

Blood or Money

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BLOOD OR MONEY

FADE IN:

EXT. UNCLE MARTY'S BAIL BONDS - NIGHT

The office is a seedy little place with a window covered with: MARTY'S BAIL BONDS.

EXT. UNCLE MARTY'S BAIL BONDS

A small little man, UNCLE MARTY GOLDBERG, a tired old man in his sixties, sits nervously at his desk in his disheveled little office, a phone to his ear and a hard-chewed cigar hanging from his lips.

UNCLE MARTY

I know I did, but I can't get that sort of cash right now.

The foreboding voice of a LOAN SHARK drones from the phone.

LOAN SHARK (V.O.)

Time's up, Uncle Marty. We need the cash. At least the vig.

UNCLE MARTY

I got bonds on the street.

LOAN SHARK (V.O.)

You got one week.

The phone goes dead with an audible CLICK. Just then, a well-dressed man in his forties, JEFFREY COHEN, an organized crime lawyer, enters.

JEFFREY COHEN

Hi, Uncle Marty. I think I can help.

Nervously, Uncle Marty looks over his glasses at Cohen as he hangs up the phone.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND NIGHTCLUB

In the shadows across the alley from the entrance to Brooklyn night club stands EDDIE MALLOY, thirties.

From the night club comes ALEJANDRO CORDA, Latin, thirties, handsome, suave, well-dressed. Two bodyguards and two women accompany him. Corda sends the women back to the club then pulls a cigar from his jacket pocket.

Eddie approaches them as one of the bodyguards opens the door to the limousine. One of the bodyguards lights Alex's cigar as Eddie enters the light.

Alex spots him first. The bodyguards stand up straight and prepare for action. Alex accent is slight.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hey, who are you? Que pasa, Amigo?

EDDIE

Alex Corda?

ALEX

What do you want?

Eddie holds up warrant.

EDDIE

Someone has arranged an all-expense paid vacation for one. And, look at this. It has your name on it.

Alex Spanish to bodyguards.

ALEX

Get rid of him.

The bodyguards obey instantly. Eddie slams First Bodyguard to the ground. From behind, the second bodyguard pulls a knife and attacks. Eddie anticipates the attack, sidesteps and disarms him, then slams him to the ground.

Alex pulls a pistol from his jacket and places it to the back of Eddie's head. Eddie moves to the side, spins around, controls the gun and places the barrel of the pistol, still in Alex's hand, next to at Alex's temple.

Alex's keeps his finger on the trigger as he struggles against the pain in his wrist.

EDDIE

Pull the trigger?

ALEX

Fuck you!

Eddie slaps the handcuffs on him and pats him down.

EDDIE

Alex, in all the excitement I forgot my car. Why don't we take yours?

INT. CORDA'S LIMOUSINE

Alex sits in the front passenger's seat next to Eddie. He looks less than pleased, but is in control of his anger, almost humorous.

ALEX

You don't know who you're fucking with.

EDDIE

I know.

ALEX

No you don't.

EDDIE

I didn't bust you to have a conversation, so shut the fuck up.

ALEX

You might want to hear what I have to say.

Eddie just shakes his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's your name? Who are you? No badge. But you smell like a cop. No. Not a cop. You're not a hit man. I'd be dead if that were true. A bounty hunter.

EDDIE

You should be a detective, Alex.

ALEX

My mother always said that. I have more fun with my chosen profession. Yours I don't know. I can make a great deal with you.

Eddie says nothing, just shakes his head again.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's your name? Who are you?

EDDIE

Eddie Malloy's the name and your bail bondsman hired me to get you back.

Alex's eyes harden.

ALEX

My bail was a million-five. How much you make for bringing me in?

Eddie appears bored by the conversation.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What the amount was, I don't care.
That's between you and that cock-
sucker Goldberg. I'm willing to pay
you a hundred and fifty thousand
tonight. I walk away. No questions.

They stop at a red light, then turn the corner and pull in
front of the police precinct.

EDDIE

Let me enlighten you, scumbag. I
was a cop for twenty years. My father
was a cop. My sister, my brother,
all cops.

A cop exiting the precinct, ROSIE, sees Eddie and goes to
the driver's side.

ROSIE

Driving limos now, Eddie?

EDDIE

This fine vehicle belongs to my new
friend, Alejandro Corda, who was so
gracious as to let me take a drive
it.

ROSIE

You bagged Corda? FBI's looking all
over for him.

EDDIE

They didn't look that hard, Rosie.

Eddie rolls window up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

As I was saying, *Alejandro*. Last
year, as I was about to retire, I
won the lottery. A big one. I do
this shit for fun, not money. I
donate that to my mother and the
Church. See, I really enjoy putting
a fucking piece of shit like you in
jail.

ALEX

Let me tell you something, amigo.
It's either blood or money. You
make your choice.

EDDIE

You made it for me... amigo! Welcome
home.

INT. PRECINCT FRONT DESK

Eddie drags Alex up to the desk sergeant, MIKE O'BRIEN, whose eyes widen when he sees the prize.

O'BRIEN

Holy shit.

The cops in the room all go wide-eyed when they see Alex.

EDDIE

How ya doin', Mikie?

O'BRIEN

A lot better than that sorry son-of-a-bitch you got there. Your sister's down stairs.

EDDIE

If you check the limo illegally parked out front. You'll find three other pieces of shit. Book `em on assault. They all had concealed weapons, etc.

A young female police officer, JULIE BUCHANNAN, enters. She eyes Eddie.

O'BRIEN

Buchanan, Cooper, go get them.

Julie and HARRY COOPER quickly exit by the front door.

EDDIE

Mike, you want to retire, we got a job for you.

O'BRIEN

With this belly?

INT. PRECINCT DETECTIVE'S OFFICE

Eddie pushes Alex into the office and shoves him into a seat. Eddie's sister, NANCY, late-twenties, very comely, sits at her desk.

EDDIE

Hey, sis.

NANCY

Social call at this time of night?

EDDIE

Not quite.

NANCY

Holy shit. Corda?

EDDIE

Alex, welcome to the Gray-Bar Hotel.

Alex fixes his cold, dark, anger-filled eyes on Eddie, then flashes to Nancy, who begins the paperwork.

NANCY

FBI's coming in from L.A. for Sunday dinner.

EDDIE

That little shit? Why didn't Dennis call me first?

NANCY

Last minute thing. Said you'd understand. Probably knew you'd go after that piece of shit.

EDDIE

Do you believe my little brother went Federal on me, Alex?

ALEX

Who would've imagined it?

NANCY

His law degree cost too much to settle for NYPD.

Nancy hands Eddie a piece of paper which he folds and places in his pocket.

EDDIE

Yeah, yeah.

ALEX

Hey, Malloy. I'll be seeing you.

Eddie smiles as he exits. Alex fixes his hate-filled gaze on Nancy.

INT. UNCLE MARTY'S BAIL BONDS - DAY

Uncle Marty sits behind a desk with a half-eaten sandwich in front of him. Marty gets the cash together to pay Eddie who sits across the desk from him.

UNCLE MARTY

I still don't really know why you do this shit for me, Eddie.

(MORE)

UNCLE MARTY (CONT'D)

Not that I'm complaining. You bagged two of the biggest jumpers I have on my books. Saved me a lot of cash.

EDDIE

Three! I got Corda.

Uncle Marty becomes a little alarmed. He looks to the bond board. The slot with Corda's name on it is empty.

UNCLE MARTY

Eddie, I didn't assign him to you.

EDDIE

I saw it on the board. Thought I'd give you a hand.

UNCLE MARTY

You didn't have to do that.

EDDIE

When I needed a loan for my first car, who made it when no one else would?

Uncle Marty counts out the cash and tries to compose himself.

UNCLE MARTY

I was happy to do it. You were a good kid.

EDDIE

But you didn't have to do it. I never forgot that. Now that I can help you out.

UNCLE MARTY

And the Church. God, if my mother knew all that money was going to the Pope. I don't even want to think about it.

Eddie collects his money and heads for the door.

EDDIE

I'm sure she's telling God how to spend it.

Nervously, Marty smiles and takes an extra big, sloppy bite from his sandwich, then looks the empty space on the board next to Corda's name. As he swallows, he looks even more nervous.

INT. MALLOY DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

Around a huge dining room table, Sunday dinner begins. The younger members of the family and some of their parents have already assembled. Mouth-watering food clutters the table.

On the wall at the head of the dinner table is a black and white photograph of Eddie's father in his police uniform. Black ribbons are draped at angles, and commendations surround the photograph. Other family photographs compose the gallery.

Eddie enters and places his pistol in an individual gun locker located just inside the door. He locks it and takes the key.

ISABELLA

Sit, Eddie.

EDDIE

Yes, ma.

Family greets family AD LIB. Eddie's mother, ISABELLA, enters with a large plate of pasta which she places on the table. Eddie takes the money and slips it into his mother's apron pocket.

ISABELLA

Thank you, Eddie. Father Harkin will be so happy.

EDDIE

My pleasure, mama.

Nancy and his brother DENNIS enter. The group greets them AD LIB. They all kiss their mother.

ISABELLA

Nancy, Dennis, check you guns.

NANCY

Yeah, ma.

DENNIS

Sorry, ma.

The two of them check their guns. Then quickly come back to the table.

EDDIE

So, Special Agent...

ISABELLA

Hold on, Eddie. We say grace.

EDDIE

Sorry.

ISABELLA

Lord, bless this table, this food,
and this family. And say hello to
my husband if you see him. Amen.

They all look at their mother as if she is whacked.

REST

Amen.

EDDIE

So, why the visit, little brother?

DENNIS

Meeting in Washington tomorrow.
Figured I'd come early and have a
home-cooked meal.

EDDIE

Feds always have their hands out.

DENNIS

Ha ha ha.

ISABELLA

Eddie, you leave your brother alone.
He's still a cop.

DENNIS

You bagged Corda?

EDDIE

Yeah. And?

NANCY

I have a question. If Corda's so
rich, why'd he get a bail bond?

DENNIS

Corda maintains that he's a honest
businessman. That he couldn't raise
that kind of cash for a bond. Truth
is, he's worth millions. Could've
paid that bond out of pocket change.

NANCY

So he's just putting up a pretense
of being middle class?

EDDIE

And they say you don't deserve a
gold shield.

NANCY

Who says that?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET

Eddie and Dennis stand near Eddie's car.

EDDIE

I'm teaching a class of rookies tomorrow night. Why don't you come down. I can use you for a dummy.

DENNIS

Me? Let me tell you something, *older* brother. One of these days I'm going to make you eat your words.

Eddie assumes a faux attack posture.

EDDIE

Let's try tonight.

Dennis backs off laughing.

DENNIS

I can't. Got a flight out of Newark in an hour.

Eddie wraps him up.

EDDIE

I know I make a lot of jokes about you going Federal, but I never told you how proud I was too.

They embrace.

DENNIS

Thanks. Hey, any chance you can give a lift to the airport?

EDDIE

Get in the car.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

Dennis pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights up. Eddie rolls down the window quickly.

DENNIS

You know, you ought to come out to L.A. some time.

EDDIE

Too much smog.

DENNIS

Kaely's out there.

EDDIE

I know Kaely's out there.

DENNIS

Why don't you call her? She still has a thing for you.

Dennis hands him a business card.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

She asked me to give this to you.

EDDIE

They're teaching Dear Abby courses at Quantico now?

DENNIS

Hey, just doing a favor for an old friend.

Eddie stuffs the card in his pocket.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE

Dennis and Eddie stand together at the Gate.

DENNIS

Hey, just looking out for you, man. You need to get out once in a while. And your old T.O.'s out there.

EDDIE

Marshall Thompson's out there now too?

DENNIS

He'd love to see you.

EDDIE

I wondered what happened to him. Listen, Dennis, I'm really happy where I am. I'm a New Yorker. You were always dying to get of here. I'm home.

DENNIS

Still be nice to see you.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Flight 401 to Los Angeles is now boarding at Gate 51.

DENNIS

That's me.

Eddie shakes his hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

It was good to see you again.

They pull each other into an embrace.

DENNIS

You take care.

EDDIE

You too.

Dennis picks up his bags and heads for the loading ramp.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM

Alex paces the interview room, frantically. His lawyer, JEFFREY COHEN, a rock `n roll lawyer with a pony tail and a general attraction to gangsters, enters with his trial case in hand.

JEFFREY COHEN

I'm sorry I was late, Mr....

ALEX

Where the fuck have you been, you fucking piece of shit? Don't tell me you've been with your family cause I've been in this lousy shit-hole all fucking night!

Alex tries to calm himself as Cohen meekly sits down. Alex sits also, brushing his sweat-filled hair out of his eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Please forgive me, Jeff. I'm not one to be penned up like a dog in a pound. Smells like shit and piss in there.

JEFFREY COHEN

I got here as soon as I could. I had to make a few phone calls. You weren't easy to find.

ALEX

Tell me what's going on here. What the fuck happened?

JEFFREY COHEN

There's a new D.A., Mr. Corda.

ALEX

What's her name?

JEFFREY COHEN

Maria Swarez. She's dug her heels in on this.

