

Flawed

By

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A dectective is caught up in an ethical conundrum after he realizes no action being taken as murder crimes by gangs and mob bosses operating in the city increase. Using an alias, he proceeds the only way how he knows to stop the spiralling events; which is eliminating the root of the problem.

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INT. PASSENGER PLANE COCKPIT. AIRBORNE. MIAMI - LATE
AFTERNOON

1

A PLANE approaches the airport. Two pilots in the cockpit.
DEREK OLDEN, a pilot in his late-20's looks out the window.
His co-pilot, REES, 30, works on the controls.

DEREK OLDEN

(to Rees)

We are just on time. You still
remember what happened last time
don't you?

REES

I know. We were lucky that time.
The freight officials were on us.
They were becoming too suspicious.

DEREK OLDEN

I'm out of the business now.
Everything from here on will be
straight up and clean. No more
cutting corners. I won't deal with
those guys anymore.

REES

We'll see. You always say that.

DEREK OLDEN

Whatever man.

REES

Okay. Lets get ready to land.

DEREK OLDEN

Are you the captain... or am I?

REES

Just make the damn announcement.

Derek signals thumbs up to Rees. He picks up the radio.

DEREK OLDEN

(over the radio)

Ladies and gentlemen... this is
your captain speaking. Could you
please return to your seats. Make
sure your seats are in the landing
position and fasten your seat belts
as we prepare to land. On behalf of
All-Air... welcome to Miami. Thank
you.

Rees smiles at Derek -- shakes his head.

REES

Can you ever be serious? How did you get this job anyway?

DEREK OLDEN

It's very much up for public debate and interpretation.

Rees looks down the runway.

REES

Lets bring this baby down shall we?

SHOT: THE PLANE APPROACHES THE RUNWAY -- TOUCHES DOWN.

EXT. ARRIVALS TAXI RANK. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

2

Derek and Rees wait by the taxi point. Two TAXICABS approach and stop in front of them.

DEREK OLDEN

So when are we flying out next?

Derek and Rees pick their bags -- head for the Taxis.

REES

Are you being serious. Do you seriously not have a clue?

DEREK OLDEN

It's just been hectic the past couple of days that's all.

REES

Just call me when you get home alright. I'll send you over the schedule.

DEREK OLDEN

You're the man. That's why I love you.

Derek hugs Rees. He pushes him away jokily.

REES

Hey. Keep your distance. We're in public.

DEREK OLDEN

You know you really want to though.

REES

Seriously though. Think about what I said. Those guys are not to be messed with.

DEREK OLDEN

I told you it's over. I'm not into that kind of stuff anymore. Tell your wife I said hello by the way.

REES

You can tell her yourself this weekend. I was thinking of having a weekend get-together if you and Mel are up for it? We can have a couples getaway to chill out.

DEREK OLDEN

Are you still in high school? Don't you know that when you decided to get married there is no more fun involved? It's just pain and misery.

REES

There's always divorce. Anyways... we have no kids to take care of.

DEREK OLDEN

You need serious help you know that?

REES

Look who's saying.
(enters a Taxi)
I'll talk to you later.

DEREK OLDEN

Later then.

They get into different Taxis and they drive off.

INT. CAR PARK. CITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS - LATER

3

A Taxi pulls to the side. Derek jumps out. He walks up to TAXI DRIVER#1's window -- KNOCKS on the window. Taxi Driver lowers the window.

DEREK OLDEN

You are too trusting. Has someone ever run for it without paying?

TAXI DRIVER #1
It happens a couple of times.

DEREK OLDEN
So why let me out before I had
paid?

TAXI DRIVER #1
I read people.

DEREK OLDEN
Read people?

TAXI DRIVER #1
Yeah. How many times do you see a
person dressed like yourself
running away from paying eighteen
bucks?

DEREK OLDEN
I'll remember to dress nice next
time I don't wanna pay.

TAXI DRIVER #1
If someone looked suspicious...
they would pay the charge upfront
before getting into the cab.

DEREK OLDEN
You've got a point there. Thanks my
man.

Derek hands over some cash to the driver. Taxi Driver
reaches for some change. Derek waves him off.

