

# **A Girl Named Trouble**

by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

A MAN'S HAND pulls a GLOCK out of the glove box.

Slips it down the back of his pants.

It's ROMAN, a disarming tough guy, knocking on 35 years old. He has a knack for talking his way outta most scrapes but built like someone who can still handle himself.

DANTE (O.S.)  
Forgot something?

ROMAN  
My wallet.

Roman's untucked shirt covers the lie he just told.

The one holding the gas can? Meet DANTE, Roman's buddy. He looks younger than 29 and too respectable to be dangerous. He's loyal to a fault though that never stops him from calling out Roman.

Dante walks ahead, on point.

They abandon a 70's DODGE CHALLENGER parked alongside a two-lane road. They're the only living creatures in sight.

ROMAN  
Here's the plan... we get in, we get out--

DANTE  
We have a plan for the gas station?

ROMAN  
--And I do all the talking.

DANTE  
Explain the plan again.

ROMAN  
I just don't want it goin' down like last time--

DANTE  
Last time?

ROMAN  
Stick to the plan, we stay alive.

Dante stops--

DANTE  
Whoa-whoa-whoa.

Roman keeps walking.

Dante considers his options. Chases Roman.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Allow me to clean up that last part.  
Last time was bad, though I was  
literally redefining the concept of  
bad on a moment-to-moment basis. And  
all over a dame.

**INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT**

Roman trades nervous glances with SAM (40), a hard-boiled, small-time grifter. She tried to doll up for the drug deal but it's getting harder to cover the rough spots.

**Title: "Last Tuesday"**

A GYM BAG stuffed with bank-wrapped one-hundred-dollar bills on the table. BRICKS OF HEROIN next to it.

BOBO, a good-natured, overweight Samoan in his 20's, isn't gonna make the call on this one. Gets his marching orders from a voice yapping on the other end of the phone.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
It started out simple enough in a  
fleabag motel. Cash for dope. You know  
the score. All I had to do is stand  
there and look tough for five-hundred  
bucks -- a small-time muscle job.

Suspicious of a fancy blue stamp on the bricks, Bobo grunts.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Sam and Bobo had good history but she  
wanted another cock in the room to  
make sure things went smooth. It  
didn't seem to break that way.

Bobo hangs up.

BOBO  
Okay, we're not accusing anyone of  
anything, but this is obviously the  
shit stolen from our supplier--

SAM  
Bullshit!

BOBO

... Last week.

(to Sam)

Wait. Hear me out. Which makes the deal more complicated for us.

SAM

No. We had a deal. We had a price.

BOBO

Sam. Will you shut the fuck up for once? I think you're gonna like what I'm about to say. So we're gonna do the deal.

SAM

Then what the fuck are we talking about?

BOBO

I'm trying to tell you. Our supplier is gonna be very unhappy. And that's just bad business. So as a gesture of good faith...

Bobo whips out a virtual hand cannon of a gun, a .50 DESERT EAGLE... points it directly at Roman.

BOBO

... I only have to kill one of you.

Before he can spit out another syllable...

BOOM!

... Bobo's head explodes against the wall.

Executed by TROUBLE standing behind him with a COLT PYTHON REVOLVER... smoke curls from the barrel.

A 25-year-old gun for hire, she's already as hard as five miles of potholed asphalt. A mouthy tomboy with trust issues, all grown up and gone bad.

Bobo squeezes off one shot at the same time. Misses Roman but tears straight through Sam's chest. Dead on impact.

Without missing a beat, Trouble stuffs the bricks of heroin in the gym bag.

TROUBLE

You never saw me.

**EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT**

We follow the gym bag in Trouble's hand.

She beelines for a rusted and dented mid-80's HONDA ACCORD.

Roman pauses in the doorway... looks back into the motel room... chases her down.

ROMAN

Wait. Wait!

TROUBLE

They're dead.

ROMAN

So... wait! What'd we do now?

Brandishes her gun.

TROUBLE

First, there is no we. And let me jump to the really important part. I'm taking the money.

ROMAN

Wait.

Her revolver makes the unmistakable sound...

CLICK-CLICK

... of a hammer cocking.

ROMAN

Someone owes me five hundred bucks.

Both turn to the police sirens WAILING in the distance.

She nods.

He climbs in her car.

**INT. LOBBY OF THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - NIGHT**

The grandeur of the lobby announces you have arrived at the best hotel money can buy. RED-VESTED staff assist guests.

KONG, a soft-spoken and polite Samoan man in his 30's, rubs a SOLID-GOLD TIKI CHARM dangling around his neck. He's an imposing physical presence. Kong runs a crew called THE SAMOAN ARMY.

Frustrated, he hangs up his phone... turns to ETANO, his second-in-command, another overweight Samoan man in his 20's.

KONG

You, Lese, and grab Little Benny, go find out what happened to Bobo.

ETANO

Should we call Jace?

KONG

(correcting)

Mr. Jace is having dinner.

ETANO

Shit, is he drinking?

KONG

Find the money, find the dope and give me a body count. And see if the cops know anything. And Etano, quiet this time.

Etano nods.

#### **INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - NIGHT**

The revolver in Trouble's left hand points straight at Roman. She steers with her right.

TROUBLE

Downshift!

Roman pushes the stick shift into third.

TROUBLE

Now, I'm gonna trust you to break off a grand and leave your piece in the bag. Second!

She clutches.

He shifts.

TROUBLE

Can I trust ya, buddy?

They rest at a stoplight. He's collecting. She's talking.

TROUBLE

What's your name again?

ROMAN

Roman.

The light changes.

TROUBLE  
And yer iron.

Roman tosses his .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC in the bag.

Trouble slips her revolver into her jacket...

Takes control of the stick.

TROUBLE  
Trust me, you don't want this kinda  
heat. Forget about me. Forget about  
the money.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Her car punches through light downtown traffic.

**INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

ROMAN  
But no one even knows who I am.

TROUBLE  
You're Roman. You just said so.

ROMAN  
They'll never find me.

TROUBLE  
Oh, they're gonna find you. And  
they're gonna make you sing like a  
sparrow in heat. But that ain't the  
real problem.

ROMAN  
What's the real problem?--

TROUBLE  
And they know Sam.

ROMAN  
I only met Sam an hour ago.

TROUBLE  
I'd be shocked if you're alive in  
another hour. Shit, I don't know why  
she hired you anyway. I suggest  
getting outta town. Fast.

ROMAN

Is that your plan?

TROUBLE

My plan? My plan is to slow down  
before I push you out the car. There's  
no plan.

Beat.

TROUBLE

Look, it didn't go down the way we  
wanted, but ya held up your end. You  
got your money. I'll get you out of  
town, then you're on your own. And the  
less you know about me the better.

**INT. MR. JACE'S SUITE AT THE EMPRESS HOTEL - NIGHT**

The gentleman we're about to meet wears a long OVERCOAT. We  
don't see his face. He sets his BOWLER HAT on a table...  
walks into an adjoining room. Four men follow close behind.  
We don't see their faces either.

We stay with the bowler hat...

CALIX JACE (O.S.)

(calm)

So Bobo is dead.

Kong grunts after each point.

CALIX JACE (O.S.)

Some broad with him, my money is  
missing, and we know the girl who took  
it. What is her name?

KONG (O.S.)

Trouble.

**INSIDE MR. JACE'S OFFICE**

Kong and three other men from The Samoan Army sit across from  
CALIX JACE, a person who combines old-school charm with Old  
Testament wrath.

A precise, calculated and dapper gentleman in his mid-60's,  
Calix looks like he might have done hard time or labored as a  
coal miner or done hard time for murdering coal miners.

Holding court in his opulent office, no one dares look him in  
the eye - the blue one or the glass one, solid black with no  
pupil.



CALIX JACE

I do not see the problem. Contact our friends and shut down the freeway. She's running. Kong--

KONG

Yes, sir.

CALIX JACE

Cover all points of escape. Send in the Army. Wake up everyone.

KONG

Cane too?

CALIX JACE

Let us see how this plays out first. And someone find my idiot nephew. See what he knows.

BERNIE, a confident gay man, early 30's, dresses with a bit of flair but he's far from obvious. Still, he struggles to play it straight for his homophobic uncle while he runs his own little side hustle.

Bernie shuffles forward out of his uncle's blind spot. A little more. A little more. Sighs.

CALIX JACE

Oh, there you are. Tell me everything you know about this girl.

#### **EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Trouble's car screams past Etano on his phone.

ETANO

Yeah. She's headed for the freeway.

#### **INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - NIGHT**

A virtual sea of brake lights come up fast.

Trouble moves her attention between Roman, the bag and the road... but she ain't slowing down.

Roman stares at the gym bag a bit too long.

TROUBLE

Are we gonna have a problem?

Roman glances at the road ahead--

ROMAN  
Watch it!

**EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A red flare glows on the wet pavement.  
Trouble SWERVES to avoid cars parked on the freeway.  
Races down empty lanes closed with flares...  
On a collision course with a POLICE CRUISERS barricade.

**INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

TROUBLE  
I got no time for this shit.  
Roman braces for impact.

**EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A single POLICE OFFICER defiantly stands in the path of the Accord barreling toward him.  
He pops off one round. Then another. And another.  
Trouble's car SKIDS to a dead stop.

**INT./EXT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

TROUBLE  
Reverse!  
She clutches.  
He shifts.  
Trouble cranks down the window.  
Roman stretches over the stick. Floors the accelerator.  
He steers blind.  
She rides the window sidesaddle. Returns fire.  
Bullets chip the windshield.

**EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The Police Officer chases on foot. Continues firing.

More officers fire from farther back.  
Trouble's car wiggles a little backing up.  
It's hard to hit.

**INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

TROUBLE  
Gun. Gun!

Trouble snaps her fingers like an impatient surgeon.  
Roman slaps his gun into her hand.  
She fires twice. Drops his .45 out the window.

TROUBLE  
I'm driving.

Trouble slides down into the driver seat.

ROMAN  
Was that a cop?

TROUBLE  
Yeah, I think I got him.

She hits the e-brake.

**EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Her car spins into a controlled, 180-degree J-turn.  
SHRIEK of tires skidding.  
Water sprays from the tires as they spin.  
They dance with oncoming traffic.  
Drivers signal with their horns. Flash lights.

**INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

All clear on the shoulder.  
She swerves out of traffic.  
Trouble stomps the accelerator.

ROMAN  
You threw my gun away.

TROUBLE

It was used to kill a cop.

He's shocked by the answer.

ROMAN

Is this normal for you?

TROUBLE

You should have seen yesterday.

Roman dumps the brass out of her revolver.

She produces a speed loader of fresh rounds.

In the distance, a long line of SUVs races down the on-ramp.

ROMAN

(pointing to the SUVs)  
Hey-hey-hey, what's that?

TROUBLE

That's a problem--

ROMAN

The problem?

TROUBLE

No, just his flying monkeys.

#### **EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Trouble zips past the on-ramp.

SUVs spill into traffic... sweep around to pursue.

In the distance, police cruisers race up the shoulder.

The SUVs wheels have fancy rims.

Trouble's wheels are missing hubcaps.

#### **INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The lead SUV fills the entire rear window.

ROMAN

They're catching up.

TROUBLE

How close?

Rammed from behind, they both lunge forward.

Trouble scans for options. She settles on one.

TROUBLE  
Hold on.

**EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Trouble darts for the next on-ramp at the last minute.

Half the SUVs miss the turn.

The other half exit with her.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

An SUV slows into position. Blocks the end of the ramp.

She accelerates.

Trouble hops the curb. Kisses the SUV as she passes.

Two oversized men from The Samoan Army jump out of the SUV.

With ASSAULT RIFLES they spray her car.

**INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Both flinch as the rear window EXPLODES from gunfire.

TROUBLE  
They'll run us down in this piece-of-shit. We gotta get off the streets.

ROMAN  
Who are those guys?

TROUBLE  
The Samoan Army. This town is lousy with 'em.

ROMAN  
We're fighting an entire--

A large SUV T-BONES the rear quarter panel.

Her car spins before FLIPPING.

**INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Upside-down, Trouble comes to. Clears her head.

She grabs the gym bag.

Leaves Roman for the wolves without a second thought.

He wakes.

She's bolted.

The bag's gone!

**EXT. MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS**

Roman chases her down.

Small-arms fire whistles past his head.

She gets off a couple rounds without hitting Roman. Barely.

They pause outside the nearest building, a MORTUARY.

TROUBLE

You're like lice. I can't get rid of  
you.

Roman tries to open a window. Then another.

ROMAN

Do ya always talk like that?

TROUBLE

Like what?

ROMAN

Like ya stumbled out of an Edward G.  
Robinson flick.

TROUBLE

I don't know movies.

Third time's the charm.

**INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT**

Roman and Trouble climb into a room filled with caskets.

He furiously locks doors and windows.

ROMAN

Do ya really think we're gonna hold  
them off with your cap gun? Ya know an  
extra gun would come in handy, right  
about now.

TROUBLE  
If I had an extra, do ya think I'd  
waste it on you?

She backs into an open coffin.

TROUBLE  
(startled)  
Ew, they're dead.

The instant Trouble peeks out the front window, it explodes  
from relentless automatic weapons fire.