ALEX

Puts some cash under her heels.

JEFFREY COHEN

We tried that. I can't even get her on the phone. She must be an Eliot Ness fan, thinks she's untouchable.

ALEX

You know that no one's untouchable.

JEFFREY COHEN

She doesn't take money.

ALEX

Fuck. What about this bounty hunter? Malloy?

JEFFREY COHEN

Eddie Malloy. Retired NYPD detective.

ALEX

Tell me something I don't know, counselor. We paid Goldberg two million dollars. That nets him one and a half million after he forfeits the bond. What the fuck happened?

JEFFREY COHEN

I think our Uncle Marty got greedy. Or something went wrong.

Alex stands and goes to the window. He does not look back.

ALEX

Coño! Jeff, you get me out of here.

JEFFREY COHEN

I'll try, Mr. Corda.

ALEX

You do that. Cause I'm gonna stay here too long, amigo.

Alex continues staring out the window as Cohen, who understands fully what is client means, gathers his things and exits.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Dennis Malloy enters and greets his friend, Special Agent, PAUL MORSETTE, late forties, GQ.

DENNIS

How ya doing, Paul?

In front of Paul is a stack of papers and photographs.

PAUL

Fine. How's L.A.?

DENNIS

Mud slides. Earth quakes. Lots of ass.

PAUL

Here's the file you wanted. What's all this about?

Dennis looks at a picture of Alejandro Corda. He shows it to Paul.

DENNIS

You read the file on this guy?

PAUL

Not the kind of guy I want my daughter going out with. Heard he jumped.

DENNIS

My brother caught him last night.

PAUL

Sucks to be your brother.

DENNIS

Exactly. I didn't want to alarm Eddie until I looked at Corda's file.

PAUL

You may not like what you see.

DENNIS

Now I feel completely comfortable.

Dennis reads through the file.

PAUL

Five murders in Miami within one year after arriving from Cuba. Acquitted when the witnesses refused to testify. He was only eighteen.

DENNIS

My God.

PAUL

Ernesto Salazar, a wealthy Cuban
"businessman" sent him to Harvard.

DENNIS

No shit?

PAUL

We don't know how he did it. There
were no high school transcripts for
Corda. Just got in. Pre-law. Law
school.

Dennis reads the reports.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Three-nine G.P.A. Graduated with
honors? Shit, better than I did.

PAUL

Never passed the bar.

DENNIS

You know what scares me, Paul? This
guy's like Teflon. Even with this
new D.A. on the case. With the judges
running for cover to keep from being
investigated, this guy could walk.

PAUL

Everyone's after him. US Attorney's
going after him on RICO.

DENNIS

That's a plus. No evidence needed
for a conviction.

PAUL

He's never been convicted of anything;
not even a traffic ticket. They've
convicted on less.

DENNIS

Paul, do you mind if I take this to
my hotel tonight?

PAUL

Just bring it back in the morning.

EXT. AIKIDO DOJO - DAY

The Dojo is in a strip mall store and is modest, but appealing

INT. AIKIDO DOJO

KAELY MARTIN, an enchantingly beautiful girl in her late-twenties, dressed in an Aikido Gi, works with her students. One of them, JULIO, attacks another student, but does not perform the technique properly.

KAELY

That's good, Julio. Try it this way.

She invites the other student to attack again and shows Julio how to perform the maneuver.

KAELY (CONT'D)

There, Julio. See?

JULIO

Sí, Sensei.

KAELY

Try again.

A group of thugs flank a well-dressed man in his late twenties, XAVIER CORDA. Kaely shows not the slightest hint of fear on her face as she approaches the crew of degenerates. Xavier steps forward and almost goes on the mat.

KAELY (CONT'D)

Stay off the mat.

Xaviar tries to sound cultured,

XAVIAR (CONT'D)

Of course. I wouldn't want to disrespect you in front of your students. You're Sensei Martin?

She nods, defiantly.

XAVIAR (CONT'D)

My name is...

KAELY

I know who you are. Xaviar Corda. Why are you here?

XAVIAR

My associates here want to learn what you have to teach.

KAELY

Aikido isn't something you learn in a couple of days, Mr. Corda.

(MORE)

KAELY (CONT'D)

It requires dedication. Discipline.
Respect.

XAVIAR

Really?

KAELY

It's a lifetime devotion.

XAVIAR

Show me.

A thug, FUENTES, swaggers up to her.

KAELY

Take off your shoes.

The Thug looks to Xaviar, who motions for him to comply. He quickly doffs his shoes and enters the mat, ready to square off with Kaely. She motions for her Julio to take her place. Fuentes smiles.

FUENTES

Hey, Essay. Long time.

JULIO

Not long enough.

FUENTES

You look cute with your little dress.

JULIO

Don't talk me to death.

FUENTES

You think you're tough?

Fuentes smiles sardonically and launches an attack at Julio. With an almost imperceptible move by Julio, Fuentes finds himself across the room, flat on his back.

Angered, Fuentes rapidly gets back on his feet. Cockiness written all over his face, he approaches Julio again.

FUENTES (CONT'D)

Pretty tricky, homes. But next time
let me get ready.

Julio says nothing as Fuentes throws a few jabs his way. He gets too close and Julio throws him against the wall again. Xavier seems impressed.

Pissed, Fuentes flicks a switchblade from his jacket, jumps from the ground and attacks Julio, who easily defends himself against the attack.

Kaely stands defiantly to one side, but readies herself against the impending attack.

The other BANGERS move forward to assist their friend as Julio is ready to break Fuentes' arm when Kaely steps in.

KAELY

Enough!

Xavier motions for the others to stop, as Kaely motions for Julio to let Fuentes go.

KAELY (CONT'D)

All right, Mr. Corda, I'll accept your offer.

JULIO

Sensei?

Xavier smiles broadly.

KAELY

But I'll teach only two of your boys. The fee is five thousand per student, per week. Six months in advance.

XAVIAR

Big money? You're talking my business now.

KAELY

If they start any trouble, they're out. You forfeit the balance. Do you understand?

Xavier smiles at her, then pulls a wad of bills from his pocket. He counts out the money and hands it to her.

XAVIAR

Spend it well.

KAELY

I'll donate it to a fund that helps get kids out of your gangs.

He smiles and heads for the door.

KAELY (CONT'D)

Have them come back at Seven-Thirty tomorrow evening.

Xavier smiles, nods and exits with his crew.

INT. EDDIE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie sits on a chair, reading a book. After a moment, he puts the book down, reaches into his pocket and retrieves Kaely's card. He looks at it for a moment, then picks up the phone and dials.

INT. AIKIDO DOJO OFFICE

Kaely enters the office and throws the money on the desk just as the phone RINGS.

XAVIAR

Aikido Arts of Self Defense.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Kaely?

XAVIAR

Eddie? I can't believe it.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cohen sits across the desk from the District Attorney, MARIA SALAZAR, late forties, comely, a Cuban who worked her way out of poverty.

SALAZAR

I'm sorry, but there is no way I'm going to release your client, Mr. Cohen. I'm close to dumping this on the Feds. He'll get life.

JEFFREY COHEN

Ms. Salazar, this is the first time my client has failed to show up for a hearing. I don't see...

SALAZAR

Mr. Cohen, I found it hard to believe that your client was allowed bail in the first place. Though I have a pretty good idea of how it was arranged.

JEFFREY COHEN

My client never left the city of New York. He was not feeling that well, and...

SALAZAR

I think it's time that you close your mouth, Mr. Cohen, before my intelligence is insulted any further.

JEFFREY COHEN

Ms. Salazar, my client is an upstanding man in our community...

SALAZAR

We both know that you work for scum. Cubans like me resent his type. He's a rat who murders without any remorse. Feeds drugs to kids. And it makes me sick to my stomach that we haven't been able to keep him in jail! At least now, for a little while, we can do that. Now you get the hell out of my office!

Slowly, Cohen gets to the door.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

Mr. Cohen, how do you sleep at night?

JEFFREY COHEN

I'm a lawyer, defending my client, Ms. Salazar. He's guaranteed his rights.

SALAZAR

What about the rights of the people whose lives he destroys?

JEFFREY COHEN

Let them get their own lawyers.

SALAZAR

Get out!

INT. POLICE STATION GYM - NIGHT

Eddie enters the gym where a group of police rookies waits. A cocky one, DUKE WARNER, early twenties, very well-built, tilts his head to another. He speaks with a heavy Brooklyn accent to another rookie, ROGER CHAPIN.

DUKE

Who is this guy?

CHAPIN

Self-defense trainer.

DUKE

I don't need no more training.

CHAPIN

It's all bullshit, man. A gun and stick's all I need. Who's this guy think he is anyway, Bruce Lee?

EDDIE

No, moron. Bruce Lee's dead. Now keep your mouth shut and you might just learn something. My name is Eddie Malloy.

A MURMUR runs through the group. Julie Buchannan turns to Harry Cooper.

BUCHANNAN

That's the guy who brought Corda in.

Cooper nods.

DUKE

Who's Corda?

Eddie smiles as he picks up clip board and reads the names.

EDDIE

On your feet. Kelly, William.

BILL KELLY stands.

KELLY

Bill, sir.

EDDIE

Chapin, Roger.

Chapin stands.

CHAPIN

Here, sir.

EDDIE

Buchannan, Julie.

BUCHANNAN

Here, sir.

He and Buchannan make eye contact.

EDDIE

Lopez, Ray.

RAY LOPEZ stands and salutes.

LOPEZ

Ray Lopez, sir.

EDDIE

You don't have to salute, Ray. I'm a civilian.

LOPEZ

Yes, sir.

EDDIE

Cooper, Harry.

Harry Cooper stands.

COOPER

Here, sir.

EDDIE

Cooper? Good to meet you.

COOPER

Same, sir. We've heard a lot about you.

EDDIE

And you must be Warner, Duke.

DUKE

That's right.

EDDIE

What's the "Duke" short for?

DUKE

It's Duke.

EDDIE

That's not what I have here.

DUKE

If I said it was Duke, then it's Duke.

EDDIE

Well, I have down here, Warner, *Marduke*.

The group laughs. Duke becomes defensive.

DUKE

It's Duke. And if anyone wants to make something of it...

EDDIE

Shut up, *Marduke*.

Eddie turns his back on the flustered cop as he lays the clipboard on a bench at the back of the room. Eddie heads towards Duke.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

It says here on the roster, Duke,
that you're a black belt in Karate.

He turns back to Duke.

DUKE

Yeah, that's right. Second degree.

EDDIE

Then you won't mind helping me with
a little demonstration.

DUKE

Be a pleasure.

Eddie strips down to a tee-shirt and removes his watch.
Duke does likewise.

EDDIE

Duke, I don't want you to be
intimidated by me.

DUKE

That won't be a problem. Do you
want me to take my shoes off?

EDDIE

You go to work with your shoes off?

The group reacts to the slight.

DUKE

Funny guy.

EDDIE

Duke, I want you to do your best to
put me in the hospital.

DUKE

Are you, crazy?

EDDIE

Just do it.

Duke attacks, tentatively. Eddie slaps his hand away.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Is that Karate?

With anger and embarrassment welling inside him, Duke attacks viciously. Before he knows it, Eddie flips Duke across the room.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

That's better, Duke, but you should really do something about your temper.

DUKE

You son-of-a-bitch!

Duke attacks again. Eddie side-steps him and slaps him on the back of the head as he sails by. Addresses students.

EDDIE

Lose your temper on the streets and you could get killed.

Duke attacks a third time. Eddie side-steps and performs a Kokyu Nage throw. Eddie turns back to the rest of the group.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

When you get mad, your attack gets weak. You lose.

Duke picks up a chair and attempts to whack Eddie on the back of the head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

If you're not there...

Eddie goes to his knees and Duke goes flying over him, smashing his nose into the chair.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You can't get hurt.

DUKE

You broke my nose!

The damaged Duke tries again, but Eddie side-steps and whacks Duke's groin. With Duke laying sprawled out on the floor in front of them, the group is amazed at the display.

EDDIE

Pick him up. Carefully.

Blood flows from Duke's nose as he is placed on a chair. Eddie just shakes his head and smiles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You need to control your temper, Duke.

INT. MALLOY'S KITCHEN

Isabella and Nancy clear up the last of the dishes and take them to the kitchen. The phone rings. Nancy answers it.

NANCY

Hello... Yeah, right away.

She hangs up the phone and washes her hands.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I gotta go down to the station.

ISABELLA

Now, Nancy? It's almost eleven.

NANCY

Some paperwork has to be cleared up.
Besides, it's overtime.

RITA MALLOY, eighteen, Nancy's little sister enters.

RITA

Can you take me to my dance class,
Nan?

NANCY

I'm late, Rita. I can't.

RITA

It's on the way.

ISABELLA

Nancy Malloy, you're not that busy
you can't do a favor for you little
sister.

NANCY

All right. Come on.

RITA

Thanks.

She and Rita kiss their mother and head out the door.

INT. XAVIAR CORDA'S HOUSE

Xaviar Corda enters his living room from the kitchen with a plate full of food in his hands. The television is on and a NEWS BREAK comes on.

