's me. Get Eric and get here now we got a situation... Don't give me any fucking if's or but's... Get your asses here now! We're in an underground parking garage near the Pomona Freeway. Armis'll send you the directions.

Harry shuts off the cell phone and puts it away.

He surveys the wreckage.

HARRY (CONT'D)

FUCK!

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Kwane hunches over the steering wheel, his tall, broad frame crammed into the seat. Beads of sweat run from his close-cropped hair down to his neatly trimmed goatee.

His grey suit and turtle neck are blood stained.

The black shoulder bag full of diamonds is still wrapped diagonally around his shoulder and torso.

Screams come from behind him but Kwane doesn't look back.

Behind him on the back seats of the van Billy writhes in agony. He sweats and is very pale. His clothes are also covered in blood.

He is bleeding from his side and has one hand pressed against the wound.

Billy slides across the floor of the van's trunk as Kwane brakes and takes corners.

Blood and glass cover the back of the vehicle.

Two of the windows are smashed and there are bullet shaped holes in the body of the van.

BILLY

K.J. I'm gonna die man. Get me
fixed up. Oh shit it hurts! Fuck!

KWANE

Billy I need you to hold it tagetha man. I'll think of somethin'.

BILLY

Fuck! Hurry man, this shit fucking stings!

He grimaces as the van rides a bump.

KWANE

I know it hurts. You're shot. I was there remember. But I need you to hold it tagetha for just a bit longer.

BILLY

Fuck you! You ain't the one leaking bodily fluids back here!

KWANE

Hey, hold it tagetha you fuckin pussy! Okay, you can do this.

The van takes a bend in the road.

Billy slides and groans in pain again.

He tries to sit forward, but screams in agony and slumps back to the floor.

BILLY

Step on it man. I'm seeing angels back here and they look pretty pissed!

KWANE

Hey! Knock it off with that biblical shit okay?! You gonna be fine.

Kwane glances over his shoulder, then back at the road.

He turns the steering wheel sharply and the van skids, but he regains control.

Billy slides across the back of the van once again, but he seems more subdued now, weaker.

He whimpers.

BILLY

I dunno K.J. I ain't doing so good back here.

KWANE

You gonna be fine Billy. Say it!

BILLY

I dunno man.

KWANE

Fuckin say it!

BILLY

I'm gonna be fine.

KWANE

When we get through with this we gonna collect a shitload of pony, smoke some dope, find some skinny girls and we gonna party like my nigger Charlie Sheen.

Billy whimpers.

KWANE (CONT'D)

Say it mother fucker!

Billy presses both hands against his wound and shuffles himself up slightly.

BILLY

(struggling)

When we get through with this... we're gonna collect a shitload of pony, smoke some dope... find some skinny girls and - and we're gonna party...

Giving up he coughs, splutters and slides back down again.

KWANE

Like who Billy?! Who we gonna party like?

BILLY

(faintly)

Like Charlie Sheen.

KWANE

That's right. Like Charlie Fuckin' Sheen. You just gotta hold out a little longer okay?

He looks back.

Billy lies slumped, eyes shut. He makes no sound.

KWANE (CONT'D)
Billy?! Billy?! Shit.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The van pulls to a stop in a fenced, secluded area, surrounded by bushes and trees.

Kwane opens the drivers door and climbs out hurriedly.

He rushes to the rear of the van and opens the trunk.

The back of the van is covered in blood and glass.

Billy lays on the floor whimpering.

KWANE

Oh shit!.

Kwane rushes to the passengers side of the van.

He opens the door and reaches for the large, black bag on the seat.

Kwane opens the bag and begins rifling through it, emptying the contents onto the floor: an array of pistols, ammunition, clips, body armor.

Pausing he pulls out a large knife.

He grabs a blanket from the floor beneath the seat and begins to cut it with the knife.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Billy still lies motionless.

Kwane jumps up and climbs in.

He wraps a long, thin strip of the blanket around Billy's torso and ties it tightly into a tourniquet.

Billy groans and slowly opens his eyes, wincing and holding his side.

BILLY

Kwane? What, what happened?

KWANE

You passed out. Bleeding's stopped, but we gotta get you patched up.

BILLY

Can we get me something for the pain whilst we're at it?

He winces again, clutching at his side.

KWANE

Absolutely we can. We're gonna fix you up and you're gonna be fit enough to go ten rounds with Mike Tyson!

BILLY

I'm scared man. I don't wanna die.

KWANE

I know.

Kwane props Billy up sitting against the side of the van.

He moves to the rear and climbs out and shuts the doors. He leaves a blood stained hand print on the white door as he shut it.

Billy slumps back down, breathing heavily.

Kwane opens the drivers door and climbs in.

Glances over his shoulder.

KWANE (CONT'D)

Hang tight nigger. I got an idea.

He starts the van up and drives away.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Kwane drives steadily with one hand, with the other hand he holds a cell-phone to his ear.

KWANE

(into phone)

A-Jax. It's K.J....

How many K.J.'s you know nigger, shit?!... I got a situation, gotta stop in and see ya... I know you got business but it's an emergency... I'll be there soon.

He moves the phone from his ear, ends the call and tosses it onto the dashboard.

He looks round at Billy who groans faintly.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MINNELLI'S CABARET BAR - DAY

The police car pulls up outside Minnelli's.

Four men exit the vehicle:

Armis steps out first wearing a kevlar vest. A police shield hangs from a chain around his neck.

WALT is a grizzled, aging man. He has close cropped hair, a scar on his neck and is well built.

ERIC is medium build, good looking, his hair tied back into a pony tail. He pulls out a gun, checks it then tucks it into his belt.

Harry is the last to exit the vehicle, he walks casually but with an air of authority and confidence.

His colleagues seem nervous and edgy in his presence.

Harry leads the rabble into the bar.

INT. MINNELLI'S CABARET BAR - DAY

The majority of the tables are clumped together, unused, their chairs turned upside down and rested atop them, like a restaurant at closing time.

One table sits in the center of the floor with two chairs either end of it.

Behind this table sits Dolores, her black clutch purse lies on the table top beside her.

Her blood red lips suck on a cigarette, which sits in the long, slender cigarette holder resting between her fingers.

Across the room a handyman sweeps the floor slowly. He is elderly and looks like a stiff breeze would blow him over.

Behind the large bar, Kathy fixes a drink.

Kathy wears black chinos and a skinny fit green vest top. Her hair is tied back into a pony tail. She has two tattoos.

Kathy finishes preparing the drink and wanders out from behind the bar.

She hands Dolores a glass of what looks like orange juice and ice.

KATHY

Here you go Dee. Another screwdriver.

Dolores puts out her cigarette and takes the glass from Kathy.

She takes a sip and puts the drink on the table beside her.

DOLORES

Thanks Kath, you're the best.

KATHY

(chuckles)

Now take it easy with those honey. I don't wanna be cleaning you up later as well!

DOLORES

I'll be fine.

Kathy strolls back behind the bar and begins wiping the surface of the bar down.

Harry saunters into the bar as if he owns it, gazing around, taking in the scenery.

His men follow him, but keep a slight, deliberate distance.

HARRY

(theatrically)

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts!

KATHY

Can I help you?

Harry's goons flank him in a strategic position - like an army squadron.

He moves towards the bar.

HARRY

I certainly hope so young miss. LAPD. I just have a couple of questions for-

KATHY

-Let's see some credentials.

HARRY

And you are quite right to insist.

Harry glances over his shoulder.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Armis, show her your badge.

Armis walk forward toward the bar, holding up the badge he wears on a chain around his neck.

