

GO COLD

Written by

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FADE IN from PITCH BLACK

Into the black comes GLITTERING LIGHT, unfocused.

The glittering becomes something like STARS. The stars are falling in SLOW MOTION from OS, as if poured from the heavens.

The stars come slowly into focus, showing them to be harder points of light, each something small and solid, reflecting and refracting.

From OS, a faint POUNDING, heavy, heavy drum-beats in the distance.

Now, also from OS come thin, fluttering edges, catching light. Maybe it's snow.

What were stars now fade INTO FOCUS. Diamonds fall in a loose stream.

From OS, the POUNDING become the drum of a nightclub's music's beat.

The snow comes slowly INTO FOCUS, showing it to be something else, fluttering pieces of paper.

The paper is money, hundred dollar bills falling and fluttering from the same place as the diamonds.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

"Youngblood's," is a top hip-hop nightclub. There are four dancers, all women and employees of the club, in go-go cages.

In the DJ booth is a Flava Flav-like showman, DJ ROACH, a marijuana joint clenched in his teeth.

DJ ROACH
(via club's PA system)
Drop to your knees, motherfuckers!
Tonight's the motherfucking night!
Tonight, one of those motherfucking
diamonds is the real motherfucking
deal!

The patrons clutch at falling stones and fluttering bills. The "diamonds" are plastic, the bills, just paper.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A black canyon between rows of buildings, the back sides of buildings. Fire escapes are like black lace.

Light rain.

A nondescript Jeep Liberty SUV with steamed windows stands, lights off, engine running.

TITO, an older, heavily tattooed Hispanic man is seen dimly inside.

INT. JEEP LIBERTY SUV - NIGHT

Tito sits in the Jeep, monitoring the "air," on police scanners.

EXT. ALLEY, TELEPHONE POLE - NIGHT

On the ground is a beat-up suitcase filled with slick, but worn, gear.

LITTLE G aka G & the Right Reverend, a tall black man in his late 30's, just a bit out of shape, monitors the gear.

INT. VAULT AREA - NIGHT

YOUNGBLOOD, the early 30's, understated, handsome black owner of his namesake club, is in stained overalls with a leather lineman's belt full of good but worn tools.

Youngblood stands in front of a vault door. Super-bright LED flashlights are taped to the door, lighting his work.

Youngblood lifts a heavy electromagnetic-base drill, pressing it against the door. The drill and electromagnet works as a horizontal drill-press.

Youngblood throws a switch on the drill. Massive BANG as the drill's powerful electromagnets lock onto the door.

Youngblood throws another switch. The drill SHRIEKS, automatically pushing forward and cutting a hole in the heavy metal door.

After a short time, the drill cuts an inch wide hole into the lock-box. Youngblood deactivates the drill, then the electromagnet, dropping the whole thing to the floor.

With a "punch," Youngblood knocks out the lock's bolt, opens the double doors revealing inner doors. He opens the inner doors.

Youngblood takes diamonds from the vault and pours them into an open bag. He takes no mounted jewelry.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Youngblood comes out carrying the drill.

Little G comes off the ledge leaving the bypasses intact. Takes drill from Youngblood. They leave behind all non-essentials.

Tito pulls up in the Jeep.

Youngblood throws the tool belt inside. Little G throws the drill inside.

The Jeep roars away.

EXT. ALLEY, PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Youngblood and Little G cross through a narrow passageway. Youngblood strips and dumps the overalls into the garbage.

EXT./INT. LEXUS RX450 - NIGHT

Another nondescript but functional car.

Youngblood and Little G fall into the car, Youngblood at the wheel.

EXT. LEXUS RX450 - NIGHT

The car pulls out, turning right, black girder-work of the city all around.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Lexus drives over a night-black city river into a dark wasteland of cartage warehouses.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Lexus moves among bridge support pillars.

INT. LEXUS RX450 - NIGHT

Little G hits a garage door opener button.

EXT./INT. "DROP" - NIGHT

The "drop" is a discreet, generic industrial garage.

The garage door slides up. Lights come on.

Youngblood pulls the Lexus into the "drop," next to two other cars, a white Audi G8, and another car so pimped it's impossible to tell what it was. But it sure is pretty.

INT. "DROP" - NIGHT

In the "drop," work benches, tools, a drill press, welding gear, other tools of the trade neatly racked and stacked.

Little G gets into the pimped-out ride.

Youngblood drops himself into the Audi.

GOVERNMENT LEFT

We good—

GOVERNMENT RIGHT

—five by five.

YOUNGBLOOD

(to Ms. Honey)

You happy?

HONEY

Maybe I could do something different
with the bridge.

YOUNGBLOOD

Whatever you wish.

(to everyone)

But for now, the Reverend and I need
the room.

The Government stand and exchange fist bumps and hand-clasps.

GOVERNMENT LEFT

The Government—

GOVERNMENT RIGHT

—have left the building.

With that, the brothers leave the room.

Ms. Honey gets her purse from the side table, then gives
Youngblood a brief hug.

LITTLE G

Hey, where's mine?

Ms. Honey gives G a kiss on the cheek, then leaves.

YOUNGBLOOD

You make the call?

LITTLE G

Three, today at the bar.

Youngblood checks the wall clock. It's 1:00 PM.

YOUNGBLOOD

I think Ms. Honey might have a thing
for you.

LITTLE G

I think I might have a thing for Ms.
Honey.

YOUNGBLOOD

Be nice.

LITTLE G
I'm nice. Who's nicer than me?

YOUNGBLOOD
Anyone find the prize last night?

From another pocket, Little G pulls out a handful of the plastic diamonds that fell from the ceiling of the Youngblood club last night. He tosses them on the table.

LITTLE G
You tell me.

Youngblood considers, reaches forward, and pulls out a stone.

YOUNGBLOOD
VSI-1. One karat. Ten thousand dollars.

LITTLE G
Motherfucker. You got like some Spidey-sense or some shit?

YOUNGBLOOD
You really like that Ms. Honey?

LITTLE G
Sweetest piece I've seen in a long time. Something about those latte girls, you know? Gets my blood all...ooh!

YOUNGBLOOD
Why don't you take her out tonight.

Youngblood takes out his wallet and pulls out a black American Express card.

LITTLE G
Company card?

YOUNGBLOOD
Company card if I can count on you.

LITTLE G
To be nice?

YOUNGBLOOD
To be nice.

Little G takes the charge card out of Youngblood's hand.

LITTLE G
Nice it is.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, MAIN OFFICE - DAY

The main business office is situated above the club's dance floor, DJ booth, and bars.

The room is filled with the ten beautiful women who work at the club as bartenders (six, MS. CHASTITY, MS. AMBER, MS. BRANDY, MS. SIERRA, MS. GINGER, MS. SAPPHIRE) and dancers (four, MS. INDIGO, MS. PENNY, MS. EXPERIENCE, THE OTHER MS. AMBER).

The women are standing in little groups in front of Youngblood's desk. They've just gotten their paychecks.

BAI-BAI is a striking Asian woman, middle-management, tough but fair. She leans against a wall and casually files her perfect nails.

Youngblood sits behind his very neat desk. There's a safe in the corner.

YOUNGBLOOD

Ms. Penny. Your leg okay?

Ms. Penny is a slender dancer with long hair and fine features.

MS. PENNY

It still gives me trouble, Mr. Youngblood.

YOUNGBLOOD

Do you want time off?

MS. PENNY

I can't really afford it, Mr. Youngblood.

YOUNGBLOOD

Bai-Bai, can you put Ms. Penny on bartender duty until she's ready to go back to the cage?

BAI-BAI

I'll find something for her to do, Mr. Youngblood.

YOUNGBLOOD

(to Penny)

Okay?

PENNY

Thank you, Mr. Youngblood.

YOUNGBLOOD

(to Bai-Bai)

Any other business?

BAI-BAI
Just that one thing.

That gets everyone's attention.

YOUNGBLOOD
Ladies, as your employer, I am responsible for providing a clean and safe work environment, and to me, this includes ensuring you get safely to your car. What you do after that is your own business, but I must insist you ask one of the bouncers to escort you to your car when you leave, and not your boyfriend.
(to Ms. Chastity)
Or whomever.

All the women giggle.

YOUNGBLOOD
We all know about that one girl who got beat up real bad outside Shady's club, and I won't let that happen here. Bouncers, not boyfriends.

BAI-BAI
(to women)
Repeat!

WOMEN
(at the same time)
Bouncers, not boyfriends.

YOUNGBLOOD
Thank you all for your hard work.

The women look and whisper to each other conspiratorially.

YOUNGBLOOD
Something else?

BAI-BAI
I think maybe the girls want to ask you something.

YOUNGBLOOD
What do we have on our minds?

The Other Ms. Amber is the smallest of the women, Hispanic, very high-energy, very girlish.

OTHER MS. AMBER
We were all wondering why you never axe any of us out on a date or nothing.

YOUNGBLOOD
I have a plan for myself that does not
make room for relationships with
employees.

BAI-BAI
Oh, the fucking "plan."

YOUNGBLOOD
And I have other concerns which
require my full attention.

BAI-BAI
I think maybe they wonder if you're
batting for the other team.

Youngblood gives his manager a "look."

BAI-BAI
I'm just the messenger.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to his staff)
If that's all?

The women gather their things and file out.

BAI-BAI
I have a new girl coming in.

YOUNGBLOOD
Bartender?

BAI-BAI
Dancer. She's good. Be here right now.

Youngblood checks the clock on his desk. It's 2:50 PM.

YOUNGBLOOD
I'm meeting someone at three. Personal
business.

BAI-BAI
Okay. I'll push the audition out
another time.

YOUNGBLOOD
Give her Ms. Penny's cage. She can
start tonight. And I'll need some
privacy. Clear the club, would you?

BAI-BAI
You're the boss.

Bai-Bai leaves the office.

Youngblood finishes his computer work and logs off. He walks to the office door, closes and locks it. Returns to his desk, pushes his chair back, kneels down. Lifts up a piece of carpeting, revealing a very sophisticated floor safe.

From out of the safe, Youngblood removes a small velvet pouch. He puts the pouch into an inside pocket. Closes the safe, and puts everything back in place.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - DAY

Bai-Bai and other employees of the club exit as Youngblood walks down the stairs from his office.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, DJ BOOTH - DAY

Youngblood scoops a pile of DJ Roach's roaches into an ashtray, then dumps them into a zip-lock bag he takes from a box. He puts the bag in a pocket.

There's a spot-light shining on a mirror-ball, which throws star-light around the room.

JANE (O.C.)

Hello?

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - DAY

JANE is the new dancer Bai-Bai mentioned. She is really something to behold, black, slender, legs for days, almond-shaped eyes. Despite her physical perfection, she's unassuming, demure. And she's here for work. Just work.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, DJ BOOTH - DAY

Youngblood looks down from the booth. He speaks into the DJ mic.

YOUNGBLOOD

(via mic)

May I help you?

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - DAY

JANE

I'm supposed to meet Bai-Bai?

Youngblood walks down from the DJ booth to the main club floor. He extends his hand to Jane.

YOUNGBLOOD

You just missed her. I'm the club owner.

JANE

Jane Kitt.

The two shake hands.

JANE

I was here to audition for you.

YOUNGBLOOD

You start tonight. Be here at eight.
Wear something appropriate for a cage.
I'm sure Bai-Bai will call you with
other specifics.

The mirror-ball throws light on Jane's face, and Youngblood notices something. There's some bruising, discoloration around her right eye.

YOUNGBLOOD

You were in an accident?

Jane lifts her hand to her face, near her right eye.

JANE

I'll check my makeup.

YOUNGBLOOD

I have a private meeting, so, if
you'll excuse me?

JANE

Thank you, Mr. Youngblood.

YOUNGBLOOD

See you tonight.

As Jane leaves the club, MOS JUST walks in. He's a tall black man, 220+ pounds of one-time muscle gone to fat, dressed very well despite his size.

MOS JUST

Mm-mm! I gotta open me a motherfucking club. Get pussy like that all the fucking time! You hitting that?

YOUNGBLOOD

I don't date employees.

MOS JUST

Yo, man, I didn't say "date."

Youngblood walks behind a bar and motions for Mos Just to take a seat.

YOUNGBLOOD

What're you having?

MOS JUST

It's early. How about Jack and Coke.

Youngblood takes the velvet bag out of his pocket and slides it across to Mos Just.

YOUNGBLOOD
Thirty-nine, VV1 to VSI-1, 1 to 4
karats. \$500,000. wholesale, \$150,000.

Mos Just opens the bag, inspects the goods. He takes out his phone and works out the numbers. Youngblood finishes making the drink and slides it to the other man.

MOS JUST
Swing by tomorrow for your cash.

YOUNGBLOOD
Little G will get it.

Mos Just drinks half his Jack and Coke.

MOS JUST
Look, this, uh, woman wants to meet
you.

YOUNGBLOOD
I want to meet a woman, I'll start a
dating service.

MOS JUST
Man, don't make me say you ain't
interested. She's one scary bitch.
Probably toss me out a fucking window,
you say no.

YOUNGBLOOD
Not my problem. Not interested.

MOS JUST
Okay, okay. Let me put some of your
end on the street.

YOUNGBLOOD
Down all the cash to Little G.
Tonight. Six P.M.

MOS JUST
Double your take in three months,
bossman.

YOUNGBLOOD
My money goes where I say.

MOS JUST
Aight, I'm just trying to do you a
solid.

Mos Just puts his phone away, puts the velvet bag with the diamonds into an inside pocket.

YOUNGBLOOD
Where's next?

Mos Just takes out an envelope and slides it to Youngblood. The envelope has "\$4.8M" written on it, large.

MOS JUST
You'll need all kind of special shit for that job. And there's plenty more when you're done. Thanks for the drink.

Mos Just heads to the door.

YOUNGBLOOD
Tonight. Six P.M.

MOS JUST
I heard ya, bossman.

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S - DAY

Youngblood's is hidden in a back-alley somewhere, with a nondescript door and not much else around of interest.

Youngblood exists the club, locks the door behind him. He walks up to an already-filled garbage dumpster a short distance away, looks up and down the street, opens the lid, takes the zip-lock full of DJ Roach's marijuana roaches, tosses them into the dumpster and closes the lid.

Youngblood walks to a nearby garage a little further away. Takes out his phone, uses an app to open the garage door, which slides up.

Youngblood gets into his white Audi, pulls out of the garage, uses the phone app again to close the garage door.

INT./EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

Youngblood drives through the city. His car is silent.

Eventually, he drives out of the city. The area becomes flat, little more than roads and graying corn-fields.

In the distance, a state-run facility, a penitentiary.

INT. STATE PENITENTIARY, MEDICAL WARD, VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Youngblood sits in a small booth with a glass partition.

There's a sign that says, "TURN OFF PHONES AND ALL OTHER ELECTRONIC DEVICES." He takes his phone out of his pocket, turns it off.

The CLANGING NOISE of heavy gates being moved by machinery.

Youngblood looks up.

Prisoners in various states of physical and mental health are ushered in by guards and sit behind the thick glass window. There is a screen for sound to pass through.

An old, broken black man sits across from Youngblood. He's MARSALIS, wizened, scraggly, heavysset. He's got a facial twitch and physical spasms, indicating some neurological disorder. He's got bandages on his wrists. Indicating suicide attempts.

MARSALIS
How's it going?

YOUNGBLOOD
Scores fall out of the trees.

MARSALIS
Ya'll're shitting me.

YOUNGBLOOD
I have to turn down work.