PAXTON (V.O.)

An NBC News break, I'm Ned Paxton.

Xavier places his food on a small table and prepares to change the channel when a picture of Alex comes on the screen next to Paxton.

PAXTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The infamous drug overlord, Alex Corda, was captured in New York. Corda failed to appear for a pre-trial hearing and was considered a fugitive by the new District Attorney, Maria Salazar. He is being held...

Xavier turns the volume down and heads for the phone.

XAVIAR

Coño! Mother fucker!

INT. POLICE GYM

Duke has recovered his composure and rejoins the group.

EDDIE

The reason I'm here, aside from completely embarrassing Duke here, is to show you how to defend yourself against multiple attacks.

BUCHANNAN

Duke has trouble with one.

The group LAUGHS.

EDDIE

A gun and a night stick aren't enough all the time. There are six of you.

Six knives, with scabbards on, sit on a bench. Eddie points to them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Each of you take one of these knives.

They hesitate.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Take one.

They all go and get one of the knives.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I want you to encircle me.

Nervously, the rookies comply.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

In the streets, you might find yourself in a situation where you are surrounded by multiple attackers who would like nothing better than to send a mass card to your mother and father.

LOPEZ

What do you want us to do?

EDDIE

Try to kill me.

Harry Cooper makes a half-hearted attempt, which Eddie easily defends against.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

God damn it! Do what I tell you!
All of you! Attack me!

Shocked, they all attack in a crazy fury. Eddie makes a mess of all of them. They struggle to their feet.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Now, take the scabbards off.

This shocks them even more.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Alex sits with Cohen.

JEFFREY COHEN

I tried. The bitch won't bend.
I've been to four judges. No one
wants to touch the issue.

GERALDO CORDA, twenties enters. He and Alex embrace and speak in Spanish.

ALEX

Geraldo, my brother, how'd you get here?

GERALDO

I flew in this morning when I heard.

ALEX

How's mama?

GERALDO

She worries about you.

They start speaking English again.

ALEX

You know my attorney, Jeffrey Cohen.

GERALDO

We've met. Good to meet you again, Mr. Cohen.

JEFFREY COHEN

Call me Jeff. Mr. Corda, I have to make some more calls. See what we can do.

ALEX

You do that, Jeff. And I'll make some calls of my own. See what I can do.

Cohen nods understanding as he leaves.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm not going to spend another night in this hole, little brother. You take care of it for me?

GERALDO

Sí. I will.

ALEX

Get in touch with our cousin in Los Angeles. Tell Xavier I'm going to need a place to hide for a while.

GERALDO

I'll take care of it, Alex.

ALEX

I want to teach the NYPD not to fuck around with us anymore. A *big* lesson. I want blood.

Geraldo nods at his edict.

EXT. CLUB LA ZORRA - NIGHT

The club is near the beach in Santa Monica.

INT. CLUB LA ZORRA

Xavier enters the empty club. An associate, LUIS MONTANA, comes up to him.

MONTANA

Xavier, there's a call for you.

They both head for the office.

XAVIAR

How we do last night, Luis?

MONTANA

We could go to Club Med for a year.

XAVIAR

That's what I like to hear, partner.

CLUB OFFICE

Xavier picks up the phone.

XAVIAR

Start talking... Hey, Geraldo.
Coño mange, what's going on? I
watching the news last night. What
the fuck happened?

EXT. NEW YORK STREET

Geraldo stands at a pay phone.

GERALDO

They got Alex in a hole, Xavier.
That's what happened. Listen, I
don't want to talk about it on an
open line. I gonna call you in one
hour. You know where, cousin?

XAVIAR (V.O.)

I know. One hour. I be there.

Xavier hangs up the phone and makes for the door.

NIGHT CLUB

Xavier bounces down the stairs.

XAVIAR

Luis! I gotta go out. I'll be back
later.

MONTANA

Where you going? We got business to
do.

XAVIAR

I got more important shit to take
care of.

MONTANA

Coño. What's going on?

Xavier exits.

MONTANA (CONT'D)

Fucking partners.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

Xavier stands at a phone booth on Hollywood Boulevard near the Chinese Theater.

XAVIAR

Yeah. I understand, Geraldo. I'll find a place for him. You don't worry. I got it under control.

He hangs up.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET

A limousine cruises down the street through a light rain.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Geraldo and five HIT MEN sit in the rear of the limousine. Geraldo closes the divider between the passenger and driver's compartment.

Immediately, the hit men pull out 9 mm sub-machine guns and attach silencers to them. They then place the silenced weapons inside their jackets. Geraldo picks up a car phone and dials.

INT. PRECINCT FRONT DESK

Mike O'Brien runs the desk. Behind him, a nervous-looking Hispanic cop, OCTAVIO SANTOS, is on the phone. He nods then hangs up the phone and taps Mike on the shoulder.

SANTOS

Sarge. Problem in records. They need you.

O'BRIEN

What? Those idiots. Take over, Santos.

SANTOS

Yes, sir.

As soon as O'Brien leaves, the first hitman, JUAN HERNANDEZ, enters with a briefcase in his hand. He goes to Octavio Santos.

HERNANDEZ

I am the attorney for Alejandro Corda. I'd like to see him, please.

SANTOS

You know where to go.

As Hernandez heads down the hall, the other four Hit men enter and follow him. Octavio Santos picks up the phone.

POLICE STATION JAIL

Bill Kelly, Roger Chapin, Julie Buchanan, Ray Lopez, and the bruised-up, Duke Warner stand at the entrance with Nancy Malloy.

NANCY

All right, you get to do jail time tonight. What the hell happened to you, Duke?

DUKE

Some martial arts seminar last night.

BUCHANNAN

He failed.

Nancy smiles and shakes her head as the phone RINGS. Nancy answers it.

NANCY

Holding... What? He was just here today... All right, we'll send him right up.

HALLWAY

Nancy and Duke walk Alex towards an interview room. Nancy sees the extra faces, two of the hit men, and gets nervous. She opens the door to the interview room. Hernandez sits on a chair inside.

HERNANDEZ

I see you brought my client.

Hernandez pulls out his pistol. Nancy goes for her pistol, but her holster is empty. Just then...

Hernandez fires three rounds, dead center in the middle of her chest, blasting her against the wall.

Two hit men pull Alex away before Duke has a chance to react. As Duke attempts to do something, two other Hit men hit Duke in the chest with a volley of bullets.

ALEX

Let's GO!

Roger Chapin turns the corner just in time to catch three or four rounds in the chest.

FRONT DESK

Santos sees Alex and the others marching down the hall. He quickly heads in the other direction just as Mike O'Brien enters.

O'BRIEN

Hey, Santos, they didn't... Where the fuck are you going?

O'Brien turns and sees Alex point a pistol at him and goes for his own pistol. But Alex fires quickly and drops him. Other cops in the station attempt to react, but the Hit men cut them down one by one as they make their way to the door.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE POLICE STATION

Alex and the Hit men exit the precinct, cap off a few more cops, and get into the limousine. As soon as the door closes, the limousine jumps into action and heads around the corner.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Alex embraces his brother. They both smile from ear to ear.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A huge blue parade of police officers from departments all over the area lines the path to the grave site.

The Malloy family and friends gather under a tent around Nancy Malloy's closed coffin. Eddie and Dennis sit on either side of their mother, who seems almost cried out.

FATHER ROBERTTO stands at the head of the coffin, and finishes saying the eulogy. Seven uniformed POLICE OFFICERS fire a THREE-SHOT SALUTE. Eddie's anger swells with every volley.

A BUGLER PLAYS taps. OFFICERS fold the flag. One OFFICER walks to Isabella Malloy and hands the flag to her.

FLAG OFFICER

This flag is offered to you in honor of your fallen loved one, from a grateful city.

Isabella's tears well up again and cascade down her face. Eddie and Dennis places their hands on top of their mother's.

EXT. CEMETERY PATH

Eddie and Dennis lead their mother to the limousine and help her inside. Before they get inside, Eddie closes the door and pulls Dennis aside.

EDDIE

I want to talk to you alone when we get back to the house.

Dennis nods as they both get into the limousine.

INT. MALLOY'S LIVING ROOM

Sitting in the living room, Isabella greets guests in the house and tries to maintain her composure.

INT. MALLOY'S KITCHEN

Dennis sits with a somber look on his face as Eddie enters with some black ribbon.

DENNIS

You expect your parents to die first.
Not brothers and sisters.

Dennis places the ribbon around Nancy's photograph in the same way as his father's.

EDDIE

Cops die. She was a cop.

Rita enters with some drinks. She places them on the table. Dennis takes her hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Thanks, Rita.

RITA

Mama's holding up pretty well. Aunt Marie's a total rag. She won't stop crying.

DENNIS

How about you, sis?

Rita tries to choke back tears.

RITA (CONT'D)

I'll be okay. I just can't believe she's gone.

She folds down onto Dennis's lap and begins to sob. He holds back his own tears as Eddie kneels down and embraces both of them.

ISABELLA

Rita! Come here!

She stands, wipes the tears off of her face, kisses both of them and heads towards her mother. Eddie becomes more serious. His eyes pierce Dennis's.

EDDIE

I want everything you have on Alejandro Corda and his organization.

DENNIS

What are you going to do?

EDDIE

You know what I'm going to do.

DENNIS

You can't do that. The law will handle it, Eddie.

EDDIE

Dennis... you can either help me or watch me. One of them, I assure you, is much more fun.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET

Eddie stands on the step to the house. Dennis joins him.

DENNIS

Are you completely out of your mind?

Eddie walks away, but turns back and flashes an icy gaze.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Eddie... The F.B.I. the U.S. Marshals Service, State and local law enforcement are combing every inch of this fucking country looking for him.

EDDIE

Well they're looking in the wrong place. Cause where he is, I will be.

Eddie gets in his face.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Now, little brother, are you going to give me what I want, or do I have tear every house in this entire fucking country off its foundation

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

to find the asshole who murdered our
sister. And nine other cops?

Dennis looks off into space, trying to find a reason not to
give Eddie the information.

DENNIS

Eddie...

INT. GOLDBERG'S BAIL BONDS

Uncle Marty is going over the books when Juan Hernandez
enters.

UNCLE MARTY

How can I help you.

HERNANDEZ

I have a message from Alejandro Corda.

UNCLE MARTY

Look, I didn't send nobody! It was
a mistake!

HERNANDEZ

Goodbye, Uncle Marty.

Hernandez pulls out his silenced pistol and fires half the
clip into Uncle Marty, blasting him back off of his chair,
and killing him instantly.

Hernandez pauses for a minute, hangs up the phone, then exits
the office.

INT. THE CAPITOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Senator WILLIAM KEATING, a young, energetic man in his late
thirties, exits from the Senate chambers. An AIDE comes up
to him.

ALEX

Senator Keating, there's someone
down stairs who wants to see you.

KEATING

Who is it?

ALEX

A Mr. Cohen.

Keating becomes nervous.

KEATING

Thank you. I'll be right down.

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS

Keating and Cohen walk together.

JEFFREY COHEN

Mr. Corda's not very happy with what's happened.

KEATING

I was out of the country until late last night. I didn't even hear about it...

JEFFREY COHEN

That doesn't matter. Mr. Corda wants to see you.

KEATING

I have a very tight schedule this week.

JEFFREY COHEN

Rearrange it.

KEATING

I can't just tell the entire Senate that I have...

JEFFREY COHEN

You have two days to arrange your affairs. Mr. Corda will expect you. This is an open ticket. Call this number before you leave. Someone will meet you at the airport.

Cohen takes off and gets into a limousine. Keating just stares at the ticket for a moment, then heads into the Capitol.

EXT. XAVIAR'S PATIO - DAY

Corda stands on the patio next to the pool area of Xavier's extremely expensive house, staring out over the ocean. To one side is a tennis court and beyond that a large driveway.

INT. XAVIAR'S DEN

Alex enters and finds a drink in his hand, delivered by Xavier Corda. Geraldo Corda sits on the sofa. Alex sits near him.

ALEX

Que Rica, Xavier. Coño. And they say that the air in Los Angeles is more polluted than New York.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

The ocean off Long Island isn't this clean.

XAVIAR

Anything for you, cousin.

ALEX

If a man has to hide out... This is the place.

XAVIAR

I bought it last year. A little getaway for Xavier to play.

He laughs at his own rhyme.

GERALDO

This house used to belong to a movie star.

ALEX

I'd like to see some movie stars. Xavier, how's that nightclub you run for me?

Both Geraldo and Xavier look concerned.

GERALDO

Alex, what are you talking about?

ALEX

I'm a tourist... In sunny, Southern California. I want to see the sights.

Geraldo jumps up and places his drink on the bar.

GERALDO

Are you crazy? We killed ten cops to get you out of jail. This entire fucking country's looking for you.

ALEX

Ah, shit! Okay! Fuck!

He stands and heads for the patio.

EXT. XAVIAR'S PATIO

Alex plants his hands on the rail around the patio, resigning himself for the moment to his captivity. Geraldo and Xavier stands nervously in the b.g.