Shattered glass rains down on Trouble.

Shattered glass rains down on caskets.

The barrage stops.

Roman peeks out the back window.

Trouble sweeps glass out of her hair.

TROUBLE  
How many back there?

ROMAN (O.S.)  
All of em.

TROUBLE  
Can you be a little more specific?

ROMAN  
It's like God picked up the entire  
island of Samoa, tipped it on its side  
and shook out every last one of 'em.  
You any better?

Red laser sights crisscross the back wall.

TROUBLE  
We need a plan.

Roman throws up his hands.

#### **EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT**

The downtown city lights peacefully twinkle in the distance.  
As we travel down about 500 feet the sound of police radio  
chatter and Samoan men arguing gets louder and louder.

A third police cruiser arrives flashing red and blue.

Large oversized Samoan men huddle near several SUVs.

Kong takes a call from his boss.

KONG  
Yes, sir.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)  
He is on his way.

There's another man on the call, Cane. We'll meet him later.

CANE (V.O.)  
Kong. Burn it down.

KONG  
But it's a mortuary.

CANE (V.O.)  
Kong.

KONG  
There's a chapel, sir.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)  
Kong.

KONG  
It'll burn the money.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)  
They are coming out long before my  
money is ever in any danger. Kong.

KONG  
Yes, Mr. Jace.

CANE (V.O.)  
Burn it fucking down.

Kong gives a hand signal to his men like he's sparking a lighter and then tossing it away.

Samoan men load INCENDIARY SHELLS into GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

**INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT**

Out the window...

Lights on the police cruisers go dark.

The cops drive away.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
That's not a good sign.



**EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT**

Samoan men fire several rounds from grenade launchers.

**INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT**

Shells EXPLODE inside the room. Set it alight.

TROUBLE  
They're burning us out.

Trouble thumbs bullets in open chambers of her revolver.

ROMAN  
What are ya doing?

TROUBLE  
I'm going out blasting.

ROMAN  
Are you crazy?

Roman scrambles around the room popping casket lids.

They're all filled with corpses.

TROUBLE  
I'm not gonna burn.

ROMAN  
No... We're gonna hide.

She huddles in the last corner not burning.

Roman reaches out his hand.

She won't take it.

He grabs her jacket collar. Yanks her to her feet.

They stumble into the--

**CREMATION ROOM**

Flames everywhere.

The CREMATION OVEN door is open. It's empty. Cold.

ROMAN  
Perfect.

TROUBLE  
(firm)  
I can't.

ROMAN  
You got a better idea?

TROUBLE  
You don't understand.

Roman throws the gym bag inside.

She pins her revolver against his head--

TROUBLE  
Touch the money again--

ROMAN  
Okay. Okay. But they're gonna be  
busting through here any minute. So  
unless ya have a better plan...

Trouble lowers her gun.

TROUBLE  
I'm Jewish.

ROMAN  
And?

TROUBLE  
And I'm not climbing in an oven.

They're the last things not burning in the room.

ROMAN  
Exactly how Jewish?

TROUBLE  
Jewish enough I'm not going in there.

ROMAN  
So ya'd rather we cook out here?

Pre-tears, she looks for answers in his eyes.

TROUBLE  
(resigned)  
I told you not to touch the money.

ROMAN  
It's not about the money, baby.

Roman holds her. Arms at her side, she lets him.

ROMAN  
Now come on. I'll go first. Come on.

Flames lap at the oven door as it closes.

**INSIDE THE CREMATION OVEN**

It's a tight fit. She huddles close.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Ya get to know a lot about a person,  
holding 'em for hours in an oven. And  
that's when it happened.

**EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY**

Roman and Dante continue their trek.

DANTE  
What happened?

ROMAN  
I fell for her, hard.

DANTE  
Jesus. And then you escaped?

ROMAN  
Not exactly. That's when things got  
bad.

The two work their way down a long, straight stretch of road.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
And by bad, I mean someone shook a big  
bag of crazy and hit it with sticks  
before letting it loose.

**INT. MORTUARY - DAY**

Kong and a dozen members of The Samoan Army wander through the burnt remains of the mortuary.

**Title: "Last Wednesday"**

CANE, a passionate and cocksure paid assassin approaching his 30's, kicks through a chard casket blocking the doorway.

His black leather trench coat flares like a superhero cape as he turns. Cane's definitely got wiring issues. He gets sexual pleasure from torturing others or experiencing pain himself. But more on that later.

Kong rubs his tiki charm. Whispers to Cane.

KONG  
We've lost the item.

Cane squats into a primal SCREAM. Caps two Samoan henchmen.

**INSIDE THE CREMATION OVEN**

Trouble recognizes the scream.

**INT. MORTUARY - DAY**

Every gun draws on Cane.

He immediately raises his hands. Slowly spins around.

CANE  
(contrite)  
Sorry. Sorry. I apologize. That was my  
mistake. Sorry.

The Samoan men look at each other. Lower their weapons.

**INSIDE THE CREMATION OVEN**

Trouble grabs Roman.

TROUBLE  
That problem you were asking about...

**INT. MORTUARY - DAY**

Cane composes himself, SCREAMS and then marches to the door.

CANE  
Find her!

He pops another Samoan henchman in the head before leaving.

Unhappy, everyone turns to Kong.

Kong sighs.

**MUCH LATER**

Roman and Trouble crawl out of the oven. Dust off.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
After the muscle cleared out, she gave  
me the skinny. It wasn't pretty.

TROUBLE  
So Calix Jace runs dope outta The  
Grand Empress Hotel.

ROMAN  
And this is his money--

TROUBLE

My money.

ROMAN

Your money. This is obviously a boundary.

TROUBLE

His goons are called The Samoan Army--

ROMAN

I've met them.

TROUBLE

They're not really an army--

ROMAN

I get that. Now, who's Screaming Guy who freaked you out?

TROUBLE

It didn't freak me out.

ROMAN

Who is he?

TROUBLE

He's the reason we're changing the plan--

ROMAN

We have a plan?

TROUBLE

Yes, but we're changing it. We're giving the money back.

ROMAN

To Screaming Guy--

TROUBLE

God, no. We have to stay away from him like smallpox and dirty needles.

ROMAN

This guy Calix?

TROUBLE

Not exactly. But you would never call him that to his face. Call him Mr. Jace.

ROMAN

And who is Screaming Guy?

TROUBLE  
That part's complicated--

ROMAN  
Complicated left the station a long  
time ago, sweetheart.

TROUBLE  
He's my ex.

Roman grabs his head like he's keeping it from exploding.

ROMAN  
Can we assume it didn't end well?

Trouble doesn't react to a word he says.

ROMAN  
And now he wants to kill ya because...  
You cheated on him. No. You broke his  
heart. In fact, ya didn't even leave  
so much as a Dear John letter.

She breaks.

TROUBLE  
I texted.

Roman laughs.

ROMAN  
We are so screwed--

TROUBLE  
That's why we have to give the money  
back--

ROMAN  
Ya think--

TROUBLE  
It might work.

ROMAN  
And can we assume Screaming Guy--  
What's his name?

TROUBLE  
Cane.

ROMAN  
--Biblical scary. Let's assume Cane  
doesn't scream because he's an opera  
singer.

TROUBLE

The best contract killer money can buy.

ROMAN

--Of course he is!--

TROUBLE

He's a sadomasochist--

ROMAN

You can stop right there. We're giving the money back to this Calix guy.

TROUBLE

Oh God, no. He'll kill us on sight.

ROMAN

Then who?

**INT. LOBBY OF THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

ROMAN

Bernie, please.

CONCIERGE

I'm sorry, but I wouldn't know anyone by that name.

Roman slides a \$100 bill across his desk.

The CONCIERGE, a slight man in his 30's wearing a company-issued red vest, nods to a man seated in the lobby.

CONCIERGE

Take it to the Shamrock.

Roman slides the bill back--

The Concierge slams his hand down.

Fights to claw the bill into his fist.

Roman walks over to JULES (20), an attractive gay man with a lot of hustle. He's instantly smitten with Roman.

ROMAN

Bernie?

JULES

No, I'm Jules.

Roman glares back at the Concierge.

ROMAN

Well, I'm looking for Bernie.

JULES

Trust me, you don't want Bernie.

ROMAN

Jules -- can I call ya Jules? I see ya revving your engine, but that flag ain't ever gonna drop. Now, I need to talk to Bernie. Do ya know where Bernie is?

JULES

No. But I know someone who does.

Jules sits patiently.

JULES

Time is money.

Roman backtracks to the Concierge.

ROMAN

You... Red Vest.

Roman manhandles him until he finds the \$100 bill.

Roman slaps a wadded bill in Jules' hand.

ROMAN

Spill.

JULES

Oh, Chaz! You wanna talk to this man?

On the other side of the lobby, CHAZ (almost 18), another gay male prostitute and heroin addict, lounges on a couch like it was his living room couch. Cruising about as high as it gets, Chaz still functions, if you curb your expectations.

Roman grabs Jules' arm and drags him to Chaz.

ROMAN

What kind of racket...

JULES

Ow. Ow. Ow.

ROMAN

(to Chaz)

Where's Bernie?

CHAZ

Hey Jules.

JULES

Hey Chaz



CHAZ

He's yummy.

JULES

Isn't he.

ROMAN

Chaz, do you know where Bernie is?

CHAZ

I know everything about Bernie.

ROMAN

--Progress.

CHAZ

Do you know this hotel is named after his mother?

ROMAN

But do you know where I can I find him?

CHAZ

But we don't talk about that. Or his father. He hates his father. That's why he's in the dating business.

ROMAN

--I'm sure it's a real Norman Rockwell masterpiece--

CHAZ

(to Jules)

--I wish I was prettier. You know, for Bernie.

(whispers that trails into incoherent babble)

He's not doing good. I mean, the business. Isn't. Not.

JULES

We don't talk about that either, Chaz.

Roman pops to his feet.

ROMAN

Can ya hold that thought? I have got to pee.

CHAZ

(to Roman)

Do you think I'm pretty?

JULES

You're beautiful, Chaz.

(aside)

If you'd just lay off the goddam junk.

CHAZ

Are you my fucking father?!

The Concierge glares.

ROMAN

Guys. Guys. I have to find Bernie. I have to pee. Not necessarily in that order. While I'm gone, translate whatever he's saying into something... useful.

While skipping away he points at Chaz.

ROMAN

And watch him.

**INT. RESTROOM AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER**

A pair of hands breaks a stream of water from a faucet.

Bernie washes. Preen in the mirror.

Roman finishes the longest pee ever.

BERNIE

Fine work, my friend.

ROMAN (O.S.)

You have no idea.

Roman bellies up to the sink.

ROMAN

Hey, I'm looking for a guy, Bernie.

They swap glances in the mirror.

BERNIE

Sorry.

Bernie leaves.

Roman's phone buzzes.

A one-word text from Trouble reads: "WELL?"

**INT. LOBBY OF THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Roman heads for Jules and Chaz.

They raise both hands over their heads.

Roman raises his hands.

ROMAN

What?

JULES

You found him!

ROMAN

What?

Jules points.

All the tumblers lock into place for Roman--

He scrambles around the corner after Bernie.

Jules and Chaz cock their heads to watch from behind.

**INT. GREASY SPOON - DAY**

Trouble, Roman and Bernie finish breakfast.

ROMAN (V.O.)

She was soft for him, trusted him like  
a brother. The first time I ever saw  
her smile. She looked good that way.

She smiles.

ROMAN (V.O.)

He took a little convincing... all of  
about two seconds. I don't blame him.  
Who could say no to those eyes?

Bernie wipes his mouth with a napkin.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Bernie had a hundred reasons to cross  
us. Money to float his failing escort  
service. "H" for his employees.

Roman sips a cup of black coffee.

ROMAN (V.O.)

And the chance to shove it all in his  
father's smug face. But no one talks  
about that.

BERNIE  
Do you still have the dress?

TROUBLE  
(sheepish)  
On eBay the next day. Sorry.

BERNIE  
We'll get you a new dress.

TROUBLE  
Bernie has the best parties--

ROMAN  
(to Bernie)  
I stopped listening after he said he'd  
make the drop.

Slightly offended, Bernie exits to the restroom.

ROMAN  
You trust this guy?

TROUBLE  
Yes, I trust him. He's the only guy  
I've ever known who hasn't tried to  
fuck me in one way or another.

ROMAN  
And he's buying ya dresses.

TROUBLE  
Whoa. This whole jealous thing. No.

Roman works his cup of coffee.

TROUBLE  
Look, he needed a little garnish so  
his party didn't look like a total gay  
sausage-fest. So I get a dress, some  
drinks. It's where I met Cane.

Roman glares.

TROUBLE  
(correcting him)  
No.

ROMAN  
He knows your ex-boyfriend?

TROUBLE  
It was a one-night stand. I was drunk.

ROMAN

He raped you.

TROUBLE

Or the other way around. It was... great. But he couldn't get over it. He kept calling. And calling. I don't do needy. And I really don't do jealous.

On cue, Bernie appears.

TROUBLE

Look, his uncle is Calix Jace. If anyone can convince him, it's Bernie. Isn't that right, Bernie.

ROMAN

Ya gonna fuck us, Bernie?