MARSALIS
Ya'll're shitting me.

YOUNGBLOOD
Scout's honor.

MARSALIS
What else?

YOUNGBLOOD
Other day, woman asks, "How much you want to kill my boyfriend?"

MARSALIS
What did you do?

Acting it out.

YOUNGBLOOD
"Call me tomorrow."

MARSALIS
What number you give?

Youngblood leans close to the window-screen and whispers something. Marsalis is quiet, then laughs.

MARSALIS
That the motherfucking FBI's number.

YOUNGBLOOD
How are you?

Marsalis hides his hands and bandages in his lap.

MARSALIS
Same shit.

YOUNGBLOOD
Something you want to tell me?

MARSALIS
How's the club?

YOUNGBLOOD
Club's fine, Marsalis.

MARSALIS
Women?

YOUNGBLOOD
My employees are disappointed I don't
play with them.

MARSALIS
Any of them know what you're doing?

YOUNGBLOOD
Not even Bai-Bai. Three years until I
can give it up.

MARSALIS
You've got to find someone, boy.

A spasm crosses Marsalis's face. He turns from Youngblood,
ashamed.

MARSALIS
God dammit. Get me out of here.

YOUNGBLOOD
Twelve months and you're back. There's
a line of women counting the days.

MARSALIS
Yeah, well. I ain't gonna last a year.

Marsalis holds up his bandaged wrists.

MARSALIS
And I fucked this up, so now they're
watching. I got...I got 'degenerative'
something...some shit. In my head. I
don't want to die in here. Not like
this.

A BUZZER SOUNDS.

MARSALIS
Get me the fuck out of here, boy.

YOUNGBLOOD
Yes. Anything.

A guard taps Marsalis on the shoulder.

MARSALIS
You get me pictures of those women
waiting for me, hear?

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S - DAY

Youngblood drives his Audi back into the club's garage.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - DAY

Youngblood walks back into his club. The club staff is
already getting ready for the night's opening.

Bai-Bai yells down from the doorway to the main office.

BAI-BAI
Where the hell you been? Little G
called a million times!

YOUNGBLOOD
I didn't get-

Youngblood takes out his phone and turns it on. It
immediately rings.

YOUNGBLOOD
G! What?

INT. COFFEE SHOP FOYER/YOUNGBLOOD'S CLUB - DAY

Outside, through the windows, the flashing lights from
emergency vehicles.

LITTLE G
The fuck you been?

YOUNGBLOOD
Visiting Marsalis. You make the
pickup?

LITTLE G
We got a problem.

YOUNGBLOOD
You see our man?

LITTLE G
Yeah, I've seen our man. He's
splattered over the fucking sidewalk.

YOUNGBLOOD
He down the merch?

INT. COFFEE SHOP FOYER - DAY

LITTLE G
Don't know. Waiting for my "somebody."

A fat white POLICE OFFICER ambles up to the coffee shop window, TAPS on the window to get Little G's attention.

Little G takes out a wallet stuffed with large bills.

LITTLE G
Find out in a minute.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - DAY

YOUNGBLOOD
Get the work car and meet me at the usual place.

INT. LEXUS RX450 - DAY

Little G drives.

LITTLE G
Mos was putting juice loans on the street for this one motherfucker.

YOUNGBLOOD
We got a name?

LITTLE G
Kologrivov.

YOUNGBLOOD
Russian mob?

LITTLE G
Don't know.

YOUNGBLOOD
So?

LITTLE G
Mos was pocketing the "big" and putting it back on the fucking street for himself, playing with their fucking money. You believe that shit?

Little G parks in front of "S&K Construction," a brown, grim building among warehouses.

YOUNGBLOOD
Mos down our merch or not?

LITTLE G
It was your money in Mos's pocket when he took Superman lessons.

Youngblood takes out a piece of paper and pen from the glove box, writes something down, folds the paper, puts it in a pocket.

Youngblood pulls a Glock automatic pistol from the glove box, checks there's a shell in the chamber, and holsters the pistol in his waistband.

YOUNGBLOOD

Who do we know that can get Marsalis out?

LITTLE G

Man, you've been trying to spring that old man for fucking ever. Nothing's changed.

YOUNGBLOOD

Marsalis tried to kill himself.

LITTLE G

Again? What's that old man's problem?

YOUNGBLOOD

There's something wrong with him.

LITTLE G

No shit.

YOUNGBLOOD

No, really wrong. I've got to find a way.

LITTLE G

You know what that shyster Rickets said. Judge ain't gonna let Marsalis out for nothing.

YOUNGBLOOD

I remember. I'll talk to Rickets again. First things first, one thing at a time.

INT. S&K CONSTRUCTION, RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Youngblood enters. RECEPTIONIST behind glass. The inner offices are like a vault.

RECEPTIONIST

(PA filter)

Can I help you?

YOUNGBLOOD

I would like to see Mr. Kologrivov. You did some work on my house and I'm having problems with it.

Receptionist calls somebody else. A large, strong Russian named KARL looks Youngblood over and nods.

RECEPTIONIST
(PA filter)
I'll buzz you in.

INT. KOLOGRIVOV'S OFFICE - DAY

KOLOGRIVOV is a Russian businessman in his late 40's. Friends call him "asshole." Prison tattoos.

KOLOGRIVOV
I'm Mr. Kologrivov. Something wrong with the work we did? Sit.

Youngblood crosses all the way to the right of Kologrivov's desk so his position covers both Kologrivov and the door. Youngblood takes a seat.

YOUNGBLOOD
My name's Youngblood. What you did was bullshit.

KOLOGRIVOV
What are you talking about?

YOUNGBLOOD
You tossed Mos Just out a window with \$75,000 of my money in his pocket. I want my money.

KOLOGRIVOV
I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Youngblood. Some guy is dead?

YOUNGBLOOD
Yes.

KOLOGRIVOV
Who the fuck are you, asshole? I don't know you. I don't know some asshole named "Mos Just!" Get the fuck out of here!

Kologrivov stands, reaches for a drawer.

KOLOGRIVOV
Karl!

Youngblood simultaneously slams Kologrivov's face with the heel of his left hand, drawing the Glock with the right.

NIKO, built much like Karl, and Karl enter the office. Also prison tattoos. They both draw pistols from under their suit jackets.

Youngblood strong-arms Kologrivov into the line of fire of Niko and Karl, snaps the Glock back into Kologrivov's face.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Karl and Niko)
Hold it!

KOLOGRIVOV
(to Karl and Niko)
Do what he says!

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Karl and Niko)
On the floor! Spread your legs! Hands
over your head! Now!

They do it.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Kologrivov)
I am the last guy you want to fuck
with.

Youngblood pulls the paper he wrote on in the car out of his pocket and tosses it at Kologrivov.

YOUNGBLOOD
Time and place. You will pay me my
money.

KOLOGRIVOV
(reverting to Russian)
"Da! Da!"

The office staff is too shocked to do anything. Youngblood simply leaves.

INT. LEXUS RX450 - DAY

Youngblood gets back in the car.

YOUNGBLOOD
I've set a meet for tonight. Take me
back to my place. I'll call when it's
time.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

This motel is alienating, lonely, stark. It's where Youngblood lives. CLASSICAL MUSIC mixed with a HIP HOP beat plays from an unseen stereo.

Youngblood sits at a desk. There's an oversized folder on the desk. The folder is from a youth correctional facility.

Youngblood opens the file. Inside is Youngblood's "plan," a page from a magazine with a picture of his white Audi R8, blueprints and other information for his club, a few pages from architectural magazines with photographs of contemporary homes.

Also included in the folder are some newspaper clippings, showing Marsalis being arrested for a jewel theft gone wrong. The pictures in the article show an underage Youngblood.

The last page of the plan is nothing less than a ledger of thefts and the money brought in. According to the ledger, Youngblood's plan has three more years to completion. There's actually a red line for when Marsalis is supposed to get out of prison. With a pen, Youngblood scratches out the line.

Youngblood closes the folder. He takes out his phone, checks the time.

EXT. RAILROAD SWITCHING YARD - TWILIGHT

Under a bridge. A towering industrial landscape.

BOROVSKY and PETROV listen while Kologrivov talks. Borovsky is a handsome woman with prison tattoos, as perfect and hard as a statue. Kill you soon as look at you. Petrov is a large but well-appointed man. Borovsky has a silver drinking flask sticking out of a coat pocket.

Borovsky's brought some men. Karl and Niko from the S&K Construction office are there, too. Everyone's relaxed.

KOLOGRIVOV

I tell you, this nigger is trouble.

BOROVSKY

(to Petrov)

This Mos Just's guy?

PETROV

Must be.

Youngblood's Lexus bounces over ruts while they're talking about him. He gets out of the Lexus, crosses over to the trio of talking men, keeping some distance.

BOROVSKY

(to Petrov)

You didn't say he was so handsome.

(to Youngblood)

My name is Borovsky. How are you?

Borovsky holds her hand out for Youngblood to shake.

YOUNGBLOOD

My money?

Borovsky signals to Petrov. Petrov gives Youngblood his money. Youngblood counts it and pockets the \$75,000.

BOROVSKY
It's there?

YOUNGBLOOD
It's there.

Youngblood holds out his hand for Borovsky to shake. The Russian and Youngblood shake.

YOUNGBLOOD
I'm Youngblood.

BOROVSKY
No "thank you?"

YOUNGBLOOD
Whose money is this?

Borovsky gestures toward Kologrivov.

BOROVSKY
A little appreciation, maybe? I keep
this asshole giving you hard time.

EXT. BILLBOARD - NIGHT

In the shadows, Little G lies prone on a nearby billboard's service walkway. He's holding a silenced G3 military sniper rifle.

Little G has sighted on Borovsky, Kologrivov, etc.

From Little G's SCOPED POV, Youngblood gives Little G an "okay" hand signal.

Little G takes his finger out of the trigger guard.

EXT. RAILROAD SWITCHING YARD - TWILIGHT

Youngblood drops the hand signal.

YOUNGBLOOD
"Thanks."

BOROVSKY
You are welcome.

YOUNGBLOOD
Good-bye.

BOROVSKY
Where are you going?

Youngblood walks back toward his car.

BOROVSKY
C'mon. We talk business. Get to know
each other.

YOUNGBLOOD
I want to know people...nevermind.

BOROVSKY
But you I already do know, Mr.
Youngblood.

Youngblood puts his right hand behind his head, like he's
smoothing back his hair.

EXT. BILLBOARD - NIGHT

From Little G's SCOPED POV, Youngblood gives Little G a hand
signal, three fingers, then drops his hand.

Little G resumes his tensed firing-ready pose, finger on the
trigger.

EXT. RAILROAD SWITCHING YARD - TWILIGHT

YOUNGBLOOD
How do you know me?

BOROVSKY
I am the bank for the fences in half
of the city. Mos Just, Yosef
Schwartzman, that sonofabitch Adamski?
They down merchandise to me. I know
you for some time, know your work. I
told Mos Just, 'This guy, him I want
to meet!'

YOUNGBLOOD
You are his "scary bitch." Alright,
cut to it.

BOROVSKY
I want you to work for me. Direct.

YOUNGBLOOD
I don't need anyone.

BOROVSKY
I lay it out. You be the judge. You
lose nothing by just listening. We
point you to scores, we tell you
what's there. All scores are laid-out.
I get you tools and necessaries. For
you, I am Mother Christmas.

YOUNGBLOOD
My end?

BOROVSKY
You know the price up front. But no negotiation.

YOUNGBLOOD
How big?

BOROVSKY
Six months, I'll make you millionaire.

YOUNGBLOOD
I steal diamonds or cash. That's all.

BOROVSKY
Fine.

YOUNGBLOOD
I work with a partner.

BOROVSKY
We work with you. Partner turns rat on you, that's your problem. He turn rat on us...What do you say, Mr. Youngblood? We have an agreement?

YOUNGBLOOD
I don't know.

BOROVSKY
What "don't know"?

YOUNGBLOOD
I don't know! This isn't in my plan.

Borovsky pulls the drinking flask from her outer coat pocket. Uncaps the lid. Takes a healthy drink.

BOROVSKY
Okay, okay, you're a man of business and a man of honor. We do two, three actions? You want to keep going? Good. You want to finish? Also good. Just business, we don't act like--
(in Russian)
--"little children."

Youngblood brushes his hair back again.

EXT. BILLBOARD - NIGHT

From Little G's SCOPED POV, Youngblood gives Little G a hand signal, three fingers flattening to all five fingers, brushing the back of his head. Then Youngblood drops his hand.

Little G is finished with his over-watch work. He starts to pack up.

EXT. RAILROAD SWITCHING YARD - TWILIGHT

Borovsky offers the flask to Youngblood.

YOUNGBLOOD
I don't drink and drive.

Borovsky motions to Petrov, who gives Youngblood a business card.

BOROVSKY
Mr. Youngblood, I don't like to wait.
I call tonight. Mos Just gave me your
number before his "accident."

Youngblood takes the card. He gets in the Lexus and drives.

Borosky takes out her cell phone and dials someone.

SIKANDAR (O.S.)
Who the fuck is this new guy?

TAYLOR (O.S.)
How should I know?

EXT./INT. BRIDGE-HOUSE - TWILIGHT

A police observation post a half-mile away in a bridge-house.

SIKANDAR, a whip-thin junior cop of East Indian decent, looks through a camera with a huge telephoto lens on a tripod. TAYLOR, the beefy, Caucasian senior man, leans back, eats a sandwich and drinks beer.

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S - NIGHT

Youngblood walks up to the club's main entrance. There's a short line at the door of some very good looking and well-dressed men and women. The BOUNCER opens the door for his boss and lets him in.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - NIGHT

The club is in full effect. The dance floor is packed and the bars are two deep with drinkers. The dancers are in their cages, including Jane.

Youngblood cuts through the club, goes up the stairs to his office.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Youngblood walks into his office, closing and locking the door. He goes to his desk, and reopens the floor safe. Youngblood takes the \$75,000 he just got from Borovsky and puts it in the safe. He closes everything up.

He pulls a walkie-talkie from a drawer, turns it on and keys.

YOUNGBLOOD
Bai-Bai?

BAI-BAI (V.O. FROM WALKIE-TALKIE)
Everything's five by five, boss.

Someone tries opening the office door. Youngblood goes to the door.

YOUNGBLOOD
Private office.

LITTLE G (O.C. OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)
Yo, it's me!

Youngblood ushers Little G in, turning to close and lock the door again. Returning to the desk, Youngblood hits a few keys on the computer's keyboard.

The computer screen shows a four camera split-screen view of the club. The images change, views from more cameras.

Little G drops himself into the other desk chair, turning the screen so both he and Youngblood can watch the camera feeds change. Ms. Honey is in one of the frames.

YOUNGBLOOD
Sorry you had to break your date.

LITTLE G
You kidding? Makes me mysterious.
Women love that shit.

YOUNGBLOOD
Man, busy day.

Little G gestures like he's sighting down the scope of his rifle.

LITTLE G
She's some chilly bitch. What did she say?

YOUNGBLOOD
Wants me to work for her. Exclusive.

LITTLE G
What did you say?

YOUNGBLOOD
I work with no one but my partner.

LITTLE G
What else?

YOUNGBLOOD

What you'd expect from Russian mob.
Big talk about big money. The expected
unspoken threat.

LITTLE G

Man, you know I'll back you up
whatever you do. But these Russians?
They're bad news. And they don't like
niggers.

Youngblood mimics Borovsky.

YOUNGBLOOD

"I make you millionaire."