DEREK OLDEN (CONT'D)
Keep the change buddy.

TAXI DRIVER #1
Thanks.

DEREK OLDEN
No problem. Take it easy.

TAXI DRIVER #1
Have a good day.

The Taxi drives off. Derek walks up to a dusty BENTLEY SEDAN
-- walks around it. He opens the driver's door and gets in
-- starts the engine -- wipes clean the front window.

EXT. CAR. STREET. UNIDENTIFIED NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

4

Derek drives down POORLY LIT road on the street. He's talking his cellphone. The street is suspiciously QUIET with no other cars on the road.

DEREK OLDEN
(over the phone)
Okay honey. I'm almost there. I'll be there in ten minutes at most.
Love you too. Bye.

Derek cuts the phone -- places it on the passenger's seat. Momentary lapse. His phone RINGS. He checks the caller ID.

DEREK OLDEN
(answers the phone)
Don't you seriously have anythin' better to do than keep bothering me?

REES (V.O.)
(over the phone)
So have you talked to Mel about the weekend get-together thing?

DEREK OLDEN
Can't you just let me get home first?

REES (V.O.)
Are you gonna talk to her? My wife is stressin' me about it.

DEREK OLDEN
Give it a rest. I will talk to her when I get home alright? Why so much hype about going out this weekend anyways?

REES (V.O.)
We rarely ever hang out anyways besides when we're in the cockpit. It will be refreshing.

DEREK OLDEN
Okay then. Since you keep insisting. We'll see you over the weekend.

REES (V.O.)
Good man.

DEREK OLDEN
So where are we going?

REES (V.O.)
I'm checking out a few places. I'll
get back to you.

DEREK OLDEN
It better not be a rubbish
location. Otherwise we won't come.

REES (V.O.)
To hell you won't.

SCREECHING Tyre noise (b.g.). Derek looks into the rear view
mirror. Two BLACK CADILLAC SUVs approach at SPEED --
SWERVING vigorously across the lanes.

DEREK OLDEN
What's wrong with these guys?

REES (V.O.)
What's that?

DEREK OLDEN
(into the phone)
Sorry. I wasn't talking to you.
There are some racers or somethin'
messing about behind me.

REES (V.O.)
Be very careful out there. Keep out
of their way of those guys.

DEREK OLDEN
Surely will. I'll call you later
alright when I get home. Over and
out.

REES (V.O.)
Cool.

Derek cuts the phone. The two Cadillacs overtake Derek's
Bentley from either side. One narrowly misses a collision
with the Bentley as it swerves past SPEEDING.

DEREK OLDEN
Seriously. What's wrong with these
guys?

He HONKS the car horn.

DEREK OLDEN

The whole fucking road is clear
buddy.

Derek places his phone on the passenger's seat. His phone BEEPS signaling a low battery. He connects a car-phone charger. Derek looks ahead -- sees nothing. He checks on his phone charging.

DEREK OLDEN

There we go.

Derek looks up -- suddenly a Refuse Truck's BRAKE LIGHTS appear just in front out of nowhere. He steps on the BRAKES abruptly. The Bentley CRASHES into the back of the stationary Truck -- AIRBAGS inflate. Momentary lapse.

Derek regains composure -- stumbles out of the Bentley holding his head and chest in PAIN. He stumbles towards the Refuse Truck in front -- checks the damage to his Bentley. He walks to the driver's side of the Truck -- no one inside.

DEREK OLDEN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

An individual dressed in BLACK and a MASK appears behind him from the shadows. As Derek turns -- he's WHACKED across the face with a baseball bat -- BLACKS OUT.

Now TWO individuals lift Derek up. Two Cadillacs come to a screeching STOP next to the group. Derek is bundled into the back of one Cadillac. The two individuals jump in and the Cadillacs SPEED away from the scene.

Derek's phone lies on the road -- RINGS unanswered (Mel's caller ID). SIRENS sound (b.g.).

EXT. DARK ALLEY. UNKNOWN LOCATION. CITY - CONTINUOUS 5

Four men stand in a dark alley -- three BODYGUARDS and a middle-aged man, CHUCK WARNER, 50, dressed in a typical Italian mob boss tracksuit attire. They stand in front of a Cadillac's HEADLIGHTS beaming at Derek's face.