BERNIE

It's all gonna be fine.

TROUBLE

No one's fucking anyone.

BERNIE

If there's a finder fee, I'm keeping it.

TROUBLE

That's only fair. As long as you get us off the hook.

ROMAN

Work with us here, Bernie.

TROUBLE

Bernie understands.

ROMAN

I'll shoot ya, Bernie.

BERNIE

I don't like your new boyfriend. But I'd do anything for you.

Bernie hoists the gym bag over his shoulder.

BERNIE

You know, you never told me the story of why they call you Trouble.

TROUBLE

Isn't it obvious?

ROMAN (V.O.)

And then he gave her a Judas kiss on  
the cheek and waved goodbye to me.

Bernie flips off Roman as he walks out of the diner.

Trouble relaxes. She stares at Roman.

TROUBLE

(soft)

I'm gonna show you something. Okay?

**INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY**

Roman and Trouble climb stairs to a long-abandoned service room. The gears and machinery of the clock are exposed, along with wooden beams and unfinished walls.

Her hideout comes furnished with a rolled-up sleeping bag, mini-fridge and coffee-maker, all caked with dust.

TROUBLE

Only two other people in the world  
know about this place. And they're  
both dead.

ROMAN

--Ya tryin' to tell me something?

TROUBLE

The guy who used to work on the clock.  
When the clock still worked. And  
anyone cared. And my high school vice-  
principal.

ROMAN

Should I even ask?

TROUBLE

We'll hang here til Bernie gives the  
all-clear.

Her phone buzzes. She checks it.

TROUBLE

Nope.

ROMAN

Say, I never thanked you. You know,  
for saving my life and all.

TROUBLE

(soft)

Yeah.

ROMAN

Hey, what were ya gonna do with all that money?

TROUBLE

I don't know. I hadn't got that far. Maybe buy a gun range? I love to shoot stuff.

They laugh.

ROMAN

I noticed that.

TROUBLE

Is that dumb?

(beat)

This is what I wanted to show you.

Trouble steers him to a small window.

She stands close.

TROUBLE

When the sun rises over that hill, the first thing it does is light up this room with this bourbon-orange glow. I could just lick it off the walls.

ROMAN

Looks pretty cloudy to me.

Roman shatters the moment.

TROUBLE

Don't eat anything in the fridge. It's been in there since Capone.

ROMAN

Sometimes I can't tell when you're kidding.

TROUBLE

If you get food poisoning, I'm not taking you to the hospital. Clear enough?

Her phone buzzes again.

TROUBLE

Fuck.

ROMAN

Is it Bernie?

TROUBLE  
(resigned)  
He's never gonna stop calling.

She scrolls through pages of missed calls from Cane.

Roman gently touches her hand.

He shuffles closer.

ROMAN  
So what do we do now?

TROUBLE  
You got a smoke?

ROMAN  
Yeah.

TROUBLE  
They'll kill ya, you know.

She shoots him a sly smile.

ROMAN  
I'm pretty sure that's your job.

He leans in for a kiss.

She pushes his chin straight back with the palm of her hand.

TROUBLE  
What the hell?

ROMAN  
Yeah, what the hell? I thought we were  
having a thing.

TROUBLE  
I thought we were having a smoke.

ROMAN  
I thought it was code.

TROUBLE  
It was. Code for I want a cigarette.

ROMAN  
I can't figure you out.

TROUBLE  
Well then, stop trying!



ROMAN

Now I don't know. Is this when I'm  
supposed to kiss you?

TROUBLE

No.

Roman grabs her belt like a handle. Jerks her close.

Nose to nose, he hears her revolver cock.

TROUBLE

That's exactly how the vice-principal  
got his brains splash against that  
wall.

Roman hangs in there.

ROMAN

(looking left, then right)  
That wall? Or that one, over there?

TROUBLE

Look, you're cute. Just get unstupid.  
(beat)  
Does this really work on women?

ROMAN

I'll let ya know.

TROUBLE

Huh.

Her phone buzzes again.

It's Cane.

TROUBLE

Fuck! I gotta call Bernie.

# **INT. BERNIE'S SUITE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

A mobile phone rests on a table in front of the gym bag.

It buzzes.

We stay with the gym bag as a MAN'S HAND picks up the phone,  
switches it off and places it back on the table. The hand  
lifts the gym bag.

Bernie heads for a large safe.

From inside the safe, Bernie stuffs the gym bag on a lower  
shelf. Moving to the top shelf, he stacks...

Bricks of heroin

Bricks of heroin

Bricks of heroin

**INT. CHEAP MOTEL - DAY**

An investigator snaps a photograph directly at us. Leans in. Squints. Spins his camera 90-degrees. Snaps another.

It's the crime scene from earlier that day.

Yellow tape cordons off the front door. It's open. Through the door, a cop scribbles notes while questioning a witness outside.

RACKS, a balding, middle-age detective who's more showman than cop, stares at Bobo, face down on a table.

He beckons PURDY (25), your standard-issue police officer.

PURDY

Detective.

RACKS

Get Hub. You'll find him stealing candy bars out of the nearest vending machine.

HUB

--I heard that.

HUB, a dumpy, African-American detective nearing retirement, enters the crime scene. He's got a nose for money and booze, and really doesn't care how he gets more of both. As long as he gets more than his fair share.

HUB

Jesus! We're gonna need a lot of spackle and bleach on this one.

RACKS

Would you grace us with your detecting, sir?

HUB

Why certainly. Well, this here is Bobo.

Hub lifts what's left of Bobo's head off the table. Lets it drop back down.

A squishy THUD. The body slowly slumps to the floor in front of a blood-splattered wall.

Hub points to parts of Bobo's brains all over the room.

HUB  
And there's some Bobo. And there's  
some Bobo over there.

He nods to Sam's body.

HUB  
And she's no one anybody's gonna miss.  
No drugs. No money. It's an open-and-  
shut case of someone got stupid.

RACKS  
(to Purdy)  
That's why he's a detective.

HUB  
The only question is... who can use a  
Bloody Mary?

Racks gleefully raises one hand and then another hand.

RACKS  
After I phone it in.

HUB  
Correct!

PURDY  
We're already here.

RACKS  
Elvis has left the building!

**EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - DAY**

Racks ends his call.

Hub follows him to the car.

RACKS  
(to Hub)  
He wants us to put the screws to his  
nephew. Thinks he knows something he  
ain't givin' up.

HUB  
And a few shekels in it for us?

They pause.

RACKS

Hub, you would sellout yer own mother  
for a buck.

HUB

The hell, you say. It would have to be  
a lotta money.

RACKS

He thinks Bernie knows something about  
the girl who kicked off this whole  
carnival of carnage.

HUB

That gives me an idea. An idea that  
will need to be fermented over Bloody  
Marys.

**INT. UNIVERSITY LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY**

A loudspeaker on a cement wall fills the entire screen.

PRE-RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT: "City Transit welcomes you to the  
University Station."

Train commuters kill time waiting for the next train.

A commuter train wipes across the screen to reveal train  
commuters, plus Roman and Trouble.

Trouble stuffs her phone in her jacket.

TROUBLE

(frustrated)

He's still not picking up.

ROMAN

Yeah, well, there it is. He fucked us.

TROUBLE

We don't know that.

ROMAN

Yeah. We do. And we gotta get outta  
town. The good guys don't always win.

TROUBLE

We should have kept the smack.

Trouble's phone rings. It's Cane.

They debate while it continues ringing.

ROMAN  
Hold on. Answer it.

TROUBLE  
What? No. You answer it.

ROMAN  
Maybe we should hear him out.  
(optimistic)  
Maybe Bernie gave them the money.

TROUBLE  
Seriously?

ROMAN  
Okay. I'll answer it.

TROUBLE  
Fine--

ROMAN  
Fine.

TROUBLE  
Just keep your shit together.

Roman presses the button to answer.

No one says a word.

They huddle close.

CANE (V.O.)  
There you are.  
(beat)  
Are you still wet for me, baby?

Roman reacts as if the phone was soaked in vinegar.

**INT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Calix Jace and Cane hover over a cellphone on his desk.

CANE  
Come on over. We'll talk about it.  
What's your new boyfriend's name?

CALIX JACE  
--Bring the money to my office within  
an hour and I will guarantee you live.

CANE  
Is he why you left me?

A faint announcement is audible over the phone: "City Transit welcomes you to the University Station."

Cane ends the call. Turns to Calix.

CALIX JACE  
Headed north or south?

CANE  
The airport.

CALIX JACE  
That would be my--

Papers explode off the desk as Cane flies for the door.

**EXT. UNIVERSITY LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY**

Neither Roman or Trouble move with the urgency they would if they realized Cane was on his way.

ROMAN  
I knew he fucked us.

TROUBLE  
(disillusioned)  
Every single man I meet--

ROMAN  
--We'll deal with Bernie later.

TROUBLE  
Are you all genetically flawed?!

He hustles her into a waiting train.

TROUBLE  
Don't touch me.

ROMAN  
(to a commuter)  
Does this go all the way to the airport?

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Cane's car, an early model CROWN VIC, cuts through downtown traffic, narrowly avoiding cars and pedestrians.

RACKS (PRE-LAP) (V.O.)  
Slow down and simpler this time.

**INT. HUB'S SEDAN - OUTSIDE THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Hub and Racks share a flask.

HUB

Bernie's a speed bump. We need to nab the girl and the cash before they do. And we still need a place to stash the body after -- that's your part.

Hub tips one more before continuing.

HUB

So we start with a little chit-chat, casual conversation, then work a few details out of him. We gotta know what they know about this girl.

RACKS

Yeah, Mr. Jace has never impressed me as the gabby type.

HUB

Leave that part to ol' Hub.

**INT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Organizing papers at his desk, Calix Jace lifts his head.

CALIX JACE

You found him?

Hub and Racks cautiously make their way to Mr Jace.

HUB

Yeah, about that, Mr. Jace.

RACKS

--Maybe if you told us more about this girl.

CALIX JACE

The girl is being handled.

HUB

Yeah, but you see--

CALIX JACE

Come back when you find my nephew. Why are you looking at me? You don't look at me!

Both avert their eyes.

CALIX JACE  
How did you get in here?!

Kong and an endless stream of Samoan men stride in.

KONG  
Everything okay, Mr. Jace?

As every square inch of the room slowly fills with oversized Samoan men, there's nowhere for Hub and Racks to move.

CALIX JACE  
These Marys keep chattering away  
twenty to the dozen. All the while, I  
am unable to summon the words they  
need to hear to make them leave my  
office.

The two detectives squeeze their way toward the door.

KONG  
I was wishing I could get through just  
one of these -- one time -- without  
digging a bunch of holes in the  
cornfields.

#### **EXT. DOWNTOWN LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY**

Cane's Crown Vic hops the curb and skids to a halt on the sidewalk outside the train station.

He boots the door open but doesn't bother shutting it before sprinting away.

His car starts slowly rolling.

Cane blind-sides an OBLIVIOUS MAN talking on his phone...

Backs up to scream at him on the ground.

CANE  
Out of my way!

#### **INT. LIGHT RAIL TRAIN - DAY**

Commuters eavesdrop.

TROUBLE  
I have to kill him. On principle.

ROMAN  
How much do you have for tickets?



TROUBLE

I'm not going anywhere. I'm getting the money. I'm getting the junk. And then I'm going to blow Bernie's fucking head off.

She waves her revolver. The crowd backs up.

ROMAN

Look, I got a little money. We'll figure it out.

TROUBLE

I'm getting off at this stop.

The train slows at the DOWNTOWN STATION.

The crowd parts for the lady with the gun.

She pauses at the door as it opens.

TROUBLE

You coming?

Roman looks into the faces of the commuters.

An ELDERLY WOMAN shakes her head no.

Trouble steps out alone.

Roman starts toward the door.

GUNSHOTS echo through the station.

Trouble darts back into the train.

She gets off one shot before the doors close.

She grabs Roman.

TROUBLE

Run.

Roman sees Cane pistol-whip a PASSENGER in the next car.

The trains starts rolling again.

Roman and Trouble escape to another car, filled to overcapacity.

They slowly squeeze through the crowd.

Cane enters before they reach the other side of the car.

CANE  
Make a hole!

No one moves.

He sends three rounds into the air.

There's nowhere for anyone to move.

Frustrated, Cane guns down people, one by one, to clear a shot at Roman and Trouble.

Finally, he spots Roman.

Click.

Click.

Click.

As Cane ejects the spent mag, the TRAIN COMMUTERS attack.

They're no match for Cane's advanced fighting skills in tight quarters.

He loses his gun in the struggle.

It's kicked farther and farther across the floor.

Roman and Trouble reach the last train car.

#### **SERIES OF SHOTS - CANE FIGHTS COMMUTERS ON THE TRAIN**

- Cane elbows, punches and head-butts anyone close.
- He smashes a person's face through a window.
- Cane breaks a pair of glasses. Stabs someone in the eye.
- Cane sticks an umbrella through a woman's throat.
- Using her purse strap, he chokes a man.
- The train doors open and people flee.
- Cane stumbles over bodies on his way to the door.
- The train doors close, pinning Cane.