LITTLE G

Ain't nothin' wrong with that. But I
known you since before anything. Slow
and steady like a motherfucker. The
"plan" is solid.

Youngblood shows Little G the envelope with the "\$4.8M" on
it.

YOUNGBLOOD

With Mos Just gone, we need another
fence.

LITTLE G

Yeah, but for this job, now we
negotiate our own cut.

YOUNGBLOOD

If we can get better than thirty
points, we can quit the life. Drop the
"plan."

LITTLE G

Drop the "plan?" Never thought I'd
hear that shit. Maybe we should just
stick to what we doing. It works. It's
easy.

Youngblood's phone rings. He checks the incoming number.

YOUNGBLOOD

Go cold.

LITTLE G

Fuck it. Greed is good. Go cold.

Youngblood answers the phone.

YOUNGBLOOD

Yes? Please tell Madam Borovsky I must
decline...I'm sure she'll get over it.

Youngblood hangs up. Little G lets himself out, shutting the door behind him.

Youngblood turns back to the computer monitor. Little G appears in one of the monitor's camera quadrants, walking up to Ms. Honey.

Youngblood taps a button and the quadrants change to different cameras in the club.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - NIGHT

One of the club's security cameras has a red light on, indicating it's active.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

The camera is on Jane Kitt as she dances in her go-go cage. She's got a crowd of men standing around her cage, throwing the occasional bill, \$20s, \$50s, even \$100s.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, JANE'S GO-GO CAGE - NIGHT

Jane expertly shuffles the money into the cage with her feet, never missing a beat. She plays the men like a pro, gathering in their cash, but keeping them at a distance.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Suddenly, the camera image flashes white, then reverts to normal, then white, then normal, as if someone's flashing a light into the camera lens. Which someone is.

From the camera's POV on Youngblood's monitor, Bai-Bai is directing a laser-pointer straight at the camera. THE LASER'S BEAM OVERLOADS THE CAMERA IMAGE, TURNING THE IMAGE WHITE.

From the camera's POV on Youngblood's monitor, Bai-Bai shakes her finger at Youngblood in a "for shame!" gesture.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - NIGHT

The red light on the security camera goes off, indicating it's inactive.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

The club is closed. Sounds of bar and floor clean-up.

Youngblood is at his desk, "closing" up.

Three bartenders patiently waiting for Youngblood to dismiss them. Youngblood picks up his walkie-talkie and keys it.

YOUNGBLOOD

Bai-Bai?

BAI-BAI (V.O. VIA WALKIE TALKIE)
Yeah, boss?

YOUNGBLOOD
(into walkie-talkie)
Three escorts for three bartenders.
(with a look at Ms.
Ginger)
For Ms. Ginger, better make that two.

BAI-BAI
On their way, boss.

Youngblood addresses the women.

YOUNGBLOOD
Tipped out?

The women all answer or nod in the affirmative.

Three bouncers, two black, one Hispanic, wearing the universal uniform of black muscle-shirts, black pants, black shoes, appear in the office doorway. Their names are JIM, GAUGE, and MARTINEZ.

YOUNGBLOOD
Jim, please escort Ms. Ginger to her car. Gauge, you have Ms. Sapphire, and Martinez, if you'd be so kind?

The three bouncers wait for the bartenders to gather their things, then they leave.

DJ ROACH
Hey, hey, hey!

YOUNGBLOOD
Floor looked good, Roach.

DJ ROACH
I aims to please, mutherfuck-
(cutting himself short)
-bossman.

YOUNGBLOOD
Ready for the next prize drop?

DJ ROACH
Word's out to those what gots to
knows!

YOUNGBLOOD
Hey, keep the booth clean. I threw out
enough for a ten year stretch.

DJ ROACH
Aight, no prob.

YOUNGBLOOD
See you tomorrow.

DJ ROACH
Later, bossman.

Youngblood picks up the walkie-talkie again.

YOUNGBLOOD
Bai-Bai, who's left?

BAI-BAI (V.O. VIA WALKIE TALKIE)
New dancer coming up, boss.

Jane walks up the stairs, already in street clothes.

Before she can say a word, the sound of heavy footsteps coming up the stairs. Little G barges into the office, supported by the much smaller Ms. Honey.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Little G)
Still business hours, G.

LITTLE G
I know, but me and little Ms. Honey, here, were going to Chinatown for a late something to eat, and wished to cordially extend an invitation—
(indicating Jane)
—and anyone whom you might wish to accompany your oh-so-fine self.

YOUNGBLOOD
Another time. You and Ms. Honey enjoy yourselves.

LITTLE G
As you command, my lord.

YOUNGBLOOD
Reverend!

LITTLE G
Yes, my lord?

YOUNGBLOOD
What did we agree on?

LITTLE G
Oh, I'll be nice. But will she?

Little G escorts Ms. Honey down the stairs and out of sight.

YOUNGBLOOD
Your tips, please, Ms. Kitt.

Jane hands Youngblood a white envelope, pretty well filled with money. Youngblood takes it out and counts.

YOUNGBLOOD
With tip-out, your take is four-
hundred and twenty dollars.

He hands her her takings.

YOUNGBLOOD
A new record.

Jane counts out about a hundred dollars, which she puts in her purse.

JANE
May I have the envelope back, please?

Youngblood gives her the envelope, and she puts the rest of the money in. She doesn't put the envelope in her purse, but inside her bra. She sees Youngblood watching her ritual.

JANE
I don't trust people.

YOUNGBLOOD
You put on a good show.

JANE
I've been dancing for a while.

YOUNGBLOOD
Where have you worked?

JANE
Around. At Shady's for a while.

YOUNGBLOOD
Good club.

Youngblood picks up the walkie-talkie again.

YOUNGBLOOD
Bai-Bai? I need one escort for a
dancer.
(to Jane)
Policy. He'll walk you to your car.

There's a short silence, but no response.

YOUNGBLOOD
Must be busy.

Youngblood closes and locks the safe, then shuts down his computer.

YOUNGBLOOD
I'll take you.

JANE
I greatly appreciate it.

Youngblood puts on his coat. Moves to help Jane with hers. She refuses.

JANE
I'm fine, thank you.

Jane leaves, Youngblood turns off the office lights and follows.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - NIGHT

Youngblood and Jane walk through the conspicuously empty club. They leave through the door.

LITTLE G (O.C.)
It's possible!

BAI-BAI (O.C.)
No fucking way. Boss has got his
"plan." No woman in it!

Little G, Bai-Bai, and Ms. Honey pop up behind a booth like "Whack-a-Mole" dolls.

LITTLE G
Think maybe plan's a-changin'.

BAI-BAI
No fucking way.

MS. HONEY
They look cute together.

Little G hugs Ms. Honey hard against his body.

LITTLE G
We look cute together.

BAI-BAI
You two get the fuck outta here. I'll
clean up.

MS. HONEY
Meet you in Chinatown?

Out of Ms. Honey's line of sight, Little G shakes his head
"NO!"

BAI-BAI
Yeah. Maybe. See how I feel.

Little G escorts Ms. Honey toward the door. He again turns and glares at Bai-Bai.

Bai-Bai flips him off with the exquisitely long nail at the end of her middle finger.

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S - NIGHT

JANE
I'm this way. Thanks for taking me on
in such short notice.

YOUNGBLOOD
Good timing. One of our dancers hurt
her leg.

They turn a corner.

EXT. STREET NEAR YOUNGBLOOD'S - NIGHT

YOUNGBLOOD
You worked at Shady's?

JANE
Yeah, for a while.

YOUNGBLOOD
You didn't want to stay?

JANE
I didn't like the crowd.

The two turn another corner. There's a parking lot with a few lonely cars waiting.

JANE
Thanks. I can make it from here.

YOUNGBLOOD
Sorry. Rules.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR YOUNGBLOOD'S - NIGHT

The two walk up to a red Mazda RX-8 in good condition. She turns and awkwardly holds out her hand for her new boss to shake.

The bruise on her face is picked out by a streetlight's yellow glare. Youngblood taps his own face where her bruise is.

YOUNGBLOOD
Put some ice on that. And some honey.

JANE
Honey?

YOUNGBLOOD
Old boxer's trick. Reduces bruising.

JANE
Okay.

YOUNGBLOOD
Good night, Ms. Kitt.

JANE
Good night, Mr. Youngblood.

Jane gets in the car.

YOUNGBLOOD
See you tomorrow, same time.

He closes the door and watches as she drives away.

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S - NIGHT

Youngblood uses his phone again to raise the garage door. He gets in his Audi, pulls out and away.

A moment later, headlights from a car come on. An unmarked police cruiser pulls up near the club's door. Sikandar and Taylor get out.

TAYLOR
Check the door.

SIKANDAR
For what?

TAYLOR
To see if it's open.

SIKANDAR
For what?

TAYLOR
It's what we policemen do.

SIKANDAR
Oh, "we policemen." Of course.

TAYLOR
Asshole.

SIKANDAR
Jagoff.

Sikandar ignores the door.

Taylor sees the garbage dumpster.

TAYLOR
Gloves and masks.

Sikandar reaches into the car, takes out two pairs of purple latex gloves and two disposable surgeon's masks. They both walk up to the dumpster.

Sikandar expertly snaps the gloves over his hands.

SIKANDAR
You going to help?

TAYLOR
Thought I'd watch a pro at work.

Sikandar puts the surgeon's mask on.

SIKANDAR
Jagoff.

Sikandar opens the dumpster. Black bags stuffed with garbage.

TAYLOR
Hop in.

SIKANDAR
Hop in?

TAYLOR
Hop in.

SIKANDAR
Jagoff.

TAYLOR
Asshole.

Despite his nice, clean, professional clothes, Sikandar does as ordered, cursing under his breath. He throws bags out of the dumpster into the street.

SIKANDAR
Fuck. Fuck!

TAYLOR
What?

SIKANDAR
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

Sikandar jumps out of the dumpster, holding up his left sleeve like it's been dipped in all things disgusting.

He shows his white shirt cuff to Taylor. The cuff has a stain of something so small, it's almost invisible.

SIKANDAR
 Look at this shit! Look at this
 fucking shit! FUCK!

Sikandar kicks the dumpster, punctuates each kick with another "fuck." His rage is definitely out of proportion with the offense. He is, in fact, a nutjob.

SIKANDAR
 FUCK FUCK FUCKING FUCK!

Taylor pulls out a small flashlight, scans the remaining garbage. After a moment, he snaps on his own pair of gloves, and pulling his shirt and jacket sleeves back, reaches into the dumpster.

Sikandar is in full rage, and actually pulls out his police-issue Glock to kill the dumpster.

As the Glock comes out, Taylor grabs his partner's hand and pushes the weapon into the air.

TAYLOR
 You done?

Taylor, the older and more dominant cop, stares down the younger, more crazy-ass cop.

TAYLOR
 We got something.

Taylor holds up the zip-lock bag full of DJ Roach's marijuana joints thrown away by Youngblood.

Sikandar lowers his gun-arm, holsters the weapon.

SIKANDAR
 He is going to pay for the dry
 cleaning.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Youngblood grabs the "plan" folder off the desk and falls on the mattress. He covers his face with the folder. After a moment, he takes the folder off his face and looks around.

Youngblood grabs a pillow. Then he crosses to the walk-in closet.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM, WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

It's the dimensions of a prison cell -- 5' x '10. The clothes bar has Youngblood's immaculate wardrobe, everything still in dry-cleaning plastic. Youngblood pushes everything aside.

There's a single bare bulb hanging. Youngblood reaches up and switches the light off, putting the "plan" folder under his pillow.

EXT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, STREET - DAY

Youngblood parks in front of a low, nondescript office. There is nothing on the office exterior indicating what or who's inside. Little G's beautiful ride is parked on the street.

Youngblood walks up to the building's entrance. He looks up at a security camera. He waves. The door buzzer sounds. He lets himself in.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, ELEVATOR - DAY

Youngblood crosses the short, dirty hall and enters the elevator.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY

Youngblood steps out the elevator directly into Isis' office, a wonderland of half-built computers, spare electronics, and testing equipment. Workbenches are strewn with tools and parts. Carts on wheels are everywhere. The floor is scuffed beyond cleaning with rubber skid-marks.

There's also a server "clean room," a glass-enclosed room stacked floor to ceiling with smoothly running computer servers, closed off from the rest of the mess.

A few technicians sit at the benches. They're all women, and all pretty.

Little G walks out from around a corner.

YOUNGBLOOD

Reverend.

A mechanical WHINE as ISIS also appears from around the corner. Isis is a heavy-set black woman, almost morbidly obese, in a motorized wheel-chair.

ISIS

Youngblood!

YOUNGBLOOD

Isis! How you doing?

Youngblood bends over for a kiss on the cheek.

ISIS

Isis doin'. How you doin'?

YOUNGBLOOD

I'm doin'.

ISIS
Let's go to Isis workshop.

The three go around the corner, Isis in the lead.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, WORKSHOP HALLWAY - DAY

It's a short hallway to another room.

YOUNGBLOOD
You've hired some new employees.

ISIS
Business good.

LITTLE G
Yo, Isis, why you never hire men?

ISIS
Isis like what Isis like, bitch.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, WORKSHOP - DAY

The workshop is like the outer office, only with fewer obstacles on the floor.

ISIS
How Marsalis?

Little G gestures for Isis to not ask that question.

Youngblood opens the envelope given to him by Mos Just. The contents have a set of very sketchy blueprints on tissue-like paper, like they were traced, and in a hurry. The words "Aiden Tower" are scrawled across the top of the plans.

ISIS
When that muthafuckin' Mos Just gonna get someone can draw?

LITTLE G
Never now.

ISIS
Isis heard. Musta made someone really mad. He the best fence in the city. Okay, lets see what we got.

YOUNGBLOOD
Third down from top floor, north side. Systems?

ISIS
Three independent, two redundant. Silent alarms over DSL lines go to cops.

Youngblood and Little G look at the blueprints again.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Little G)
What's this?

LITTLE G
Top of the elevator shafts.

YOUNGBLOOD
DSL lines for security pull through
there. Power's on the outside.

Little G points to something on the blueprints.

LITTLE G
Cutting power sets off an alarm.

YOUNGBLOOD
Okay. We ignore the power. We go
through the roof and get their DSL.

ISIS
Put your shunt here. Top of the shaft.

YOUNGBLOOD
That's our way in. What's the box?

Isis taps something out on a nearby computer.

ISIS
Adamantine Systems.

LITTLE G
Shee-fucking-it.

ISIS
Ya'll need something special for an
Adamantine, you know that. But what
you didn't know is today's your lucky
day. Isis show you her new toy.

Isis gives Youngblood and Little G goggles and protective
face-masks. She rolls her chair in front of a block of metal.
Puts on her own goggles and mask.

A box-shaped machine, a "grit cutter," sits in front of the
metal block. Isis grabs the cutter's "wand," turns on the
cutter. A LOUD HISS. Isis points the wand at the metal block.
A laser stabs out, a sparkling stream of grit particles
cutting where the laser touches the metal block.

After a moment's work, they all remove their protective
equipment. Isis flicks the block with her finger. A chunk of
metal falls, cleanly and quickly sheared off.

LITTLE G

She can do it, man! Isis, she can
fucking do it!

ISIS

Yeah, Isis can fucking do it. What you
think? Isis can't fucking do it?

Youngblood indicates the grit cutter.

YOUNGBLOOD

What is it?

ISIS

It's called a "grit cutter." Uses,
microscopic stone chips and a laser.
Don't matter how it works. It works.
But there's a problem, and it's hard
to fix.