Derek is laid on the ground covered in BLOOD and facing them in fear.

CHUCK WARNER

(to Derek)

You look good man. Seems like life
is treating you good. Expensive
suits and everythin'. Everything

(MORE)

CHUCK WARNER (cont'd)
has been so good. So why have you
been ripping me off Derek?

Derek shades his face from the bright HEADLIGHTS. He
stumbles to hit feet.

DEREK OLDEN
You know that it's not like that
Chuck.

Chuck takes a step forward.

CHUCK WARNER
So how is it like? You have been
avoiding me for the last month.

DEREK OLDEN
We've just been busy. We have been
flying three to four times a week
in the last month. I haven't even
been home in over a week.

CHUCK WARNER
Not my problem. So how did you
think it was gonna end?

Derek LIMPS a short distance forward in FEAR.

DEREK OLDEN
I will get you the stuff. I just
need a bit of more time. Customs
were becoming a bit suspicious
about the whole thing.

CHUCK WARNER
You knew how it works when you
decided to work for us didn't you?
It's either you deliver... or we
come for you. I really don't wanna
be here in the middle of the night.
I'm a very busy guy. But you know
there is a big problem when I show
up like this.

DEREK OLDEN
The guy will deliver. I know where
the guy lives. I'll get you the
guy.

Chuck brandishes a PISTOL.

CHUCK WARNER

Unfortunately. To me... you are the
guy.

Chuck SHOTS a couple of rounds. Derek falls to ground --
DEAD. Chuck passes the handgun to BODYGUARD#1. He wipes off
the fingerprints -- fastens the handgun in his holster.

CHUCK WARNER

Clean this mess up. No one should
find out that we were here. And
someone find out who the guy Derek
was dealing with is. I need that
stuff. Search his house if you need
to.

Chuck jumps into the back of the parked Cadillac.
Bodyguard#1 and BODYGUARD#2 search Derek's pockets and take
his identification and wallet.

BODYGUARD #1

(to Chuck)

His cellphone is missing.

CHUCK WARNER

Leave it.

BODYGUARD #2

What about the phone numbers in
there?

CHUCK WARNER

They are not that important. He did
not save 'em using real names.
We'll get new ones.

The two Bodyguards rush to the Cadillac and jump in. The
Cadillac reverses out of the alley. Tires SCREECH as the
Cadillac speeds off into the night.

INT. KITCHEN. EDDY RYAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

6

Detective EDDY RYAN, 32, is sat by the kitchen counter
dressed for work in a suit. He picks up the remote and turns
on the television. He changes station to a news channel.

He walks to the sideboards and prepares a bowl of cereal
while news is being read (b.g.). He takes a seat and watches
the bulletin.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

Trouble in suburbia? Last night successful young pilot Derek Olden's wife called the police to report her husband missing, having not arrived home late last night. They had talked an hour earlier but he did not show while he had mentioned being close to home then. Today, Derek's body was found in an alley in downtown Miami as police suspect murder. Some might remember of Derek Olden's unheralded rise to his position two years ago which he claimed had nothing to do with any illegal activities. But it is now questionable after forensic teams at the scene claim the weapon used against him is one affiliated with many of the gangs around Miami and the recent deaths among several young rich businessmen in their early to mid 20s. More research is being carried out about what happened to him as many people console the widow and two young children he has left behind.

Eddy turns off the television.

EDDY RYAN

Same shit different day. Seems like it is gonna be an interesting day at work today. What is this world coming to?

Eddy takes his cereal bowl -- places it in the sink with piles of dirty dishes. He takes his service HANDGUN from the counter and fastens it in. He takes his jacket from the seat-rest -- walks out the door -- closes it behind him.

EXT. CAR. STREET. MIAMI - MORNING

7

A HOT and SUNNY day. Eddy drives down the street in his unmarked CROWN VIC. His cellphone RINGS -- he picks it up.

EDDY RYAN

(over the phone)

Eddy.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
It's Trevor.

EDDY RYAN
I know. What's up?

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
Have you seen the news this morning?

EDDY RYAN
Yeah. I know. Yet another rich young kid gets put down in the space of two months. How many deaths is that now?