#### **END SERIES OF SHOTS**

#### **INT. SOUTH SIDE LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY**

He SCREAMS more out of rage than pain.

From the top of the stairs, Roman turns back.

Trouble delivers two lead love-notes near Cane's head.

Cane escapes the doors. Scrambles after them.

She grabs Roman.

TROUBLE

Come on.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY**

We follow Roman and Trouble sprinting down the sidewalk, avoiding foot traffic.

Cane emerges from the station, his trench coat flapping in the breeze.

He sees them. They have a big head start.

Cane races down the middle of the street, avoiding a turning two-door by hurdling the fenders and sliding down the hood without breaking stride.

Cars brake for Cane. He brakes for nothing.

Roman checks over his shoulder.

ROMAN

He's gaining.

She spots water.

TROUBLE

Ferry.

Roman and Trouble turn down a side street.

**INT. HIGH-SECURITY BUILDING - DAY**

At full speed, Cane cuts through a high-rise lobby.

Hurdles a security desk.

He's briefly chased by two SECURITY GUARDS.

Cane escapes by leaping down stairs. One flight at a time.

**EXT. HIGH-SECURITY BUILDING - DAY**

Cane bursts through the back door. Gets his bearings.

He runs the length of the loading dock...

Vaults to a dumpster...

Flips over a fence...

Climbs down the other side.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

From a pedestrian overpass, Cane sees Roman and Trouble running below him on the street.

Cane jumps off the pedestrian overpass--

Landing in the street, he's immediately clipped by a car.

Trouble looks back.

Cane quickly staggers to his feet.

She isn't sticking around.

Cane pulls a CONFUSED DRIVER out of his hatchback.

A tire smokes as it struggles to get traction.

**EXT. PIER - DAY**

A ferry worker kicks a TIRE BLOCK under the wheel of a car, securing it for the journey ahead.

A DOCK WORKER signals it's a full boat, no more cars.

BLAST from a ferry horn.

Roman and Trouble dash between LINES OF CARS on the pier.

Cane barrels down a vacant lane used for unloading.

The Dock Worker waves him off.

No dice.

Cane plows right through him.

The body rolls across the hood. Sticks.

Blocks the windshield and Cane's view.

He abandons the hatchback.

Charges ahead with a limp.

**EXT. FERRY DECK - DAY**

Trouble rattles off two more rounds.

One finding Cane's shoulder, which hardly slows him down.

Cane knocks her gun across the deck, far out of reach.

He addresses Trouble, ignoring Roman.

CANE

Why can't you just be nice to me,  
baby?

Cane touches his wound. Takes stock of her.

TROUBLE

Because you're a psycho!

ROMAN

Hey, asshole.

CANE

Where's the money?

TROUBLE

I don't have it.

ROMAN

We gave it to Bernie.

Cane's eyes flash to the side and then back to Trouble.

CANE

When you lie, it makes me... unreasonable.

ROMAN

Cane. Cane. Cane!

Roman punches Cane in the side of the head.

He isn't fazed.

Addresses Trouble as if Roman weren't there.

CANE

We could have been so good together.

Roman gets between Cane and Trouble. Throws haymakers.

Cane's nose starts bleeding.

Roman's pretty winded.

CANE

Your new boyfriend isn't working out.

Cane's eyes shift to Roman.

TROUBLE

Cane. Cane! Look at me. Look at me,  
Cane.

Three determined, ORANGE-VESTED FERRY WORKERS appear.

You'd pick these guys in any bar fight. All in their 20's,  
one looks like a freshly minted PRISON CON, another like an  
MMA FIGHTER and the third could double as a LUMBERJACK. He's  
the one bouncing a FIRE AX in his hand.

LUMBERJACK FERRY WORKER

Hey, asshole.

CANE

(to Roman)  
I'll just be a minute.

Cane rushes the Ferry Workers.

CANE

Gimme that.

LUMBERJACK FERRY WORKER

What? This? You want some of this?

The Lumberjack Ferry Worker takes a swing, missing Cane, who  
flips him on his back and wrestles the ax away in one move.

Cane drops the ax into his head.

The MMA Ferry Worker comes at him.

Cane flips him like he's done it a hundred times before.

The MMA Ferry Worker stands.

Cane throws the fire ax.

Pins his chest to the grill of a delivery truck.

Steam blows from the radiator.

Wisely, the Prison Con Ferry Worker backs away.

### **OVER THE SIDE**

propeller blades of the ferry churn frothy white foam.

### **ON DECK**

as Cane turns back to Roman, he's clubbed to the deck.

Trouble stands over him holding tire blocks.

Roman and Trouble race for the pier.

Dazed, Cane slowly crawls along the deck.

They leap to the pier as the ferry eases away.

Cane staggers to his feet.

Gets off the last round from Trouble's gun followed by...

Click.

Click.

Click.

He points the revolver at his own head. Pulls the trigger three more times.

CANE

I'm coming for you, baby!

Cane considers jumping into the water.

#### **OVER THE SIDE**

the ferry's propeller blades give him pause.

#### **ON DECK**

Cane points the revolver at the bridge.

CANE

Stop the boat! Stop the boat!

#### **EXT. PIER - DAY**

Roman and Trouble scramble around parked cars.

The sound of ferry engines stops.

Roman and Trouble stop. They look back.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Cane was just as advertised. What she ever saw in him, I'll never know. But who ever likes their girlfriend's ex?

They run.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Almost my girlfriend. Well, let's just say I was workin' on it.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Roman and Trouble round a corner...

Rest alongside a building.

ROMAN  
(panting)  
Wait. I need a minute.

TROUBLE  
(winded)  
I've never had so much trouble  
breaking up with a guy.

Trouble looks up and down the street.

ROMAN  
We gotta get off the streets.

TROUBLE  
The army is gonna be all over us.  
Damn, I got a sideache.

Roman pecks away at his IPHONE.

ROMAN  
I'll get an Uber.

Trouble whistles and waves down a YELLOW CAB.

ROMAN  
That'll work too.

TROUBLE  
Get in. I got a plan. But you're not  
gonna like it.

ROMAN  
But I always love your plans.

**INT. YELLOW CAB - CONTINUOUS**

TROUBLE  
First, we shoot Bernie and steal back  
the drugs. Not the cash.

ROMAN  
Then we're gonna need a gun.

TROUBLE  
Yes. We need to work on that part  
first. Then we rat out Bernie to his  
uncle. He gets the money back...



The TATTOOED CAB DRIVER peeks in the rearview mirror.

TROUBLE

And I set up the deal with a different buyer in another state or country. I haven't got that far.

ROMAN

You know many drug buyers?

TROUBLE

Come on. It's heroin. It can't be that hard.

ROMAN

Evidently, it is. And how are we gonna find Bernie?

TROUBLE

That's the part you're not gonna like.

ROMAN

And what about Cane?

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER

Do you need to kill him too?

ROMAN

Hey... Tattoos. Ya getting all this?

TROUBLE

Cane's unkillable. He's as dangerous as a gas-huffin' circus monkey, or flesh-eating locust... with, with lasers for eyes.

She waves her hands.

TROUBLE

If that thing that killed the dinosaurs--

ROMAN

An asteroid.

TROUBLE

The head-choppy thing--

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER

A guillotine.

TROUBLE

And Nazi nerve gas all had a love child--

ROMAN  
--We get the picture.

TROUBLE  
Yeah, that.  
(beat)  
Lucky Shamrock Motel.

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER  
Don't you need a gun first?

TROUBLE  
Oh, yeah.

He flashes a .38 SPECIAL.

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER  
I'll sell ya this one, cheap.

She inspects the merchandise while Roman breaks off bills.

TROUBLE  
Pay the man.

ROMAN  
You know this is the first  
conversation we've had that didn't end  
in a fight?

TROUBLE  
It's a long cab ride.

The cab eases into traffic as Etano and three members of The Samoan Army jog past, just missing them.

**INT. THE LUCKY SHAMROCK MOTEL - DAY**

Welcome to a pay-by-the-hour jack shack for cruisers and pros. To call the room modest would overstate its charm.

TROUBLE  
Okay, so we get one of Bernie's boys  
down here. And call back to complain  
he OD'ed--

ROMAN  
--but I don't have to do anything.

TROUBLE  
You never know, he could be hot.

ROMAN  
Is this fun for you?

TROUBLE

We'll give you a safe word.

Trouble hands Roman her phone.

TROUBLE

Ask for Chaz.

ROMAN

I know Chaz.

TROUBLE

I'm sure you're adorable together.

ROMAN

(into phone)

Chaz, please.

(to Trouble)

No Chaz, but there's a Grandle.

TROUBLE

Whatever. Tell him you want a soufflé  
ordered out, delivery to the Lucky  
Shamrock Motel, room two-oh-three.  
They know the address.

ROMAN

He can hear you.

TROUBLE

(into phone)

Where's Chaz?!

She grabs the phone, hears all she needs. Tosses it back.

TROUBLE

(to Roman)

We finally got lucky. Hang up the  
phone.

Trouble puts her fist to the wall.

TROUBLE

Chaz! Chaz, get over here. It's me.

(to Roman)

He's working and he owes me.

ROMAN

Do you know every gay man at the  
Empress?

TROUBLE

They're all gay, Roman. And most work  
outta the Shamrock.

She pounds harder.

TROUBLE

Chaz!

ROMAN

Why don't we just knock on the door  
like regular people?

**MOMENTS LATER IN ROOM 202**

ROMAN

(deadpan)

How does Chaz being dead and all  
affect our plan?

Chaz lies motionless on the bed. Needle in his arm.

TROUBLE

Great for us. Less great for Chaz. At  
least we don't have to lie about  
someone overdosing.

ROMAN

Yeah, because lying... Yeah.

TROUBLE

Call Grandle or whoever picks up the  
phone and tell them to get Bernie down  
here. Tell him your soufflé just fell.

ROMAN

(disbelieving)

You guys have code words for this?

TROUBLE

You hear stuff at parties. Nothing  
gets management involved faster than  
an overdose.

He dials.

ROMAN

Good tip.

(beat)

I want to point out we have two  
perfectly good rooms paid for.

TROUBLE

Man, that's just twisted.

He looks down at Chaz.

ROMAN

Well, one room.

TROUBLE  
I meant that as a compliment.

**LATER**

Trouble steadies a gun on Bernie, seated on the bed.

Roman busts him across the face.

It looks like his fist has been there a couple times before.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Bernie definitely wasn't up for this  
game. He threw in his hand before he  
even saw the Roscoe.

Roman serves up a fresh one.

Bernie spits blood.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
And then he was an endless sob story  
of skinflint johns and junkie tricks  
forcing him to work outta this dump.  
God, I wish he'd just shut the hell  
up.

BERNIE  
I told you I was gonna give you the  
money.

ROMAN  
I just wanted ya to know I don't like  
ya, Bernie.

BERNIE  
Are you just gonna stand there and let  
him kill me?

ROMAN  
Oh, if I know my girl--

TROUBLE  
--I'm not your girl--

ROMAN  
She's working out which parts she's  
gonna blow off first.

TROUBLE  
So, where's the money, Bernie?

BERNIE

Are you kidding? I don't let it out of my sight. It's in the trunk of my car.

ROMAN

Technically, that's not in your sight.

BERNIE

I really don't like this one.

TROUBLE

He's not my boyfriend.

Roman lands another solid right cross.

ROMAN

And that's for making her say that.

TROUBLE

Gentlemen, let's go get my money.

**EXT. THE LUCKY SHAMROCK MOTEL - DAY**

Trouble aims a .38 at Bernie's head.

The trunk of Bernie's convertible glides open.

Bernie lifts the gym bag out of the trunk.

Roman sees a CACHE OF HANDGUNS hidden beneath the gym bag.

Bernie hands the gym bag to Roman.

Trouble moves her aim to Roman.

TROUBLE

(cold)

Drop the bag.

Bernie slowly reaches for a gun out of the trunk.

ROMAN

I thought we were giving up on the money?

TROUBLE

Just giving up on you.

ROMAN

We are so breaking up.

Roman eases the bag down next to the trunk.

Bernie sticks a pistol into Trouble's ribs.

She keeps pointing the gun at Roman but looks at Bernie.

BERNIE

Put it down.

Roman steps back from the trunk with a handgun.

ROMAN

You first.

Bernie raises the gun to her head.

Everyone eases back one step.

Trouble looks at Roman, then at Bernie.

Bernie looks at Roman, then at Trouble.

Everyone smiles.

ROMAN (V.O.)

And with that, we had ourselves a good  
old-fashion Mexican Standoff.

Everyone stops smiling.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Now, there are very few ways out of  
these standoff-type situations. All  
involve body bags.

### **FANTASY SCENARIO #1**

The three point weapons at each other and fire.

ROMAN (V.O.)

I shoot Bernie, he caps Trouble, the  
muscles in her hand involuntarily  
contract and she clips me.

### **FANTASY SCENARIO #2**

The three point weapons at each other and fire.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Bernie shoots Trouble. I blast Bernie,  
but the lyin' double-crosser gets one  
off before he croaks, ending my run.

### **END FANTASY SCENARIOS**

### **BACK TO SCENE**

Trouble shifts her weight. Adjusts her grip.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
The rest of the other scenarios end  
pretty much the same way, a real mess.