YOUNGBLOOD

What?

ISIS

You want to cut an Adamantine System
box, you need military grade grit. And
that is rare-ass.

LITTLE G

So we get this shit and cut in!
(to Youngblood)
Look how small this motherfucker is!

ISIS

Boy, you a fucking idiot. This ain't
the one you using.

Isis turns to a much larger machine standing near a wall.

ISIS

That's the one.

This grit cutter has a flexible pipe coming out of it, like a
flamethrower. Youngblood picks up the pipe.

YOUNGBLOOD

Doesn't seem that heavy.

Isis rolls her wheelchair to a large, unmarked industrial
drum. It's sealed.

ISIS

That ain't heavy, but this shit is.

Little G, a large man, can barely move the drum.

ISIS
 And this the motherfucking regular
 grit. The military grit's even more
 heavy.

Isis writes a number of her own on a scrap of paper, hands it
 to Youngblood.

ISIS
 Isis needs this much.

YOUNGBLOOD
 That's almost all I have.

ISIS
 That's what Isis need.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Okay.

ISIS
 Isis call when she's ready.

LITTLE G
 How soon?

ISIS
 Isis call when Isis call, bitch. Now
 you boys fuck off and let Isis work.

EXT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, STREET - DAY

Youngblood and Little G exit the office.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Call Schwartzman for a meet.

LITTLE G
 This is going like clockwork. What're
 you going to do?

YOUNGBLOOD
 With this money, maybe Rickets can
 make something happen for Marsalis.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Youngblood's Audi is lost among the collection of automotive
 wonders.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Youngblood walks up to the CONCIERGE.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Counsel Rickets?

CONCIERGE
Mezzanine tier, fifth lane.

EXT. SECOND GOLF TIER - DAY

The country club has "driving" lanes with automatic ball setting and similar amenities. There are three levels. Well-heeled golfers drink and smoke.

Youngblood approaches RICKETS, an effete, dissipated man with thick glasses. A prize jagoff. Rickets is alone.

RICKETS
Stay off the lane, please, if you
would, Mr. Youngblood, while I drive.

The ball is automatically set onto the tee. Rickets makes an indifferent showing of golf skill.

RICKETS
Ah, yes, very good.

Another ball pops into place.

RICKETS
What can I do for you today, Mr.
Youngblood? Still hoping to set
Marsalis free from his incarceration?
Well, let me save you the trouble, if
I may. Nothing has changed.

YOUNGBLOOD
Something has changed.

Another indifferent showing.

RICKETS
Let me guess, then, shall I? You and
your "posse," would you call it, have
finally found the one big score that's
going to let you all retire to
Disneyland, or some other swinging
resort paradise, am I right?

Ball pops into place.

YOUNGBLOOD
How much will it take?

Rickets plays with the ball, pushing it around with his club.

RICKETS

You see, Mr. Youngblood, there are actually some people in the big, bad, world who believe the justice system is there for a reason, and should not succumb, how can I put this so you'll understand, to the favors often carried by large sums of money.

Rickets hits the ball.

RICKETS

Since you have me on retainer, you already know I do not count myself amongst that particular set of crusader bunnies, but to your continued disappointment and my greater annoyance, I must again point out-

Rickets gestures skyward with his club, indicating a group of people on the top golfing tier. The golfer at that tee whacks the ball with a loud "crack." Everyone around him claps.

RICKETS

-that the judge is.

Rickets hits another ball. Badly.

RICKETS

Damn. I sliced it.

YOUNGBLOOD

I'll have real money.

RICKETS

"Real money" I hear you say, Mr. Youngblood? As if any money is "real" money.

With his club, Rickets points to the high tier again.

RICKETS

That is real money, I would say, Mr. Youngblood. Up there, with the swells.

With his club, Rickets indicates the immediate area.

RICKETS

And here is where I am, Mr. Youngblood, in the middle, unable to rise any higher, content with my connections and shady dealings that prevent myself sinking lower.

Rickets points to the lower tier of the golf range. Almost nobody there.

RICKETS

And that is where you and your kind are, Mr. Youngblood, no matter how hard you might fight and struggle against what is so quaintly called the "system." You and your kind will always be there, no matter how much "real" money you possess, and these are the places where, like myself here, like the judge up there, we all belong.

Rickets hits another ball. Another bad play.

RICKETS

Poor Mr. Youngblood. Somewhere along the line, you acquired a conscience. Fortunately, I have no such failing, but I do care about my practice, so I will say, not between friends of course, but between associates, and off the record, that without something short of the apocalypse, nothing will move that judge. Unless you find a real string-puller. Now I must ask you to leave, Mr. Youngblood. You're throwing me off my game.

Rickets turns his back on Youngblood. Youngblood picks up a nearby club. As Rickets goes to swing again, Youngblood cracks the handle of his club against Rickets' hamstrings.

The sound Rickets makes cannot quite be called "pain." More "pleasure." Still, he falls.

RICKETS

Really, Mr. Youngblood, I deserve so much worse.

Youngblood throws the club down and leaves.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Youngblood returns to his car. His phone rings.

YOUNGBLOOD

Yes?

EXT. YOSEF SCHWARTZMAN'S PAWN SHOP - DAY

Little G pulls up near the pawn shop which sports a sign with the owner's name. The area is surrounded by police barricades and tape-lines. Cops are everywhere.

A particularly unhappy YOSEF SCHWARTZMAN struggles against large and well-trained men.

SCHWARTZMAN

I have protection, you fucks!

Two of the cops are Taylor and Sikandar.

INT. LITTLE G'S RIDE - DAY

Little G takes out his phone.

LITTLE G

Dammit, Adamski, answer the motherfucking phone.

INT. STATE PENITENTIARY, MEDICAL WARD - DAY

The medical ward is a long antiseptic room with two rows of beds. Inmates in various stages of debilitation lie quietly or are strapped down, depending on their offenses. A few nurses do their rounds, and at least one inmate cleans the floor.

Near the far end of the room, a worn-out DOCTOR ABRAMS tends to Marsalis. Marsalis has enough tubes going into him to make him look like a science experiment.

Youngblood enters the medical ward through the double doors, followed by a single guard, who takes up station near the door. Youngblood's suit has a security pass dangling from it.

Abrams looks up from Marsalis as Youngblood approaches.

DOCTOR ABRAMS

You're family?

YOUNGBLOOD

Closest thing. What happened?

Doctor Abrams ushers Youngblood to a different part of the room, away from Marsalis.

DOCTOR ABRAMS

Without being too technical, Mr. Marsalis suffers from a degeneration of the tissue surrounding his brain. Now the degeneration has caused a hematoma, a blood clot, to form.

The doctor points to his own head to illustrate the clot's location.

DOCTOR ABRAMS

The hematoma is in a very dangerous location.

YOUNGBLOOD

Can you operate?

DOCTOR ABRAMS
Mister "Youngblood" is it? We're a
state-run penitentiary, and simply
don't have the means-

YOUNGBLOOD
So, it's a matter of money.

DOCTOR ABRAMS
Mr. Youngblood-

YOUNGBLOOD
If it's a matter of money, I can take
care of that.

DOCTOR ABRAMS
It's not just money, Mr. Youngblood.
It's equipment, expertise, and post-
operative care.

YOUNGBLOOD
None of which you have here.

DOCTOR ABRAMS
As I said, we're a state-run
penitentiary.

Youngblood puts his back to the security guard at the door.

YOUNGBLOOD
Just give me the fucking details,
doctor. Write them down and I'll make
it happen.

Doctor Abrams pats Youngblood on the shoulder.

DOCTOR ABRAMS
No need for that, Mr. Youngblood. I'll
write down everything necessary.

Doctor Abrams walks to a desk with a computer on it, then
sits to write what Youngblood will need.

Youngblood returns to Marsalis's bed. He moves to hold
Marsalis's hand, but there's too much equipment.

Doctor Abrams walks back to Youngblood and Marsalis, hands
Youngblood an envelope.

DOCTOR ABRAMS
The most important thing for Mr.
Marsalis is to move him to a proper
medical facility. Even with a
successful operation, he'll require
private care. Can you make that
happen, Mr. Youngblood?

YOUNGBLOOD

He was supposed to be out in a year.

DOCTOR ABRAMS

Unless I'm mistaken, the judge at his parole hearings has not been open to leniency.

YOUNGBLOOD

No, he certainly has not.

DOCTOR ABRAMS

Mr. Youngblood, in all sincerity, I wish you and your friend the best of luck.

Youngblood and Doctor Abrams shake hands, and the doctor leaves to continue his rounds.

INT./EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

The penitentiary fades into the distance.

Youngblood takes out his phone, hits the pad, holds it up to his ear, realizes the phone's off. The cool veneer of his personality shows a crack as he angrily turns the phone back on, waits for it to power up. He dials.

YOUNGBLOOD

G, what've we got?

INT. LITTLE G'S RIDE - DAY

LITTLE G

Cops all over Schwartzman, man.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

Youngblood gets another call. He hits a key and makes it a three-way call.

ISIS (V.O. VIA PHONE)

Who the fuck you boys piss off?

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY

ISIS

(into speaker phone)

Isis can't get shit for shit and no one's talking about why.

INT. LITTLE G'S RIDE - DAY

LITTLE G

Sonofabitch Adamski won't answer his phone.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY

ISIS
Boys, Isis sorry, but she can't get
military grade tampons let alone
nothing for the cutter.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

YOUNGBLOOD
I think we've just been played.
Alright. I'll take care of this.

Youngblood hangs up, then takes out Borovsky's business card
and calls the number.

YOUNGBLOOD
I need to speak with Madam Borovsky.

PETROV (V.O. VIA PHONE)
Mr. Youngblood. This is Petrov. You
meet her today? Now, yes?

YOUNGBLOOD
Give me the address.

PETROV (V.O. VIA PHONE)
I'll send to your phone.

The phone beeps with an incoming message.

PETROV (V.O. VIA PHONE)
We see you soon as you return to city.

YOUNGBLOOD
How did you know—

As Petrov hangs up, we hear, in V.O. from the phone laughter
and something spoken in Russian by Borovsky.

Petrov has sent the address as an attachment. Youngblood's
phone displays a, "DO YOU WANT TO ACCEPT ATTACHMENT?" warning
message.

YOUNGBLOOD
Idiot.

Youngblood hits the "OK" button.

YOUNGBLOOD
(into phone)
G, we're on.

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOF - DAY

Youngblood, Little G, Borovsky, and Petrov stand amongst
large exhaust fans and elevator industrial cable housings.

The building across the street is the Aiden Towers.

YOUNGBLOOD

You win.

BOROVSKY

Handsome man. I always win.

YOUNGBLOOD

This is what we have.

Youngblood unfurls his tatty blueprints. Borovsky snaps her fingers. Petrov unfurls a high-end laptop, hits some keys.

BOROVSKY

This is what we have.

A very impressive display of new blueprints and other information of the Towers.

BOROVSKY

This next job? How much?

Youngblood reveals the number on the envelope: "\$4.8M."

BOROVSKY

Now we talk business! Petrov?

Petrov reads off the display.

PETROV

It's typical for such a place. Two guards on during day, each with a key that must be turned same time. Usual bullshit. Alarm systems activated at night. No business conducted on weekends.

YOUNGBLOOD

Lasers, sonics, IR? Pressure plates?

Little G puts a hand on his belly.

LITTLE G

Hulk not like pressure plates.

BOROVSKY

What, you think this is "Mission Impossible?" Okay, okay. You are a serious man, this serious business. No need for a "smoke and mirrors" job. I know the building owner. He is a bit of, what is the word?

(in Russian to Petrov)

"Arrogant."

PETROV
(to Youngblood)
Arrogant?

Borovsky glances at the computer display.

BOROVSKY
All systems linked to the doors and
vault. No invisible ray-beams or
anything.

PETROV
You have a bypass?

LITTLE G
Got all that shit covered.

Petrov swears in Russian.

PETROV
There is a problem. The vault is
special. Adamantine Systems.

BOROVSKY
(to Youngblood)
You can't burn it open?

YOUNGBLOOD
Impossible.

BOROVSKY
Okay. So, why come to me?

YOUNGBLOOD
I need something special.

BOROVSKY
As you said once to me, "cut to it."

YOUNGBLOOD
We need military-grade supplies.

Youngblood hands Borovsky the note given to him by Isis. Borovsky doesn't look, hands the paper to Petrov. Petrov looks, takes out his phone, steps away to make a call.

BOROVSKY
We do this thing, we make the usual
fence deal. Four million eight hundred
thousand at wholesale is one million
fifty thousand and change to you.

YOUNGBLOOD
And change?

BOROVSKY

Six thousands. And for you, handsome man, a special deal. I'll put some of your money into special investments across the country. Shopping centers, parking lots, like that. Legit.

YOUNGBLOOD

My money goes with me. All of it.

BOROVSKY

Okay.

Petrov hangs up. He nods to Borovsky.

BOROVSKY

We can get the material. Any other things you need?

YOUNGBLOOD

Allow me to consult with my partner.

Youngblood takes Little G aside.

YOUNGBLOOD

Rickets said find a string-puller.

LITTLE G

That motherfucker knows his business. But her? She's spooking me out. You sure this is what you want?

YOUNGBLOOD

Something goes wrong, isn't anything we can't walk away from, right? Club, studio, car, anything. Right?

Youngblood and Little G go back to Borovsky and Petrov.

BOROVSKY

There is a problem?

(to Petrov)

There is a problem.

(to Youngblood)

Come. You share with Mother Christmas.

Youngblood looks to Little G.

LITTLE G

(to Youngblood)

Do what you gotta, man.

YOUNGBLOOD

(to Borovsky)

I assume you have connections?

BOROVSKY

Go on.

YOUNGBLOOD

I need someone sprung.

BOROVSKY

Broken out?

YOUNGBLOOD

Released. He needs medical attention.

Borovsky and Petrov exchange shrugs.

BOROVSKY

How hard can it be? If it takes money, you'll have plenty of money!

YOUNGBLOOD

It has to be now.

BOROVSKY

Ah, now this is the problem. What is the expression, it can be fast, good, or cheap, but pick only two? Okay, I apologize. You give Petrov the name of your friend, the name of the parole judge. I'll call in favors. What is the expression?

(to Petrov, in Russian)

"Pull strings."

PETROV

Pull strings.

BOROVSKY

We'll make it happen! But...

YOUNGBLOOD

But?

Borovsky takes out her vodka flask again, unscrews the cap.

BOROVSKY

Maybe you owe me a favor?

YOUNGBLOOD

Yeah. Maybe.

BOROVSKY

Maybe you owe me a favor?

YOUNGBLOOD

Yes. I owe you a favor.

Borovsky drinks from the flask. She extends the flask toward Youngblood. Youngblood takes the flask, drinks, and returns the flask.

BOROVSKY
Maybe you share my bed?

YOUNGBLOOD
I don't date co-workers.

BOROVSKY
Who said date? Maybe you don't like tattoos? Maybe you don't like white skin? Okay. So, I get your friend out, you do the job. We all get paid.
(to Petrov)
You said he'd never call! You owe me another hundred dollars!
(to Youngblood)
Excellent, good! To business, then, everyone!

PETROV
(to Youngblood)
The paperwork will be delivered to your club tonight. It includes \$75,000 for the pay-off to the shipping manager.

Petrov gives a thumb drive to Youngblood.

PETROV
Updated plans. Madam Borovsky expects the job to be completed on the day when the delivery is made. Less time for trouble to--
(In Russian)
--"brew."
(in English)
Good-bye, gentlemen.