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
Four. Including the most recent that is.

EDDY RYAN
Do you think its all related?

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
Definitely. It's very suspicious don't you think?

EDDY RYAN
We'll discuss. I'm almost there. See you in a second.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
Cool.

Eddy cuts the phone. The Crown Vic turns off the main road into to the POLICE PRECINCT parking lot.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. POLICE PRECINCT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - MORNING

8

Detective TREVOR CHALMERS, 33, and Eddy walk through the front doors -- walk alongside each other with coffees in hand.

EDDY RYAN
How many times do you see someone like that being taken out just like that?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Is there any other evidence though?

EDDY RYAN

Do you seriously need any more reasons than that?

TREVOR CHALMERS

I don't know. You tell me.

EDDY RYAN

We should just go and take down the ring leaders orchestrating this whole thing.

TREVOR CHALMERS

We need to be patient about this.

Eddy turns to the female middle-aged POLICE RECEPTIONIST sat behind a desk and computer.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST

(to Eddy and Trevor)

Good morning guys.

EDDY RYAN

Morning beautiful.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Morning.

Eddy leans over the receptionist's desk -- reaches for a newspaper -- signals thumbs up. Eddy and Trevor continue walking.

TREVOR CHALMERS

(to Eddy)

It's not that easy though.

EDDY RYAN

It's always the same with you. You need something more solid isn't it?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Maybe. The chief is on leave so we have to run this ship as he would. No rushed decisions. Do you remember what he always tells us?

EDDY RYAN

Never get emotional. Just do your job. I know.

Eddy pats Trevor on the chest with the newspaper.

TREVOR CHALMERS

So there you go.

EDDY RYAN

Okay. Hear this though. His car was found a good distance from the scene with a big dent on the front.

TREVOR CHALMERS

An accident then?

EDDY RYAN

Doubt it. There were no witnesses and the car's ignition was left running. How do you crash in one place and get killed in another? Someone took him from the scene.

TREVOR CHALMERS

So definitely a kidnapping then?

Trevor nods. Eddy accidentally bumps shoulders with an oncoming WORKMATE -- almost spills his coffee.

WORK-MATE

Sorry dude.

EDDY RYAN

You should look where you are going asshole.

Trevor and Eddy continue walking.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Why do you give these guys such a hard time anyways?

Trevor unlocks an office door -- walks in followed by Eddy.

INT. TREVOR CHALMERS' OFFICE. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING 9

Trevor takes off his jacket and hangs it on the seat-rest -- sits down. Eddy sits on the seat on the opposite side of the desk with his feet on the desk.

EDDY RYAN

If you knew how much it took us to get here you wouldn't be saying this. Those guys below us should earn their way up.

TREVOR CHALMERS

By pushing them all the way down?

EDDY RYAN
Who said this job was easy?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Obviously not you.

Trevor pushes Eddy's feet of the desk.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Sit up properly man. This is an
office. Try to looking and acting
professionally a bit.

Eddy adjusts his seating position.

EDDY RYAN
You are slowly becoming like the
chief now. You ain't fun anymore.
Remember the old days when you were
up for anything?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Yeah. Well... I grew up. So should
you.

Eddy points to his mustache --

EDDY RYAN
I am. Look at all this.

TREVOR CHALMERS
What? Your baby hair? Even an
eleven year old has more hair than
that.

EDDY RYAN
I would show you down there as well
but I don't want your mom to call
me that you have turned gay because
you liked what you saw.

TREVOR CHALMERS
You are way over your head.

EDDY RYAN
And how about introducing a girl
into your life. Someone who can
push your buttons once in a while.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Why? You don't even have a girl.
Besides the strippers you hang
around with.

EDDY RYAN

Hey. I just have too much love to be tied down at the moment.

TREVOR CHALMERS

I don't think so.

EDDY RYAN

You on the other hand need someone who can make you gain or lose weight.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Definitely not.

EDDY RYAN

And definitely someone who can show you how to dress.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Sure. What is wrong with what I am wearing?

EDDY RYAN

Do you know how people dress in this era?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Yeah.