Kathy dismisses him, keeping her attention on Harry.

KATHY

I said you.

She glares at Harry.

HARRY

(bemused)

Of course.

He reaches the bar and slaps his police badge down on the wooden top...

... And walks behind the bar.

Kathy looks pissed but decides against a remark.

Harry bends down at the sink and washes his face.

Kathy studies the badge.

She is nonplussed.

She tosses it back to him as he stands.

He catches it awkwardly.

KATHY

So, like I said, whatcha doing here?

Harry tucks the badge back into his belt.

HARRY

Just here for a quick chat with Miss Caulfield. Might I have a towel Miss...?

KATHY

Kathy. And here.

She hands him the tea towel over her shoulder.

HARRY

Not the tea towel you use for the glasses. A proper towel. Thick and sturdy. A hand towel or a face towel will do just fine.

Kathy frowns.

KATHY

Give me a tick.

HARRY

Of course.

Kathy disappears out the back.

Harry stares at Dolores and paces slowly toward her.

The rest of the team fan out, Armis and Eric cover the two exits, whilst Walt lingers by the bar area.

Harry stops at the table, Dolores ignores him, but plays with the rim of her glass nervously.

He motions to the chair opposite her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

May I?

She doesn't answer and Harry takes a seat anyway.

Kathy re-emerges from the back area with a large, thick towel in her hand and walks across the room.

She hands the towel to Harry.

He takes it from her, smiling.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Thank you Kathy.

Kathy shoots him a false smile and walks back to the bar.

Harry dries his face, slowly, and places the towel on the table, folding it neatly placing it to one side.

He pulls out a deck of smokes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to Dolores)

You won't begrudge me a smoke will you?

She shakes her head.

He offers her a cigarette she slowly reacts, sliding one out, placing it in the cigarette holder and putting it to her lips.

Harry produces a lighter and lights her cigarette for her.

He lights one for himself.

He places the pack beside him on the table.

Harry takes a long, drawn out drag of his cigarette.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Miss Caulfield- May I call you
Dolores?

She ignores the question.

HARRY (CONT'D) Dolores, you may be wondering who I am and what brings me here. Forgive my manners, I've overlooked an introduction. My name is Harry Powell. Detective Harry Powell. I solve problems. I catch the bad guys. Now you must be wondering how on earth this relates to someone so obviously forthright and, might I add, delectable, as yourself? Well, you see, I am currently in the process of tailing two men, one of whom, I have it under good authority is a former beau of yours. A mister Billy Brando. Ring any kind of bell?

She nods.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Well, it might interest you to know that Billy and his partner, Kwane Jackson, came into possession of some diamonds belonging to me today. Not only that, but they murdered a police officer who was a damned good friend of mine. So as you might imagine, they've gone straight to the top of my shit list. Naturally we had them under surveillance, but the trail went cold. So we up and started a new trail... And what do you know, well we round up right here.

Now, if you could be a doll and tell me where young Billy is, or where he's planning on going, we'll be out of your hair in no time.

He takes another long draw on his cigarette.

Dolores smokes slowly.

DOLORES

Well, I wish I could help you Detective Harry Powell, but I ain't seen Billy Brando in forever.

Harry motions to Walt.

Walt walks up beside him.

He leans down and Harry whispers something inaudible into his ear.

Walt leaves the bar.

HARRY

I have to say, you have a truly enchanting accent Dolores.
Missouri?

DOLORES

Close, but no Flush. I grew up on a cattle farm in Oklahoma sir.

HARRY

Oklahoma. Close indeed. Now, where were we? Ah yes, young Billy. You say you haven't seen him?

DOLORES

Yep. I mean, yep, I ain't seen Billy.

HARRY

Are you sure about that Dolores?

DOLORES

Sure as shit. I ain't seen him.

HARRY

Because, I have reason to believe that Billy was here even as early as this afternoon.

DOLORES

No sir, sorry.

Kathy is arranging bottles of liquor behind the bar. She nervously exchanges glances with Dolores.

KATHY

We're real sorry to waste your time officer. Can I fix you and your men a drink before you leave?

Harry stubs out his cigarette.

Kathy begins cleaning some glasses.

HARRY

You can at that. Kathy is it?

KATHY

You bet.

HARRY

Thank you Kathy.

KATHY

Sure thing officer.

HARRY

Please, call me Harry.

Kathy starts to prepare the drinks behind the bar. She grabs glasses and begins to place them one by one on the bar top.

KATHY

Scotch on the rocks okay Harry?

HARRY

Perfect.

Kathy grabs the ice bucket and places it clumsily on the bar top.

She fumbles around behind the bar and finally pulls up a metal ice scoop and begins shoveling ice into the glasses.

KATHY

Dee, you wanna give me a hand?

Dolores twitches slightly, adjusting in her chair.

Harry stares Dolores down and she breaks her gaze from his.

He fixes his stare at her.

HARRY

Oh, I think Dee is just fine where she is Miss Kathy.

A moment of silence.

Kathy looks concerned. Dolores seems uncomfortable. Harry, as always, is unflinching.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

The white van pulls off the street and turns into a segregated, fenced off bit of tarmac that connects to a warehouse.

Pulling across the tarmac steadily, the van slows and turns into an opening, pulling down a ramp and into an underground complex.

INT. UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

It looks like a large parking lot, but old and dilapidated in places.

Burnt out cars are scattered sparsely about and graffiti covers the walls.

Unmarked crates and barrels are strewn around the place and stacked up against walls.

Many of the florescent lights above are broken, and those that do work only emanate a dull glow.

The van skids to a haphazard stop by a doorway.

Kwane exits the vehicle and moves urgently to the back.

Pulling the door open, he reveals Billy, still writhing and moaning in agony and blood covering the inside.

Billy clutches his side, which gushes blood.

KWANE

Oh shit!

Kwane lunges forward into the van, grabbing hold of Billy and sliding him towards the open door.

BILLY

Aaaaaahhhhh! Fuck!

BILLY (CONT'D)

(weaker now)

K.J. Where are we? Are we at the hospital?

KWANE

No. We ain't.

Kwane crouches down and sits Billy upright against the wall of the van.

Then he wraps Billy's arm around his shoulders.

BILLY

Fuck! Fucking motherfucker!

Billy coughs and splutters loudly.

He whimpers in pain and clutches his wound.

Kwane moves Billy towards the open door, eventually reaching it. His feet dangle over the edge.

Kwane stands slowly, wrapping his closest arm around Billy's waist.

He slides Billy out of the vehicle and onto his feet, supporting him.

Billy attempts to stand with his full weight but his legs give out and he is forced to lean on Kwane who helps him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

So where we going?

He staggers again and Kwane has to grab hold of him and rest him against the wall opposite the van.

KWANE

Old friend of mine A-Jax runs Brown Sugar in and out this joint. Has done for years. Cops don't come round this area, it ain't safe for them, so we should be fine. We'll get you some hits to stop the pain and see if he's got a doctor to patch you up.

Billy slumps against the wall, trying to steady himself. His breathing has become more sharp and labored and blood continues to flow from his wound.

BILLY

Smack? You wanna give me smack?

KWANE

Way I look at it we don't got no choice dog.

Billy struggles to stand and Kwane steadies him. Billy wraps his arm around Kwane's shoulder again and stands.

BILLY

(faintly) Okay. Okay.

The two men stagger away from the wall towards a door at the far end of the complex.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Maybe I should call Dee, y'know, if I ain't gonna make it. Tell her all the things I never had the stones to tell her?

KWANE

Knock that shit off. You ain't calling her, cos you gonna tell her yourself when we get home.