INT. F.B.I. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is darkened, and Alex's picture is on a screen at one end of the room. Eddie sits at the table. Dennis stands next to him, working the projector and reading files.

DENNIS

Alejandro Corda...

EDDIE

I know what he looks like.

DENNIS

Shut up. I could get fired for this.

Changes slide to Geraldo Corda.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Corda came from Cuba in the Mariel exodus in 1980. He was eighteen. His brother, Geraldo came later.

EDDIE

I'm not interested in ancient history.

DENNIS

Look, finding him in Brooklyn is one thing. But you've got the entire fucking country to look for him now.

EDDIE

He's probably in the Islands somewhere. Or Europe.

DENNIS

If you'd shut up and listen, you might find out why that's probably bullshit.

Eddie motions for him to continue.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Thank you. First of all, every port and border in this country is blocked. Alerts have gone out to every country he might think to fly to. His picture's all over the world. Now the real important shit... From New York, Corda's been able to establish a drug empire over the entire Continental U.S. His organization has infiltrated and displaced the leaders of gangs in all the major cities in this country.

EDDIE

Why's that gonna keep him in the U.S.?

DENNIS

He's built up a network structure here he could never hope to tap outside our borders. Money. Guns. Safe-houses.

Dennis sits.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Eddie, they could hide him under our noses and we'd never even know it unless he sneezed real loud.

EDDIE

New York's reinstated the death penalty. He's knows he'll get zapped when we catch him. He'd be extradited if he were in the U.S. What would make him stay here with the death penalty hanging over his head?

DENNIS

He loves this country. He'd never leave if could possibly avoid it.

EDDIE

That's stupid!

DENNIS

That's what you're up against, brother. You've got to read everything we have on this son-of-a-bitch! Get into his head. That's the only way you'll catch him!... The only way. Law enforcement is not always seat-of-your-pants and instinct, Eddie. Sometimes you have to open up your brain. Use what's inside.

Dennis takes a drink of water as Eddie ponders what his brother said.

EDDIE

Thanks.

DENNIS

For what?

EDDIE

Teaching an old dog humility.

DENNIS

Where you going to start looking?

EDDIE

I want phone records. They might help me vector in on him.

DENNIS

There's something else you might want to know.

Eddie nods his way.

EXT. F.B.I. PARKING LOT

Eddie and Dennis head for his car. Dennis's about to put the key in the lock.

DENNIS

Want to get something to eat?

EDDIE

Something just hit me.

DENNIS

What?

He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket.

EDDIE

Mike O'Brien knew Corda's lawyer, Jeff Cohen. He knew his face. Yet a man, who was not Corda's lawyer, walks into a precinct full of cops.

Eddie dials.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Four other guys follow him, next thing you know, ten cops are dead. How can that happen? Hello? This is Eddie Malloy. I want the names and records of every badge on duty in the precinct the night Corda escaped... I don't give a shit. I'll be in New York tomorrow. I want it ready.

He hangs up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Lunch?

EXT. XAVIAR'S TENNIS COURT - NIGHT

Alex sweats profusely as he plays against a tennis machine. After a moment, he shuts the machine off and goes to a table where drinks and a towel await him. He towels off and takes a drink.

JEFFREY COHEN

Your backhand needs work.

Alex looks up, and is surprised to see Cohen. They embrace each other.

ALEX

Good to see you, Jeff. California sun doesn't agree with you. You need a tan.

JEFFREY COHEN

New York Jewish lawyers don't tan. It's in the contract when you pass the Bar.

ALEX

Maybe you should take the Bar out here.

JEFFREY COHEN

Maybe.

ALEX

How was your flight?

JEFFREY COHEN

I feel like I went to Australia. I took so many routes trying to cover up my trail I spent the last fifteen hours on a jet.

They head inside the house.

INT. XAVIAR'S KITCHEN

Alex goes to the kitchen and takes a piece of pizza from a box.

ALEX

You hungry?

JEFFREY COHEN

I ate on the planes.

They head for the living room.

INT. XAVIAR'S LIVING ROOM

AMERICA'S MOST WANTED is on the television in the living room. Alex's face appears on the screen. JOHN WALSH then appears next to Alex's picture.

WALSH (V.O.)

Alejandro Corda and his crime empire are organized and brutal. As we said at the top of the program, ten NYPD police officers were senselessly murdered as a part of Corda's escape plot.

Alex and Jeffrey Cohen look at each other.

WALSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

NYPD and the F.B.I. have a dragnet out for this most dangerous of criminals. If you've seen Alejandro Corda, consider him armed and extremely dangerous.

Alex turns volume down.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Me? Dangerous? I'm a romantic. Jeff, that fucking shit's on the TV all the time. I can't even watch Law & Order.

JEFFREY COHEN

Very funny. Alex, if you lay low, in a couple of months things'll quiet down a little.

ALEX

Come on... A couple of months? I get out of one jail and into another. I can't even use the phone. I bet that was your idea.

JEFFREY COHEN

We can't risk a phone trace, or moving you out of the country now. It's too dangerous. Christ, every border's getting to look like an F.O.P. convention. Your picture's everywhere. Just be patient. Please.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie sits at the kitchen table. Covering the entire top of the table are stacks of manila folders.

The labels on the first of the folders read: ALEJANDRO CORDA, GERALDO CORDA, JEFFREY COHEN. Another folder reads: POLICE RECORDS. He goes through some of the phone records.

The numbers are from all over the country and the world, but on the phone bills from Cohen's and Alex's office and home, an unusual number of calls to and from Los Angeles appear. Eddie starts highlighting some of the numbers.

He then picks up the records of the police officers in the precinct the night Alex escaped. He goes through each of the packets enclosed, reading them as quickly as he can.

Octavio Santos' packet catches his eye. He sees the number. Eddie matches one of the phone numbers he read on Geraldo Corda's phone record. He matches them up to make sure, then he closes his eyes and tries to suppress the anger.

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING ADJACENT TO PRECINCT

Hernandez stands on the rooftop, watching the front door of the police station. He lights a cigarette and inhales deeply as he sees...

A car parks in front of the precinct. A plain-clothes, and two uniformed officers get out of the car and head inside. Hernandez opens his case.

INT. POLICE STATION FRONT DESK

A new desk Sergeant, MARTIN BREGMAN, sits at the front desk. Octavio Santos sits behind him.

A plain-clothes officer, CAPTAIN GREEN, approach with a piece of paper in his hand. Two uniformed officers flank him.

GREEN

Sergeant Bregman?

BREGMAN

Who's talking?

Produces badge. Santos looks concerned.

GREEN

Captain Green, I.A.D. We have a warrant for the arrest of Octavio Santos.

Green hands the warrant to Bregman as he directs the two uniforms to take Santos into custody.

SANTOS

What's going on?

One of the officers take his weapon. Santos goes numb as the uniformed officers frisk him.

SANTOS (CONT'D)

What're you doing? I didn't do nothing. I'm a cop.

They remove his gun belt.

GREEN

You're an asshole. Cop-killer.

The other Officers within earshot react. Santos becomes more agitated as he feels all eyes on him.

SANTOS

This is bullshit, man!

They drag Santos towards the door as the other officers stare angrily at him.

GREEN

You have the right to remain silent.
You better take it, scumbag.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET

Eddie's car pulls up to the curb near Green's vehicle just as Captain Green exits the precinct. He heads towards his car as the uniformed officers lead Santos out of the building.

EDDIE

Hey, scumbag, I hope your voice is okay because I want some answers and I want them...

Before he can finish the sentence, two silenced bullets rip through Santos' chest, killing him instantly. Eddie and the officers draw their weapons, but can find no target. The Officer checks Santos.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

He's dead.

As they search for the assassin, a single cigarette butt falls from the sky and lands on the pavement across the street from the precinct. Eddie sees the butt fall.

GREEN

Shit! Get help! Seal this block off!

The officers jump up and runs back into the precinct as Eddie takes off across the street and heads towards the adjacent building.

INT. ADJACENT BUILDING STAIRWAY

Eddie blasts his way up the service stairwell heading towards the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP

On the other side of the roof, Hernandez has just closed his case and prepares to exit as he hears Eddie break through the door with his pistol in hand.

Hernandez, gun case in hand, pulls a silenced 9 mm from his jacket and looks for cover. Cautiously, Eddie snakes around the stairwell housing.

Eddie sticks his head around the corner, and pulls it back just in time to avoid getting hit by bullet. Slowly, with his pistol aimed at the stairwell housing, Hernandez makes his way towards a fire escape.

Eddie moves to the other side of the stairwell housing and sees that Hernandez aims at the wrong side. Eddie levels at Hernandez.

EDDIE

Drop the gun, motherfucker!

Hernandez snap fires and misses. Eddie fires twice, hitting Hernandez square in the chest, knocking him over the edge of the building.

The body falls to the ground with a THUD. Eddie goes to the edge to watch the body.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICE

Eddie sits with Green and some other detectives. A uniformed officer sticks his head in and hands Green a report. Green reads it.

GREEN

Ballistics matched up. Bullets from Hernandez's gun killed your sister, some of the other officers and Marty Goldberg.

Eddie looks very pissed off.

EDDIE

They killed Marty too?

GREEN

You didn't know?

Shakes his head slowly.

GREEN (CONT'D)

It happened yesterday. He was shot at close range in his office. Eddie, I just want to know, did you have a choice?

Eddie stands and heads for door.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I could've gotten there faster and maybe stopped him before he killed Santos. I could've gotten there faster and questioned him instead of splashing his brains all over the street.

GREEN

All right, Eddie, listen to me. I know these scumbags killed your sister. But I want you to stand down. Let us handle it. We'll get the fuckers.

Green tries to act compassionate.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Why don't you get away. Go on a vacation or something.

Eddie nods and exits.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A 767 jet lands.

EDDIE (V.O.)

This is the city... Los Angeles. There are over twelve million people in the Los Angeles area. Over two million people visit the city every week. I want to kill some of them.

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT CONCOURSE

Eddie disembarks and heads towards his brother, who waits for him at the gate.

DENNIS

I take it this is not an entirely social visit.

EDDIE

What makes you think that?

INT. DENNIS'S CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

They drive from the airport towards Dennis's house in Brentwood.

EDDIE

This is incredible. Where's the smog?

DENNIS

It's not that bad today.

EDDIE

This is really nice. I might move Mama out here.

DENNIS

I'm sure. Listen, are you going to let me in on this?

EDDIE

On what?

DENNIS

Don't shit me.

EDDIE

Look, you still have a badge in your pocket. You have to follow orders. I don't.

DENNIS

That's bullshit.

Eddie pats Dennis' jacket.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No, see, you really have a badge.

DENNIS

You know what I'm talking about.

EDDIE

The less you know, little brother, the better it is for all of us.

DENNIS

Christ.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL

Dennis pulls his car up to the valet entrance and stops.
Eddie jumps out and gathers his bags.

DENNIS

This is nuts. I have a big house
with three spare bedrooms. My
girlfriend's in Chicago on business.

Eddie gets out of car.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

It's my first trip to L.A. Do you
think I want my little brother
following me around while I scam all
those beautiful starlets?

The VALET takes Eddie's luggage and places it on a cart as
Dennis jumps from the car.

DENNIS

That's bullshit.

Eddie goes to Dennis.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I lost my sister to this piece of
shit. I don't want to lose my
brother.

DENNIS

I can handle myself. I had a good
teacher.

EDDIE

Then listen to your teacher. Stay
out of this. I'll talk to you
tonight.

Eddie heads into the hotel.

DENNIS

She was my sister too, Eddie.

EDDIE

Go home, Dennis.

Eddie goes into the hotel.

INT. XAVIAR'S GYM - DAY

Dressed in a karate gi, Alex works out with his instructor,
Sensei KIM, in the gym. The sparring is full-contact.

Geraldo sneaks into the back of the room and takes a seat out of sight of the combatants. Neither one has the advantage, but Sensei Kim is more in control of himself.

Alex begins to lose control, gets angry, and Sensei Kim overpowers him completely. Sensei Kim throws Alex to the ground several times as Alex's anger grows. After several blows, Alex concedes.

ALEX

I give, Sensei Kim.

He stands and they bow to each other.

KIM

Your anger is your undoing. You must learn to control it.

ALEX

I understand. It's my Latin blood.

GERALDO

That's an old cliché, Alex.

ALEX

Geraldo, why don't you change and work out with us?

KIM

Yes, you should work out.

GERALDO

I'd love to, Sensei Kim, but Alex and I have important business to discuss. Another time.

Sensei Kim exits.

ALEX

I'm going fucking nuts in here, brother. I'm not one to be caged.

GERALDO

You have to stay out of sight for a while. You know that.

ALEX

So what's so important that you could not...

GERALDO

Malloy's here.

ALEX

What? Here?

GERALDO

In L.A. He's staying at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM

Eddie unpacks his bags. On top of his clothes is a 9 mm Beretta. He places the pistol in his belt underneath his windbreaker.

He goes to the desk and pulls a piece of writing paper out. He tears a small section off and heads for the door. As he exits the room he places a small piece of paper between the door and the jam.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL LOBBY

Eddie goes to the concierge's desk. A very beautiful YOUNG GIRL in a very smart outfit sits at the desk.