EXT. HIGH-RISE STREET - DAY

YOUNGBLOOD
You better get to the club, make sure everything starts on time.

Youngblood and Little G drive off in their cars.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Tyler and Sikandar eating sushi.

TYLER
Ayoko's got better.

SIKANDAR

She gets her fish straight from the market.

Youngblood's Audi R8 pulls away.

Sikandar carefully, so carefully, put his garbage into a bag. Tyler burps and throws his garbage out the window.

SIKANDAR

What is your fucking problem?

TAYLOR

What?

SIKANDAR

"What?" Asshole. We're coming back and you're going to pick that up.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Youngblood drives. Taylor and Sikandar tail him. At some point, Taylor loses the Audi.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

SIKANDAR

You drive like a Bangladeshi cripple's grandmother.

TAYLOR

Fuck you. Check the thing. And fuck you.

Sikandar takes out an phone and plugs it into a dock on the car's mobile computer. The computer launches a tracking application. A FLASHING MARKER APPEARS ON A MAP. It's Youngblood's car.

SIKANDAR

Turn.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The two cars are back on their slow chase through the city.

EXT./INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

Youngblood checks his rearview, spots the tail, turns onto an empty side-street.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Tyler BLOWS the HORN, nothing official, both cars stop. Tyler and Sikandar get out, relaxed. They crowd the Audi's driver-side window.

Tyler makes a motion for Youngblood to roll down the window. Youngblood rolls down the window.

TYLER
How are you today?

YOUNGBLOOD
Good.

Tyler hands Youngblood a business card. Youngblood passively takes the card and waits to see what happens next.

TYLER
You will want to remember my name.

YOUNGBLOOD
Why is that?

SIKANDAR
We're in for points of your action with Borovsky.

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

TYLER
Our information and protection goes with the territory.

No reaction from Youngblood. When dealing with cops, silence is golden. Dealing with corrupt cops, doubly-so.

SIKANDAR
Alright, motherfucker! We dug this out of your club's trash.

Sikandar pulls the zip-lock bag of marijuana roaches out of a pocket.

YOUNGBLOOD
Sure you did.

Sikandar reaches for Youngblood like he's going to drag him through the window.

SIKANDAR
I'll fucking—

Tyler pulls his partner back.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Sikandar)
Please don't crowd me, officer.
(to Tyler)
You want to arrest me? Arrest me. If not, get off my car.

The Audi starts to slowly drive away. Sikandar pulls out a pink dry-cleaning slip.

SIKANDAR
You'll pay for the dry-cleaning,
motherfucker!

Sikandar mashes the paper into a ball and throws it into the car.

Youngblood pulls up to the stop sign at the end of the street, comes to a full stop, turns on his right turn signal, drives away.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

Youngblood drives. He drives. He drives a little more.

Youngblood explodes in fury, beating his hands against the steering wheel.

His phone rings.

YOUNGBLOOD
G? What?
(pause)
No. Fine. Everything's fine.
(pause)
Alright, see you there. Ms. Honey's ready? Okay, good. Yeah, see you.

Youngblood hangs up. Makes another call.

YOUNGBLOOD
Bai-Bai. Fine, thanks. Is the club ready for tonight? Good. Jane? The new dancer? I walked her to her car. Why is-
(pause)
Bai-Bai, I don't date employees. Okay. Okay! See you tonight.

Youngblood hangs up. Maybe there's a hint of a smile. He makes another call.

YOUNGBLOOD
Isis?

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY

Youngblood gives Isis the thumb drive from Petrov. She loads it in her laptop. A warning flashes on screen.

ISIS
Who he think he is?

YOUNGBLOOD

What?

ISIS

This bitch full of Russian viruses.
But Isis fix.

Isis fixes it.

ISIS

Stupid bitch Russians.

Isis brings up the blueprints of the Aiden Towers again. She points at various portions.

ISIS

This good. Shit from Mos Just worse than useless. There've been changes from the original gotten you busted.

YOUNGBLOOD

Mother Christmas.

ISIS

I heard of Mother Christmas. She why there's suddenly no work around? What you got yourself into?

YOUNGBLOOD

Have to do it. For Marsalis.

ISIS

We all got to do what we gotta, even Isis.

YOUNGBLOOD

Thanks for understanding.

ISIS

You know Isis got love for you. Now go away, let Isis reconfig that DSL shit.

Youngblood does as ordered.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Youngblood strips off his clothes, puts everything on hangers in the walk-in closet. The pillow he left there is still on the floor.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - DAY

He takes a long, hot, luxurious shower.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

When he's done showering, he wraps a towel around himself, going to the desk and opening the "plan" folder. He flips through the pages like he did before, stopping at the one with Marsalis in the foreground. It's definitely Youngblood as a boy in the background.

Youngblood picks up his phone, dials a number.

YOUNGBLOOD

Dr. Abrams, please.

(pause)

I'm sorry to catch you so late, doctor. We met earlier this week. Yes, the friend of Marsalis. Has there been-

(pause)

No. Okay. Fine. Can you e-mail me the name and number of a facility-

(pause)

Yes. I'll have enough money to cover. Yes, send to this number. Thank you, doctor. Thank you again.

Youngblood hangs up. Puts on his game-face. Gets dressed.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - NIGHT

Youngblood walks into his club in the middle of a song sung live by Ms. Honey on a small stage set up on the dance floor under the DJ booth. Rock Candy and Ms. Honey promotional materials are everywhere.

Youngblood pushes through the crowd, catches the eye of Bai-Bai, who gives him an "okay" hand signal.

Youngblood sees Little G and Tito near the stage where Ms. Honey sings.

The bartenders are hard at work, and the dance cages are full.

Jane is doing her thing. Even with Ms. Honey's live performance, men throw money at her.

Youngblood hits the stairs to his office.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Youngblood closes the door behind him. Goes to his desk, sits, wakes up the computer and watches the show and crowd via the club's cameras.

He hits a key, and one of the monitor's quadrants changes view to cover the main entrance. Youngblood takes the walkie-talkie out of his desk, keys the mic.

YOUNGBLOOD

Bai-Bai. I'm expecting guests. If anyone asks for me, let them in and send them up.

BAI-BAI (V.O. VIA WALKIE TALKIE)

10-4, boss.

Ms. Honey ends her set. DJ Roach takes over the show.

BAI-BAI (V.O. VIA WALKIE TALKIE)

Company's here, boss.

Youngblood looks at the monitor. Two thin black men, LERONE and WAYMAN, both well-dressed lady-killers. They easily move through the crowd, gesturing to each other like they're marking targets.

A few moments later, there's a knock at the office door.

YOUNGBLOOD

Come.

Lerone and Wayman enter the office, closing the door behind them. They immediately make themselves comfortable. Wayman goes to a bottle of excellent cognac, takes the stopper off a bottle, sniffs, pours himself a generous glassful.

YOUNGBLOOD

Mr. Lerone and Mr. Wayman. It seems we now have mutual "acquaintances."

Lerone pops a toothpick into his mouth. He shifts it around constantly as he speaks.

LERONE

It certainly do seem so. Me and Mr. Wayman, there, ain't never been to your club before. We be impressed, ain't we Mr. Wayman?

WAYMAN

Impressed.

LERONE

We hear you do some kinda "diamond drop" or some shit. That true?

YOUNGBLOOD

I buy a diamond from a legitimate source at wholesale, then offer our guests the chance to find it.

LERONE

How often you do that shit?

YOUNGBLOOD

Once a month.

LERONE

Me and Mr. Wayman find that shit
amazin', don't we Mr. Wayman.

WAYMAN

Amazin'.

YOUNGBLOOD

Gentleman, I have a club to run, and
I'm sure you have to return to
Shady's?

LERONE

(to Wayman)

Give a nigger some fine clothes and a
job and he think he king of fuckin'
America or some shit. Forget where he
come from, ain't that right, Mr.
Wayman?

WAYMAN

That right.

Lerone pulls out an thick envelope.

LERONE

Well, your majesty, as you request.
Your motherfuckin' money and other
important shit.

Youngblood takes the envelope, puts it in front of him.

LERONE

Ain't you gonna count it?

YOUNGBLOOD

I never count money in front of
guests. If there's anything missing,
I'll just tell Mother Christmas.

That comment stops Lerone's constant toothpick shifting.

LERONE

Good. You check that shit. You see
everything's there.

YOUNGBLOOD

I'm sure it is.

YOUNGBLOOD

(into walkie-talkie)

Bai-Bai, we have two guests from
Shady's club. Please give them
anything they require.

BAI-BAI (V.O. VIA WALKIE TALKIE)
 Those assholes Lerone and Wayman? They
 still jerk each other off in closet?

Youngblood turns the walkie-talkie off.

LERONE
 That bitch work for you? I remember
 when she suck cock for fifty bucks a
 go.

If Youngblood had Superman's heat-vision, Lerone and Wayman
 would be ashes.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Gentleman, please enjoy the
 hospitality of this club.

Lerone stands up.

LERONE
 (to Wayman)
 Les' go, Mr. Wayman. Let's go see what
 this fine establishment has to offer.

Wayman puts his glass of cognac down. He hasn't taken a
 single sip from it. The two men head to the door. Before they
 leave, Lerone turns back.

LERONE
 You count that money. It's all there.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Sure.

Lerone just can't seem to get his balls back. But...

LERONE
 Oh, hey, what was that old man what
 took you off the streets used to say?
 "Go cool," some shit like that?

Lerone taps Wayman on the chest, as if suddenly remembering.

LERONE
 "Go cold." Yeah, that's what he said.
 (to Wayman)
 Shit's deep, right Wayman?

WAYMAN
 Shit's deep.

LERONE
 Yeah.

Lerone flicks his toothpick at a trash can next to
 Youngblood's desk. He misses.

LERONE

Whatever.

The two men leave the office without quite closing the office door. Youngblood stands, does the honors of closing the door himself. He returns to the desk. He absently watches the video display on the computer.

Bartenders serving drinks, taking in money. People having fun on the dance floors. Little G and Ms. Honey getting closer.

Jane Kitt pressed up against the back of the cage in a frenzy of terror, scrabbling to get out.

Youngblood is on his feet and screaming into the walkie-talkie.

YOUNGBLOOD

Bai-Bai! What the fuck is going on?

No response. Because Youngblood had the walkie-talkie off. He swears again and turns the goddamn thing on.

YOUNGBLOOD

Bai-Bai! Bai-Bai!

BAI-BAI (V.O. VIA WALKIE TALKIE)

Here, boss! Here!

YOUNGBLOOD

What the fuck—

The office door slams open. Jane runs in, slams the door behind her. She throws herself next to the couch, cowers, and sobs into her hands.

YOUNGBLOOD

What the—what's—

Bai-Bai rushes into the office, followed by Tito and some of the bouncers.

BAI-BAI

Jane! Boss! What going—

Youngblood slowly approaches the weeping Jane. He kneels down next to her.

YOUNGBLOOD

Ms. Kitt, what's wrong?

Jane will not, or cannot, answer.

YOUNGBLOOD

Did someone do something?

Jane shakes her head, but we're not sure if it's in answer to Youngblood's question.

YOUNGBLOOD
Did someone hurt you?

Jane nods. Youngblood takes her hands, gently pulls them away from her face. The make-up covering her bruises is gone. She looks like she was the victim of a mugging. A bad mugging.

YOUNGBLOOD
Who?

Jane looks at Youngblood. Then she looks past him at the computer monitor. She points.

JANE
Them.

Youngblood turns to the computer monitor. Why, it's none other than Lerone and Wayman on the screen.

Little G and Ms. Honey burst through the small group at the door, holding on to each other and laughing.

LITTLE G
Hey, everyone, what's-

The laughter stops.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Bai-Bai and bouncers)
Out. Everyone out.

LITTLE G
(quietly to Ms. Honey)
Maybe you go, too. Lemme see what's happening.

Ms. Honey leaves the office. Little G closes the door behind her.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Jane)
You're the woman. You're the woman got beat up at Shady's.

Jane nods. Youngblood points to the screen.

YOUNGBLOOD
And those two...

JANE
Tried to rape me.

YOUNGBLOOD

Okay. Okay. I'll get you out of here.
Somewhere safe.
(to Little G)
Get them out of sight. Then wait for
my call.

Little G nods and is out the door. Youngblood stands, goes to a closet, takes out one of his coats, drapes it around Jane's shoulders. Youngblood helps her to her feet.

YOUNGBLOOD

Come on. You're safe.

In the background, maybe Little G is taking care of the two gentleman from Shady's club, ushering them out of the way of the path to the door.

INT./EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - NIGHT

Youngblood helps Jane into his car. Youngblood and Jane drive to Youngblood's motel.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Youngblood enters first, helping Jane inside. He guides her to the chair at the desk. He goes to a mini-fridge, takes out a can of soda, opens it, pours it in a glass.

YOUNGBLOOD

Sorry. Nothing stronger.

Jane takes the glass in both hands and sips.

YOUNGBLOOD

Stay here as long as you like.

Jane is looking at the "plan" envelope.

JANE

What's this?

YOUNGBLOOD

My "plan." My personal...what would you call it? Things I want for my future.

Jane opens the envelope. She sees everything we've seen. She stops on the picture of Marsalis and a juvenile Youngblood.

JANE

Who's this man?

YOUNGBLOOD

That's...he took me in. Off the street.
Kind of helped me get where I am.

Jane fallen back into a daze.

YOUNGBLOOD

I'm going out. To take care of some business.

Youngblood takes out his wallet, pulls out some money, puts it on the desk.

YOUNGBLOOD

If you want to go home before I get back, use the phone and call a cab.

Jane says nothing.

YOUNGBLOOD

Okay.

Youngblood leaves.

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Youngblood takes out his phone, dials.

YOUNGBLOOD

G? They still there?

EXT. ALLY NEAR YOUNGBLOOD'S - NIGHT

Dead drunk, Lerone and Wayman stumble into relative darkness.

LERONE

Hold on, gotta piss.

Lerone stands near a wall, unzips his fly. Wayman follows suit. They both relieve themselves, then zip back up.

Lerone and Wayman take almost simultaneous wooden baseball bats to the face.

Three men wearing ski masks or something to cover their faces, in disposable overalls, wearing gloves, lay into Lerone and Wayman.

The men kick. The men punch. The men use their bats. The men are silent. Lerone and Wayman howl at first, then are made silent.

When the three men are done, they take off their blood-soaked overalls and masks. Of course, it's Youngblood, Little G, and Tito.

Tito takes a garbage bag out of a bag pocket, and the men deposit their disposable clothes and gloves. They throw the bats in after.

TITO

I'll incinerate these.

Tito walks away.

Youngblood and Little G also walk away, out of earshot, if they're still able to hear, of Lerone and Wayman.

LITTLE G
Youngblood to the rescue.

YOUNGBLOOD
Come with me back to the club. Take the money and papers to the shipping yard, then take the grit to Isis. Bring Tito.

LITTLE G
Where you going?

YOUNGBLOOD
Home.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Youngblood carefully closes the door behind him, so as not to startle Jane. He puts her bag on the desk.

He looks around the room. Everything's as he left it, "plan" folder on desk, cab money on table, but no Jane.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM, WASHROOM - NIGHT

Empty. Nothing's been used.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Only one place left.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM, WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Jane is on the closet floor, still wearing her dance clothes, covered by Youngblood's jacket, head on the pillow, just like Youngblood did before.

Youngblood backs out of the doorway.

JANE
Don't go. Hold me.