They pass a broken down elevator, with open doors, the interior covered in graffiti and rubble. The florescent strip lights on the low ceiling of the parking lot hum and flicker as the two mens footsteps echo on the stone.

They reach a small door and Kwane checks the surroundings.

He forces the door open and helps Billy through.

INT. MINNELLI'S CABARET BAR - DAY

The silence is deafening.

Harry locks his gaze on Dolores - she cannot look him in the eye.

She fidgets in her chair and keeps glancing at Kathy.

She is down to the end of her cigarette. Smoking it slowly, as she calmly sips her drink, but her hands shake.

Behind the bar Kathy pours whiskey over ice into glasses.

DOLORES

So, officer, like I said, we don't know nothin. Is there any other way we can help you?

Kathy approaches the table and places a napkin down on the table beside Harry and places the glass of whiskey on top of it.

Kathy returns to the bar.

HARRY

Thank you Kathy. (to Dolores)

You know, it never ceases to amaze me how little this world has changed over the last century. Bad guys still run. Men like me still chase them. And floozies they used to fuck still lie for them.

Kathy looks scared.

Dolores is nervous, her hand continues to shake.

DOLORES

Okay, for the record, I ain't no floozie. And second, I'm tellin you the truth sir, I ain't seen Billy.

HARRY

But isn't it funny how truths and half truths can take on a life of their own, depending upon the agenda of the person telling them?

Dolores stubs her cigarette out furiously.

Harry slowly takes a sip of whiskey, savoring it, swilling it around in his mouth, before finally swallowing.

He slams the half full glass back onto the table and smacks his lips.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Mmm, that is some mighty fine whiskey.

(to Kathy)

Kathy, remind me to get the name of your supplier before we leave.

KATHY

Um, okay.

Kathy shrinks back further behind the bar and begins rearranging the bottles of liquor.

DOLORES

Well shit, I dunno what to tell ya Mr. Powell, except maybe you ain't no Philip Marlowe. I ain't seen Billy, I ain't spoken with Billy and I dunno where Billy is. Now if there's nothin else we'd appreciate it some if y'all would clear on out so we can finish workin.

She glances at Kathy nervously.

Harry grins.

HARRY

You know, before I was a detective, before I was in this racket, I was in the fraud department. Most Godawful soul destroying job a man could wish for. But I learned a lot. See my department dealt mainly in insurance fraud, and as I'm sure you can imagine, there are a great many ways to scam insurance companies. However, the wackiest one I ever encountered, and I must say my absolute favorite was a scam involving oranges. See, what you'd do is, you'd beat a person with a sackful of oranges. The idea being that, if done right, the oranges create maximum bruising without really causing much damage. If however it's done incorrectly, well, it fucks your insides up. It can lead to mass hemorrhaging and permanent organ damage. You spend the rest of your life shitting through a straw.

Dolores shifts awkwardly again in her chair.

She tries to remain calm, but her voice breaks.

DOLORES

What's your point?

Walt re-enters the bar from the main entrance.

He walks briskly across the hard floor, carrying a large, brown paper bag.

Harry motions at Walt.

HARRY

Ah, just in time.

The rest of Harry's team close in slightly, moving further towards the bar.

Walt places the brown paper bag on the table in front of Harry and walks to the bar, taking a drink from the bar.

Harry smiles sadistically.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(taps brown paper bag)
Can you guess what's in here?

Kathy looks nervous.

Harry slowly unfolds the towel and slides it into the centre of the table.

Dolores looks very scared now. Her eyes are wide, she shakes with fear as she shifts uncomfortably in her chair.

Her voice shakes.

DOLORES

What do ya want?

Harry reaches into the bag and pulls out a single orange. He gets out of his chair and leaves the table. Tossing the orange in the air and catching it repeatedly, he begins slowly circling the table like a jungle cat.

HARRY

You know what I want. I want to know where your John Wayne boyfriend, and his partner, are headed with my diamonds.

He stops circling and looms over her, menacing.

He slowly begins taking oranges out of the brown paper bag, one by one, and placing them in the center of the towel. Once he's satisfied there are enough in the towel he stops, folding the four corners of the towel over into the middle and twirling them to make a handle.

He is slow and methodical in his work, savoring it.

DOLORES

If I knew anythin dontcha think I'd have told ya by now?

Harry starts to laugh, slow at first, but then much louder and quicker.

His men laugh with him, then Kathy and then finally Dolores manages to force an awkward laugh.

Harry looks round at everyone, still laughing maniacally.

Quick as lightning Harry backhands Dolores.

She falls backwards in her chair onto the floor and slides across the hard surface.

Kathy screams and tries to move but Walt grabs her and wraps his arm around her neck.

KATHY

Dee! Dee! You sonofabitch! HELP!

Walt puts a gun to her temple and she calms herself and stops struggling.

WALT

(grins)

If you don't shut that pretty little mouth of yours, I'm really gonna give you something to scream about. Capiche?

She nods.

Dolores slowly tries to get up.

Her lip is bleeding and her hair now falls slap dash about her face.

She scrambles onto all fours when -

- Harry moves toward her quick as a flash and swings one arm hard and fast...

THUMP.

He brings the towel full of oranges down on her back.

She crumbles to the ground winded.

Kathy tries to scream again, but Walt covers her mouth.

Harry stands patiently over Dolores's body.

He waits.

She twitches, curling to the foetal position.

THUMP.

Once again Harry brings to towel full of oranges down onto her body.

Dolores whimpers in pain and coughs violently. Her breathing is labored and intense.

Kathy starts to cry.

KATHY

Stop! Please! Look, we'll tell you okay!

Dolores spits a bit of blood out.

DOLORES

(weak, quiet)

Shut up Kathy.

She tries to crawl away slowly. It is pathetic.

Harry trails her, mockingly, walking around, behind and in front of her, goading her.

HARRY

Now, you want to change your mind and tell me where Billy is?

She mutters something inaudible.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What's that? I can't hear you doll.

He squats down by her head and leans over her.

She slowly rolls over onto her back and lifts her head.

She mutters again.

Harry moves closer again. He is right up close to her now.

She spits in his face and starts to laugh.

Harry looks away and calmly wipes the spit from his face.

He stands up slowly and re-adjusts his grip on the towel.

THUMP.

He hits Dolores again.

He continually reigns blows down on her body, face and legs. Swinging with all his might, the rage on his face palpable. Dolores can only lie there twitching.

As each hit reigns down she whimpers and groans in pain.

She begins to cough up blood but still Harry continues.

THUMP.

Down onto her chest. She spits blood all over the floor.

THUMP.

He hits her stomach and she folds.

THUMP.

A more powerful, double handed hit.

He squats over her and continues to hit her over and over with the blood stained towel.

Dolores, battered and bloodied eventually goes limp.

KATHY

Please! Santa Monica. He said they were goin to Santa Monica. That's it. That's all he said. Please stop.

Harry stands and kicks Dolores's head like a football, with all his might.

As the hit connects she does not move.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

No!

Harry holds the towel over her body and lets the ends go loose. Smashed oranges and orange juice fall out onto her body and the floor.

Harry calmly adjusts his tie, walks over to the table and drains his glass of whiskey.

He slams the glass down, turns and walks toward the exit without looking back.

HARRY

Kill them. Then burn this shitcan to the ground. I'll be in the car.

Armis grins maniacally.

Walt and Eric look alarmed.

They glance at each other and hesitate, just for a moment, then draw their weapons quickly and quietly.

Eric grabs the handyman and pulls him into a back room.

Kathy struggles, trying to fight Walt off.

He punches her.