HUB (O.S.)  
(chipper)  
Hi ya, Bernie.

Hub and Racks snap their aim between all three of them.

HUB  
We've been looking for you.

RACKS  
Put 'em down, kids. You know you  
wanna.

They surrender their guns to Racks.

HUB  
Now Racks here said we should just let  
y'all shoot each other. And then we  
just pick up the money and ride off  
into the sunset.

Hub strolls over to the bag.

HUB  
But then I said, Racks, now how do we  
know the money's even in that bag?

He unzips the bag to reveal the cash.

HUB  
Racks, you were right. But where oh  
where is the dope? You see, I knew we  
needed 'em alive.

RACKS  
That's why he's a detective.

**EXT. COURTYARD AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Kids play in the pool.

Young ladies in swimsuits sunbathe nearby.

Pool staff serves cold, tropical drinks to an old couple.

Hub and Racks march Roman, Trouble and Bernie past the pool.



**EXT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

There's loud talk coming from inside. Kong slips out.

KONG  
(concerned)  
They're drinking.

ETANO  
Both of them?!

KONG  
Stump whiskey. And I'm sure Cane is  
drinking goat's blood or the tears of  
small children. Or forcing small  
children to drink goat's blood.

**INT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Calix Jace waves a tumbler of whiskey to dramatize his  
points. Cane knocks back one shot, then another.

CANE  
I said I'd handle it.

CALIX JACE  
You know downtown is gonna pin this  
whole thing on you.

CANE  
Well, I did most of it.

CALIX JACE  
Look, clean up this mess and I will  
get you out of the country... until  
this blows over.

CANE  
--Blows over?

CALIX JACE  
Yes. Blows over.

CANE  
This kinda shit doesn't just blow  
over, Calix. Understand, I gotta know  
if you're still with me. Because now,  
we gotta go to some really dark  
places.

CALIX JACE  
Cane. Great men are remembered by  
great works.

(MORE)

CALIX JACE (cont'd)  
Thus creating such works announces to  
the world one's enduring greatness.

Calix parades around the room.

CALIX JACE  
Like this hotel, the Grand Empress,  
named for my beloved sister, Sophia.  
The things I have done to restore her  
to the opulence she deserves, I leave  
to history to judge.

He works his way behind Cane.

CALIX JACE  
Oh, my empire could pass away  
tomorrow. But the Empress will endure.  
She will endure. I have lifted myself  
from nothing. And my greatness will  
endure!

Nose to nose, he stares down Cane.

CALIX JACE  
I am not afraid to die. I cannot die!  
I have no fear of death. Are you  
afraid to die?

CANE  
No.

CALIX JACE  
Because take away that fear, and trust  
me, my boy, you can do anything.

CANE  
I have no fear.

CALIX JACE  
Then are you soft for this girl?

CANE  
No.

CALIX JACE  
Are you man enough to kill her?

CANE  
Yes.

CALIX JACE  
Say it again.

CANE  
Yes.

CALIX JACE  
We do not like this girl.

CANE  
I'm going to kill her.

CALIX JACE  
Go to that very dark place, Cane. Go  
there and kill them all.

Cane knocks back one last shot.

CANE  
Let me tell you a little bit more  
about these dark places. You see  
someone, someone's gotta take the  
fall. You can see that's how it's  
gonna have to go down.

CALIX JACE  
I do not understand.

CANE  
We're gonna pin it on your son.

Calix stares at him for a very long time.

CALIX JACE  
I have no son.

CANE  
No, you know it's the worst-kept  
secret in town--

CALIX JACE  
Don't say it.

CANE  
Everyone knows he's your son.

CALIX JACE  
Say another word--

CANE  
You fucked your sister and out popped  
Bernie... the biggest disappointment  
of your life.

Calix throws his tumbler of whiskey at Cane's head.

CANE  
Are you really going to hand over The  
Empress to him? Bernie? Do you know  
what he does with men in his bed?  
Maybe in this room?

CALIX JACE

Stop it.

CANE

Have you ever really pictured what he's doing to them?

CALIX JACE

Stop it.

CANE

Or they're doing to him?

CALIX JACE

Shut up!

CANE

Calix, are you man enough to kill him?

Beat.

CALIX JACE

You didn't have to put a vulgar point on it. That was just cruel.

CANE

I'm a sadist, Calix. This is what I do.

CALIX JACE

Add one more name to your list.

**INT. BERNIE'S SUITE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Racks loads bricks of heroin from the safe into a canvas bag.

Bernie paces nearby, one eye swollen shut.

Meanwhile, Roman and Trouble cool their heels in an adjoining room. They're divided by the gym bag on the coffee table.

His gun at the ready, Hub stands guard at the only door out.

ROMAN (O.S.)

Hey, tubby, tubby. Bald guy.

Hub and Rack pause momentarily.

ROMAN (O.S.)

So, what's the play here?

A stark contrast with the ostentatious offices of Calix Jace, Bernie favors modern and tasteful decor.

HUB

Bernie, I like what you've done with the place.

BERNIE

Just don't bring my uncle into this.

RACKS

And, nice and quiet.

HUB

The perfect place for a double-cross.

RACKS

Only this time Racks and Hub weren't there to save the day.

Hub shrugs his shoulders.

HUB

Shit got outta hand.

She won't make eye contact with Roman.

TROUBLE

(to Roman)

They're ignoring you.

ROMAN

I'm getting a lot of that today. Were you really gonna shoot me back there?

TROUBLE

Yeah. Maybe just a little.

Frustrated, his eyes wander around the room.

ROMAN (V.O.)

I was outta my depth. No one respected me, including the dame. I was losin' her. I needed to make a move... a big one. Sumthin' she'd respect.

Roman winks at Trouble. Looks at the balcony.

TROUBLE

(whispers)

No.

RACKS

Come again, doll face?

TROUBLE

I said, I gotta go.

She shakes her head at Roman.

Trouble sashays to the bathroom. Racks nods at Hub.

HUB  
(to Racks)  
Never eat from a dirty plate.

### **SLOW MOTION**

In one motion, Roman slings the gym bag tight around his shoulder and scrambles for the balcony.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Now, there are moments in life.

Hub shoots.

The bullet rips through the door jamb next to Roman's head.

Bernie raises his hands in the air, surrendering.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Moments of amazing clarity.

Racks spins around. Fires at Roman.

Roman launches from the balcony table to the rail.

Hub and Racks head for the balcony.

Behind Bernie, Trouble dashes for the front door.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Moments you'll never forget.

### **EXT. COURTYARD AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Roman flails through the air with the gym bag on his back.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Maybe it was the five-story drop.

From the balcony, Hub and Racks unload.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Maybe it was the icy-cold water.

Underwater, Roman crashes into the pool.

From the balcony, the detectives continue firing.

Underwater, bullets pierce the water around Roman.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Maybe it was the fact that people were  
shooting at me.

**END SLOW MOTION**

**INT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Ratatatat of GUNSHOTS.

Cane snaps his head around.

**EXT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Kong, Etano and a few of The Samoan Army, armed to their  
eyeballs, ready their weapons.

Cane explodes from the office, barking as he moves.

CANE  
(to Etano)  
Car!

KONG  
Pack them to go, boys.

**EXT. COURTYARD AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Roman slobes through fleeing guests.

**INT. BERNIE'S SUITE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Hub and Racks shoot empty. Quickly reload.

RACKS  
Elvis has most definitely left the  
building.

HUB  
Aren't ya going after him?

Hub squeezes off two more shots in anger.

HUB  
At least I hit him.

RACKS  
You didn't hit shit, as usual.

Racks leans over the balcony railing. Hub turns.

HUB  
Where's the girl?

The front door ajar. Bernie still has his hands up.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
But at that moment, I knew three  
things to be true.

**EXT. THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY**

Roman hurdles a low fence. Runs.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
One, the local police department was  
in need of several serious reforms.  
Two, wet money is surprisingly heavy.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY**

Roman gasps for air on the sidewalk.

Looks over each shoulder.

Sprints away.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
And three, I was head-over-heels, lost-  
to-the-world-forever, in love. So  
obviously, I needed a gun. And a plan.  
A good plan and a lotta guns.

**INT. 1957 CADILLAC ELDORADO BROUGHAM - DAY**

Etano, Kong and other members of The Samoan Army cruise the  
streets, searching for Roman and Trouble.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
And I needed to get off the street.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY**

Drifting down from the calm of the city skyline we find Roman  
at the end of an alley...

Pants. Slows to a jog. Grabs his knees.

Roman notices respectable people staring at him as they pass  
on the sidewalk.

He's dripping wet. He stands out.



A stream of SUVs speed down the street a few blocks away.

Roman spies an idling METRO BUS.

The light changes green for the cars.

Roman wanders into traffic.

Car horns greet him all the way to the bus stop.

Siren wailing, a squad car flies past without stopping.

A long line of bus commuters shuffle forward in a dance they've done a hundred times before.

Roman pushes his way to the front of the line.

ROMAN  
Excuse me. Excuse me.

**INT. METRO BUS - CONTINUOUS**

Commuters grouse. The cranky BUS DRIVER points.

BUS DRIVER  
Back of the line, buddy.

ROMAN  
I'll give you a hundred bucks.

BUS DRIVER  
Exact change only.

ROMAN  
That's all I have.

BUS DRIVER  
Get off my bus.

Through the front window...

Roman sees a dozen members of The Samoan Army rushing the bus with assault rifles.

He leaps into the driver's lap.

Roman floors it.

The Samoan men part like bowling pins.

They fire.

Commuters cower under the seats.

Hot lead ricochets off the bus.

The Bus Driver struggles with Roman for control of the wheel.

ROMAN

You couldn't just take the money...

The driver's name is stitched on his uniform.

ROMAN

... Name Tag.

BUS DRIVER

It's embroidered.

They wrestle for a couple blocks.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY**

The bus wrecks into a tree in front of a MEXICAN RESTAURANT.

**INT. METRO BUS - CONTINUOUS**

Rattled nerves, but no one's hurt.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY**

Cane snaps his head around. Sprints to the sound of chaos.

**INT. LOCO'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY**

Roman runs into a busy restaurant.

ROMAN

Someone call an ambulance!

He leaps on a chair in his path...

Then onto a table...

Then table to table...

Then onto a slick bar...

SLIPS...

Falls flat on his back behind the bar.

BARTENDER

What the hell are you doing?

The BARTENDER towers over him.

Mounted under the bar, Roman spies a SAWED-OFF PISTOL-GRIP SHOTGUN.

ROMAN  
Is that a gun?

The bartender grabs it before Roman can.

BARTENDER  
(obviously)  
Yes.

ROMAN  
Good.

In one move, Roman snatches the shotgun out of his hand.  
Turns it on the bartender.

ROMAN  
I need a gun.

Cane bursts through the front door.

Members of The Samoan Army file in behind him.

The bartender pops up from behind the bar a little too quickly--

Cane punches his ticket.

Roman springs to his feet...

Sprays the room with buckshot. Misses everyone.

Bottles of tequila explode as they return fire.

Roman high-tails it through a shower of bullets, liquor and glass, escaping into the kitchen.

He gets off one more gunshot blast into a wall.

Disappears into the alley.

The nose of Cane's gun cautiously rounds the door jamb of the back door. Cane's face peeks around the corner.

He's gone. Roman's in the wind.

#### **EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Rounding a street corner, Roman pauses at a fence dividing a vacant alley.

There's a tiny gap in the fence.

Roman tries it.

The gym bag doesn't fit.

He backs out.

Roman stuffs the shotgun into the gym bag.

Checks over both shoulders.

Tosses the bag over the fence.

It snags on barbed wire.

Roman's phone rings.

It's Trouble, but he's a little preoccupied with not dying.

He switches the phone off.

Roman grabs a stick lying near a pile of trash.

Fishes the bag down.

He checks again. All clear.

This time he tosses the bag higher and farther.

It lands near the only DUMPSTER in the alley.

A BUSBOY wheels a larger plastic CONTAINER of garbage around the corner.

The Busboy sees the bag.

Roman sees the Busboy sees the bag.

It's a race.

Roman squats down... slips through the fence.

**INT. 1957 CADILLAC ELDORADO BROUGHAM - CONTINUOUS**

From the perspective of the driver flashing past the alley, Roman runs to the bag.

Sound of tires SKIDDING.

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

The Caddy zips back, blocking the street.

Kong, Etano and two other members of The Samoan Army get out.

Cane slips through the fence on the other side of the alley.

ETANO  
(to Cane)  
He's here.

The Busboy heaves a garbage bag into the dumpster.

KONG  
(to Busboy)  
You see anyone?

The Busboy shakes his head.

Cane gestures to surround the dumpster.

ETANO  
Get out of here, kid.

They assume killing positions.

Cane breathes deeply. Cracks his head from side to side.

He nods at Etano.

Etano flips the lid open.

Everyone fires into the dumpster.

Cane quickly reloads.

CANE  
Okay, okay. I think we got him.

At the end of the alley, the Busboy rounds the corner,  
pushing the wheeled plastic container.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

The Busboy stops.

BUSBOY  
(to the container)  
Okay.

A hundred-dollar bill slides out from the container lid.

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Standing inside the dumpster, Etano roots through garbage.