Youngblood kneels down, then spoons behind Jane, putting his arm around her. She presses back against him. It's all for comfort and safety, and nothing else.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jane comes out of the closet into the morning. Youngblood is already showered, dressed, sitting at the desk. He's got breakfast on the table.

JANE
You cook that?

YOUNGBLOOD
Ordered in. Little place around the
corner.

JANE
So...not perfect.

Jane sits on the edge of the desk.

JANE
About yesterday at the club-

YOUNGBLOOD
You won't run into them for a long
time. If ever.

Youngblood holds up his phone.

YOUNGBLOOD
I just got news a friend is, he's
going into intensive care. I have to
be there. You can stay here, or take a
cab.

JANE
Let me come with.

YOUNGBLOOD
He's really not-

JANE
I'm not ready to be alone, yet.

YOUNGBLOOD
Okay. I brought your things from the
club.

JANE
Quick shower.

EXT./INT. STATE PENITENTIARY, MEDICAL WARD - DAY

A private ambulance has it's rear doors open. Youngblood and
Jane stand nearby.

From inside the pen, Dr. Abrams is talking with a couple of
EMTs.

A man in a suit, the WARDEN, walks out of a doorway, followed
by Petrov. The two men are laughing about something.

Marsalis is strapped to a gurney being rolled out of a pair
of double-doors from the infirmary. The EMTs talking to Dr.
Abrams take over.

Youngblood stops the gurney before it's lifted into the ambulance.

Though drugged, Marsalis' eyes open.

MARSALIS
Who dat?

YOUNGBLOOD
Me.

MARSALIS
That the sky I'm seeing?

YOUNGBLOOD
Sorry it's not more blue.

MARSALIS
Eh, ain't nothing.

Marsalis looks at Jane.

MARSALIS
This one of the women you promise?

YOUNGBLOOD
You'll have to ask her.

Marsalis weakly motions Jane closer.

MARSALIS
You my boy's lady? Figures. Pretty boy gets all the pretty women.

DOCTOR ABRAMS
(to Youngblood)
We should really get him to his destination.

Abrams hands Youngblood an envelope.

DOCTOR ABRAMS
Here's Mr. Marsalis's report and transfer information.
(to Marsalis)
Behave yourself, Mr. Marsalis.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Marsalis)
I'll come by soon as I can.

The EMTs move to get Marsalis into the ambulance. Marsalis grabs Youngblood's hand.

MARSALIS
You did it, boy. You got me out. I'm happy. Got to see the open sky again.

Marsalis lets Youngblood go. The EMTs take Marsalis, close the doors behind them.

Dr. Abrams returns to the infirmary.

Petrov gives the Warden a thick envelope.

Youngblood's phone rings. Petrov walks up to Youngblood as Youngblood answers the phone.

YOUNGBLOOD

G? She is? Meet you there. Yeah, I saw him. He's on his way. Thanks.

Youngblood hangs up.

PETROV

Madam Borovsky wants to know if everything's okay?

YOUNGBLOOD

Okay and in process. I'll know more today.

PETROV

Good. You have words for Madam Borovsky?

YOUNGBLOOD

Words?

Petrov gestures in the direction of the departing ambulance.

YOUNGBLOOD

Words. Tell her, "thank you."

PETROV

Words for me, perhaps? I made arrangements for your friend.

YOUNGBLOOD

Thank you, as well.

PETROV

Da, is good. Okay. Soon, we're all a happy family.

Petrov slaps Youngblood on the shoulder, gives a slight bow to Jane, and leaves.

The outer doors to the penitentiary's infirmary close.

EXT./INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI G8 - DAY

Jane and Youngblood drive.

YOUNGBLOOD

I have to take care of some business.
May I drop you off somewhere?

JANE

You're a busy and mysterious man, Mr.
Youngblood.

YOUNGBLOOD

The Reverend Little G assures me women
like mystery.

JANE

My car is in the lot by the club.
Thanks for everything. I don't know
anyone who would have done the same.

YOUNGBLOOD

My pleasure. Thanks for being here. It
made things better.

JANE

My pleasure, too.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, WORKSHOP - DAY

The drum of grit has Russian markings. It's next to the large
grit cutter.

YOUNGBLOOD

We go tonight.

LITTLE G

Building be empty by six.

Isis indicates the large grit cutter.

ISIS

I show you how to work it befo' you
leave.

(to Youngblood)

But you, not him. He too stupid.

From a carry-all bag attached to the wheelchair, Isis hands
an unremarkable, boxey piece of equipment to Little G.

ISIS

Isis get you five floors below the
roof without no one knowing. From
there, ya'll walk to the roof, put the
shunt in the DSL lines, and you're
home free to the vault.

LITTLE G

Yo, Isis, how much time we got between
pulls?

Isis checks her computer.

ISIS
I give you half a minute, tops.

YOUNGBLOOD
Isis.

Youngblood gives Isis a kiss on the cheek, which she accepts with all the grace due her.

YOUNGBLOOD
You are a goddess.

ISIS
Fucking right I am!

YOUNGBLOOD
(to Little G)
You and Tito get your equipment prepped, and get our post-work travel plans set.

ISIS
Remember to keep your shit on. You get that grit in you, you be one unhappy motherfucker.

LITTLE G
It's on, bitches!

EXT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Youngblood gets in his Audi.

INT./EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

Youngblood drives through city streets.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Taylor and Sikandar in their unmarked car expertly following behind.

Sikandar's phone is plugged into the dock on the car's mobile computer. THE FLASHING MARKER ON THE MOBILE COMPUTER'S MAP IS YOUNGBLOOD'S CAR.

INT./EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

Youngblood pulls out of traffic onto a relatively empty side-street.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

TAYLOR
Hit it.

EXT. SIDE-STREET - DAY

SIREN and FLASHER from the police car. Tyler cuts in front of Youngblood right in the middle of the street.

Youngblood puts up his hands and doesn't move. Cars move around the scene until the street is empty.

Tyler and Sikandar approach with shotgun and Glock drawn on Youngblood.

SIKANDAR

Out!

Youngblood climbs out. Sikandar kicks his legs apart. Tyler frisks Youngblood, the shotgun at his head.

YOUNGBLOOD

There a problem officer?

TAYLOR

Driving without—who fucking cares?

Taylor throws Youngblood is thrown into the back of the police car. Sikandar pulls out what looks like a hand-held taser, but this one's obviously been modified and put back together with duct tape. Sikandar applies the taser to Youngblood, who jerks and shakes from the charge. But it doesn't knock him out. It just hurts.

TAYLOR

You could make things easy.

Sikandar applies the taser again.

TAYLOR

You could play ball.

Sikandar applies the taser a third time. Youngblood has bitten his lip. He spits blood.

TAYLOR

But you have to be a hard-ass.

Sikandar goes to apply the taser again, but Taylor holds him back.

TAYLOR

You're going to make a mistake. I'm going to be there.

YOUNGBLOOD

The last place you want to be.

This threat tweaks Sikandar and Taylor actually has to put all his strength against his partner to keep him from strangling Youngblood.

Youngblood slides out the car, gasping for air, shaky from the taser. He half crawls, half stumbles to the Audi.

TAYLOR

Nice work on those two scumbags, by the way.

Sikandar looks at his shirt cuff. As Youngblood drives off, Taylor has to grapple Sikandar again. Something on his cuff.

INT./EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI - DAY

Youngblood unsteadily drives.

INT./EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI, SIDE-STREET - DAY

Youngblood pulls the Audi to the curb. He gets out his phone, puts it on speaker mode. Dials.

YOUNGBLOOD

Isis?

ISIS (V.O. VIA PHONE)

What is it, boy? Why you sound like that?

YOUNGBLOOD

What do you know about police tracking equipment?

ISIS (V.O. VIA PHONE)

Like bugs and shit? That's court order only.

YOUNGBLOOD

No other way?

ISIS (V.O. VIA PHONE)

Course there's other ways. You got a tail on you?

YOUNGBLOOD

You could say that.

ISIS (V.O. VIA PHONE)

Let Isis think, maybe ask her girls.

Youngblood checks his mouth, wipes blood onto the back of his hand.

ISIS (V.O. VIA PHONE)

You using that smart phone?

YOUNGBLOOD

Yes.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Isis is in the main area, surrounded by her pretty, pretty technicians. There's an office com phone on a desk.

ISIS
 (into speaker phone)
 Ya'll get a text message with an attachment or some shit.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI, SIDE-STREET - DAY

YOUNGBLOOD
 (to himself)
 Petrov.
 (into phone)
 Yes.

ISIS (V.O. VIA PHONE)
 I send you one. You open it, I'll tell you what's going on.

Youngblood's phone beeps with an incoming message. He accepts, and accepts the attachment, just like he did with Petrov's text message.

The phone starts a program. There's a progress bar, then the phone goes back to the phone call screen.

ISIS (V.O. VIA PHONE)
 You're bugged, alright. But Isis, she fixed it. 'fact, Isis, she do you one better. You give Isis a call before you start tonight. Isis make everything good.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Isis, you're a-

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

ISIS
 -goddess. You think Isis don't know?

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI, SIDE-STREET/YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - DAY

After a deep breath, Youngblood makes a final call.

BAI-BAI
 What the hell is up, boss?

YOUNGBLOOD
 Neither myself nor Little G will be-

BAI-BAI
 (talking aside)
 What's that?
 (MORE)

BAI-BAI (CONT'D)
 (to Youngblood)
 Hold on, boss, someone wants to say
 hi!

Bai-Bai hands the phone to Jane.

JANE
 Hi.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Ms. Kitt. How are you feeling?

JANE
 I think you've earned the right to
 call me Jane.

BAI-BAI
 (whispering to Jane)
 Ask him!

YOUNGBLOOD
 Ask me what?

JANE
 I wondered if you might have dinner
 with me. Sometime.

Youngblood leans his head against the steering wheel.

YOUNGBLOOD
 I'm going away for a short time, and
 won't be back until-

Bai-Bai takes the phone from Jane

BAI-BAI
 Boss, don't be stupid. She's a hot
 momma!

Youngblood leans his head against the steering wheel.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Maybe...maybe you can take some time
 off? I'll be going somewhere...there's a
 beach.

JANE
 That sounds like the best thing ever.

Youngblood leans his head against the steering wheel. He
 looks up again, off-balance, his words bumble along.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Good. That's great. Okay. I'll, I'll
 call. Park at the lot near the club.
 Be leaving tomorrow, so, see you
 tomorrow.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - DAY

Jane hangs up.

Bai-Bai jumps up and down like a little girl, clapping.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S AUDI, SIDE-STREET - DAY

Youngblood leans his head against the steering wheel. Bounces it a few times.

YOUNGBLOOD
(to himself)
Go cold, motherfuck--bossman.

EXT. "DROP" - NIGHT

As night falls, Youngblood drives the Audi into the "drop". Little G has the white Lexus in the alley and ready to go. Tito's Jeep is behind. Youngblood parks the Audi, gets out, closes the garage door, gets in the Lexus.

EXT./INT. LEXUS RX450 - NIGHT

The Lexus is filled with equipment, the large grit cutter, and the barrel of grit.

YOUNGBLOOD
If you please.

LITTLE G
I so please.

The Lexus hits the streets, Tito and the Jeep behind.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Lexus and the Jeep through the streets.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Taylor and Sikandar parked. Coffee and pastries from a chain coffee-house.

Sikandar's phone plugged into the dock on the car's mobile computer. THE FLASHING MARKER ON THE MOBILE COMPUTER'S MAP IS YOUNGBLOOD'S PHONE.

SIKANDAR
Go. Go!

EXT./INT. LEXUS RX450 - NIGHT

At some point, Youngblood sees Taylor and Sikandar in their unmarked car. Youngblood calls Isis.

YOUNGBLOOD

We're on.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICE - NIGHT

Isis is in front of a laptop. She hits a key.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The car's mobile computer screen flickers. Again, WE SEE THE FLASHING MARKER ON THE MOBILE COMPUTER'S MAP.

SIKANDAR

Turn right.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Little G has put some cars and distance between himself and the cops. The white Lexus goes through a green light. The Jeep follows.

The unmarked police car turns right.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

SIKANDAR

Who's got enough diamonds to make "four point eight mil?"

TAYLOR

Bank? Some mob guy? Who the fuck cares? Give me a piece of scone.

SIKANDAR

It's not "scone," like "bone." It's "scone," rhymes with "John." You pronounce it wrong.

EXT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

A tour bus heads toward a highway exit.

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Inside the tour bus is a band and their groupies, many of which are using phones to play various games.

One of the groupies is playing "Angry Birds" or some other popular game. A "LOADING" PROGRESS BAR appears over the game. Then the game resumes.

GROUPIE

The fuck? Something just happened to my phone.

OTHER GROUPIE
 Yours, too? Happened to me 'bout five
 minutes ago. What's your score?

OTHER OTHER GROUPIE
 We're on the expressway! Las Vegas,
 motherfuckers!

EXT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The tour bus takes the exit.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

SIKANDAR
 They're taking the expressway.

EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Taylor and Sikandar in the unmarked police car follow the
 tour-bus onto the expressway.

EXT. AIDEN TOWERS, ALLEY - NIGHT

The Lexus and the Jeep pull off the street into the alley
 servicing the office tower.

Before getting out, the group changes into matching custodial
 overalls and caps. They also have clip-on walkie-talkies.
 Little G and Tito case the area while Youngblood checks for
 signs of life on the other side of a custodial entrance.

Youngblood uses a "lockpick gun" to quickly unlock the door.
 He opens the door, looks in, waves to the others.

Little G and Tito pull rolling dollies out of the jeep, then
 heave the large grit cutter and barrel of grit onto the
 dollies, as well as a couple of duffel bags of various
 equipment, rolling them toward the door.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The three are at the building's service elevator.

YOUNGBLOOD
 (to Tito)
 See you on the other side.

Tito crosses himself and mutters under his breath, very
 Catholic.

TITO
 (partial Spanish)
Via con dios, my friends.

Tito heads for the door back out.

LITTLE G
Yo, Tito! Don't go looking for those
Russian brides online. I'm telling
you, they're bad news.

Tito waves and leaves.

YOUNGBLOOD
Texting Isis.

Youngblood takes out his phone and texts Isis.

INT. ISIS OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICE - NIGHT

Isis and her crew of technicians all sit at laptops. On the laptop screens, WE SEE Aiden Towers security guards doing their rounds.

ISIS
Let's do it.

The technicians all type and click at their computers.

CLOSE ON the screens. WE SEE all the guards almost simultaneously answer their walkie-talkies, then walk swiftly toward some OFF-SCREEN distraction.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A moment later, the sound of the elevator coming to life.

YOUNGBLOOD
She really is a goddess.

The elevator doors open, and they wheel the gear in.

INT. WASHROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

DRAKE, a vain, self-important Aiden Towers security guard steps out of the washroom and into the hallway. He hitches up his pants and straightens his uniform, takes a moment to pick his teeth with a fingernail.

Then he turns his walkie-talkie back on and heads on his rounds.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, SERVICE AREA - NIGHT

The elevator stops five floors below the top. The two roll the dollies out and put them in a corner. Little G takes one of the duffel bags. Youngblood takes a tarp out from one of the other duffels and covers everything up.

YOUNGBLOOD
Weapons check.

The two men check the weapons they carry at their backs.

They go to a door marked "UTILITY STAIRS."

EXT. AIDEN TOWERS, ROOF - NIGHT

City lights against the black night sky.