She falls to the ground.

Armis joins Walt and the two men close in on her, guns drawn, sneering as they do.

INT. STAIRWELL UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY

Billy and Kwane stagger down a large stone staircase that seems to go on forever. There is no banister, the stairs are boxed in by white stone walls.

As they stumble down the stairs, Billy leaves a thin trail of blood on the floor.

Billy begins to weaken, his eyes grow heavy and he struggles to stand.

Kwane looks concerned.

KWANE

Tell me that joke.

BTT.T.Y

What?

KWANE

That joke. The Pussy and Bitch joke.

BILLY

You've heard it.

KWANE

But I've forgotten. Refresh my memory.

Kwane takes Billy's weight, propping him upright and sweeping him down landing after landing.

Billy grins faintly.

BILLY

Little kid comes home from school and says 'Mom, the kids at school were using words and I don't know what they mean.'... Mom says, 'What words?' So the kid answers 'Pussy and bitch.' His mom says 'Well that's easy honey, pussy is the name for a cat and bitch is a female dog.' Alright, so the kid says okay... So then he goes to see his dad who's working in the basement and he says... he says 'Dad, the kids at school were using words and I don't know what they mean. Mom told me but I think she lied.' So the dad says...

He coughs, struggling to force his words out.

KWANE

Yeah? What did he say? What did the dad say?

BILLY

He says, 'Well shit son, I told ya never to go to your Momma with these matters... Now, what are these words?' So the kids like, y'know, 'Pussy and bitch dad'. So the Dad goes into a draw and pulls out a Playboy. He opens it to the center spread of some naked chick, okay. So then he takes out a marker and he, he draws a circle around her snatch and he says... 'Son, everything inside this circle is pussy.' So the boy's like 'Okay Dad. What's a bitch?' and the Dad replies, 'Everything outside the circle!'

Kwane bursts out laughing. Billy begins to laugh but winces in pain.

As they reach the bottom they untangle and Billy slides down against the wall by a doorway, resting, breathing heavily; he looks tired and pale.

KWANE

It's okay. You did good. We almost here. Hang tight.

Kwane checks the clip of his gun then loads and cocks it.

He tucks it into his trousers at the base of his back.

Holds his hand out and takes Billy's gun from him.

Checks and cocks this too and hands it back to Billy.

Kwane helps Billy stagger to his feet and they stumble through the doorway and...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

... They Find themselves in a narrow and short hallway with a large metal door at the end - they stagger awkwardly towards it. The walls are white, but stained and with fading paint work. A single, flickering strip of florescent light leaves a dim glow in the hallway.

As they reach the door Kwane lets Billy rest against the wall and raps loudly on the door.

He waits... Nothing.

He raps again.

The door opens slowly, with a creak.

BEEBOP (30's) a huge, burly, bald black man with earrings and chains on and wearing a basketball shirt steps into the hallway.

He scowls as he shuffles through the door and looks Kwane straight in the eyes.

BEEBOP

My nigga!

He breaks into a huge grin.

KWANE

Beebop, been too long.

The two men shake hands and embrace warmly.

Beebop notices Billy.

BEEBOP

Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa, what the fuck nigga?! You can't be bringing no fucked up white boy here!

KWANE

No choice. He's hurt real bad. Need to get him a couple of hits for the pain, and a doctor.

Kwane helps Billy to his feet and steadies him again.

BEEBOP

Man this ain't no hospital! Shit! A-Jax gonna flip when he sees this.

KWANE

I called him earlier, he knows I'm coming.

BEEBOP

But he didn't know you was bringing no cracker! Specially one that's all shot up. Damn!

Beebop begins pacing in front of the doorway, clearly distressed and nervous.

KWANE

No choice. Now, I gotta see him. Longer you wait the worse he gonna get.

Kwane motions at Billy who groans in pain.

BILLY

K.J.... let's just go to a
hospital.

KWANE

We ain't goin nowhere. Beebop, shit!

Beebop looks indecisive.

He looks at Kwane and then at Billy.

Billy is pale and sweating profusely. He groans and can barely stand. His eyelids begin to shut frequently.

BEEBOP

Fine. But he ain't gonna be happy, he got bi'ness at the moment.

Beebop steps aside and ushers them through.

KWANE

Well it's gonna have to wait.

All three step through and Beebop shuts the door.

INT. AJAX'S OPIUM DEN - DAY

Kwane and Billy stumble into A-JAX'S opium den.

Beebop follows closely.

The men find themselves in a smoky, low-ceilinged room lit only by a few dying gas lamps. Bricks show through the flaking paint-work on the walls.

The large room is sparsely furnished with cushions and mats, shabby mattresses and hammocks. A few addicts are laid out like corpses, eyes open, but unresponsive; lost in a haze of smoke.

A man in a suit lies still, satin trousers un-belted and several of the buttons on his shirt undone. Beside him lies a blond girl, her beauty ravaged, her hair in disarray. Across the room a couple of other addicts smoke through bamboo pipes.

An employee, moves among the furniture and the bodies, silent. She nurtures the flames that heat the opium and empties the ashes of the pipes that have gone dead, refilling them again.

A-JAX (30's) stands across the room, by a large doorway, flanked by two large, mean-looking BODYGUARDS in suits.

A-Jax is a slight, clean shaven black man, wearing oriental robes and a Chinese imperial cap.

He seems in deep conversation with an elderly Chinaman dressed in a suit and carrying a briefcase, who is flanked by two burly minders.

Alerted to Kwane and Billy's presence, A-Jax ends his conversation with the Chinaman who disappears quickly through a side door, followed by his two minders.

A-Jax looks vexed.

A-JAX

What the fuck negro?! You almost cost me trade!

KWANE

Sorry bro couldn't wait.

A-Jax sneers in Billy's direction, unimpressed.

A-JAX

And why the fuck you bringing dead white-boys into my place of business?

KWANE

He ain't dead. He's shot, but he ain't dead.

A-Jax studies Billy who is slumped, motionless.

A-JAX

Looks dead to me.

KWANE

Well he ain't, cos you gonna help him.

A-JAX

Is that right?

Kwane gently lowers Billy onto one of the large mattresses, Billy sits, slumped and slowly opens his eyes, groaning.

KWANE

Look, all I need is to give him a couple of hits, y'know, take the pain away. And I know you got a personal doctor here.

A-JAX

And what gets you ta thinking I'ma do all this for you? I ain't even seen your ass in months. Now you rocking up in here like some nigga Samaritan, fucked up white boy on your arm and you asking me for help.

Kwane quickly pulls his gun out, pointing it at A-Jax.

Bodyguards reach into their jackets.

KWANE

I ain't askin.

(to bodyguards)

Don't make me decorate this place a deeper shade of nigger!

A-Jax raises his arms in the direction of the Bodyguards.

They stand down.

He glares at Kwane, disappointed.

A-JAX

T-Bone, Simeon, get Nico to bring the kit. And find the shaman.

T-BONE and SIMEON (the bodyguards) leave and disappear into a back room.

Kwane stands down.

KWANE

Thank you.

A-JAX

Whatever. I'm only helpin cos I owe you one from that Vegas job a few years back. But you best think again if you think I can afford to have you bustin in my place of business waving your fuckin piece around like some nigga on heat!

KWANE

Sorry dog. Rough day.

Kwane puts his piece away.

He grins. A-Jax grins.

A-JAX

C'mon, lets talk. Your boy'll be fine here.

(shouts across room to Beebop)

Yo Beebop, watch the white boy, see he don't die on us or nuttin!

Kwane rest a hand on Billy's shoulder.