He thinks he sees something move--

Rattles off a couple rounds into black plastic garbage bags.

**INT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

The back door closes, startling a PARAMEDIC and AMBULANCE DRIVER.

Roman gets comfortable.

PARAMEDIC  
What the hell are you doing in my ambulance?

ROMAN  
I need a ride.

PARAMEDIC  
(concerned)  
Are you hurt?

ROMAN  
No.

AMBULANCE DRIVER  
Son, this ain't no cab.

A stack of moist hundred-dollar bills lands on the front seat.

ROMAN  
Hit the cherry-tops. I'm in a hurry.

**EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

A SIREN SQUAWKS

The ambulance lights up. Punches into traffic, past Cane, Kong and Etano.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Meantime, Trouble was making new friends.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Trouble marches out of a FIVE-AND-DIME wearing a SNOW WHITE MASK on her face and a TOY PISTOL in her fist.

Destination, the CITY BANK across the street.

**INT. CITY BANK - CONTINUOUS**

With a toy pistol in the side of a BANK GUARD, she announces:

TROUBLE  
This is a hold-up! On the ground!

ALARM BELLS

Everyone grabs some floor.

TROUBLE  
(to Bank Guard)  
Gun!

A SMITH & WESSON slides across the floor.

TROUBLE  
And the extra mags.

He surrenders those too.

An ARMED BANK CUSTOMER slowly pulls out a handgun.

Trouble pumps a couple rounds into the ceiling.

TROUBLE  
Everyone be cool!

On her way out, the Armed Bank Customer shoots her in the left ass cheek.

TROUBLE  
Damn it.

Pissed, she sprays the bank.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Trouble limps through moving traffic.

She aims her new Smith & Wesson at a two-door coupe headed straight for her.

The driver doesn't even slow down.

It narrowly misses her. Honks.

TROUBLE  
Asshole.

Horns blare. Traffic stops.

Her phone rings. It's Roman.

TROUBLE  
(into phone)  
Wait!

She yanks the nearest TERRIFIED FEMALE DRIVER out of a sedan.

TERRIFIED FEMALE DRIVER  
No. No. No. Okay. Okay.

The streets are blocked.

The sidewalk is clear.

POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

**INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY**

Down the sidewalk pedestrians part. She knocks one over.

TROUBLE  
(into phone)  
Okay, I got a second. Roman?

Disconnected.

Hand over hand, she turns back into modest traffic.

**INT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

ROMAN  
Is that an iPhone?

AMBULANCE DRIVER  
Yeah.

ROMAN  
I'm dead. I'll give you five-hundred  
bucks for the battery.

AMBULANCE DRIVER  
What? No.

ROMAN  
A thousand.

AMBULANCE DRIVER  
You can't open an iPhone.

ROMAN  
I do it all the time.

Roman shows him a tiny Pentalobe bit screwdriver.

PARAMEDIC  
Just the battery? I have an iPhone.



ROMAN

Deal.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

I'll do it for eight.

PARAMEDIC

Seven-hundred.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Five.

PARAMEDIC

Have you ever had a hit of pure oxygen?

**MOMENTS LATER**

Laid out on a stretcher in the back of the ambulance, Roman huffs oxygen from a mask.

Listens to phone messages from Trouble.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Checking my messages, she was singin' a different tune. I think I might have even heard the word impressed.

He smiles. Advances to the next message.

ROMAN (V.O.)

She clearly still wanted the dough. Less clear about me. But I was gettin' her there.

Roman draws another big hit of oxygen.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Her last message said she'd been shot and to meet her at the clock tower. Was I walkin' into a setup? I expected nothing less from her.

He puts down the phone.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Or did she really need me? I was banking my life on this next move. But it wasn't hard. I was stupid for that girl.

Trouble calls.

**INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY**

She fights downtown traffic.

TROUBLE  
Are you okay?

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Have you ever had pure oxygen?

TROUBLE  
I'm gonna make a man out of you yet.  
Do you still have the bag?

ROMAN (V.O.)  
You get right to it.

TROUBLE  
Keep up. We're moving fast.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
How bad were ya shot?

TROUBLE  
I'm fine.  
(beat)  
I got hit in the ass.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Oh. Doesn't that hurt when you sit  
down?

TROUBLE  
It hurts all the time. I got shot.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
You're probably right.

TROUBLE  
So are you headed to the place?

**INT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

The Paramedic cuts off his oxygen supply.

There's a tussle over the mask. Roman loses.

ROMAN  
I'll split it with you.

Beat.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
Okay. That's fair.

ROMAN  
One condition.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
I'm not fucking you.

ROMAN  
A date.

**INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY**

She parks.

TROUBLE  
A what?

ROMAN (V.O.)  
A date. I want a date. One date. Where  
you show up, in a dress. I'll bring  
you flowers. And you don't shoot  
anyone. You know, a real date.

TROUBLE  
Half the bag for one date?  
(beat)  
Deal.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
And we leave town together.

TROUBLE  
That's two things.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Are you negotiating? Because I'll just  
blow town.

TROUBLE  
Okay, but not as boyfriend and  
girlfriend. It's because of the money.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Sure. The money. And I'm a little  
cute.

TROUBLE  
Maybe a little, when you're not being  
stupid.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Why do ya keep callin' me stupid?

TROUBLE  
It's like my pet name for you. You're  
like my little hamster or something.

**INT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

ROMAN  
We're not gonna have a normal  
relationship, are we?

He waits for an answer that never comes.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
One date.

ROMAN  
One date.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
And I'm not putting out.

ROMAN  
I think a goodnight kiss would be  
appropriate.  
(emphatic)  
It's a date.

**INT./EXT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY**

TROUBLE  
Okay, one kiss, but no tongue. Unless  
I start it. And don't get all handsy.  
(beat)  
What kind of flowers?

A BLUE-VESTED TRAFFIC COP tap-tap-taps on the window.

TROUBLE  
Shit.

Startled, she ends the call.

TRAFFIC COP  
Miss, you can't park here. This is a  
construction zone.

TROUBLE  
You scared the shit out me. I thought  
you were a cop.

TRAFFIC COP  
I am a cop.

TROUBLE  
I mean a real one.

TRAFFIC COP  
I am a real cop.

TROUBLE  
So you're arresting me?

TRAFFIC COP  
License and registration will suffice.

Stalling, she searches for the registration.

TROUBLE  
Now you're starting to sound like a  
cop.

TRAFFIC COP  
I'm a fully commissioned officer.

TROUBLE  
Do you have gun? Because they don't  
give those to meter maids.

TRAFFIC COP  
I'm going to ask you one more time --  
the blue vest means traffic control,  
not parking enforcement.

Her phone rings. She doesn't answer.

TRAFFIC COP  
Who were you talking to?

TROUBLE  
My boyfriend.

TRAFFIC COP  
Uh-huh. And what are you doing  
downtown?

TROUBLE  
You know, normal stuff. Are you sure  
you're a cop?

Reaching inside the glove box with one hand, she's insider of  
her jacket with her other.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS**

There's blood on her jeans.

He studies the sedan and steps back.

His holster unsnaps.

The Traffic Cop draws.

TRAFFIC COP  
Hands where I can see 'em!

Into a police radio on his shoulder.

TRAFFIC COP  
Any available units...

A large SUV SKIDS to a stop. Blocks her retreat. Trapped.

Oversized Samoan men step out with assault rifles.

TRAFFIC COP  
Who the fuck--

They execute the Traffic Cop.

Trouble floors it.

They pump rounds into her stolen sedan.

She blows through barricades and orange barrels.

SUV tires spit gravel.

Lights flashing, police cruisers parallel her one block over.

Her bullet-riddled sedan swings pretty loose on a gravel access road leaving the construction zone.

#### **EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

A caravan of SUVs charge down the street.

POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
They're all over me, Roman. The cops.  
The army. I'll never make it to the  
place.

#### **INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY**

She jerks the wheel. Fishtails down an alley. She yells into her phone on the passenger seat.

TROUBLE  
And I need to ask a big favor.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Anything.

TROUBLE  
Do I really have to wear a dress?

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Yes. That's a deal-breaker.

TROUBLE  
Damn it. Okay, listen, as soon as I  
shake 'em, I'll go to you. Got it?

She snaps in a fresh mag.

**INT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

Roman looks out the window while talking on the phone.

ROMAN  
Okay. But I don't even know where I  
am.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
What?

ROMAN  
I'm a little high.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
And we're gonna need more guns, Roman.  
A lot more. I go through guns faster  
than I go through men.

ROMAN  
Very true.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
So after you put hands on 'em, call  
me. I'll go to you.

ROMAN  
Ya know I'm not leaving without cha.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
Aw.

ROMAN  
One date.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
One date. We're almost there, baby.

Over the phone we hear AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
Gotta go.

ROMAN  
(to Ambulance Driver)  
Where can we get some guns?

**INT. AMOS & AMMO GUN SHOP - DAY**

AMOS, a kindly, slow-talking gun shop owner in his 80's, rises out of his chair behind the counter.

AMOS  
Greetings, friend. How can I help?

Roman points at three weapons quickly.

ROMAN  
(rushed)  
I'll take one of those. And that. What does that do?

AMOS  
Well friend, you have a good eye.  
That's the latest in home protection--

ROMAN  
How many rounds a minute?

AMOS  
It's called The Saint--

ROMAN  
Good name. I'll take two.

Roman waves his hand over the showcase.

ROMAN  
I need those. Rounds for everything, cases and an ammo box.

AMOS  
What exactly are you expecting the whole Bolivian army?

Amos laughs at his own joke.

ROMAN  
Yeah. Something like that.

He gestures to a SilencerCo Maxim 9 handgun on the wall.

ROMAN  
Is that any good?



Amos explains as he disassembles it in seconds.

AMOS

This is the latest and most discreet  
firearm money can buy. Manufactured--

ROMAN

--Put it back together. I'll take it.  
And the Glock with the big mag.

AMOS

Okay, you're moving pretty fast, son.  
Which one did you finally settle on?

ROMAN

All of 'em, old-timer. All of 'em.

Amos drops a clipboard on the counter.

AMOS

Well, there's a few forms the federal  
government says--

A stack of hundred-dollar bills falls on the clipboard.

AMOS

I sense you're not a waiting period  
kinda guy.

Roman adds another stack.

ROMAN

Do you sell nitroglycerin?

#### **INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

#### **ELECTRONIC DANCE MUSIC**

... BLARES through the warehouse.

A RACCOON laps a puddle of blood near a floor drain.

#### **OUT OF FOCUS**

In a poorly lit warehouse, a man performs an expressive  
interpretive dance. A flame dances in the foreground on the  
other side of the screen. He abruptly stops and approaches.

#### **IN FOCUS**

The flame illuminates Cane's face.

A PROPANE BLOWTORCH on a table generates the flame. He stares  
at it for a long time. He snaps his head around quickly,  
looking over his shoulder.

Cane snatches the blowtorch and rushes away.

**END MUSIC**

**INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY**

Roman studies bouquets like it's a trigonometry final.

The FLORIST, a prim and proper woman in her 40's sports a curly hair-do that's simply out of control. Bumfuzzled, she shakes her head.

FLORIST

But I'm only trying to help.

ROMAN

Well, I had no idea there were so many questions involved. Trust me, the less you know, the better.

FLORIST

Of course, but I need to know a little. You don't want to send the wrong message.

ROMAN

There are messages in flowers?

FLORIST

Of course.

He points to a potted plant.

ROMAN

What does this one mean?

FLORIST

Welcome to your new home.

He points at lilies

FLORIST

My condolences.

He points to geraniums.

FLORIST

You're gay.

ROMAN

Serious?

She nods and smiles.

ROMAN

Okay! But can you do it without asking a lotta questions?

FLORIST

I'll try. So we've established you want something special, for a girl. Can I assume it's a girl?

ROMAN

Yes. But what did I say about the questions?

FLORIST

Sorry. We've also established that you just met, so something special but not too special. Correct?

ROMAN

You're no good at this whole not asking questions thing.

FLORIST

Let's rule out proposing, anniversary, it's not Valentine's Day. And I'd say her favorite color is pink, blue, orange.

Roman shakes his head to each color.

ROMAN

Whose favorite color is orange?

FLORIST

I was just testing to see if you were paying attention.

ROMAN

I'm sure it's blood red. Wait. Orange. Yeah. Bourbon-orange.

The Florist incubates an answer.

FLORIST

Well then, based on the information at hand, I think the obvious choice is a large bouquet of white carnations.

ROMAN

Those aren't orange.

FLORIST

I'm sorry but we don't have orange carnations.

ROMAN

They don't even have any color. What does that say?

He points to a dozen red roses.

ROMAN

Don't worry, I'm still gonna give ya a big tip for putting ya through all that.

FLORIST

Well, thank you. But we don't accept tips.

Roman unzips the gym bag and winks.

ROMAN

You'll accept this one, Curls.

She shoots Roman a smile while wrapping roses.

ROMAN (V.O.)

We both knew I was no tough guy. But I wanted her to know she could trust me, like I trusted her. Not with my half of the money or anything.

Roman steps into the alley behind the flower shop...

Looks both ways...

Walks to his Dodge Challenger.