Youngblood's industrial saw blade WHINES and cuts through black tarmac and wood. Little G levers back the section, exposing the construction of the building.

YOUNGBLOOD

Okay.

Youngblood moves to the hole, lies prone. Three feet down is the conduit. Youngblood strains and gets the conduit.

Then with a telescoping "pen" with a mirror clipped to the end, a signal detector with alligator clips and the DSL bypass, he moves to the hole again.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

The interior space with the girders and cables for four elevators is an agoraphobic's nightmare. From the top flutters a piece of tar paper. Then sand. Then some wood. Then a piece of insulation. The small debris falls on the top of the elevator.

At the top of the cavernous vertical space WE SEE a small hole and a disembodied hand. It's the hole Youngblood drilled from the roof.

EXT. AIDEN TOWERS, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Youngblood pulls loose the bundle of cable running across the roof. He and Little G break out equipment, including a signal detector and a chess timer (a little box with a clock timer and a plunger). As Little G gets his equipment prepped, Youngblood sets the chess timer for thirty seconds.

YOUNGBLOOD

Thirty seconds?

LITTLE G

That's what Isis say.

Little G penetrates the bundle like a surgeon. He exposes the power and blue and yellow-colored DSL lines.

Little G attaches his first pair of alligator clips from the signal detector into the DSL lines, testing to see which lines are alarmed and need to be bypassed.

Youngblood looks intently at the signal detector.

The signal detector reads GREEN for clear.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, ALLEY, JEEP - NIGHT

Tito's in the car with his scanners.

On a laptop, Tito has logged into the "Beautiful Russian Brides" website.

 YOUNGBLOOD (O.C.)
 (from walkie-talkie)
 Any heat?

There's some squelch and squawk over the scanner, but nothing about the Aiden Towers.

 TITO
 (into walkie-talkie)
 No heat.

EXT. AIDEN TOWERS, ROOF - NIGHT

Little G's got bypass wires leading out from the hole into the DSL bypass box.

With a small LED flashlight, Youngblood consults the wiring diagram from the blueprints.

 YOUNGBLOOD
 Three more.

Little G reaches down into the hole again.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Security guard Drake is casually doing his rounds. He winds up in a particularly nice office, and spends a moment admiring his musculature under his uniform in the reflection of the office's smoked glass windows.

There's a short burst of static and Drake cranes his neck toward his shoulder, where his walkie talkie's mic is clipped.

He listens a moment, then hits the transmit key, leaving the office.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, VAULT ROOM HALL - NIGHT

For the first time, we see the what they're here to break into, a very simple, unadorned room with bullet-proof glass doors at the entrance. At the far end the imposing vault door is sandwiched between two small and ordinary desks. In the wall behind each of the desks is a small panel, where a key needed to open the vault would be inserted. The panels are closed.

Youngblood stands outside the glass door. He reaches into his duffel, takes out a lock pull. He pulls the entire deadbolt out of the door.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

Youngblood and Little G enter, wheeling in their gear.

The two cover the glass doors with a black tarp.

Youngblood and Little G set up the grit cutter, connecting the drum filled with industrial cutting grit to the cutter itself.

The two put on their protective gear, face masks, goggles, gloves. Youngblood takes up the cutter's "wand," points it at the safe.

Without words, Youngblood gestures for Little G to start the cutter. Without words, Little G "insists" Youngblood do the honors.

Youngblood does the honors.

The cutter starts, a LOUD, STRANGE SOUND accompanied by the bright blue beam of the laser. Just under the beam is the "grit," a shining, shimmering line.

Almost immediately, the room fills with smoke and a grit cloud, cut through only at first by the machine's blue laser, then bright LED flashlights held by Little G.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, SERVICE AREA - NIGHT

Drake finds the tarp Youngblood used to cover up their gear. Unusual, but nothing alarming.

Drake takes the door marked "UTILITY STAIRS."

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, VAULT ROOM - LATER

Time has passed. The work is almost done.

Youngblood maneuvers the wand toward the bottom of a "U" shaped cut in the vault.

There's a knock on the tarp-covered door. The first time, neither Youngblood nor Little G hear it. The knocking becomes more insistent.

Youngblood hands the cutter's wand to Little G. They both check their weapons again.

Little G returns to cutting.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, VAULT ROOM HALL - NIGHT

Youngblood leaves the vault room, careful not to let any of the grit out or expose what is going on.

Security guard Drake gestures with this huge Maglight.

DRAKE
What's this?

Youngblood doesn't take his mask or other gear off. He has to yell through his mask to be heard.

DRAKE
What?

YOUNGBLOOD
I said, we're doing some cosmetic work
on the marble tiles.

DRAKE
Take your mask off.

YOUNGBLOOD
Too dangerous.

DRAKE
Show me your work order.

Youngblood reaches behind himself and Drake taps Youngblood on the side of the helmet with his Maglight.

Youngblood raises his hands in a placatory gesture.

From inside the vault room, Little G taps on the glass to the hallway.

DRAKE
Who else is with you?

YOUNGBLOOD
It's a two man job.

Drake muscles Youngblood aside, belligerently using the using the Maglight as a baton.

DRAKE
You better show me what's—

Before Youngblood can stop him, the unprotected security guard moves the black tarp aside and steps into the vault room.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, VAULT ROOM - LATER

Drake enters the vault room and immediately grabs for his throat.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, VAULT ROOM HALL - NIGHT

Youngblood pulls Drake out of the room and helps the man to the floor. Youngblood clears grit and dust away from Drake's face, turns him over, and pounds on his back.

Drake coughs up a pile of grit, moaning, finally falling unconscious.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, VAULT ROOM - LATER

Youngblood reenters the vault room.

LITTLE G
Who the fuck was that?

YOUNGBLOOD
Security. I'll finish. Find something
to tie him up.

Little G hands Youngblood the cutter's wand, then leaves the room.

Youngblood goes back to the vault. He reactivates the cutter. A few inches are left. Little G comes back. Then there's a half inch in the vault door.

Then it's done.

Little G turns off the cutter. The laser goes dark.

Youngblood and Little G push forward through the smoke. The grit cloud quickly settles. The two take off their protective gear, their heads and faces partially covered with a gray ash.

Youngblood takes a sledgehammer from his duffel. He gives the wall a hard hit.

The door created by the grit cutter falls into the vault. The vault's construction is thick and complicated.

The two get portable LED lanterns from their duffels, get on their hands and knees, and crawl in.

INT. AIDEN TOWERS, VAULT - NIGHT

Dark. Clouds of smoke and grit. A little light seeps in from the other room.

Youngblood and Little G turn on their lamps. A vault with row upon row of metal-fronted drawers, contents waiting to be liberated.

Little G slides open a drawer. Pauses. Takes the drawer out, shows it to Youngblood. No less than several fortunes in loose diamonds.

Youngblood leans against a wall as Little G begins a very excited, very vocal liberation of the vault's contents, throwing stones into bags.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Somewhere fabulous. Youngblood and Little G walk on the beach, Ms. Honey and Jane Kitt a bit in front of them. Tito and a Russian bride are somewhere in the distance. Little G's drinking something with a lot of fruit and an umbrella. He's carrying a small beach bag.

LITTLE G
I warned him. You heard me warn him.

YOUNGBLOOD
I heard.

LITTLE G
Those Russian brides are bad news.
They're fucking crazy.

YOUNGBLOOD
He likes what he likes.

LITTLE G
Speaking of Russians?

YOUNGBLOOD
We go home tomorrow. Payday's next
day.

LITTLE G
What's up with you and Ms. Kitt?

Youngblood shrugs.

LITTLE G
You're shitting me! You do "go cold"
with that?

YOUNGBLOOD
She's here, isn't she?

LITTLE G
Brother, you got cold in you like
nothing and no one.

From ahead, Ms. Honey turns and waves to Little G. Little G tosses back the rest of his drink, drops the glass to the sand, then pushes the beach bag at Youngblood.

LITTLE G
Me, I'm hot for a latte girl.

Little G rushes forward and scoops up his woman and rushes into the surf.

Jane waits for Youngblood to catch up. She takes his hand, the two continuing their walk on the beach together.

JANE
What happens next?

YOUNGBLOOD
You've seen the "plan." I'm building my mighty music and nightclub empire.

JANE
Oh, your majesty!

YOUNGBLOOD
My queen.

The joking moment grows serious. Youngblood and Jane kiss. From the beach bag, Youngblood's phone rings.

JANE
Are you going to answer it?

YOUNGBLOOD
First things first, and one thing at a time. That's how the "plan" works.

The two finish their kiss, and Youngblood answers the phone.

YOUNGBLOOD
Hello?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Youngblood, with Jane following, runs down the corridor to the Intensive Care Section.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marsalis on the bed, tubes and fluid connected everywhere.

YOUNGBLOOD
You're going to make a lot of women very unhappy, being in here like this.

Marsalis can barely nod. Marsalis gestures for Youngblood.

Youngblood puts his ear near the old man's mouth. Marsalis whispers to Youngblood something we can't hear.

And all the BUZZERS GO OFF. Two intensive Care NURSES and a DOCTOR rush in.

DOCTOR
You'll have to leave.

Only Jane is able to pull him out of the way.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Youngblood and Jane wait on a couch.

JANE
What did he whisper to you?

YOUNGBLOOD
He said "thanks."

JANE
Thanks?

YOUNGBLOOD
Because I got him out. He didn't have
to die in the pen.

The doctor emerges from Intensive Care. Jane catches his eye.
The doctor shakes his head. Jane holds on to Youngblood.

JANE
Oh, baby, I'm so sorry.

With nothing better to do, Youngblood holds onto Jane.

Youngblood finally lets go. Jane doesn't let him go. He
gently pushes her away.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR YOUNGBLOOD'S - DAY

The Audi pulls up near Jane's red RX-8.

INT. AUDI - DAY

JANE
You...

Her unfinished question goes unaddressed.

YOUNGBLOOD
Something needs doing.

Jane tries to kiss Youngblood on the lips, if only gently,
but he doesn't turn his head, and she only gets the side of
his mouth.

She picks up his right hand, presses it to her cheek, kisses
his fingers, lets herself out.

Youngblood, ever the gentleman, waits till she gets in her
car, starts it, and leaves safely.

His Audi goes the other way.

EXT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, STREET - DAY

Alone, Youngblood parks the Audi on the same street as Borovsky's beautiful home.

INT./EXT. AUDI - DAY

He gets out of the car. Stands, straightens his clothes. From the trunk, he gets out a sports coat. He almost unwillingly turns back to the car, opens the door, reaches into the glove box. Takes out, a Glock, slams home a clip, tucks the weapon into the waist of his pants. Hides it behind the sports coat.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, SUN ROOM - DAY

A beautiful house. No obvious security. Perhaps Borovsky is also "arrogant." The sun room looks out over a backyard with a pool.

The door to the outside is open, and there are definite URBAN SOUNDS from O.S.

Petrov is drinking as O.C. FOOTSTEPS become Youngblood entering the room, shown in by Kologrivov. Borovsky sits with a drink of her own.

When Youngblood enters the room, Borovsky doesn't stand to greet him, but motions to another chair. Youngblood sits.

BOROVSKY

There is the man of the moment!
Petrov, close door.

Petrov closes the door to the outside, and the urban sounds are silenced like the house is sealed off from the rest of the world.

BOROVSKY

Good. How are things?

YOUNGBLOOD

Why is it as soon as I become involved with you, the police know my business?

BOROVSKY

What do you mean?

YOUNGBLOOD

I get a shake-down by two detectives.
My phone is bugged by one of your people.

BOROVSKY

Detectives? Bugs? Petrov?

PETROV

(in Russian, with sub-
titles)

"We have protection and an information
deal with detectives Taylor and
Sikandar."

BOROVSKY

(in Russian, with sub-
titles)

"Sikandar. He's a psychopath."

(in English, to
Youngblood)

Leave it to me. I'll fix.

YOUNGBLOOD

"Leave to you."

BOROVSKY

I say I take care of it, it is taken
care of!

Borovsky tosses Youngblood a large, thick envelope.

BOROVSKY

I know this is what are you here for,
handsome boy.

Youngblood thumbs through it. Petrov refills his drink.

BOROVSKY

You see? I am Mother Christmas to you!

Youngblood finishes counting.

YOUNGBLOOD

Where's the rest?

BOROVSKY

Do not worry.

YOUNGBLOOD

What is this?

BOROVSKY

Your cash!

YOUNGBLOOD

\$1,200,000 should be here. I count
about 90,000.

BOROVSKY

I put you into shopping centers and
parking lots across the USA. My
people, I take care of. Papers are
waiting at your music company.

(MORE)

BOROVSKY (CONT'D)
 (to Petrov)
 What is it called?

PETROV
 Rock Candy.

BOROVSKY
 Da. Cute name. Everything set up as a limited partnership. You are included with me. We celebrate at your club!

YOUNGBLOOD
 Unacceptable. Take me out.

BOROVSKY
 I can't do that, too embarrassing!
 (to Petrov)
 Make Mr. Youngblood a drink.
 (to Youngblood)
 Now let's talk about a major score in the next six weeks.

YOUNGBLOOD
 This is unacceptable.

BOROVSKY
 I welcome you to the family. I take care of you. What is this? Where is the gratitude?

Youngblood pulls back his jacket, puts his hands on the Glock in his waistband. Kologrivov moves. Youngblood pulls the Glock and breaks Kologrivov's nose with the butt of the gun, stumbling him back.

YOUNGBLOOD
 Twenty-four hours. I get my end in twenty-four hours!

BOROVSKY
 Get him out of my sight.

Youngblood backs out. Borovsky picks up a phone.

INT. AUDI - DAY

Youngblood drives quickly.

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S - TWILIGHT

Youngblood drives into the club's garage. He skids to a stop and spills out leaving the door open, the Glock back in his belt.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, MAIN OFFICE - TWILIGHT

Little G handcuffed and held by Karl. Karl holds Little G by the cuffs, gun to G's back.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - TWILIGHT

Youngblood enters his club. The lights in the office are on. That's odd..

YOUNGBLOOD
Reverend? Little G!

No one answers.

YOUNGBLOOD
Hey, G!

Youngblood takes the Glock out of his waistband.

YOUNGBLOOD
G?

Youngblood moves to the bottom of the office stairs.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, MAIN OFFICE - TWILIGHT

KARL
Answer him!

Little G doesn't. Karl whacks him across the face twice with the gun, opening gashes.

LITTLE G
Blood!

Karl relaxes.

LITTLE G
It's a set up!

And Little G breaks away, knocking Karl over as he makes for the stairs going down.

Youngblood's gun comes up.

Karl FIRES into Little G's back, blowing Little G into Youngblood, knocking him off balance.

YOUNGBLOOD
G!

Niko pops up from behind a bar and bashes Youngblood's head with a shotgun's butt.

EXT. S&K CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

An outdoor construction area, the initial stages of a shopping center's foundation.

On the floor, Youngblood rouses. Borovsky, Petrov, Kologrivov, Karl, and Niko stand over him.

There's a hole nearby where concrete will be poured to finish the foundation. There's something dark and man-shaped in the hole. Next to the hole is a small concrete mixer.

BOROVSKY
(to Youngblood)
Look.

Youngblood looks. Petrov shines a flashlight into the hole. The dark shape in the hole is Little G's body.

BOROVSKY
Look!
(gesturing to Kologrivov)
Asshole calls you "nigger," says it's best to kill you. I say "no," he has value, we bring him into family.

Borovsky kicks Youngblood in the guts.