KWANE

We gonna go have a talk okay man? He's sending some guys to fix you up real good. I won't be long.

Billy nods slowly, weakly.

A-Jax leads the way and Kwane follows as they exit the den and head for the same side door that the Chinaman exited through.

Across the room, Beebop makes his way over to the mattress where Billy weakly slumps over.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

The four police officers sit in the car, Walt and Eric in the back seats, Armis drives with Harry riding shotgun.

ERIC

(nervous)

Er, Harry, don't slug me or nothin' for sayin' this, but how we gonna find these two. I mean, the girl said Santa Monica. But where, y'know? And how do we even know she weren't lying?

Walt pulls out some gum and begins chewing on it.

HARRY

Don't read a lot of files do you Eric?

ERIC

No.

HARRY

Half of police work is reading files boys.

Kwane Jackson, has an old acquaintance up near Santa Fe Springs. Drug dealer named Anthony James, calls himself A-Jax.

ARMIS

I've heard the name. Runs an opium den? Deals to the Triads?

HARRY

Among others. Yes, that's the one Armis. I'd bet my dick to a dirt merchant that's where they're headed. At the very least he might be able to give us some info about where these pricks are. That answer your question Eric?

Eric looks a little unsure how to respond. Walt shoots him a look.

ERIC

Er, yeah. I guess it does.

Eric slumps back in the seat.

Walt offers him a stick of gum, Eric shakes his head.

Harry lights himself a cigarette.

INT. AJAX'S OPIUM DEN. BACK ROOM - DAY

A-Jax leads Kwane along a small hallway which opens up into a large back area.

A table and chairs sit in one corner and two men sit at the table counting piles of money.

A-Jax nods to the men as they pass.

Kwane pats the black shoulder bag around his torso.

Around the corner is a long corridor with an open doorway which leads into a small, empty warehouse.

The two men walk into the warehouse and through a side passageway leading to an old dilapidated bathroom.

A-Jax stops here, ushering Kwane in.

They move close together.

A-JAX

(sotto)

Look man, I dunno what you're into, but as far as I'm concerned we even now okay?

KWANE

(sotto)

Got some shit with the five-o, my home-boy got popped. Pretty sure we was set up.

A-JAX

Well that's just what I fuckin need. You know you can't stay here?!

A-Jax nods at the black bag.

A-JAX (CONT'D)

What's with the purse?

KWANE

Let's just say it's part of the reason we're in this mess.

A-JAX

Terrific. Look I don't even wanna know what's in there. I'm serious.

KWANE

You don't even got to worry about it nigger. Soon as he's patched we gonna roll.

A-JAX

And you can't be comin round here no more. I got a business to run. I ain't never had no trouble from the fuzz and I ain't about to start on account of your black ass.

Kwane becomes defensive.

KWANE

And what makes you think my black ass is gonna bring you trouble?

A-JAX

C'mon man, you don't think I hear shit? You know how them niggas is. One nigga tells another nigga, tells another nigga.

Pretty soon every nigga this side of Compton's in tha know.

KWANE

So what you hear?

A-JAX

I heard you workin' for a mooley now. I think to ma'self 'I must be dreamin'. A nigga takin orders from a mooley.

KWANE

It ain't like that.

A-JAX

Oh it ain't?

Kwane buries his hands in his pockets and paces the bathroom slowly.

A-JAX (CONT'D)

I mean look at you bro. Designer suit, flash motor, mob friends. Hell, you a regular six-figure nigga. Forgotten all about where you from, huh. Shit. Anyways, next thing I know you up in here askin' for my help.

Kwane stops pacing and moves closer to A-Jax.

KWANE

I had no choice.

A-JAX

I know. That's why I ain't gonna make a situation outta it. But after today I don't wanna see your ass round here no-more.

A-Jax moves to the sink, he runs the tap and dabs his face with water.

Reaches for some paper towels and begins to dry himself.

A-JAX (CONT'D)

I could be dealin with a shit storm just for talkin to you, after the Rondell incident.

Kwane looks shocked.

A-JAX (CONT'D)

Didn't think I knew bout that huh?

KWANE

What you hear about that?

A-JAX

This and that. Job went wrong. Cops showed. You skipped town with the money and left Rondell. Nigga got 10 years.

KWANE

I never took no money.

A-JAX

But you did leave his ass?

Kwane doesn't answer.

A-Jax moves away from the sink and leans against the wall.

Kwane leans on the sink and glares at himself in the dirty, cracked mirror.

KWANE

Cops were comin' I had an openin' and I took it. He would done the same.

A-JAX

But we got ta stick tagetha. Loyalty's all we got in this racket dog.

Kwane runs the tap and washes his face with water.

He glares at his reflection again.

A-Jax leaves the bathroom.

A-JAX (O.C.) (CONT'D)

C'mon, lets see how your boys doin.

INT. AJAX'S OPIUM DEN - DAY

Billy is laid out on one of the mattresses. His wound is dressed and bandaged and he is calm and high.

The DOCTOR stands packing equipment away into his bag.

Kwane and A-Jax stand to the side, watching over Billy and waiting for the Doctor to finish.

DOCTOR

(to Kwane)

He's fixed up and dosed up. The stitches should hold as long as he doesn't over-do it. But I would recommend getting him to a hospital.

KWANE

Thanks.

A-JAX

(to Doctor)

Thank you doc.

The Doctor picks up his bag and leaves.

Kwane kneels down and helps Billy up to a sitting position, wraps Billy's arm across his shoulders to support him and stands him up again, slowly.

Billy is only semi-conscious, murmuring incoherently.

KWANE

Thanks bro.

A-JAX

Hey, like I said, we're quits now.

KWANE

Need a motor. Mine's got a bust headlight and the inside's covered in blood.

A-JAX

Already on it. Beebop gonna hook you up with Julia.

Kwane grins.

KWANE

Julia?

A-JAX

Uh-huh.

KWANE

Damn! I'da settled for Betsy.

They bump fists.

A-JAX

So where you heading?

KWANE

Santa Monica. Gonna swing by Wigga Steve's first, find out what the fuck's going on.

A-JAX

Alright. Take care yo'self.

Kwane nods and turns awkwardly with Billy and they slowly make their way back to the hallway.

Beebop waits at the doorway for them.

A-JAX (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Remember what I said, I don't wanna see your punk ass round here no more!

Kwane doesn't look back, he wraps his loose arm around Billy's waist as they reach the door.

Beebop holds it open for them to exit.

INT. BLACK CHEVY CAMARO - DAY

The sun sits low in the sky as Kwane cruises along the Santa Monica freeway in the new vehicle.

Billy lies in the back, eyes shut, calm and peaceful. The dressing on his wound holds.

Kwane strokes the interior of the car.

KWANE

Okay Julia, now I know we ain't met before, but you look after me and my boy and we'll look after you. Okay?

He pushes the accelerator peddle and the car purrs.

KWANE (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

Kwane winds the window down slightly, closing his eyes as the cool breeze filters over his face.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - DAY

The hazy sunset begins to dim as the car rolls casually along the road.

Random traffic passes here and there and pedestrians walk along the sidewalks. Trees blow in the breeze and the car gains speed.

INT. AJAX'S OPIUM DEN - DAY

A couple of addicts are dotted about here and there.

A-Jax stands at the back of the room speaking with Beebop, they seem in deep conversation, but it is inaudible.

Suddenly...

The main doors open and Harry marches in, flanked by the other three cops.

Harry smiles.

A-Jax's face drops when he sees them.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK. CULVER CITY - DAY

A high rise apartment block towers high above the street below. Urban decay is present everywhere, burnt out street lights, broken down cars, boarded up windows.