ROMAN V.O.

I know. I know. Never try and domesticate a stray. But we were gonna have to start trusting each other if we were ever gonna have a shot.

The sky darkens with rain clouds.

**EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY**

Buildings in the distance, they continue walking.

DANTE

Are we close? I'm dying of thirst. Aren't you thirsty?

ROMAN

I could drink. There's a bar about ten minutes up the road.

DANTE

So, obviously, you make it out alive.  
Because you're totally alive now. But  
what happens to the girl?

ROMAN

There's a point to the story, Dante.  
Pay attention or you'll miss it.

**EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Raindrops thump on the roof. Heavy ones.

**Title: "Wednesday Evening"**

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

We hear Cane as he bawls somewhere out of sight.

Moving up the back of a burnt chair a charred body smolders.

Close on Cane's face there are tears. His head tips back.

From behind, Cane masturbates in front of two dead bodies.

Unrecognizable, the barbecued remains of what was Hub rest  
alongside Racks -- bleeding from almost everywhere.

Racks' hands and legs are bound to a chair. Head slumped  
forward. Eyes bulging and motionless.

A primal grunt from Cane and then silence.

He walks over to Bernie, lashed to a chair in the corner.  
Ringside for the earlier matinee.

He wipes his hand on Bernie's lapel as he passes behind.

Cane composes himself.

CANE

These guys pussied out. Are you gonna  
pussy out, Bernie?

Snapping out of shock, Racks screams.

RACKS

AH! AH! AH!

Cane parks a slug in his brainpan with a .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC.

The raccoon looks up.

Racks stops struggling.

CANE

Give my regards to Elvis.

Bernie struggles against his restraints.

CANE

These guys didn't know shit.  
Thumbscrews never lie. But I bet you  
do, Bernie.

Bernie shouts through a ball gag.

CANE

You were in on it. You helped 'em,  
didn't you? They told me.

Cane circles a length of rope around Bernie's neck.

CANE

Did you know, with a hard fiber rope  
you can literally saw a man ass to  
throat? And enough injectable  
adrenaline you can hang out for the  
whole party.

A heavy door closing echoes.

CALIX JACE

(yells from a distance)  
Enough.

CANE

But he's ready to talk. Aren't you,  
Bernie?

Cane unfastens the ball gag.

BERNIE

I don't know! I don't know anything.  
(sobbing)  
I don't know anything.

CANE

And somehow, I don't believe him.

CALIX JACE

I said, enough.

Cane slips BRASS KNUCKLES on one hand.

CANE

Stick with me, boss. This is where it  
gets real interesting.

**INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT**

With a phone pinned to his ear, Roman stares at a bouquet of roses on the bench beside him.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
So, what's the next move?

ROMAN  
We're all set.

He's surrounded by gun cases, boxes and the gym bag.

ROMAN  
I have an arsenal that could hold off  
the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
I have no idea what that means, but it  
sounds like you finally wised up.

ROMAN  
Meet me at the train station, baby, as  
fast as ya can.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
Where are we headed?

ROMAN  
Anywhere but here.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
You still have the bag?

ROMAN  
Okay, so are ya showing up for me or  
are ya showing up for the bag?

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
Would you believe me if I said both?

ROMAN  
Probably the only answer I would  
believe.

**INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT**

It's all cheesy Hawaiian music, bamboo and tacky grass decor.

TROUBLE  
Sounds like a plan.  
(beat)  
Good-bye, Roman.

She hangs up the phone...

Considers what she's done...

Trouble hands her phone to Kong.

KONG  
You did the right thing.

**SERIES OF SHOTS - ROMAN WAITS AT THE TRAIN STATION**

- Roman buys a couple tickets.
- An AMTRAK AGENT collects his baggage.
- Commuters line up for the train.
- He throws the tickets on the roses and sits down.
- Roman checks his phone.
- Commuters shake rain from their coats.
- He sips a cup of coffee.
- Roman checks the time.

KONG (V.O.)  
A deal's a deal. Unless he gets  
stupid.

TROUBLE (V.O.)  
And then what? Because that happens  
sometimes.

**END SERIES OF SHOTS**

**INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Etano snaps a fresh eleven into a .40 SPRINGFIELD COMPACT.

ETANO  
Hey, we're all professionals here.

KONG  
And then we finish the job. I promise  
you, no pain and it'll all be over  
before you know it.

**EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT**

A steady rain falls.



The front wheel of a Caddy rolls to a stop obscuring our view of the train station.

**INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT**

People load and unload from trains.

Roman checks his phone.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
It was the longest hour of my life.  
And the payoff, rags. I never saw it  
coming.

Roman rests his head back on the bench. Closes his eyes.

A single drop of water falls on the roses.

From behind, Etano presses his handgun against Roman's head.

Lifts the piece out of Roman's jacket.

Dripping wet, Kong sweeps the roses and tickets to the floor.

Sits next to Roman.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Kong explained after they chased her  
down, they promised they'd do the same  
to me. But he offered her a deal to  
make it simpler. The money for my  
life.

Kong collects the gym bag.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
I was free to go. It was the only play  
where one of us leaves town alive. It  
was less simple for her.

ROMAN  
Any way of talking our way out?

KONG  
Which one of yous killed Bobo?

Roman lowers his head.

KONG  
I thought so. This ain't your fight  
man.

ROMAN  
But--

KONG

--Bobo, Atini, Cargo, Dimes and Lese.  
And a handful of cops.

ETANO

--I didn't mind the cops so much.

KONG

It doesn't matter. Tonight, everyone gets paid off in full. No disrespect, but you're small-time muscle. If I had a ticket, I'd get outta town before anyone notices I was missing.

ETANO

And never come back.

Kong, Etano and one gym bag depart the station.

ROMAN (V.O.)

They walked away with the girl, the money, everything.

Roman picks up the tickets off the floor, not the roses.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Proof I was no tough guy. I was pretending, a fake, a sham... counterfeit as a three-dollar bill.

#### **INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Fairly disfigured, Bernie shakes. Occasionally blows blood bubbles out of his mouth when he tries to form words. One eye swollen shut. The other keeps blinking.

CALIX JACE

You. You have something in your eye.  
Look up. Look up.

Calix shakes open his pocket handkerchief.

Dabs soot out of Bernie's eye.

CALIX JACE

See there. This place is filthy. I need to get out of here. But first, maybe we can salvage something from all this unpleasantness.

Calix lays a VINTAGE BERETTA on the table.

CALIX JACE

That animal would have killed you. And for what? Now, the real question: Are you man enough to do something about it?

Bernie slowly nods.

Trembling, Bernie takes the Beretta. Points it at Calix.

CALIX JACE

(unimpressed)

I was thinking Cane... but I can appreciate where you are headed with this.

Bernie hesitates. Calix's phone rings.

CALIX JACE

(to Bernie)

Oh, hold that thought.

Bernie drops the Beretta. Cries.

CALIX JACE

(into phone)

Good. Meet me at the bar with the money. I am going to send Cane down there too. Kong, no loose end on this one. You understand? Yes, him too.

He ends the call.

CALIX JACE

Don't worry, it will all be over soon. But since you are never going to be the man I need you to be... we both know what you are.

Calix holsters the Beretta in his overcoat.

CALIX JACE

I need you to do one last thing for me. Stop telling people Sophia is your mother. Stop telling people I am your uncle.

Bernie slumps his head forward on the table.

CALIX JACE

Stop telling people I am your father because I am certainly not and I never will be. And if I had any compassion, I would shoot you right now. But instead, that one last thing?

Bowler in hand, Calix talks while walking away.

CALIX JACE  
Live a very long and pathetic  
existence, knowing you are absolutely  
nothing to me.

Bernie uncontrollably sobs.

**EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Sheets of rain sweep through the streets.

Cane's Crown Vic fishtails around the corner.

He leaves his car in the street...

Gets out and pushes through a dozen Samoan men with automatic  
weapons, standing watch outside THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE.

As Cane enters the bar, we stay on the CLOSED SIGN.

**INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Two Samoan men guard Trouble.

Hitting the door, Cane gestures for them to stand aside.

Without breaking stride he grabs Trouble by the hair...

Drags her across the bar...

Pins her against the wall.

CANE  
Get him down here, now.

He drops her on his knee.

CANE  
Or so help me god, I will kick you to  
death.

PETE, an Aussie hooch jockey in his 40's owns the bar. He  
isn't muscle, but Pete looks like he could handle a gun.

He checks to see how others react to Cane's threat.

Six Samoan men grimace but do nothing. They're packing  
assorted automatic handguns and assault rifles.

CANE

I've never actually killed someone by kicking them to death. Is that even possible? Let's try.

Cane kicks her in the guts. Over and over.

Pete inches closer to Cane. No one follows his lead.

PETE

Hey, mate.

CANE

(to Trouble)  
Call him.

She's spitting blood.

TROUBLE

Fuck you.

PETE

They're already bringing the money.

CANE

This isn't about the money!

**INT. 1957 CADILLAC ELDORADO BROUGHAM - NIGHT**

The Caddy pulls up and parks in front of the bar.

ETANO

Are we hungry yet?

KONG

I don't think we're hungry.

ETANO

Well, I can be hungry anytime.

Calix in his overcoat and bowler hat climbs in the car with a THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN. Kong recoils.

KONG

Whoa, boss. You got me.

Calix chuckles.

ETANO

Classic. Does it still work?

CALIX JACE

Like a crack ho at a Saudi bachelor party.

(MORE)

CALIX JACE (cont'd)  
 Look, tell the men they do not have to  
 stand in the rain. They can sit in  
 their cars. Just keep an eye out.

Kong snaps his fingers. Etano jumps out of the car.

CALIX JACE  
 We are gonna do this thing. Together.  
 Then it's all models and bottles.

Calix winks.

KONG  
 Of course, sir.

CALIX JACE  
 I know it's not easy putting down one  
 of our own. Did I ever tell you about  
 the first time I ever killed a man?

KONG  
 I don't think so.

### **CALIX'S FLASHBACK**

#### **INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Bills change hands quickly in a crowd huddled around a  
 COCKFIGHTING PIT.

A BELL sounds. Feathers fly.

Men and women in their perspiration-stained shirts scream for  
 one bird or another.

Among the diverse, bloodthirsty crowd sits a large Samoan  
 man, BIG BENNY, an island of calm in the chaos.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)  
 I was muscle for Big Benny. He was  
 still running the fights downtown.

Everyone shakes fists of money.

CALIX JACE V.O.  
 And that night the fix was in -- Benny  
 had us dope the top bird to slow him  
 down. You know, so he would fight  
 worse.

Horried, Big Benny stands up as the crowd cheers.

An OFFICIAL raises the wrong bird in the air.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)  
 But damned if that bird did not fight  
 better all messed up. Benny almost  
 lost a bundle that night.

KONG (V.O.)  
 I heard Big Benny wasn't a very  
 understanding man.

The teenage version of Calix fires a Thompson submachine gun.  
 Other oversized Samoan men fire automatic weapons.  
 Everyone buys it.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)  
 No winners that night. He ordered us  
 to mow down the entire crowd. Except  
 for the owner of the bird.

Red dots pepper the white shirts of two guys running away.

CALIX JACE V.O.  
 Of course, that was the end of the  
 fights. Benny knew no one would ever  
 show up again after that night.

#### **END CALIX'S FLASHBACK**

#### **INT. 1957 CADILLAC ELDORADO BROUGHAM - NIGHT**

CALIX JACE  
 But he knew it had to be done.  
 Sometimes, you have cut your losses.  
 Like tonight. Cane, a rabid dog. You  
 need put him down, Kong.

KONG  
 What happened to the bird owner?

CALIX JACE  
 Oh, I forgot the best part of the  
 story.

#### **CALIX'S FLASHBACK**

#### **INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Big Benny screams at the BIRD OWNER, a svelte Samoan man in  
 his 50's, trembling on his knees.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)  
The guy was rattling like a busted  
ceiling fan.

Big Benny points a vintage Beretta at the Bird Owner's head.

CALIX JACE V.O.  
So I tell Big Benny he should let this  
one live. So he can tell everyone what  
happens when you cross Big Benny.

The Bird Owner sees Big Benny nod.

He stumbles to his feet before Big Benny has a chance to  
change his mind...

Escaping out an open door, his figure gets smaller.

KONG (V.O.)  
Sounds like his lucky day.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)  
No, Big Benny just liked to watch them  
run.

Big Benny puts a single round in the Bird Owner's back.

**END CALIX'S FLASHBACK**

**INT. 1957 CADILLAC ELDORADO BROUGHAM - NIGHT**

CALIX JACE  
True story.

KONG  
Yes, sir.

CALIX JACE  
Do what must be done.

KONG  
I'll take care of it personally.

Calix turns to leave with the gym bag--

KONG  
Your story, who doped the bird?

CALIX JACE  
Why do you ask?

KONG  
I just don't want some fucked-up bird  
getting everyone shot.



**INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT**

Roman approaches an Amtrak Agent.

ROMAN  
How do I uncheck baggage?

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

While driving, Roman spits a shotgun shell from between his teeth onto the passenger seat.

He shoves it into the last open chamber of a double-barrel shotgun.