EDDIE

I'd like to know where I can rent a car.

The Concierge smiles broadly.

CONCIERGE

If you go out the front door and across the street, there's a rent-a-car agency right down Orange Street.

EDDIE

Thanks.

INT. XAVIAR'S HOUSE LOUNGE

Alex paces impatiently.

GERALDO

Who could have known that Malloy would have been there when...

He grows angry. Pours Tequila. Drinks it down.

ALEX

I want this fucker dead. I don't care how you do it. I don't care how many people you have to go through. I want you to take his breath away.

GERALDO

Sí, Alex. I'll take care of it.

Alex takes off AD LIB in a series of Spanish curses.

EXT. ORANGE STREET

Eddie pulls out of the rent-a-car parking lot in a rented economy car.

INT. EDDIE'S RENTAL CAR

Eddie drives down Hollywood Blvd. and marvels at the myriad of people on the walk.

EXT. FREEWAY

Eddie's car blasts down the freeway. Up ahead of him is a traffic jam.

INT. EDDIE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY - MOVING

He looks disturbed.

EDDIE

Holy shit!

He looks at his watch. As he comes almost to a stop, motorcycles drive between the slow-moving cars.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck! Jesus!

EXT. STREET

Eddie pulls up to the curb in front of an Aikido dojo named. Eddie gets out of the car, locks it, and enters the dojo.

INT. AIKIDO DOJO

Eddie enters the office area and looks into the dojo. Kaely is in the middle of a lesson.

On the office walls are photographs of great Aikido masters. Eddie's picture is prominent. He looks at it and smiles. Eddie watches until Kaely instructs them to break off into pairs to practice what he has taught them. She notices Eddie.

KAELY

Eddie!

She runs to the office and embraces Eddie.

EDDIE

How you doing, Kaely?

The class stops for a moment to look, but the senior students order them back to their lesson.

KAELY

Fantastic. It's great to see you.
What's up?

EDDIE

Well, I had to get out of New York
some time.

KAELY

I'm glad you're here. Hey, I want
to introduce you to my students.

After Eddie removes his shoes, Kaely drags him onto the mat.
When Kaely enters the mat area, the students immediately
kneel down in a sign of respect. Julio, takes notice of
Eddie.

KAELY (CONT'D)

I want to introduce you all to someone
very important to me. This is my
Sensei, Eddie Malloy.

They all bow and greet him AD LIB.

EDDIE

It's a pleasure to meet you all.

Kaely motions for the students to go back to their lesson.
He and Eddie then head back towards the office. Julio looks
long and hard for a moment until the two men disappear.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I have to speak to you in private.

KAELY

Sure.

She motions for Julio to take over the class as she and Eddie
head for the office.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

An expensive sports car rolls up in front of the Hollywood
Roosevelt, then turns down the street. It enters the valet
area.

A well-dressed Hispanic, LUCO PENZA, gets out of the car and
enters. He hands the Valet some cash and enters the hotel.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT LOBBY

Penza walks up the stairs and enters the lobby. He heads
directly for the front desk. The desk clerk, AMY, looks up
and smiles. Penza looks at her name plate. He speaks with
only a slight trace of accent.

PENZA

Hello, Amy. Is there a Eddie Malloy registered here?

AMY

Just a second, sir.

She taps computer keypad.

AMY (CONT'D)

He checked in today. But he's out now.

PENZA

Great. I'm a friend of his, and we kind of got our wires crossed.

Penza pulls an envelope from pocket.

PENZA (CONT'D)

Could you please leave this for him?

AMY

Sure.

She takes the envelope and places it in Eddie's box. Luco spies the number.

PENZA

Excuse me. I hate to be a bother, but that's very important, and I think I should give it to him personally.

AMY

It'll be safe here, sir. He'll be sure to get it.

PENZA

Yeah, but if I give it to him personally, I'll have an even better reason to come back here and see you.

Amy tries to be coy.

AMY (CONT'D)

On second thought, you better give it to him yourself.

PENZA

Thanks. See ya.

She smiles and waves as Penza walks towards the staircase leading to the valet parking.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT BASEMENT LEVEL

Penza trots down to the valet level, but turns the corner and... He heads for the basement level elevators. He presses the button and waits for the elevator.

EXT. AIKIDO DOJO SHOWER

Eddie and Kaely sit on the benches.

EDDIE

Kaely, I need to know if you've heard anything about Alejandro Corda?

Kaely becomes serious.

KAELY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Nancy. We wouldn't have known each other if it weren't for her.

EDDIE

Actually, I asked her to introduce us.

She laughs a little.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I think Corda's here in the Los Angeles area. Somewhere. The trail leads here, but it's vague.

KAELY

That's one bad group, Eddie. They don't give a shit about anybody unless they're green and have lots of zeros on them.

EDDIE

I know that it's risky for you. But I know that Corda's taken over the gangs in L.A. Maybe they won't admit it. But the drugs they sell are Corda's. You're in the middle of their territory.

KAELY

Gang members here don't talk to me. They know where I stand on drugs. Look in the dojo out there. Eddie, some of the gang members are in there now.

EDDIE

Are you nuts?

KAELY

I have to, Eddie. It's the price you pay in this area.

EDDIE

You're teaching killers...

KAELY

You don't understand.

EDDIE

What don't I understand?

KAELY

The gangs, Corda's gangs, control this world. Besides, most of the gang bangers who come here drop out in a couple of weeks. The ones who stay... Eventually, if I work at it, I can get them out of the gangs.

EDDIE

Kaely, these men kill with no regard for anybody. And they do it because Corda tells them to. They're loyal to, and scared of, Corda. If I get him, I can at least stop some of the killing. I need your help.

KAELY

What are you doing tonight? Let's talk about it over dinner. Not here.

Eddie smiles and laughs a little as he pulls her into an embrace.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HALLWAY

Penza, with gloves on, exits the elevator and turns the corner to head towards Eddie's room, looking at each number as he goes. The hallways are deserted.

As he gets to Eddie's room, he pulls out a lock pick gun. After a moment, the door opens.

The piece of paper Eddie placed in the door falls to the floor, unnoticed by Penza, who pulls his gun, and opens the door cautiously.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT EDDIE'S ROOM

Penza checks the room to make sure that Eddie is not at home. He goes through some of Eddie's things to look for something that might be useful.

As soon as he is confident that no one else is in the room. He pulls a package from under his jacket. Inside the package is a small C-4 charge with a detonator. He attaches it to the door jam next to the door knob.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICE LOS ANGELES

Dennis is on the phone with Eddie.

DENNIS

Where've you been?

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - MOVING

Eddie blasts down the freeway, his cellular phone to his ear.

EDDIE

Worried about me, little brother?

INTERCUT between Dennis's office and Eddie's car.

DENNIS

Dammit, Eddie. This is serious.

EDDIE

Look, Dennis, I don't have time for this right now. I'll meet you later for dinner.

Eddie hangs up.

DENNIS

Eddie! Eddie!

He realizes that Eddie has hung up.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Dammit! Shit!

He slams the phone down, jumps up, grabs his jacket, and leaves the office.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH

Alex, barefoot and dressed in loose-fitting clothes, and Xavier, who is similarly dressed, walk on the beach. Bodyguards walk a respectful distance behind them.

Alex walks in the surf, while Xavier stays out of the water.

XAVIAR

Alex, this is crazy. You are out of your mind.

ALEX

What are you talking about, Xavier?
We have the sun. The beautiful ocean.
Beautiful girls.

XAVIAR

Yeah, and every cop in the United
States looking for you.

ALEX

Why is everybody worrying about me?

Xavier flashes a shocked look.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Xavier, I don't fear death. I embrace
it. I cherish it. You see, unless
you accept the eventuality of death,
you can never truly enjoy life. I
think it's an honor to kill, or be
killed by, a worthy opponent.

EDDIE

Yeah, well I'm not too anxious to
die.

ALEX

Don't get me wrong; I don't want to
die. I'm just not afraid of it. My
dream is to die in a valiant battle.
Like General George S. Patton wanted.

XAVIAR

You stay out here like this, you
might just get your wish.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT LOBBY

Dennis saunters up to the front desk. Amy is at the desk
going through some paperwork.

AMY

Can I help you, sir?

DENNIS

Yes, is Eddie Malloy in?

Amy checks for the key.

AMY (CONT'D)

No, sir. He hasn't come back.
Somebody else came to see him too.

DENNIS

Who?

AMY

I don't know. He's was...

DENNIS

What was his name?

AMY

He didn't say.

DENNIS

How long ago?

AMY

Fifteen minutes.

DENNIS

Let me have the room key. I'm his brother.

AMY

I can't do that, sir.

Dennis flashes his badge.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I believe my brother may be in danger.
Now give me the key.

Amy hands the key to Dennis.

AMY (CONT'D)

Yes, sir.

Dennis takes the key and heads for the elevator. As soon as
Dennis is out of earshot, Amy gets on the phone.

AMY (CONT'D)

Security?

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

He enters the winding streets of the residential area of
Beverly Hills and sees nothing but beautiful houses and
estates hidden by massive gates and garden work.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS SHOPPING DISTRICT

Eddie parks near a famous store and gets out. He spies some
of the rich and beautiful. Nothing seems to be fitting into
place. Leaning against his car, he pulls out his cellular
phone and dials.

EDDIE

All right, little brother.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I admit it. I need you... What?...
I'm his brother. Where'd he go?
Thanks.

He hangs up and re-dials.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

This is Eddie Malloy. Has my brother
been there? Shit.

He closes the phone, throws it into the car, jumps in and
takes off into traffic.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS SIDE STREET

A police car waits at a traffic light.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

He sees the police car at the stop light, but does not slow
down.

EDDIE

Where's a cop when you don't need
him.

INT. POLICE CAR

Two police officers are engaged in a casual chat.

OFFICER ONE

I tried to convince her. She wouldn't
listen.

OFFICER TWO

She's too much trouble anyway. I'd
look for someone...

Eddie's car blasts down the street and he runs an AMBER light,
nearly clipping two pedestrians.

OFFICER TWO (CONT'D)

Jesus! You see that?

OFFICER ONE

Yeah. Light him up!

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY - MOVING

The police car throws on its reds and takes off after Eddie.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

He sees the police car closing in on him.

EDDIE

Welcome to the club, boys.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD

The police car maintains a two or three car-length distance as it negotiates traffic. Two other police vehicles join in the chase.

Eddie punches lights all the way, weaving in and out of traffic. The cops swerve to avoid the minor accidents Eddie has caused.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

Eddie's car pulls up in front of the Hollywood Roosevelt. He jumps out of the car and runs in the front door before any of the police vehicles get to him.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT LOBBY

Eddie runs through the lobby, checks to see that his brother is not there, then heads for the elevator.

EDDIE

Yo! Hold the elevator!

He slips into the elevator as the door is closing.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT ELEVATOR ONE

He presses number TWENTY-TWO. Other numbers are already pressed.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

One of the police vehicles finally gets to the front of the hotel. Officer One jumps out of his car with radio mike in hand. His partner does the same.

Officer One motions for other police vehicles to go around the rear of the building to cover possible routes of escape.

OFFICER ONE

This is One-Adam-Twenty-One. Suspect has entered the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel.

Officers One and Two, guns drawn, enter the hotel.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT LOBBY

The officers flood the lobby area with their guns at the ready, startling the hotel guests and workers.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HALLWAY

Dennis heads for Eddie's room, key in hand, ready to insert it into the lock. Behind him, two SECURITY GUARDS approach.

GUARD ONE

Excuse me. Hold it!

Dennis flashes his badge.

DENNIS

I'm F.B.I. This is my brother's room. I think he may be in trouble.

GUARD TWO

Look, unless you have a warrant, you can't go in there.

DENNIS

I can get a warrant. But I don't know if I have that much time.

GUARD ONE

Let's open it.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT ELEVATOR ONE

Eddie is frustrated by the frequent stops. The last person gets out of the elevator, and another tries to enter. He pushes them out.

EDDIE

Police emergency.

He presses the DOOR CLOSED button.

HOTEL GUEST

What the fuck!

As the door closes.

EDDIE

Wait for the next elevator.

HOTEL GUEST

Ass hole!

The door closes.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT ELEVATOR TWO

In the other elevator, police officers stop at each floor.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HALLWAY

Guard One places the key in the lock to Eddie's room. Dennis, waiting to one side, looks down and sees the strip of paper on the floor.

DENNIS

Stop!

Guard One opens the door, and the C-4 charge explodes, blowing Guard One back, killing him instantly and injuring both Dennis and Guard Two.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT ELEVATOR ONE

Eddie hears the EXPLOSION and becomes frantic and slams at the door.

EDDIE

Come on! God dammit!

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT ELEVATOR TWO

The sound of the EXPLOSION is faint, and almost does not sound like an explosion.

OFFICER ONE

You hear that?

OFFICER TWO

I think so. What was it?

OFFICER ONE

Sounded like a cherry bomb or something.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HALLWAY

Elevator One opens and Eddie quickly makes his way, gun in hand, towards his room.