The car slows to a stop in a large courtyard below the high rise apartment block.

Kwane steps out of the vehicle.

He adjusts the black bag still wrapped across his body and checks his piece.

He walks to the back of the car and leans in, shaking Billy.

KWANE

Billy, we're makin' a quick stop bro.

Billy grins, eyes heavy, sluggish - still clearly high from the opium. He licks his lips.

BILLY

(out of it) I'm thirsty.

KWANE

Come on.

He helps Billy out the car.

Billy tries to stand on his own two feet.

He staggers whilst trying to walk, not as bad as before.

BILLY

Woah, it's like I'm floating.

He struggles to walk properly himself.

Kwane still has to help him.

He takes Billy's weight and supports him again and they stagger across the courtyard to a stone staircase.

They shuffle carefully up the staircase, pausing on each of the two landings.

When they reach the top Kwane draws his gun, slowly and discreetly.

The pathway runs along in a U shape around the courtyard and the rooms run along the left hand side of the path - like motel/apartment blocks.

The doors are green with bronze numbers.

He slows down as they approach a door with the number 237.

Kwane leans Billy against the railings.

Billy slides down until he is sat on the ground, back against the metal railings.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(still spaced out)

K.J. I'm thirsty and I'm pretty
tired man.

KWANE

Shh.

Slowly and quietly Kwane approaches the door.

He positions himself close to the handle.

He cocks his gun quietly and knocks twice on the door.

BANG!

A shotgun shell blows a hole through the door, just missing Kwane as he dives for cover.

He rolls across the pathway and is side on to the door.

He crawls over to Billy.

Billy suddenly seems to snap out of his trance. He is alert and aware now.

He bolts upright, senses attuned, grabbing his gun.

Kwane points his gun at the doorway.

BANG!

Another shotgun blast blows a second hole in the door.

Billy ducks as well, scrambling across the stone pathway.

He lies on his side alongside Kwane and also points his gun at the doorway.

BILLY

K.J. What the fuck's going on?!

KWANE

He's shooting at us.

BILLY

Who?

KWANE

Wigga Steve.

Kwane crawls over to the railings and joins Billy. They both keep their pistols aimed at the doorway.

BILLY

Who the fuck's Wigga Steve?!

KWANE

Used to be a snitch, now he's an informant. Gives info to cops and perps, anyone long as they got green. Nothin goes down that Steve don't know about ahead of time.

BILLY

So maybe he knows who set us up?

KWANE

Exactly.

BANG!

A third blast blows yet another hole through the door and the two criminals cover their faces as bits of wood and paint work splinter and fly from the door at random angles.

BILLY

I'm sick of these fucking shotguns!

KWANE

(shouting)

Steve what the fuck?!

There is a moment of calm and silence.

The two men hold their positions.

WIGGA STEVE (O.S.)

Who dat?!

KWANE

It's K.J.!

WIGGA STEVE (O.S.)

K.J.? Damn, why didn't you say
nuttin?! I coulda blown your
goddamn head off!

Kwane and Billy stand down lowering their weapons and relaxing, relieved.

KWANE

No shit. Steve, put the shotty away.

WIGGA STEVE (O.S.)

Aight, I'm puttin' it down. Now get your ass up in here nigga. I ain't seen you in a minute!

Kwane and Billy scramble to their feet carefully, brushing, wood, sawdust and dirt from their clothes.

Kwane leads as they walk towards the apartment door, his gun held at arms length. Billy follows, gun also pointed at the ready.

He presses the chamber of the gun against the door and pushes it open.

He exhales and lowers his weapon as the door opens, Billy follows suit.

INT. WIGGA STEVE'S APARTMENT. CULVER CITY - DAY

The apartment is small but very messy. Dirty dishes are piled up in and around the sink. Empty take-out containers and bottles of beer are strewn haphazardly about.

At least four over-flowing ashtrays are dotted about the room. Dirty clothes lie in piles on the floor and draped over furniture. The T.V. flickers and hums, playing a program - on mute.

A set of bookshelves sits over in one corner, full of books and magazines. On a wooden table beside it a stereo plays generic rap music at a low volume.

A poster of 'Scarface' hangs on the wall.

A small coffee table in the center of the room is littered with smoking and drug paraphernalia - marijuana, a bong, pipes, grinders, baggies, joints, lighters, bags of white powder etc.

Behind the coffee table is a large, moth-eaten couch - the centerpiece to the apartment.

WIGGA STEVE (35) sits on the couch. He is scrawny, white, pale and pasty. With blond hair and wearing jeans, a white vest - which is several sizes too big for him - and a white & black patterned do-rag which is tied around his head.

As Kwane and Billy enter, guns drawn, Wigga Steve rises from the couch, animated and visibly distressed.

WIGGA STEVE

Yo, what the fuck you pointing a gun at me for dog?!

KWANE

Sorry man, had to be sure.

WIGGA STEVE

Yo that shit ain't cool. Y'all come on in now.

Billy and Kwane walk across the carpet, surveying the wreckage of the apartment and looking singularly unimpressed.

Wigga Steve walks up to Kwane and the two do a personalized handshake before embracing.

As they finish Wigga Steve looks Billy up and down, unimpressed.

WIGGA STEVE (CONT'D)

Who's da white boy?

BILLY

Is this guy serious K.J.?

Wigga Steve spins round and starts to square up to Billy. Arms waving, chest puffed out - full on gangster meltdown.

WIGGA STEVE

You best believe I'm serious bitch. Gnomesayin'. I'll fuck you up. You ask anyone 'bout Steve.

Fuck with me an I'm a mafuckin' neutron bomb bitch. Straight up rockin' heat and slayin' niggas. Gnomesayin'?!

Billy can't help himself and bursts out laughing, he almost doubles over from laughing so hard.

He grasps his wound, but continues to laugh.

WIGGA STEVE (CONT'D)
You wanna push me mafucka?! Huh?!
Keep pushin', see what happens.
See what happens.

Wigga Steve starts to move towards Billy but Kwane steps in between them, ushering Wigga Steve away from the couch and moving closer to Billy.

Billy is still chuckling but has had to perch on the arm of the couch and clutches his wound, grimacing.

Kwane leans into him.

KWANE

(sotto)

Look dog, we need his help alright. You go pissin him off he gonna kick us out with nothin.

BILLY

(sotto)

I'm sorry, but the guy's ridiculous!

KWANE

(sotto)

I know man, but right now we need his help okay. Just... don't say nothin or do nothin and let me do the talkin.

Billy rubs his side gently, wincing again.

BILLY

Fine.

Kwane puts a hand on his shoulder, leaning in a little.

KWANE

(sotto)

You okay?

BILLY

(sotto)

Yeah. Sides a little sore. Totally worth it though.

He grins.

Kwane grins.

Then turns back to Wigga Steve who has lit one of the joints on the table and begins to smoke it.

KWANE

We cool?

WIGGA STEVE

I don't like people pushin' me dog. You knows I got a temper, people push my buttons and I lose my shit like a shit collector with amnesia, gnomesayin'!

KWANE

I know, I know man. Look, don't worry alright. That's my boy Billy, he cool, alright. He's just had a rough day. He got shot by the cops okay, don't pay it no mind. He didn't mean nuttin by it. We cool?

Wigga Steve takes a couple of puffs on his joint. Kwane holds a fist out.

WIGGA STEVE

Yeah, aight we cool nigga.

He bumps Kwane's fist.

WIGGA STEVE (CONT'D)

So what up?

He offers the joint to Kwane who takes it and begins smoking it.