Roman notices his reflection in the rearview mirror. There's doubt in those eyes, maybe caution, definitely something that will get him killed...

He doesn't like it.

Roman stuffs a Glock in his jacket.

He checks the mirror again for resolve, but this time it's much worse...

He sees fear.

Roman rips the rearview mirror off the windshield.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The rearview mirror EXPLODES on the pavement.

**INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Trouble SCREAMS in pain.

Cane pins her arm in an awkward position behind her back, suspending her over a phone on the table. She cries.

CANE  
(into phone)  
Stop being a pussy, Roman!

As we move across their faces, the Samoan men say nothing. Each crosses his arms.

CALIX JACE  
Enough. This is going nowhere.

Hands the gym bag to Pete.

CANE  
I want them both.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
His wish... was my command.

**EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT**

A man on a mission strides down the sidewalk at a determined pace. The only thing visible of the shadowy figure are his well-worn Oxfords and pant cuffs.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
Only an idiot would walk through that door alone. I knew trouble was on the other side.

**INT. 1957 CADILLAC ELDORADO BROUGHAM - NIGHT**

The shadowy figure headed down the sidewalk catches the eye of Kong and Etano.

Weapons ready.

ROMAN (V.O.)  
But I was all out of time and all out of smart people.

Kong touches the muzzle of Etano's gun. They relax.

ROMAN  
My only regret...

**EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT**

A shadowy figure walks into the bar.

ROMAN  
... is that I didn't see the expression on their faces.

**INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

All the Samoan men turn in unison--

**Bernie** busts through the front door firing an AK-47.

**SLOW MOTION**

A dozen rounds pop through the back of Calix's overcoat.

Cane moves his eyes to Bernie.

Pete turns for the kitchen.

Six Samoan men unleash handguns and assault rifles.

The nose of the AK-47 spits rounds of hot lead.

Cane starts blasting.

Trouble staggers to her feet.

Bernie sprays the room while bullets rip through his body.

Cane takes one to the chest.

Trouble falls to the ground, her unblinking eyes wide open.

A HANDGUN falls in front of her. Followed by a large Samoan man and then another large Samoan man.

Bullet casings rain down at Bernie's feet.

#### **IN THE KITCHEN**

Carrying a garbage bag, Pete bounces off Roman. Crawls away.

Roman moves forward wielding two assault rifles and a half-dozen guns strapped to various parts of his body.

#### **IN THE BAR**

everyone has their back to Roman. It's a turkey shoot.

#### **END SLOW MOTION**

#### **INT. 1957 CADILLAC ELDORADO BROUGHAM - NIGHT**

The bar windows SHATTER from gunfire--

ETANO

Oh, shit.

#### **INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT**

From the floor, Cane points a .45 at Roman and whistles.

ROMAN

Where's the girl?

Cane smiles. Gestures where her body should be.

She's missing.

TROUBLE

Here, baby.

Trouble's got the drop on Cane. Snaps a pill in his head.

He falls limp.

She's struggling, bleeding out from her guts.

ROMAN

That's the second time today ya saved  
my life.

Trouble eases to the floor... He moves with her.

TROUBLE

Who knows. Maybe I'm falling for ya.

She knows she's dying.

Roman knows she's dying.

Three more bullets finish her off.

The barrel of Kong's rifle smokes.

He's rubbing his tiki charm. In the doorway, a dozen men from  
The Samoan Army stand behind Kong ready to unload.

The HEAVY WOODEN BAR protects Roman while he reloads.

ROMAN

Why did ya kill her? You have the  
money.

KONG

It was never about the money.

They start blasting.

Roman's eyes get hard.

He pops up... Throws every bullet he's got at them.

Kong falls. Etano falls.

Firing as they advance, The Samoan Army charges Roman.

He stands his ground. Roman takes a couple bullets, but they  
don't slow down his withering stream of firepower.

Dead men pile high in the doorway.

Everyone's dead.

Pushing past the gym bag on the bar, Roman walks around the room putting an extra bullet or two in everyone's head. He surveys the lifeless bodies at his feet. Walks out of view.

We hold on the gym bag a very long time.

The sound of police sirens right around the block.

A HAND reaches down. Grabs the gym bag.

**EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY**

Roman rounds the corner. Dante on his hip with the gas can.

DANTE

No way.

ROMAN

It's true.

DANTE

It's bullshit.

ROMAN

I'm tellin' ya...

DANTE

Then where's the money?

ROMAN

Okay, I left out an important detail.

DANTE

That it's all bullshit?

ROMAN

The bag was empty.

DANTE

Empty?

ROMAN

Well, it did have a couple bags of salt in it. But right away I could tell the weight was off. You don't lug around a heavy bag like that--

DANTE

So what happened to the money?

ROMAN

Oh, I thought it was all bullshit?

They pause. Roman gestures to the bar.

ROMAN  
It's why we're here.

DANTE  
I thought we ran out of gas.

ROMAN  
Okay, two important details. But I  
knew ya wouldn't come unless ya heard  
the whole story.

DANTE  
I heard the whole story and I still  
don't know why I'm here.

ROMAN  
(checks up and down the street)  
Ya weren't my first choice. But  
everyone else is dead. There is no one  
else.

Roman guides him by the shoulder to the front door.

DANTE  
I don't know whatcha expect me to do.

ROMAN  
Did ya fill the gas can?

DANTE  
Ya watched me fill the gas can.

ROMAN  
Then you'll be fine.

DANTE  
Do I need a gun?

ROMAN  
I have a gun. You have the gas can.

DANTE  
That doesn't sound right.

**INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - DAY**

A small crew of four workmen saw studs, shoot nails or splash  
paint across spackle and fresh drywall.

Roman POUNDS on the bar for service. Dante flanks him.

From below the bar, Pete pops to his feet.

PETE

Sorry, mates. Bar's closed.

Pete recognizes Roman...

Lunges for a .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC under the bar--

Roman pins his arm on top of the bar. Disarms him.

PETE

No--

ROMAN

I want the money.

Ejects the mag outta Pete's gun. Clears the chamber.

PETE

What money?

ROMAN

I'm not leaving without my money.

Pete isn't gonna break easy.

ROMAN

Dante, douse the joint.

DANTE

We shouldn't use our real names.

With his Glock, Roman points to each person.

ROMAN

Dante, if Pete doesn't bring Roman his money, Roman will burn every last motherfucker in the bar to death.

PETE

(to the workmen)

You're finished for today, boys!

Everyone out!

The workmen drop their tools...

Beat a hasty retreat.

DANTE

(reluctant)

We're really doing this?

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

A drop of condensation dribbles down a glass of beer.

Roman and Pete sit at a round wooden table in the middle of the bar. Two beers on the table. Untouched.

Pete's wrists and ankles are zip-tied to a chair.

With one last shake from the gas can, Dante splashes a wall.

ROMAN

Any left?

Dante brings Roman the gas can.

DANTE

A little.

Roman empties it on Pete's knee.

PETE

How was I to know it was your money?

ROMAN

Uh-huh.

DANTE

So you weren't bullshitting.

ROMAN

(to Dante)

Good, catching up like that.

DANTE

And we're really burning this guy alive?

PETE

No-no-no. Wait.

Roman tosses the gas can.

ROMAN

Depends. You gonna be cool, Pete?

PETE

I can be very cool.

ROMAN

And you're not gonna lie to me?

PETE

Buckley's chance of that.

ROMAN

Because that wouldn't be cool.

Roman snaps his chrome Zippo lighter open, then closed.



PETE

I'll tell ya anything you want to know.

ROMAN

Let's just say.

PETE

(to Dante)

Don't let him burn me to death.

ROMAN

Oh, not right away... What's the fun in that? First we'll let you smell yer right leg cooking. And if I don't like yer answers, we'll do the other--

PETE

Jesus Christ, I'll tell you anything ya want to know.

DANTE

I believe him.

ROMAN

(chipper)

You know what, Dante? I believe him too. So, where should we start?

PETE

Tell me what ya know. I'll fill in the blanks.

ROMAN

Good plan. It didn't come to me 'til later...

**BRIEF FLASHBACK - IN THE KITCHEN DURING THE SHOOT OUT**

**SLOW-MOTION**

Carrying a garbage bag, Pete bounces off Roman. Crawls away.

ROMAN (V.O.)

... but who the hell takes out the garbage in the middle of a gunfight?

**BACK TO SCENE**

Pete sinks his head.

PETE

Mr. Jace told me to stash the money in back and fill the gym bag with something heavy--

DANTE

Like bags of salt--

PETE

Yeah. And leave the bag on the bar. They knew you'd make a move on the bag or the girl. Or both.

ROMAN

It worked.

PETE

Well, he was gonna bonus up the boys at the end of the night. So there was about a hundred grand in loose cash on the bar when the shooting started. I swept it into the garbage and lit out back.

ROMAN

Not much of a gunfighter, eh?

PETE

(chuckles)

I'm a lover, not a fighter.

Roman isn't smiling.

ROMAN

And a pretty shitty liar too.

PETE

I wouldn't lie to you, Roman.

ROMAN

Your story literally doesn't add up. The cops recovered a fraction of that kinda cash.

PETE

Lying bastards, always on the take.

ROMAN

Uh-huh.

Pete recalculates his options.

PETE

There's over fifty grand in the safe right now -- it's yours.

ROMAN

You know what I went through for that bag?

Roman snaps his Zippo open and closed. Open and closed.

ROMAN

How many times I almost died? They killed my girl. You think she's only worth a stinkin' fifty large?

DANTE

He'll do it.

ROMAN

It's still here, isn't it?

PETE

I can get more.

Roman sparks a flame.

ROMAN

I'd rather burn the money and you with it.

Pete starts to form a word--

ROMAN

The only thing standing between you and a preview of hell... is the truth.

Dante edges between both of them.

Pete swallows hard.

PETE

I'll split it with ya. Two-point-two million in a honey hole under the office floorboards.

Roman snaps his lighter closed. Smiles.

ROMAN

See, that wasn't so hard. Oh, and don't forget about Dante.

PETE

Okay. Okay - cool.

ROMAN

No, not cool, Pete. You haven't been cool the whole time. You been lying, telling me half-truths, lies of omission...

Dante's taking this almost as hard as Pete.

ROMAN

But you've been just cool enough that  
I'm not going to burn you.

Pete relaxes.

DANTE

Thank god.

ROMAN

But we are taking all the money.

DANTE

Yes!

Roman and Pete turn to Dante.

A cold expression washes over Roman. Stares at Dante.

ROMAN

But first, we have one loose end we  
need to take care of.

DANTE

(agreeing)  
Yeah.

ROMAN

Dante, were you paying attention to my  
story?

DANTE

Yeah.

ROMAN

It was a long story, but there was a  
point.

Dante doesn't have a clue.

ROMAN

An important point.

DANTE

Don't fuck with Roman?

ROMAN

(laughs)  
Yeah, but that's not it.

DANTE

Always check the bag?

ROMAN  
(serious again)  
Now you're just guessing.

Roman slides a round in the chamber of his Glock.

DANTE  
I don't know, Roman--

Dante steps back a little.

ROMAN  
It was near the end. Remember the end?

DANTE  
(frightened)  
I'm sorry, I don't know, Roman.

Roman matches Dante, step for step, as he backs up.

DANTE  
I don't want the money. You can have  
all the money.

ROMAN  
(laughs)  
Come on, Dante, I was never gonna  
split the money with you. You know  
that, right?

PETE  
Dante, run. He's gonna kill you.

Dante backs into a forest of stacked wooden chairs.

ROMAN  
The very end, when everyone dies.

DANTE  
I would never say a word about this,  
Roman. Roman, I'm your friend...

ROMAN  
Are you gonna make me say it?

DANTE  
I don't know!

Roman's eyes go dead.

ROMAN  
Never leave a witness.

Dante closes his eyes.

Roman spins around...

Parks three in Pete's chest.

Leaves an extra one in his forehead.

Slack-jawed, Dante blinks repeatedly.

DANTE  
You killed him.

ROMAN  
I said I wouldn't burn him.

DANTE  
Are you going to kill me?

Roman looks down. Smiles.

ROMAN  
You still don't know why you're here.

DANTE  
You're not gonna kill me?

ROMAN  
I'm fucking with ya, Dante...

DANTE  
(overlapping)  
Oh, thank god!

ROMAN  
... You're here to carry the money.

Dante's fear quickly melts into resentment.

DANTE  
Aw, fuck you, Roman.

ROMAN  
--That shit gets heavy--

DANTE  
I nearly pissed myself.

Happy to be alive...

DANTE  
I want half.

ROMAN  
Go find some big bags.

Walks to the office.

DANTE  
(joking)  
Fuck you.

ROMAN  
(joking)  
I still have a loaded gun.

DANTE  
I deserve something.

Roman chuckles...

Drops into a chair in the middle of the joint.

Looks around. Smiles.

Sees Pete's dead body. Gets serious.

Sees where Trouble died. Takes a moment.

Fires up a smoke.

ROMAN  
You find the cash?

DANTE (O.S.)  
Yeah. And it's already in bags.

He pulls a drag...

ROMAN  
Good.

Flips his smoke at the camera. Walks away.

ROMAN O.S.  
We're outta here.

Flames dance higher and higher.

**FADE OUT.**