EDDY RYAN

You would be what we call a hundred million years behind today's trend. I mean... you are successful. So why the hell do you live in a big ass house on your own? Ask yourself that?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Maybe I do not enjoy company?

Receptionist walks up to the door -- KNOCKS.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST

(to Eddy)

There is someone here to see you detective.

Eddy standing up --

EDDY RYAN

You see that? I even get visits at work. When was the last time you

(MORE)

EDDY RYAN (cont'd)
even took a break from work. Think
about that one second.

Eddy walks to the door.

TREVOR CHALMERS
We'll continue this later on okay?

EDDY RYAN
Can't wait.

INT. HALLWAY. POLICE PRECINCT - AFTERNOON - LATER 10

Eddy takes a walk with the Police Receptionist.

EDDY RYAN
(to Receptionist)
Did you put the guy through to my
office?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
No. I sent her into one of the
waiting rooms.

EDDY RYAN
Her?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
It's Derek Olden's wife.

EDDY RYAN
Ah. My bad. Thanks anyway.

Eddy starts walking off.

EDDY RYAN
By the way... you look hot today
miss thing. Have you been working
out?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
Thanks. I guess.

EDDY RYAN
Oh...

Eddy runs back to Trevor's office.

EDDY RYAN
(to Trevor)
Lets go. We have the vic's wife in
the building.

Trevor flips through some papers -- stores them in the desk.
Eddy at the door --

EDDY RYAN (CONT'D)

Didn't you hear what I just said?
Move it.

Trevor walks out and joins up with Eddy.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1. POLICE PRECINCT - AFTERNOON 11

Eddy and Trevor walk into the Interrogation Room. A pretty woman, MEL OLDEN, 25, in black dress and sunglasses is sat in front of them. Eddy and Trevor walk up to her respectfully sit opposite her.

EDDY RYAN

I heard you wanted to see me?

Momentary silence.

TREVOR CHALMERS

We heard about what happened to
your husband.

MEL OLDEN

Fiance. We were planning to get
married at the end of the year.

EDDY RYAN

We are deeply sorry about your
loss.

Mel turns to Eddy.

MEL OLDEN

I asked to meet detective Ryan
only. So why is he here?

EDDY RYAN

(to Mel)

This is detective Chalmers. He is
my right-hand man. You can trust
us.

Mel takes off her shades.

MEL OLDEN

You shouldn't pretend to feel sorry
for me. You don't even know me.

TREVOR CHALMERS

We are just trying to help catch the person or people responsible as much as you.

MEL OLDEN

Well it's not working. I just want you to bring the bastards who killed Derek to be brought to justice that's all.

EDDY RYAN

We could definitely do that. That is if you can work with us by giving us as much detail as you can.

Eddy takes out a notepad and pen. Mel takes a deep breath.

MEL OLDEN

All I know is that he used to be called at random hours by some guys. But he was always very secretive about it. He would leave the room to take the calls.

TREVOR CHALMERS

So you think those same guys killed him?

MEL OLDEN

I know they did it. But if you want more information you should get Derek's co-pilot friend because they were in it together. He should tell you who the guys are.

Mel picks up a box from the floor -- places it on the table.

EDDY RYAN

What is all this?

MEL OLDEN

Some stuff Derek kept secret for himself. I knew where he hid some of it but it makes no sense to me.

Mel pushes the box across the table. Trevor looks through some of the items.

MEL OLDEN (CONT'D)

It's like a maze to me. You might find it more useful than me.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 We'll go through it. If there is
 something we can get from it, we'll
 let you know.

Mel standing up --

EDDY RYAN
 I do not have anything else to say
 about the case... but I'll be in
 touch if I find something else.

Trevor and Eddy get up.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Thank you. We will contact you if
 we need anything else from you.

Mel walks to the door.

EDDY RYAN
 So how about you? How are you?

MEL OLDEN
 (to Eddy)
 What about me?

EDDY RYAN
 Are you okay? If you feel
 vulnerable or threatened, we can
 send a police car to watch over
 your house for now.

MEL OLDEN
 I'll be fine.

Mel walks out of the room -- closes the door behind her.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 (to Eddy jokily)
 You can't help yourself can you?
 You can't even wait a while for the
 poor woman to grieve before you
 start hitting on her.