KWANE

Meant to be takin some ice to Santa Monica. Trade with the Vitali's, they got Gabe's kid.

WIGGA STEVE

Yeah I heard somethin bout that.

KWANE

The fools we got the diamonds from turned out to be undercover Dick's. Reckon they were tipped off. Anyway, so they catch up with us, shit goes down, next thing I know my boys straight out on his back with a slug in him.

Wigga Steve moves to the coffee table, picks up another joint, lights it and begins puffing away nervously.

KWANE (CONT'D)

Shit's hit the fan.

WIGGA STEVE

No shit nigga! Why you think I'm hidin' out in my apartment with a shotty like some Rio Bravo ma'fucka?

KWANE

So what you hear?

Wigga Steve offers Kwane the joint and he takes it and begins puffing.

In the background Billy slides down onto the couch, placing his gun on the cushion beside him and clutching his side gently.

Wigga Steve moves to the coffee table.

WIGGA STEVE

I heard a lot of shit aight.

Kwane offers the joint to Billy who slides forward on the couch to take it.

Wigga Steve gets a chair from under the wooden table, sets it down, backwards, opposite the couch and sits down, resting his arms on the top of the chair's back, legs either side of the back.

BILLY

You hear anything about the cops gettin tipped off?

WIGGA STEVE

Well I heard there's this new cat running shit in Santa Monica, calls himself The Duke. He's taken over the Vitali gang and is runnin' e'rythin, drugs, weapons, liquor, scrilla. Hell I heard the mafuckas even got the local cops in his pocket.

KWANE

So Vitali's dead?

WIGGA STEVE

Dead as Tupac.

Billy passes the joint back to Kwane.

Wigga Steve continues to puff away furiously.

BILLY

So who is this Duke guy?

WIGGA STEVE

No-one knows. Mafuckas a ghost. Though I did hear that the pigs got an anonymous tip-off about some diamond trade. Wouldn't be surprised if this Duke clown tipped them off himself.

BILLY

That'd make sense. Kick up a shitstorm for Gabe. And he'll still assume it's Vitali.

KWANE

Oh he kicked up a shit storm alright. Cos me and my boy gonna bring the rain now.

They slap hands together.

BILLY

Fucking ay.

Kwane puts his joint out in the ashtray on the table.

Wigga Steve does the same.

WIGGA STEVE

That's e'rythin I know.

KWANE

Appreciate it Steve.

BILLY

Yeah thanks.

They get up from the couch and walk towards the door. Wigga Steve gets up and joins them.

KWANE

Got any weapons Steve?

Wigga Steve grins.

WIGGA STEVE

Straight up. Who you think you're talking at dawg?! I got more hardware than the LAPD evidence room up in this bitch.

KWANE

Need some guns.

WIGGA STEVE

I hook you up.

Wigga Steve walks across the living room and exits through a narrow doorway opposite the front door.

Billy makes for the fridge, opens it and pulls out a beer.

INT. BLACK CHEVY CAMARO - DAY

The evening draws ever nearer and the sun sits a little lower in the sky.

Billy drives at a casual, steady pace and Kwane sits beside him in the passenger seat, the bag of diamonds still wrapped across his body.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - DAY

The car picks up speed on the deserted freeway and makes a descent into a valley.

The car passes a large, colored road sign which reads 'Welcome to the City of Santa Monica.'

INT. WIGGA STEVE'S APARTMENT. CULVER CITY - DAY

A black throw hangs over the door, covering the holes made by the shotgun blasts.

Wigga Steve sits slumped in his couch, smoking on a joint and drinking a bottle of beer.

The television still plays muted.

Rap music still plays from the stereo.

There is a loud knock at the door.

Wigga Steve ignores it and continues smoking.

Another knock.

WIGGA STEVE

Fuck.

He climbs slowly off the couch and shuffles to the door. He starts to open it slowly whilst...

WIGGA STEVE (CONT'D)

These favours startin to mount up dawg-

He is shocked to see Harry and his crew stood there.

HARRY

Well I'll bear that in mind.

Hello Steven.

Wigga Steve backs away back into his apartment as Harry and the officers enter slowly.

They shut the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE. SANTA MONICA - DAY

Billy and Kwane are stood in an empty, abandoned warehouse, peering out of the window.

The warehouse basically a garage, it is one big, empty room with a long table against one wall.

It looks as though it hasn't been used for years.

Billy leans against the table, two guns and the pouch of diamonds lie on the table.

Kwane stands by the window, gun in hand, peering out into the evening sun.

They have a view of Santa Monica Pier from the warehouse.

KWANE

So that's the meet.

BILLY

Huh?

KWANE

The pier.

BILLY

That's what was agreed.

Kwane wanders away from the window, back into the room and joins his friend at the table.

KWANE

I'm thinking I do the exchange, whilst you cover me.

BILLY

I was thinking the same.

Kwane picks up the satchel of diamonds and slings them over his shoulder.

He checks his weapon.

Billy gently rubs his bandaged side.

KWANE

You gonna be alright?

Billy turns to the table and begins checking his guns.

BILLY

How long we got?

Kwane gazes at his watch.

KWANE

Bout five minutes.

BILLY

Good. Once we've done the trade we'll get Franco someplace safe, then go back take out the Duke and the rest of these motherfuckers.

Billy pulls the chamber on one pistol and sticks it into his belt.

KWANE

Sounds good to me.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Harry peers through binoculars at the Santa Monica Pier and at the warehouse which Kwane and Billy are in.

Walt sits in the back still chewing gum. Next to him Eric seems to be doing a weapons check. Armis lounges on the steering wheel of the car, cup of coffee in hand.

The car is close enough for the men to act should anything happen, but far enough away to remain anonymous.

Harry places the binoculars down on the dashboard and sinks back in to his chair.

He pulls out another cigarette and lights it.

HARRY

The pier's where it'll go down. When they leave the warehouse we'll know it's time.

Eyes peeled boys.

He smokes again.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

The sun hangs low in the sky and sunset has almost arrived.

Billy and Kwane walk onto the pier, slowly and casually.

There are very few civilians around now.

A smattering of people pass them, leaving the pier as they walk onto it.

Midway down the pier stand three rough looking members of the Vitali Gang.

In the middle of them, FRANCO FEDERICI (20's) stands handcuffed and gagged.

Billy and Kwane slow as they approach the men.

They stop a few meters away from them.

Billy has a gun in each hand, arms outstretched, guns fixed on the gang members.

Kwane carries his gun drawn, and carries the pouch of diamonds in his other hand.

Each of the three enemies holds a pistol in one hand. The thugs either side of Franco grab an arm each.

The man at the front has a mustache and is Hispanic, he is clearly the leader.

Kwane walks up to him.

KWANE

You The Duke?

MUSTACHE nods.

DUKE

You got the stones?

Kwane gestures to the pouch in his hand.

KWANE

Franco?

DUKE turns and grabs Franco by the shoulder, he pulls his gag down, turns him around and removes his handcuffs.

He shoves him forward towards Kwane.

Franco walks clumsily past Kwane.

FRANCO

Kwane? Billy?

KWANE

It's okay Franco. We're takin you home.

Franco takes refuge behind Billy.

FRANCO

(close to tears)
Is Poppa mad?

BILLY

No kid. He just wants you home.

Kwane hands the pouch of diamonds to Duke.

Duke takes them, grinning.

Without taking his gaze, or weapon, from Kwane he hands the pouch over his shoulder.

THUG #1 takes the pouch from him, pulls a couple of diamonds out and begins studying them.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER. FERRIS WHEEL - DAY

Harry, Armis, Walt and Eric are hidden in and around a large Ferris wheel, watching the pier.