BOROVSKY
You guessed I make town work dry up. I killed Mos Just because he cheat on me, but also to get you into family. I make wheelchair girl impossible to get supplies. But I respect. I get old wreck of fucking man out of prison! I make you millionaire in one job! I offer share bed and you turn me down!

Borovsky kicks him again. Borovsky gestures to Kologrivov again.

BOROVSKY
Asshole is right. You are nigger. Only nigger carries a gun into my home! Okay. I own you. You work till busted or dead. You understand? I own you. I take your club, take your Rock Candy. I take--
(to Petrov)
--what is name?

PETROV
Bai-Bai.

BOROVSKY
I put that chink bitch back on street. She suck so many cock--
(MORE)

BOROVSKY (CONT'D)
 (in Russian, no sub-
 titles)
 --"semen"--
 (in English)
 --come out her nose. And this new
 woman? Poor little rape girl? Porno.
 And heroin. To keep her thin.

Borovsky nods toward Little G's body.

BOROVSKY
 You owe me a favor. This is the favor.
 You forget about this. Move on.

Borovsky nods to Kologrivov. Kologrivov flips a switch. A heavy electric motor WHINES to life. Concrete pours from the concrete mixer into the foundation.

Youngblood has moved not at all.

Borovsky takes out her silver flask, uncaps it, drinks.

BOROVSKY
 (to Youngblood)
 Ironic. You're now a partner in this
 place. We Russians love irony.

Borovsky splashes vodka from the flask in a cross over Little G's vanishing body. She and the others leave.

Little G disappears under liquid concrete.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - DAY

Youngblood is in the bathtub, water running, clothes dumped on the floor. The water's pink with blood from his split scalp.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jane enters the motel room. She hears the water running in the washroom.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - DAY

Jane walks in.

JANE
 What happened!

YOUNGBLOOD
 Little G is dead.

Youngblood stands from the water, then wraps himself in a towel, pushing past her.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Youngblood takes the phone off the desk. He dials.

JANE

What is going on?

YOUNGBLOOD

(into phone)

Tito. You are going on a trip.

(pause)

Dead. Come to the motel.

Youngblood hangs up. He gets dressed.

JANE

What is going on?

Youngblood pushes his bed aside. There's a piece of carpeting he lifts up, revealing a floor safe, bigger than the one he has at his club. He puts in the combination as he speaks.

YOUNGBLOOD

Marsalis took me off the street. He taught me a trade. He said get myself a place to live, a place to work, and a place to play. I work at the club, play at the studio. This motel was the first place I bought. I never let anyone stay here except myself. I don't know why.

Youngblood opens the safe, starts taking out literal stacks of money. He nods to the desk where the "plan" folder is.

YOUNGBLOOD

I made a plan for myself. It's all in that folder. Place to live, place to work, place to play. Good clothes, best car. Marsalis out of prison. I changed everything about myself. The way I lived. The way I speak. Marsalis taught me a trade. Then we got caught, and he gave himself up to keep me out of the pen.

JANE

What kind of "trade?"

Youngblood has taken out what must be half a million dollars. He goes to a closet, opens it, takes out a suitcase, fills it with the cash.

YOUNGBLOOD

You think a club paid for that car, these clothes. Brought in this money? Little G was killed last night.

(MORE)

YOUNGBLOOD (CONT'D)

You are in danger. Everyone I know is in danger.

JANE

I want to help.

Youngblood finishes packing money.

YOUNGBLOOD

Marsalis taught me something else. An expression. "Go cold." You understand?

Next, he pulls out the title to his car and an extra set of keys to the Audi R8. He gets a pre-paid mailing envelope from a desk, drops in the keys, addresses the envelope to Bai-Bai. He signs the car's title to her, puts it in the envelope and seals it.

JANE

No.

From outside, Tito's Jeep HORN blasts twice.

YOUNGBLOOD

You will work out where you go with Tito.

Youngblood hands her the suitcase.

YOUNGBLOOD

I can't know. I won't know.

JANE

Not even a chance?

YOUNGBLOOD

Tito stays with you one month. You give him \$5,000. He stays with you two months, you give him \$10,000. He stays with you three months, you give him \$20,000.

Youngblood open the motel door, standing like a soldier at a funeral. Jane stops at the door.

YOUNGBLOOD

The men who beat you are gone. If you do not leave, I guarantee worse. I can't do this unless you're gone. I don't get the happy ending.

Jane...she just walks out.

Jane left the door to the room open. From O.S. Tito's Jeep door opens, closes, then the engine revs as the Jeep drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, OFFICE - NIGHT

The "plan" folder sits closed on Youngblood's desk.

Music from the club downstairs finds its way into the closed office.

Youngblood sits in his chair and flicks the "on" switch to a nearby paper shredder.

He opens the "plan" folder. First in the folder's stack of papers is the deed to his motel.

CUT TO:

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S MOTEL - DAY

For the first time, we see where Youngblood has been living. It's a crappy two-level motel with an empty parking lot, and a street-facing sign without a name or any words on its marquee.

His room's stereo plays classical music/hip hop.

Walking down the stairs to the ground level, Youngblood walks to the street, dressed, carrying nothing. Through the window of his room on the second floor, the beginnings of a fire flicker through the curtains.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, OFFICE - NIGHT

Second in the folder's stack of papers are the documents for the "drop."

CUT TO:

EXT. "DROP," ALLEY - DAY

Youngblood opens the "drop's" garage door.

EXT./INT. "DROP" - DAY

The Lexus "work" car is there. So is Little G's beautiful ride.

MONTAGE

Youngblood reaches back into Little G's car, turns on the stereo to the THUMPING HIP-HOP BASS Little G loved so much.

Youngblood enters the combination into a safe, taking out packs of C4 plastic explosives which already have detonators attached.

Youngblood takes up one of the red cans filled with gas from the side of the "drop." He opens it, pours gas on Little G's car, pours the rest on the floor leading to other cans.

Youngblood takes a Glock from the safe. He takes clips. The explosives and clips go into a traveling bag. Another clip goes in the Glock, which goes in his waistband. The remaining clips go in a pocket.

Youngblood reaches inside Little G's car, pops the trunk. Takes out the sniper rifle case and a bullet-proof vest, closes the trunk again.

Youngblood takes out his lighter, tosses it into the gas. He gets into the Lexus, pulls out of the "drop." He uses the garage door closer in the Lexus to lower the door. As the door closes, flames and smoke pour out.

END MONTAGE

EXT. "DROP," ALLEY - DAY

At the end of the alley, Youngblood turns right, driving O.C.

The "drop" finally explodes in a gout of smoke, flame, and bass.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, OFFICE - NIGHT

Third in the folder's stack of papers are the blueprints for Rock Candy.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCK CANDY RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Youngblood enters the empty studio carrying the traveling bag.

MONTAGE

Youngblood turns the mixing deck on. Ms. Honey sings from the studio monitors.

Youngblood takes out one of the C4 charges, sets it, tosses it into the recording booth.

Youngblood copies Ms. Honey's recording onto a DVD, puts the DVD in a pre-paid shipping envelope, writes her name and address on it.

Youngblood Takes another C4 charge, sets it, drops it on the floor.

Youngblood puts the addressed envelope into the bag.

Youngblood leaves.

END MONTAGE

EXT. STREET - DAY

We are once again treated to Youngblood driving away as another part of his life is destroyed in explosion and flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT

Youngblood parks the Lexus on the same street as Borovsky's beautiful home, away from the streetlights.

The area is very quiet.

Youngblood prepares all his weapons, He puts on the Kevlar vest. He takes the two pre-paid mailing envelopes out of the car.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, SUN ROOM - NIGHT

Watching porn on T.V. with Kologrivov and eating pie ala mode with their feet up on ottomans.

Nearby, Jane is tied and gagged. A syringe, rubber hose, and other items from the heroin user's kit are nearby on a table.

The look in Jane's eyes and the way her head hangs on her neck indicate she's been dosed, as promised.

EXT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT

Youngblood drops the pre-paid mailing envelopes into a mailbox.

As he walks toward Borovsky's house, he sees Tito's Jeep parked on the street in shadows.

EXT./INT. JEEP LIBERTY SUV - NIGHT

Youngblood investigates the Jeep. It's empty. There is a single bullet hole in the windshield on the driver's side.

Youngblood carefully opens the driver's door. Blood and bone smears the interior of the windshield. The driver was shot through the back of the head and dragged out. Behind the vehicle.

Youngblood reaches into the Jeep and hits the hatch release.

He walks around to the back, lifts the hatch. His expression tells us everything. Tito is dead.

EXT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, GROUNDS - NIGHT

Youngblood jumps over the fence surrounding the property. There are trees and well-manicured bushes to hide behind.

Youngblood drops to a kneeling position and looks through the scope of the sniper rifle. Niko is having a smoke. No one else is around.

Youngblood pulls the trigger. Niko falls.

KARL
(in Russian)
"Nigger bastard!"

Karl kicks the gun from Youngblood's hand and follows with another kick at Youngblood's face. Youngblood dodges the kick and gets to his feet.

Karl tries to draw a pistol from a shoulder holster but Youngblood knocks the weapon away.

Youngblood and the Russian battle with their fists, their feet, their elbows, anything they can jab, punch, or throw into the other man. Karl is scientific mayhem. Youngblood is unfulfilled fury.

At some point, Karl gets the better of Youngblood. Youngblood winds up on his back, Karl on top of him with a knife. As the two struggle to gain the advantage over the other, Youngblood gets his hands on the barrel of the nearby rifle and uses the weapon as a club. He stuns Karl.

Youngblood stands and swings again. Karl finally goes down. Still using the weapon like a club, Youngblood destroys the rifle as he turns the Russian to a bloody corpse.

Youngblood picks up Karl's pistol from the grass and tucks it into the small of his back. He draws his own Glock from his waist.

Near the house, Petrov finds Niko's body. Petrov is carrying a silenced shotgun, like the one seen in "No Country for Old Men."

PETROV
Karl!

Youngblood sees Petrov just in time to dodge behind a tree as Petrov levels his shotgun and lets off a round. The silenced weapon makes a strange "WIK" sound when it goes off instead of the usual heavy shotgun sound.

The shotgun's pellets shred the bark.

Youngblood peeks out from behind the tree. Petrov charges forward toward Youngblood, firing shot after shot.

When Petrov is about ten feet away, Youngblood FIRES, hitting and knocking Petrov back. He tries to fire another shot. The Glock jams.

Youngblood clears the jam. Youngblood fires two shots into Petrov as the Russian's shotgun goes off again.

Youngblood is knocked back, his shirt shredded. His face is bleeding where two pellets hit him. He aims coolly, fires twice. Petrov is dead.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Youngblood opens the door, crouched down, the Glock in his hand. The room is totally silent and dark.

Kologrivov enters and crosses to the fridge, opens it. He roots around leftovers on dishes. He finds some chicken on a plate.

As Kologrivov closes the door, Youngblood swings. Kologrivov falls amid the crash of broken dish-ware.

BOROVSKY (O.S.)
 (in Russian, with sub-
 titles)
 "Kologrivov? Asshole! What did you
 break?"

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Youngblood moves to the dining room.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, SUN ROOM - NIGHT

BOROVSKY
 Kologrivov?

Borovsky pulls a gun from under the seat cushion.

Getting up, she checks Jane's condition. The other woman is still "on the nod."

Borovsky pulls Jane up.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Youngblood entering, moving.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

Youngblood moves into the foyer.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Borovsky moves back into the sun room.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kologrivov grabs a revolver from a kitchen drawer.

INT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Youngblood enters, working the room with the Glock.
Youngblood moves through the arch, the Glock comes up.

Borovsky is using Jane as a human shield, hand on Jane's chin. The Russian has her back against a wall. She slowly inches sideways toward the house's main entrance.

BOROVSKY

This is way it works--

Jane opens her mouth and bites the hand across her face. Jane throws herself sideways. Borovsky is distracted.

Youngblood fires his entire clip into Borovsky's body.

Borovsky gets off a wild shot which goes into Youngblood's shoulder where there is no body armor. He's jerked sideways by the force of impact.

Gun still in hand, Youngblood goes to Jane and painfully helps her up, maneuvering her toward the front door.

EXT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, GROUNDS - NIGHT

Youngblood and Jane stumble toward the grounds entrance.

Kologrivov pops up from behind some bushes, leveling his revolver.

Youngblood's reflexes are good. He levels his Glock and squeezes off a shot.

Unused to guns, Kologrivov closes his eyes and fires off a shot.

Youngblood's gun CLICKS empty.

Kologrivov fires off shot after shot, most of which go wild.

Youngblood lets Jane fall to the ground as he pulls out Karl's confiscated pistol and levels it.

One of Kologrivov's bullets scores the ground near Jane. One hits Youngblood in the leg.

Youngblood gets the pistol up into firing position and one shot kills Kologrivov.

Youngblood and Jane get a moment to reorient themselves, then they're out onto the street.

EXT. BOROVSKY'S HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT

Youngblood helps Jane to the Lexus.

FADE TO:

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, OFFICE - NIGHT, BEFORE THE BOROVSKY FIGHT
MONTAGE

Youngblood takes a lighter from his desk drawer.

The last in the "plan" folder's stack of papers are the articles about Marsalis.

Youngblood opens the floor safe.

Youngblood feeds articles into the shredder.

Youngblood takes out stacks of money, shoves them into the traveling bag.

Youngblood feeds the remaining articles into the shredder.

Youngblood lights the lighter and drops it into the shredder's bin.

Youngblood sets a C4 charge, drops it on the floor.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S, CLUB - NIGHT

In the club, Youngblood sets more charges.

END MONTAGE

EXT. YOUNGBLOOD'S - NIGHT

As Youngblood walks out, there's short blast from a police siren. Taylor and Sikandar get out of their unmarked car with guns drawn.

TAYLOR

Funny.

SIKANDAR

We've been waiting for you.

TAYLOR

Almost sent us to Vegas.

YOUNGBLOOD

Borovsky set me straight.

SIKANDAR

Borovsky.

Youngblood takes out four packs of bills from the traveling bag. He hands two packs to each officer.

YOUNGBLOOD

She knows Petrov is on the take and works for you.

(imitating Borovsky)

"Mother Christmas say is all good."

The two officers holster their guns and pocket their pay-offs.

YOUNGBLOOD

Madam Borovsky also suggested I welcome you to my club. I have to run an errand, but please—

Youngblood gestures to the door.

YOUNGBLOOD

Help yourselves.

SIKANDAR

Yeah?

YOUNGBLOOD

When I return, we can discuss further partnerships.

Youngblood opens the door.

SIKANDAR

(to Taylor)

I've always wanted to see this place.

TAYLOR

Asshole.

SIKANDAR

Jagoff.

Taylor steps inside. Sikandar turns to Youngblood.

SIKANDAR

If you're fucking with us...

Sikandar lets the threat hang, shaking his head, to himself, at the awesome wrath he will bring down.

The two officers step inside the club. Youngblood's face drops back into neutral.

He goes back to the Lexus. The Lexus pulls away.

The club detonates in an enormous explosion.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Time has passed. Somewhere fabulous again. It's summer. The sidewalks are hot. Ocean.

INT. YOUNGBLOOD'S APARTMENT - DAY

A nothing apartment. Minimal everything.

Youngblood and Jane sit at a dinner table. New scars have healed on Youngblood's face from the shotgun wound. Jane looks different, maybe world-weary, just as beautiful.

Jane slides a manila folder across the table. The folder has a big red bow on it. Youngblood picks it up.

Youngblood takes the folder and opens it.

FADE OUT