As he turns the corner, he sees Dennis and the two guards on the floor. Eddie places his gun in his belt and goes to Dennis's aide. He takes Dennis in his arms.

EDDIE

Jesus Christ.

Other hotel guest come out of their rooms.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Call for help!

Dennis rolls over in Eddie's arms, opens his eyes and struggles to speak.

DENNIS

You're a dangerous guy to have in town.

EDDIE

Just getting you back for all those times you sneaked into my bedroom looking for my Playboys.

Dennis laughs a little, but holds up when his head and chest ache. Guard Two moans with the pain.

DENNIS

How are those two?

EDDIE

One's dead. The other's all right. He'll make it. I'm going to get help.

Eddie lays his brother down, takes off his jacket, and places it under his head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

As Eddie stands to go for help, Officers One and Two round the corner with their backup. They level their weapons at Eddie.

OFFICER ONE

Freeze! Hold it right there!

The officers see the devastation.

OFFICER TWO

What the fuck?

Officer One pulls his radio from its holster.

OFFICER ONE

This is One-Adam-Twenty-One requesting an ambulance and a supervisor to the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. Twentieth floor.

Officer Two goes to Eddie.

OFFICER TWO

Break out some I.D.

Officer Two sees Eddie's gun. He draws his own and trains it on Eddie, who instantly gets careful.

OFFICER TWO (CONT'D)

Gun, partner.

Officer One goes to Eddie and takes the pistol.

OFFICER ONE

Against the wall.

EDDIE

I'm a retired New York cop. I have a permit for the gun.

OFFICER TWO

We'll let the Captain check that out. Come on.

EDDIE

What about my brother?

OFFICER ONE

The paramedics'll take care of him. On your feet. Now!

DENNIS

It's all right, Eddie. I just have a headache. I'll square you with the "Captain" later.

EDDIE

All right. Take it easy.

INT. XAVIAR'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex walks to the bar and pours himself a drink. Senator Keating sits on the sofa. Jeffrey Cohen sits next to the Senator. Xavier enters and goes to Alex. He whispers to him.

XAVIAR

Luco missed.

ALEX

One moment, please, Senator.

Alex whispers.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Xavier, I can handle the rest of them. Malloy won't give up. Get him.

Xavier nods and exits.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Forgive the intrusion, Senator.

KEATING

It's no problem.

ALEX

I must tell you that I'm rather upset at what's happened. I was forced into a situation I did...

KEATING

I wasn't informed of your arrest in time, Mr. Corda. I would've taken care of things.

ALEX

But you didn't take care of things. Now I'm on the run. Wanted for murder. My people have heart attacks every time I go out for a little sun.

KEATING

Mr. Corda, we have places for you in the Islands. You'd be safe from extradition.

ALEX

I came from a fucking Island. If I wanted to go back there I would've done so. I want you to find a way to make this whole thing go away.

KEATING

That isn't going to be that easy, Mr Corda.

ALEX

Make it easy.

Alex gets another drink, and one for Keating. He hands Keating his drink and sits next to him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Remember, you came to us when it was obvious that you would not be returned to your seat in the Senate. We changed that for you.

KEATING

I appreciate that. And I've shown my appreciation.

ALEX

Yes, you have.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

And when you got caught with that fifteen year-old boy. Who kept it out of the papers, and made it disappear?

KEATING

Mr. Corda, ten cops were killed when they broke you out of that jail. There is no statute of limitations on murder. You know that. And cops have very long memories for their own.

ALEX

We have a plan. We want you to help us with it.

He goes to Keating.

JEFFREY COHEN

The only way we can think of to take the pressure off of Alex, and our organization, is to make it look like the break-out was really a kidnapping... an assassination attempt.

KEATING

That's crazy.

JEFFREY COHEN

Just crazy enough for people to believe it.

ALEX

If it comes from the right sources.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Officers One and Two stand guard over Eddie, who sits in a chair next to a desk.

Captain MARSHALL THOMPSON, a tough-looking black man in his late fifties, walks in from his office, but says nothing to Eddie.

EDDIE

Marshall Thompson. What're you doing out here?

THOMPSON

I was about to ask you the same question.

OFFICER ONE

You know him, Captain?

THOMPSON

Eddie and I go back a long way. Do me a favor, lose the cuffs.

Officer One removes cuffs.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

You guys can take care of the paperwork. I'd like to talk to Mr. Malloy alone.

OFFICER TWO

Yes, sir.

The two officers walk away shaking their heads.

THOMPSON

My office, Eddie.

EDDIE

Yes, daddy.

INT. POLICE STATION MARSHALL'S OFFICE

The two men enter. Marshall goes behind his desk.

THOMPSON

Take a seat.

Eddie sits across from him.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

No bullshit. Level with me. What the fuck've you gotten yourself into this time?

EDDIE

No bullshit?

THOMPSON

Come clean. Aren't you a little out of your jurisdiction?

EDDIE

I'm a bounty hunter now. Posse Comitatus. The country's my jurisdiction.

THOMPSON

Okay, so it's bullshit. Who are you after?

Eddie says nothing. Marshall looks serious.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Corda?

Eddie says nothing.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

You are an idiot.

Marshall goes to the "liquor cabinet" and retrieves a bottle of whiskey. He motions to Eddie, who declines. Marshall sits and pours himself a shot. He sips the drink.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

We all heard about your sister and the others. I'm sorry.

EDDIE

He had Marty Goldberg killed too.

THOMPSON

Uncle Marty's dead?

EDDIE

He was working on his books. He was shot fourteen times in the chest and head.

THOMPSON

Uncle Marty helped me when no one else would. He put a good word in for me when I applied to the department. I don't think I would've gotten in if it hadn't been for him.

EDDIE

Well, he's gone. And Corda's responsible for all of this shit.

THOMPSON

This is the moment when I'm supposed to tell you that the police department in this city is going to get him, and for you to stay out of it. So... be careful, will ya?

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

Marshal and Eddie walk to the elevators.

THOMPSON

You look tired.

Nods and sighs.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Why don't you relax tonight?

Eddie presses the elevator button.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I intend to. As soon as I see my brother.

THOMPSON

What makes you so sure Corda's in this area?

EDDIE

There's a room missing in the Roosevelt Hotel.

THOMPSON

If you need any help, you know where to call.

They shake hands as the elevator door opens.

EDDIE

Thanks.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Luco Penza goes up to a motorcycle gang parked on the side of the street across from the Chinese Theater. A bearded, tough-looking biker, KNIFE, sits on his HOG. A beautiful YOUNG GIRL sits behind him.

PENZA

Knife, I gotta talk to you.

They shake hands.

KNIFE

Hey, Luco, how you doing, man? Bitch, get lost.

The girl leaves as Luco hands him a photograph. Knife looks at it. It's Eddie.

PENZA

He's staying at the Roosevelt.

Knife looks at the Roosevelt Hotel on the next block. Knife stuffs the photograph into his pocket.

PENZA (CONT'D)

Our friend needs a favor.

KNIFE

You want this guy ugly?

Penza nods.

KNIFE (CONT'D)

How ugly?

Luco hands him cash.

KNIFE (CONT'D)

That ugly?

They shake hands.

PENZA

Muchas gracias, amigo.

INT. LAX CONCOURSE

Senator Keating walks through the concourse, attempting to avoid detection. A comely reporter, KAREN QUINTOS, and her CAMERAMAN, approach from the other direction.

The Cameraman sees the Senator and stops short. The Reporter nearly runs him over.

QUINTOS

Jesus! Forget where you're going?

CAMERAMAN

Isn't that Senator Keating?

QUINTOS

Yeah, it is.

CAMERAMAN

What's a senator from New York doing in L.A.?

QUINTOS

I don't know, but I want to find out.

They run up to the Senator. Doug rolls his camera.

QUINTOS (CONT'D)

Senator Keating, I'm Karen Quintos, KTLA. Could I ask you a few questions?

KEATING

I really don't have time for any question right now. I have a plane to catch.

QUINTOS

It'll only take a moment, Senator.

KEATING

I don't have a moment.

QUINTOS

The Senate is considering a very important education appropriations bill. What are you doing in L.A.? Why aren't you in Washington?

KEATING

If you must know, Miss Quintos, I had a very important meeting with a person who wishes to remain anonymous. Do you know what that word means? Have a nice day.

The GATE ATTENDANT at the gate ANNOUNCES the flight.

GATE ATTENDANT (V.O.)

USAir, flight five-two-one, non-stop to Dulles International Airport, now boarding at Gate Seventy-One.

Karen and her cameraman stand with miffed looks on their faces.

INT. DENNIS'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Dennis watches the scene on the news on his television.

KEATING (V.O.)

I have to go. My flight is boarding.

QUINTOS (V.O.)

One more question.

KEATING (V.O.)

No more questions. I have to go.

Keating forces his way through the group of passengers waiting to board the plane and enters the concourse.

QUINTOS (V.O.)

Not much information from a man who usually can't be shut up. I'm Karen Quintos at L.A.X., for KTLA news.

Dennis turns the sound down and picks up the phone and dials.

DENNIS

Hey, big brother.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

Eddie is on his car phone, driving down Hollywood Blvd, near Laurel Canyon.

EDDIE

How's your head?

INTERCUT between Eddie's car and Dennis's hospital room.

DENNIS

Advil does wonders. Listen, I just saw a news report. Senator Bill Keating from New York just left on a flight out of L.A.X.

EDDIE

Washington's very busy these days and our playboy Senator's on a romp in L.A.

DENNIS

Exactly.

EDDIE

I think it's about time I looked into our prodigal Senator.

DENNIS

I have a computer in my house. Why don't you put that computer course of yours to work. It's linked into the F.B.I., C.I.A., N.C.I.C. and most government and law enforcement databases. See what you can find.

EDDIE

Thanks. I'll do that. Be around tomorrow to see you.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Eddie's car drives past the Hollywood Roosevelt and down Orange towards the Valet Parking.

Knife signals to the other gang members involved in the hit. They all spring up and head off down Orange with Knife.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT VALET PARKING

Eddie's car pulls into the parking lot and up to the hotel entrance. Eddie gets out. He hands the keys to the VALET, who is Mexican and speaks with a slight accent.

EDDIE

You think I missed the last show at the Chinese Theater?

VALLET

No, sir. They have a late show on Saturday. Starts at Eleven O'clock.

EDDIE

Thank you.

Eddie heads into the hotel, just as... Knife and one of his boys stick their head around the corner.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT FRONT DESK

Eddie saunters up to the front desk, where Amy is at her post.

AMY

Mr. Malloy. I didn't know. I'm very sorry about...

EDDIE

Don't worry about it.

AMY

The manager told me to put you in a suite for your trouble.

EDDIE

Thanks. I want you to do me a favor.

From the back stairs, Knife enters. He stops as he comes within sight of the front desk. He stares at Eddie.

AMY

Sure.

EDDIE

I don't want anyone to know what room I'm in. No messages in my box. Nothing. Phone calls are okay.

AMY

Yes, sir.

Eddie hands her a tip. She smile as she accepts it.

AMY (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir.

Eddie heads for the front door.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

Eddie, after surveying the area to make sure he wasn't followed, heads across the street to the Chinese Theater.

On the other side of the street, Eddie looks at the featured films at the theater. One of them is a Jean Claude Van Damme film. He smiles, then walks on.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MOVING

A limousine, with four support vehicles, cruises down the highway with the Pacific Ocean in the b.g.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING

Geraldo sits next to his brother, who fondles a beautiful blonde bimbo, MARNY. Geraldo does not look pleased.

GERALDO

You are going to give me a heart attack.

ALEX

What are you talking?

GERALDO

That stunt on the beach was one thing. But having Keating come out here? Now he's all over the news!

ALEX

Who's going to associate him with us?

GERALDO

Have you gone loco? A U.S. Senator from New York comes to California by himself. He sees no one. Visits no tourist places. Then just flies home.

ALEX

So what's the problem with that?

GERALDO

Some bitch reporter was at the airport covering some story about retired pilots. She questioned him. His face is all over the news.

EXT. CLUB LA ZORRA - ESTABLISHING

Patron line up outside the club, hoping to get in. The limousine and the other vehicles roll down the street and around the corner.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Marny is off to one side as Alex and his brother go head to head.

GERALDO

Now you want to go dancing? There are going to be five hundred people in there.

ALEX

I have to get out! Have some fun!

GERALDO

Having fun in public is how Malloy got you in the first place.

ALEX

Marny came all the way from Miami to see me.

She smiles a dumb smile. Geraldo shakes his head.

GERALDO

You've only been here less than a week! The heat is still on!

ALEX

Geraldo, no one would ever think to look for me down here! In public. It's the last thing they'd suspect.

The limousine stops.

GERALDO

You're out of your mind. And you'll probably get both of us killed.

MARNY

Are we going in?

The two brothers look at each other. Alex pretends to knock on her head.

ALEX

Completely brain dead. Nothing gets in. Nothing gets out.

GERALDO

Now I know why you feel safe around her.