EDDY RYAN
 I wasn't hitting on her.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Yeah right.

EDDY RYAN
She's fine. But she's not my type.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Woman is your type. Just shut up
and lets take this stuff to the lab
to be looked at.

Trevor and Eddy take the box with them and exit the room.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. POLICE PRECINCT - LATE AFTERNOON -
LATER

12

Trevor walks into the reception area.

EDDY RYAN
(to Receptionist)
I heard you've got something for
me?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
Yeah. Some worried looking guy came
in about ten minutes ago. He said
he really wants to talk to you.

EDDY RYAN
Why didn't you call me?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
You looked kind of busy. But he
said he was desperate to see you.

EDDY RYAN
Where is he now?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
He's in one of the interrogation
rooms. He said he wouldn't leave
until he talked to you.

EDDY RYAN
I'll go talk to him. If you see
Trevor, please direct him to the
room.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
I'll do that.

Eddy walks toward the waiting room.

EDDY RYAN (O.C.)

I owe you one.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2. POLICE PRECINCT - LATE AFTERNOON
13

Rees is sat behind a desk and watches Eddy walking down the corridor through a window. Eddy enters the room and sits opposite him.

EDDY RYAN

I heard you wanted to see me urgently? So what's up?

REES

Something has been really eating me inside.

EDDY RYAN

What about?

Momentary silence. Rees takes a deep breath.

EDDY RYAN

You can let it all out. In your own time when you're ready.

REES

I just feel very guilty and responsible about my best friend's death. It's the only reason why I came over. I couldn't just do nothing about it.

EDDY RYAN

You are confusing me. Do nothing about what?

REES

Saying something about Derek's murder.

EDDY RYAN

Are you a witness? Did you see what happened that night?

REES

Not exactly. We worked together. I was his co-pilot at All-Air. We used to deliver some stuff for these guys for a while.

EDDY RYAN

What stuff? And which guys are you talking about? How much do you know about 'em?

REES

Drugs. Guns. Money. You name it. I cannot tell you everything in detail because I can't risk my life for contacting you.

EDDY RYAN

I'm on your side. You came to see me.

REES

All I can say is that we decided to stop the jobs... but I think Derek kept dealing with the guys on the side.

EDDY RYAN

So you think the business deal led to his death?

REES

It's always the same thing. The deal obviously went sour.

EDDY RYAN

Do you know their names and what these guys look like?

REES

Hell no! We never met 'em face to face.

EDDY RYAN

What about their names?

REES

No. They never said anything out loud. They were Derek's guys anyways. I just helped him out. He just persuaded me to help him smuggle the things into the country for a cut but I wasn't directly involved.

EDDY RYAN

So what then do you know about them?

REES

These are those guys you don't wanna mess with... Ever. Real sharks at the top of the food chain. When Derek talked to them... you could hear the fear in his voice. I'm sure they are based in Miami though. You could check out the big fish in the city.

EDDY RYAN

That's a start. That's actually quite helpful.

Rees stands up. Eddy gets up as well.

REES

Derek was my friend. I really don't wanna end up like him though. If these guys know who you are... they will come after you definitely. So just in case... you never met me at any day or any time. I won't be in touch anymore but you can call me on this private number... if you have to.

Rees hands Eddy a piece of paper with a telephone number on it.

EDDY RYAN

Thanks a lot. I'll be in touch if I need anything else.

Rees shakes hands with Eddy.

REES

I just hope you catch the guys responsible. The ones behind all this. Derek just got mixed with the wrong crowd.

Rees walks out of the room. Eddy remains stood there. He watches as he walks by on the corridor windows.

EDDY RYAN

(whispers to himself)

I've got a pretty good idea of who might be involved. Just have to keep an eye open.

Eddy places the piece of paper in his pocket.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EDDY RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

14

Eddy is sat on a couch in front of a laptop. He picks up a sheet of paper from the table with writing on it. He marks out three names on the paper.

EDDY RYAN

Ramirez. Tanker. Chuck Warner. Who else could it be? It's just a matter of time boys. Just a matter of time.

Eddy takes out his cellphone -- dials a number.