They are all armed.

Harry holds the binoculars to his eyes.

HARRY

Right they've made the exchange. Let's move. Remember, kill everyone but that piece of shit Federici. I can't wait to see the look on his old man's face when I use his own son to bring him down.

The men leave their hiding places and make their way toward the pier.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

The stand-off is still in place.

Duke waits patiently.

THUG #1

We're all good. We're aaaaall good!

He grins and slaps THUG #2 on the back.

Kwane and Billy back away very slowly, eyes and weapons still locked on the gang members.

KWANE

Okay. We all good. We got what we want. You got what you want. Now we're gonna get on outta here and nobody needs to do nothin.

Duke and the other two slowly move forwards, following Kwane and Billy.

DUKE

Suppose we decide we want to kill you puta's?

KWANE

Three guns apiece. Looks pretty even from where I'm standing.

The Duke grins wickedly.

DUKE

You don't think we'd come all the way out here without some sort of back up do you.

He motions behind him and three other men appear from the far end of the pier, all carrying weapons.

BILLY

Shit! Uh, K.J. a plan would be good.

KWANE

I was kinda hopin you had one.

The other three members of the gang join their friends.

It is now six against three.

BILLY

Franco, you okay to shoot?

FRANCO

Uh, I guess.

Billy hands him a pistol.

There is a stand off - nobody moves or makes a sound for a couple of seconds.

Suddenly, the four police officers walk onto the pier, led by Harry, weapons poised at the ready.

It is now a proper standoff - the cops on one side of the pier and the gangsters on the other, with Kwane, Billy and Franco caught in the middle.

Armis holds his badge up as the police approach.

ARMIS

Police. Nobody fucking move!

The police stop a few meters from Billy, Kwane and Franco.

HARRY

Everybody drop your guns. You three

(motions at Billy, Kwane and Franco) are coming with us.

BILLY

Fuck you five-o.

DUKE

Why don't you drop your guns, before we drop you ese?

HARRY

(grins)

Last chance "Homes". Weapons down. Now.

Nobody moves a twitch.

WALT

Fuck em.

Walt shoots one of the random goons twice.

He flies backwards.

Thug #1 screams and unloads his gun into Walt.

Billy dives over the side of the pier, grabbing Franco and pulling him with him.

All hell breaks loose, as random gunfire engulfs the pier.

Kwane pauses at the side of the pier.

He looks around. Everyone else is preoccupied.

He looks behind him, several meters from the pier is an empty car.

Kwane looks at the car.

Then back at the edge.

Then at the car.

Then at the edge.

He hesitates for a few seconds.

KWANE

Fuck.

Following Billy and Franco he dives off the side.

Harry shoots at Kwane, grazing his shoulder as he disappears over the edge.

Armis has taken out two of the gang-members with Trudy.

Eric blows Thug #1 away.

Duke shoots Eric, but slips in blood and hits him in the arm - Eric goes down hurt but not dead.

EXT. BENEATH SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

Kwane swims for the wooden pillars underneath the pier.

Billy follows, with Franco just behind him.

Kwane reaches the nearest pillar and slumps down against it, grabbing his arm.

KWANE

Ahh, shit!

Billy emerges from the water and walks towards Kwane.

BILLY

It's just a flesh wound. I got shot in the ribs and I'm-

Suddenly a shot rings out.

Billy drops to the water like a sack of bricks to reveal Franco, gun smoking.

Quick as a flash Kwane jumps up and unloads four bullets into Franco.

Franco falls into the water, but struggles to try to get back to the surface.

Kwane looms over him, gun aimed.

KWANE

Why Francis?

FRANCO

(laughing as he coughs
up blood)

You think I was gonna go to all that effort to become the Duke just for you two to ruin it? This is my city.

Kwane doesn't respond, he shoots Franco once between the eyes and the young mans body goes limp and sinks beneath the surface.

KWANE

Billy!

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

Gunshots are still ringing out all over the place.

There are dead bodies, blood and bullets littered all over the pier.

Duke and Thug #2 are the only gang-members left on the pier. They are sheltered behind a couple of barrels.

Eric is bleeding from the leg and struggling to move.

Armis is still going hell for leather with Trudy.

Harry leans over the pier edge, but can only see the ocean.

Duke and Thug #2 pop out from the barrels and fire a couple of shots down the pier.

Eric is hit in the chest and falls to the floor.

Armis races over to him.

ARMIS

Eric?! Eric, buddy?!

Eric coughs up blood and then dies.

Armis stands, face contorted with rage.

Harry joins him.

They walk towards the barrels, firing manically.

Thug #2 pops up to return fire but is riddled with bullets and collapses to the floor in a bloody heap.

DUKE

Okay! Okay! I surrender! Don't shoot. Don't shoot!

Harry and Armis stop shooting.

Duke stands, cowering. Arms above his head, gun in his hand, but not aimed.

Harry lowers his weapon.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Arrest me! Arrest me! Don't shoot.

HARRY

Lose the weapon son.

Duke tosses the weapon over the side of the pier. He holds his hands up to the heavens.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hands on top of your head and interlock your fingers.

Duke obeys, without question.

He is shaking, obviously scared.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Armis.

Harry turns and walks to the edge, looking over again.

Armis cocks Trudy.

Duke is shitting bricks.

DUKE

No. Please! No!

BANG.

Armis fires Trudy and a shell explodes in Duke's chest. He flies backwards and his limp body collapses to the floor, covered in blood.

HARRY

Armis, let's get down there and end this.

They jog towards the end of the pier.

EXT. BENEATH SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY/EVENING

High above the sky turns pink.

Kwane is waist deep in water.

Billy lies on his back, floating in the water, he is bleeding badly.

Kwane has one arm wrapped around Billy's neck.

In the other hand his gun is pointed out in front of him.

Armed police begin to flood the beach area beneath the pier, automatic weapons targeted on Billy and Kwane.

KWANE

You just hang tight bro. Your gonna be... Everythins gonna be alright.

Billy coughs, he looks up and smiles.

BILLY

K.J., reach in my right pocket.

KWANE

What am I looking for?

BILLY

You'll know when you find it.

Kwane puts his hand into Billy's right trouser pocket.

He pulls out a small, plastic waterproof bag with a single cigarette and a lighter inside.

Kwane shakes his head with a grin, opens it and removes the contents.

KWANE

Thought you quit?

BILLY

Hell, it ain't like it's gonna
kill me.

He chuckles.

Kwane laughs, handing him the cigarette.

Billy takes it and puts it in his mouth.

Kwane lights it for him.

Billy takes a long drag and blows smoke into the air.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(grins)

This might be the best goddamn cigarette I ever had.

KWANE

Yeah well enjoy it cos after this you quitting. That's your last one.

BILLY

I think that's a given.

Billy smiles again and enjoys his cigarette.

The armed police move in closer.

Armis and Harry appear on the beach, show their badges to the armed police and walk to the waters edge.

Kwane surveys the situation. It is hopeless.

Billy is fading fast.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Well, at least I got to see the ocean.

He grins again.

Tears run down Kwane's cheeks.

Billy dies in his arms.

Kwane pulls him closer and holds his gun arm out once more.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

This is Santa Monica P.D. Lower your weapon now or we will open fire.

The armed police close in slowly, as Kwane continues to cry and hold a Billy above the water.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

This is your last chance sir.
Drop your weapon or we will open fire.

Kwane cocks his gun.

Blackness.

A single gunshot is heard.

Shouting and rapid, automatic gunfire follws.

FADE OUT.