EXT. SIDE STREET

As the bodyguards fall out of the support vehicles, and surround Alex as if he were the President of the United States, the CHAUFFEUR opens the door. Alex, Geraldo and Marny get out of car and head in the back door to the club.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER COURTYARD

Eddie walks out of the theater shaking his head. He walks up to Sylvester Stallone's wax statue.

EDDIE

I can't believe that guy makes movies.
I could make a better flick than that.

Eddie crosses Hollywood Boulevard and heads back to the hotel.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

On the other side of the street, Knife and three of his buddies attempt to not give themselves away, but...

Eddie picks up on them right away. When he gets to the front door, he finds a sign on the door which reads: FRONT DOOR CLOSED AFTER 12:00 PM. He toward the corner, fully aware that the bad guys are coming.

EXT. ORANGE STREET

On Orange Street, two bad guys, Knife and BIKER ONE, follow Eddie. Two more walk towards him from the Valet Parking and he diverts into the middle of the street to get more room.

KNIFE

Hey, tough guy. You been fucking with a friend of ours. We don't like that.

EDDIE

I'm sorry I ruined your day.

KNIFE

You got it wrong. We're going to ruin your day.

One by one, the thugs attack. With relative ease, Eddie wipes them all out with the exception of Knife who is still alive.

Eddie moves toward him, and Knife jumps to his feet and heads down the street at a fair clip. Eddie takes off after him. Knife gets to his cycle and opens the saddlebag.

EDDIE

That better be a ham sandwich you're reaching for, pal, cause you're going to eat it.

Knife pulls out a large Bowie knife and prepare to attack Eddie.

KNIFE

I shoul'da brought this in the first place, fucko.

Knife attempts a few slashes with the knife, but Eddie is in no mood. He quickly tears Knife apart, then leaves him to die in the street.

INT. CLUB LA ZORRA

Alex and Marny dance together, while Geraldo, who looks worried, and Xavier watch from a table at one end of the club. The waiter, Julio, places drinks on the table in front of Geraldo and Xavier.

He looks long and hard at them, then he looks back at Alex, dancing with his girl. He spills the drinks a little, angering Geraldo.

GERALDO

Hey, just serve the fucking drinks, and get back to work.

JULIO

Sorry, sir.

Julio leaves and heads for the kitchen.

GERALDO

If all the cops did their jobs like that waiter does his, we'd have nothing to worry about.

XAVIAR

We have nothing to worry about, cousin. This is my place. No one gets in here I don't know about it.

On the dance floor, Alex dances as if he had not a care in the world. All around him are the bodyguards, who try to blend in with the crowd.

GERALDO

I wish I could feel as confident as you.

INT. CLUB LA ZORRA KITCHEN

Julio walks through the kitchen nervously, heading for the back door, as the cooks go about their business without paying attention to him.

EXT. ORANGE STREET

Eddie heads towards the Valet Parking, leaving the four bikers laying in the street.

EXT. CLUB LA ZORRA SIDE STREET

Julio exits via the rear door of the club and into the midst of the line of cars Alex and his bodyguards came in. The chauffeurs stare at him as he heads out of the side street.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

Julio goes to a pay phone, looks around to make sure he has not been followed, then inserts a coin and dials.

INT. AIKIDO DOJO

Kaely teaches a class when the phone RINGS. Kaely motions for one of the senior students to take over the class as he answers it then heads for the office.

INT. AIKIDO DOJO OFFICE

Kaely picks up the RINGING phone. INTERCUT between the PAY PHONE and the OFFICE. Julio seems very nervous.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Come on. Come on.

KAELY

Aikido Arts of Self Defense. How can I help you?

JULIO

Sensei, it's Julio.

KAELY

What's wrong?

JULIO

That guy you were talking about after class, Alejandro Corda.

KAELY

What about him?

JULIO

He's here, Sensei.

KAELY

Where are you, Julio?

One of the bodyguards, ZITO, a huge, hulk of a man, comes up from behind Julio and hangs the phone up and takes control of him.

BODYGUARD

Shouldn't make phone calls on company time.

INT. AIKIDO DOJO OFFICE

Kaely taps the phone a few times.

KAELY

Julio? Julio, are you there? Shit.

She dials the phone.

KAELY (CONT'D)

Hello, I'd like to leave a message for Eddie Malloy.

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT LOBBY

Eddie heads for the desk.

EDDIE

Any messages for me?

AMY

Yes, Mr. Malloy. Someone named Kaely called you. Said it was urgent.

Eddie becomes instantly concerned.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Eddie walks to the pay phone near the stairs to the Mezzanine Level. He punches in Kaely's number and his phone card number.

KAELY (V.O.)

Aikido and Self...

EDDIE

I know who I called, Kaely. What's up?

INTERCUT between the dojo and the hotel. Kaely has his street clothes on, but the class continues in the b.g.

KAELY

Eddie, thank god you called.

EDDIE

Calm down. Talk to me.

KAELY

One of my students, Julio, just called me. He said he saw Alejandro Corda.

EDDIE

Where?

KAELY

I don't know, exactly. The phone went dead. He's supposed to be at work tonight.

EXT. EDDIE'S CAR - MOVING

The car travels down the freeway.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Where's he work?

KAELY (V.O.)

Club La Zorra in Santa Monica. It's a deal I made with... I'll meet you there.

EDDIE (V.O.)

You stay put.

KAELY (V.O.)

Bullshit!

EXT. CLUB LA ZORRA SIDE STREET

Zito drags the protesting Julio into the side street. The chauffeur standing next to the limousine stands straight up.

CHAUFFEUR

Yo, Zito, Que Paso?

ZITO

Caught the little fuck talking to someone on the phone down the block. I think it was cop or something.

CHAUFFEUR

Mr. Corda's not going to like this.

JULIO

Fuck you!

Julio uses his Aikido to temporarily throw the two men around. Julio does pretty well until Luco comes up from behind him, and hits him with a club. The bodyguards and chauffeurs are shocked. The Chauffeur checks Julio.

CHAUFFEUR

He's dead.

ZITO

Luco, are you fucking crazy?

PENZA

Let's just get out of here. I'll go get Mr. Corda.

Luco enters the club as Zito and The Chauffeur drag the body off to one side.

INT. CLUB LA ZORRA PHONE BOOTHS

Luco goes up to Geraldo and whispers in his ear. Geraldo jumps to his feet and motions for everyone to clear out. Bodyguards immediately go to Alex and whisk him and Marny away.

EXT. SIDE STREET

With Julio's body stuffed near a dumpster, Alex, his brother, Marny, and the bodyguards get into the limousines and support cars and take off. As soon as they leave, a WAITER exits the kitchen and he sees the body.

WAITER

Holy shit!

He rushes back inside.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

Eddie races down Sunset Boulevard.

INT. KAEELY'S CAR

Concern stretched across her face, she races towards Club La Zorra.

INT. POLICE CAR

Two officers cruise the Pacific Coast Highway.

S.A.P.D. DISPATCH (V.O.)

One-Baker-Three, see the man.
Possible assault. Side street behind
Club La Zorra. Handle, Code Three.

The OFFICER picks up the mike.

S.A.P.D. OFFICER ONE

One-Baker-Three, Roger.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY NEAR SANTA MONICA

The police car's lights and sirens go on, and the vehicle makes a U-Turn.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

Alex's convoy blasts north on the Pacific Coast Highway and passes Sunset Boulevard just as the light changes and Eddie makes the turn from Sunset onto the Pacific Coast Highway.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

He looks at the entourage and notes the license plate number on one of the cars.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

At the entrance to the side street on the side of Club La Zorra, police vehicles park with their lights still flashing. Officers mill about, controlling the crowds which have accumulated.

Eddie's car pulls up to the curb and he goes up to an officer standing near the opening of the alley.

EDDIE

What happened here?

S.A.P.D. OFFICER TWO

Who wants to know?

Eddie flashes his retired officer's badge.

S.A.P.D. OFFICER TWO (CONT'D)

Some guy got clubbed to death in the alley. A waiter.

EDDIE

I might be able to I.D. him.

EXT. CLUB LA ZORRA SIDE STREET

Eddie follows S.M.P.D Officer Two to Julio's body. They pull back the sheet.

S.A.P.D. OFFICER TWO

Know him?

EDDIE

His name's Julio Salvano.

S.A.P.D. OFFICER TWO

Related to you?

EDDIE

Just an acquaintance.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

As Eddie exits the alley, Kaely drives up. She jumps from his car. Eddie goes to her.

KAELY

Eddie, what happened?

Eddie leads her away from the scene.

EDDIE

Come with me.

KAELY

He's dead. Isn't he?

Eddie nods. Kaely tries to accept the reality.

KAELY (CONT'D)

He was a good kid, Eddie. I got him out of the gangs. He was in the right direction. Working... Going to college... Taking care of his family.

EDDIE

He saw what he wasn't supposed to see. That's how Corda works. You see the wrong thing, you disappear.

KAELY

I'm going to make Corda disappear.

EDDIE

You don't understand these people
the way I do.

KAELY

And you don't know L.A. the way I
do.

Tries to raise his own spirit.

KAELY (CONT'D)

You even look like a tourist.

EDDIE

You don't like my clothes?

KAELY

It doesn't matter. Let's work
together, Sensei.

INT. XAVIAR'S LIVING ROOM

Alex, who looks completely un-thrilled though still
maintaining a certain amount of control, stands in the middle
of the floor. Geraldo, Luco, Xavier, Zito and the bodyguards,
sit and/or stand around him. All of them look nervous.

ALEX

Why don't one of you enlighten me.
What happened to ruin my wonderful
evening?

PENZA

Mr. Corda...

ALEX

Ah, the guilty party I suppose?

PENZA

Look, all I saw was some little shit
beating the shit out of Zito.

ZITO

He wasn't beating the shit...

ALEX

Shut up! Who was this corpse?

XAVIAR

He's one of my waiters, Julio Salvano.

ZITO

Mr. Corda, I found him talking on the pay phone down the corner. It sounded like he was talking to a cop.

GERALDO

If anyone talks about you being in that club to...

ALEX

Stop nagging me, Geraldo. We have to move out of here. It's too dangerous here now.

GERALDO

Where will we go?

ALEX

Get packed. We'll decide on the way. Everybody out.

The group leaves, except Geraldo.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

Geraldo closes the door as Alex takes off his jacket.

GERALDO

This is your fault, Alex.

ALEX

What the fuck are talking...

GERALDO

You know what I'm talking about. You had to go out! You had to have a good time!

INT. XAVIAR'S HALLWAY

Like little snickering children listening to their parents fighting, Luco, Zito and Xavier stand outside the door.

LIVING ROOM

Alex pours a drink.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You're the one who hired Luco. He's your man!

Alex downs his drink.

GERALDO

If we hadn't been at the club, you wouldn't have been seen. Luco wouldn't have had to kill someone.

Alex throw the glass to ground.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Who the fuck do you think you are?

GERALDO

I'm your brother! I'm your partner!

ALEX

I don't have any partners! This is my organization! No one questions me! Now get the hell out of here and do what I told you!

GERALDO

Fuck you!

Alex belts him in the mouth and knocks him to the floor.

ALEX

Now get the fuck out! We leave in the morning.

With subservience and shock in his eyes, Geraldo touches the blood that flows from his mouth.

INT. DENNIS'S HOME OFFICE

Eddie, who looks exhausted but alert, sits at Dennis's computer. Kaely sleeps on the sofa behind him.

EDDIE

Damn!

Kaely is startled awake.

KAELY (CONT'D)

What happened?

EDDIE

I can't find anything. I know that a lot of phone calls came to L.A. from Corda's numbers in New York. Wait a minute.

Kaely comes closer.

KAELY

Find something?

EDDIE

A prefix.

He taps a few keys.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Malibu. Look how many calls to
Malibu.

Kaely wipes the sleep from his eyes as he tries to focus on
the screen.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I count over fifteen to this number
in Malibu, and then... another four
or five to this number in Santa
Monica.

Eddie stares at the screen for a moment.

KAELY

Okay, I give up. Who is on the other
end of the two numbers?

Eddie taps a few keys.

EDDIE

Let's find out.

The screen flashes a prompt: SEARCHING.

EXT. XAVIAR CORDA'S HOUSE

Limousines and support vehicles line the driveway. Zito
Luco and the other bodyguards stand near the cars.

INT. XAVIAR CORDA'S DEN

Alex enters from the patio. Geraldo, with a fat lip, stands
in front of him.

ALEX

I would've liked to see the sun once
more from the point.

Geraldo does not look interested.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I don't know what to say, brother.
Lot of pressure. You know. I'm
sorry. I shouldn't have...

Geraldo softens.

GERALDO (CONT'D)

Forget it.

ALEX

I get hot-headed, and I forget that you are chief of security. I should listen to you... Partner.

Alex embraces his brother. There are tears in Geraldo's eyes.

GERALDO

Listen to me now, partner. Get in the limo. Vamos.

Alex smiles broadly.

INT. DENNIS'S HOME OFFICE

Soon, the address of the safe-house appears. The two of them stare intently at the screen.

KAELY

Now that's interesting.