EDDY RYAN

(over the phone)

Hey. Could you send me Ramirez, Tanker and Warner's profiles direct to my home ASAP? Thanks. It's Eddy.

Eddy cuts the phone -- places it beside him. Momentary lapse. The phone RINGS. Eddy checks at the caller ID -- answers it.

EDDY RYAN

(over the phone)

Hello.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)

(over the phone)

Hey. What are you doing?

EDDY RYAN

Just doing some research.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)

You know that you are allowed to take time off work don't you?

EDDY RYAN

I am just compiling some facts.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)

Whatever. Do you wanna go out and do something fun?

Eddy looks at his watch.

EDDY RYAN

Are you serious? You usually never want to do anything. Now all of a sudden you've changed when I'm busy?

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
C'mon. The night is young. Don't be
the old boring guy.

EDDY RYAN
Maybe another time. I would need
time to shower and change. Also to
get all ready and stuff.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
You don't need to shower. You will
be sweating in the club anyway.

EDDY RYAN
Who said I was going?

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
C'mon. Anyways... I'm actually
parked outside your apartment all
ready to go.

Eddy gets up and walks to the window -- slides the curtain
aside. A BMW SEDAN is parked in the driveway.

EDDY RYAN
You are not serious.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
I'm not leaving until you come out.

EDDY RYAN
So I hope you brought a paper. It
might be a while.

Eddy waits a moment.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
C'mon. What do you say?

EDDY RYAN
You are trouble. Whenever I hang
around with you something bad
happens.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
C'mon.

BEAT,

EDDY RYAN
Okay. Gimme one sec.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
That's what I'm talking about.
Don't take too long.

EDDY RYAN
You will just have to wait then.

Eddy cuts the phone and rushes to his bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM. EDDY RYAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 15

Eddy dresses down out of his suit. He walks over to his wardrobe and tries a few clothing combination -- checks himself in the mirror.

EDDY RYAN
I can't believe I'm doing this.

After a while Eddy rushes out of the house.

EXT. DRIVEWAY. EDDY RYAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 16

Trevor is sat in the BMW -- checks his watch. Eddy suddenly opens the door and jumps in.

TREVOR CHALMERS
What were you doing all that time?

EDDY RYAN
Choosing something to wear.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Are you a woman or what?

EDDY RYAN
I'm a metro sexual. I have to look good wherever I make an appearance.

Trevor looks at Eddy queerly.

TREVOR CHALMERS
I can tell.

Eddy notices Trevor staring at him.

EDDY RYAN
What?

Trevor analyzes Eddy's clothes.

TREVOR CHALMERS

So after all that time. That's the best you came up with?

EDDY RYAN

I don't even know why I hang with you. You are a bad influence you know?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Shut up. You cannot survive without me. I'm like Batman. And you my friend... are Robin. Just follow my lead and everything will be fine.

(Eddy buckles in seat belt)

Are you ready?

EDDY RYAN

I don't think anyone is ever ready around you. Lets do this.

The BMW drives off down the street.

EXT. ROADSIDE PARKING. X-TASY NIGHT CLUB. MIAMI --
ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

17

The BMW comes to a stop on the roadside of the lively and upmarket X-tasy Nightclub. Eddy and Trevor get out of the BMW and queue in line for the club. Two young, barely 20-year old SEXY GIRLS queue behind them.

EDDY RYAN

(to Trevor)

No being a cop tonight alright? I'm serious.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Fine.

The two Sexy Girls approach them.

SEXY GIRL #1

Are you guys really cops?

SEXY GIRL #2

I just love a man in uniform.

SEXY GIRL #1

Me too.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 (to the Sexy Girls)
 We probably went to school with
 your dads.

The Sexy Girls back off annoyed.

EDDY RYAN
 Nice move.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 C'mon. They are like twelve.

SEXY GIRL #1 (O.C.)
 We're in college.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Good for you. I'm guessing your
 parents are proud.

EDDY RYAN
 Whatever man.

INT. BAR QUARTERS. X-TASY NIGHT CLUB. MIAMI - NIGHT 18

Music in (b.g.). Eddy and Trevor are sat at the bar with
 beers in hand. A male BARMAN#1 walks up to them.