EDDIE

And I always made fun of my brother being a Fed. I've done more detective work in the last five hours than I could've done in five weeks on the streets.

KAELY

Your brother always was smarter...

Another entry appears on the screen.

EDDIE

That's enough. Look what we got here.

KAELY

I thought these guys never put their names on anything.

EDDIE

Well, Xavier Corda fucked up now. Splash some water on your face.

KAELY

Where we going?

EDDIE

See a dead man.

He puts his arm around Kaely's shoulder and leads him out of the room.

EXT. XAVIAR CORDA'S HOUSE DRIVEWAY

The bodyguards perk up as soon as Alex and Geraldo exit the house.

ALEX

Get in the fucking car! Move it!
Zito, get the door.

Zito opens the door and the two brother get in. As soon as Zito gets in the car, the convoy takes off.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

The car blasts down Sunset Boulevard Loud Rock `n Roll BLARES from the stereo. Eddie rocks.

KAELY

What's with the music?

EDDIE

I've been up all night! I need something to keep me up!

KAELY

Haven't you ever heard of coffee?

INT. CORDA'S LIMOUSINE

Geraldo pours some coffee for Alex, who stares blankly out the window, and himself.

ALEX

Thank you.

GERALDO

The two shipments... Do you think it's wise to do it now?

Alex is not really interested in business.

ALEX

They'll never expect us to do it now, under the circumstances. It's the perfect time. Don't worry it.

The car phone RINGS. Geraldo picks it up.

GERALDO

Hello? Yeah. About ten minutes. We have to stop at the club to pick up Xavier. He's sanitizing the place.

ALEX

All right. Call Zito.

Xavier picks up the phone.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

The convoy rolls down the street, past Sunset Boulevard, as surfers head for the beach before the sunrise.

As the convoy passes through the intersection, Eddie's car rolls to a stop at the light.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

Both Eddie and Kaely stare at the long procession of black cars.

KAELY

Now that's interesting.

EDDIE

You said it.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

The light changes, and Eddie's car pulls ahead towards the convoy.

INT. CLUB LA ZORRA

Geraldo and Xavier, along with some of the bodyguards, stand in the empty club with boxes of papers and computer disks.

Alex enters with anger and impatience in his eyes.

ALEX

What the fuck is going on here?

GERALDO

Coño, mange, I told you stay in the car.

ALEX

I watched two reruns of MASH waiting for you.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR

The car is parked across the street from the club.

KAELY

What's taking so long?

EDDIE

The sun'll be up soon. We have to make a move.

He reaches into the back seat, pulls out a small, nylon satchel and unzips it. Inside is a small cache of automatic pistols and extra clips. Kaely looks in.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Remember how to use one of these?

KAELY

Shouldn't we call a cop?

EDDIE

Too many cops been killed already. This is personal.

Beads of sweat form on Kaely's forehead.

KAELY

I really get nervous when people use clichés in situations like this.

Eddie hands her a pistol and several clips, but does not let go.

EDDIE

If you don't want in, say it now. I won't hold it against you.

KAELY

This is probably the stupidest thing I've ever done in my entire life, since I met you, but... A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

EDDIE

I really get nervous when people use clichés in situations like this.

Eddie smiles. He and Kaely both break into nervous laughter. Eddie looks over at a phone booth on the corner.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Kaely, stay here.

Eddie gets out of the car.

INT. CLUB LA ZORRA

Geraldo and Xavier gather the papers and computer disks together.

XAVIAR

I think that's everything.

GERALDO

You sure?

ALEX

Make sure.

Geraldo and Xavier raise their eyebrows. They turn and go back to make sure.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

Eddie dials the phone.

EDDIE

I'd like to leave a message for
Captain Thompson... He's there?
Put him on.

INT. CLUB LA ZORRA

Growing bored waiting, Alex walks towards the door.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CLUB

Alex exits the club and takes a deep breath as the bodyguards slowly surround him.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE

Marshall Thompson picks up the phone. INTERCUT between office and phone booth.

THOMPSON

Start talking, Eddie.

EDDIE

What are you doing up so early, Marsh?

THOMPSON

No bullshit, Eddie. What's going
on?

EDDIE

Just wanted to let you know that I
found what I was looking for, and
the sun's rising early today.

THOMPSON

Don't get stupid, Eddie.

EDDIE

I'd love to stay and chat, but I'm on a schedule. I'm going to leave this phone off the hook so you can trace the call.

Eddie drops the receiver, which dangles at the end of the cord, and heads back to the car.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

Eddie! Eddie! God damn it!

Eddie walks back to the car, checking his pistol as he goes. He looks down the street and sees Alex standing in front of the club. Eddie picks up his pace towards his car and Kaely.

EDDIE

Wake up, Kaely. Party's about to begin.

Reluctantly, Kaely gets out of the car.

KAELY

Well that's the best news I've heard today.

Alex, with ten bodyguards in tow, heads across the street towards SANTA MONICA PIER. Eddie and Kaely, guns in hand, taking care to stay in the shadows and out of sight, follow them.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER

Alex and his group enter the pier and head towards the end.

PENZA

I should've stayed and made sure it was done right.

Behind a building, Eddie and Kaely eves drop on Alex.

ALEX

Live and learn, Luco. I make mistakes all the time. I just try not to make too many of the same ones twice.

Eddie pops out of the shadows with his gun pointed at Alex.

EDDIE

Wrong again, mother fucker!

All the bodyguards freeze in shock. Luco steps in front of Alex to protect him, as Eddie fires his pistol and hits luco square in the chest.

Eddie continues firing at the other bodyguards who have unholstered their weapons. Four other bodyguards are fatally wounded. Alex, with gun in hand, heads towards the end of the Pier.

The bodyguards take cover and return fire. Kaely pops up and fires at the bodyguards hitting three more before he is forced to take cover.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CLUB

The rest of the bodyguards hear the SHOTS. One of them, BODYGUARD ONE, goes into the club while the others, with guns drawn, head for the pier.

INT. CLUB LA ZORRA

Bodyguard One, who speaks in SPANISH, runs to Geraldo and Xavier, who have not heard the shooting. They all reply in Spanish.

BODYGUARD ONE

They're shooting on the pier! Come on!

GERALDO

Where's Alex?

BODYGUARD ONE

He went to the pier.

GERALDO

Fuck! Vamos!

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER

Both sides have taken cover, and civilians have left the pier altogether. Sporadic gunfire SHATTERS the night and the sides of some of the buildings on the Pier.

Behind a building, Eddie sees that the other five bodyguards are heading towards the pier.

Eddie motions for Kaely to head those entering the Pier off. Kaely jumps up and, using the buildings as cover, heads for the entrance of the Pier.

Eddie kills three more of the bodyguards, and tries to advance his position.

ENTRANCE TO PIER

The remaining two bodyguards try to force Alex further back onto the Pier.

Kaely jumps up and snap-fires at the...

Five body guards at the entrance to the Pier, instantly killing them.

Geraldo, Xavier and Bodyguard One are on the heels of the other bodyguards. Bodyguard One attempts to fire, but his chest opens up by...

Kaely, who empties her clip into him. Like a tigress, she closes the distance to where the stunned Geraldo and Xavier attempt to get their weapons reloaded. With all six levels of her black belt, she tears into them.

GERALDO

Fucking bitch!

MID-PIER

Alex and his remaining two bodyguards head towards the end of the Pier.

Both Alex his men, and Eddie hopscotch from building to building, trading and avoiding gunfire as they go. Frantically, Alex turns to bodyguards.

ALEX

I'm out of ammo!

One of the bodyguards fiddles with a clip and drops it into the ocean just as...

BODYGUARD

Take my gun, boss.

Alex grabs the gun from the bodyguard's hand and takes cover.

Eddie fires his last round into the Bodyguard, killing him instantly and blasting his body into another Bodyguard, knocking him down.

ENTRANCE TO PIER

Kaely tosses the limp body of Xavier over the edge of the Pier, then turns her attention to Geraldo, who has picked up a pipe.

Kaely picks up his own pipe, and she and Geraldo stalk each other, twirling the pipes around like staffs. They clash a few times. Neither one gains advantage for a moment. Then she smacks him in the head, knocking him back to the rail.

KAELY

Who's the bitch now?

MID-PIER

Alex heads for the end of the Pier as...

Eddie moves toward the bodyguards. The live one has extricated himself from the other and has pull the other one's gun from his hand just as...

Eddie arrives, knocks the gun out of the bodyguard's hand and slams him against the wall of one of the buildings.

The bodyguard throws a punch, which Eddie deflects. He slams the guy to the ground.

Eddie sees Alex running toward the end. Bystanders make way for Alex as they see he has a gun.

Eddie turns to find a fist in his face, and he is knocked to the ground. He clears his head just in time to deflect an incoming kick.

He knocks the bodyguard to the ground, and breaks his leg, then grabs him by the head and twists his neck, breaking it. Eddie takes the other bodyguard's gun and checks it. It is empty. He checks for extra clips, but there are none.

He drops the gun, stands up and looks toward the entrance of the Pier. He sees Kaely and Geraldo fighting. He then heads toward Alex.

ENTRANCE TO PIER

Kaely and Geraldo continue sparring. Geraldo knocks the pipe from Kaely's hand and goes wild trying to kill her. Kaely evades the attacks by moving over and under obstacles on the Pier.

END OF PIER

With people trying to avoid getting in the way, Eddie heads for Alex, who is doing his best to get away from Eddie. He gets to the end of the Pier and goes to the lower level.

LOWER LEVEL OF PIER

There is nothing but ocean in front of him as he turns and finds...

Eddie taking aim at him. Alex ducks away and fires most of the clip at...

Eddie, who avoids getting shot, but just barely. He recovers and slowly makes his way for the steps to the lower level.

Alex crouches in a firing position, aiming toward the stairs.

Alex picks up a stone from the ground and inches his way to the steps. Sweat pours from Alex as he waits for Eddie.

EDDIE

Hello, Alex. How ya doing, buddy?

Alex struggles to get the words out.

ALEX

I just fine, you fucking maricone.

EDDIE

Hate to enlighten you, Alex, or do I call you Allie?

ALEX

Alex will be fine.

EDDIE

Okay, Alex, time to pay.

ENTRANCE TO PIER

Police sirens BLARE in the distance, Kaely and Geraldo continue their battle. KAELY is on the ground. She has another pipe in her hand, and is fending off violent slashing attacks from Geraldo.

After several clanging hits on the pipe, Geraldo gets too close, and...

Kaely drives her foot into Geraldo's groin, dropping him instantly. Kaely gets up and begins dismantling Geraldo, bit by bit as the SIRENS get closer.

Geraldo attempts to defend himself, but finally, Kaely drives his near-exhausted body onto the end of a pipe. The pipe goes right through Geraldo's chest, killing him.

Police officer exits their cars and head for the Pier as Kaely heads for the end of the Pier.

LOWER LEVEL OF PIER

Eddie is about to make his move. With lightening speed, he launches one of the stones at Alex, hitting him in the hand, knocking the gun to the ground, nearly off the Pier.

MID-PIER

Kaely runs as fast as she can toward the end of the Pier. She sees the bodies that litter the place.

LOWER LEVEL OF PIER

In an instant, Eddie is on Alex. The fight begins almost evenly. Neither one gains advantage as Kaely comes to the top of the steps.

KAELY

Eddie!

Eddie, distracted, turns around just long enough for Alex to see the gun on the ground and reach for it. He is up with the gun before Eddie has a chance to react.

ALEX

Now what you gonna do, big man? You think you're so tough now?

Slowly, Alex's moves closer to Eddie.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Once, long ago, I made you an offer. Blood or money. What did you take, asshole?

Eddie slaps the gun to the side, controls it, forces Alex to one knee, and aims the pistol right at his face.

EDDIE

Blood.

ALEX

No!

Eddie, his finger on Alex's finger, which is still on the trigger, pulls the trigger, blowing a chunk of Alex's head off.

As Alex's blood pours over into the water, a load of uniform police swarm the area. The officers YELL, AD LIB for Eddie to freeze and to put his hands in the air.

MIDDLE OF PIER

Officers march Eddie, handcuffed, to a very un-thrilled Marshall Thompson.

EDDIE

Hello, Marsh.

THOMPSON

Eddie...

He looks at the cuffs.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Get those things off him!

The officers complies and Marshall takes Eddie aside.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

You have a lot of explaining to do,
buddy.

EDDIE

I was just defending myself.

THOMPSON

Do me a favor. After this is all
over, get out of L.A. and stay out.

They both struggle not to smile, but slight ones break through
anyway. They both head towards the entrance to the Pier as
the officers secure the scene.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Do you know the paperwork I'm going
to have to do on this? The
explaining?

EDDIE

You love paperwork.

THOMPSON

You gonna help me?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Eddie stands over his sister's grave. Dennis, with his arm
in a sling, stands to his left. They are both almost overcome
with emotion.

EDDIE

I don't want this to get all sappy,
sis. I just wanted to tell you that
I got... I love you.

He lays a bundle of flowers on the grave. He and Dennis
embrace, nearly in tears, and head towards a waiting police
car.

FADE OUT.