BARMAN #1
 (to Eddy and Trevor)
 How are we doing guys?

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Get us some shots. Line 'em up on
 the counter.

Barman#1 prepares some shots.

EDDY RYAN
 (to Trevor)
 Do you know we have to go to work
 tomorrow?

TREVOR CHALMERS
 C'mon. Don't deflate the party you
 lightweight. Remember our young
 partying days?

EDDY RYAN
 Yes. When we still had fully
 functioning livers.

Trevor turns to Barman#1 --

TREVOR CHALMERS
Keep 'em coming Mr. Barman.

Barman#1 pours some more shots -- lines them on the counter.
Trevor looks at the shots.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)
(to Eddy)
Are you up for it?

Eddy picks up two shots -- downs them one after the other.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)
Nice. I underestimated you.

EDDY RYAN
(to Barman#1)
Do you see this guy. He pretends to
be all innocent but deep down he's
the real party starter. Get one for
yourself.

Barman#1 pours a shot for himself -- joins in on downing the
shots.

EDDY RYAN
Bring down some more. In fact bring
the whole bottle.

Trevor stares at Eddy surprised. Barman#1 goes off to make
some more shots.

INT. BAR QUARTERS. X-TASY NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS 19

Music still plays (b.g.) Trevor and Eddy are sat by the bar
-- drunk.

TREVOR CHALMERS
(to Eddy)
I need to use the can.

Trevor walks off towards the toilets.

INT. GENTS TOILET. X-TASY NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS 20

Trevor walks in and relieves himself at the urinal. He
washes his hands -- looks himself in the mirror. He fixes
himself up a bit and walks out.

INT. BAR QUARTERS. X-TASY NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

21

Trevor walks drunkenly across the dance floor toward the bar. A cougar LADY#1 smiles at him -- he walks past shyly. He sits at the bar beside Eddy.

EDDY RYAN

What was that?

TREVOR CHALMERS

When?

EDDY RYAN

I saw that. What are you still sat here for?

TREVOR CHALMERS

What do you mean? I thought we came out to have a drink?

TREVOR CHALMERS

If you wanted to have a drink you would have brought some cases of beer by my house. Can you not see all the potential around you? All these ladies are checking you out. And you just sit here like an ass.

Trevor turns facing the dance floor.

TREVOR CHALMERS

You are right. We should do something about this.

EDDY RYAN

Okay lets go. I'll be your wing man, just by your side.

Trevor and Eddy get up. Eddy leads Trevor onto the dance floor.

EDDY RYAN

(into Eddy's ear)

Some day you are gonna thank me for this.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Thank you...?

EDDY RYAN

You're welcome.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 ...for what?

Eddy pushes Trevor in the back -- he bumps into a lady -- her drink falls on the floor. Eddy walks off in a hurry.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 (at Eddy)
 Asshole.

INTRO - THE HOT LADY

The hot lady, CHRISSY, 30, stares at Trevor angrily.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)
 So sorry about that. C'mon. I'll
 get you another one.

Trevor leads Chrissy to the bar. They stand beside each other.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 I'm sorry for my friend being an
 ass. So what were you drinking?
 (to Barman#1)
 Yo. Can I get a beer and a
 (to Chrissy)
 Oh sorry. What was it you were
 having?

Chrissy turns to Barman#1 --

CHRISSY
 A martini.

Chrissy stares at Trevor. Trevor notices it.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 What?

CHRISSY
 Nothing.

Trevor rubs his neck and face to hide his BLUSHING.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Is there something on my neck and
 face or something?

CHRISSY
 No. Your neck and face are fine.
 Literally.

TREVOR CHALMERS
What is it then?

CHRISSY
You seem like a real good guy. Most of the guys in here would have run for it if something like that happened.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Actually I was going to. It's just that you saw me before I had the chance.

CHRISSY
You are quite funny too.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Now I feel sorry for you.

CHRISSY
Why is that?

TREVOR CHALMERS
You are the only woman who actually thinks that I'm funny. You must have dated some really boring guys in the past then?

CHRISSY
Maybe that's why I'm still single right now.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Possibly.

CHRISSY
Okay then. So are you taken then?

Trevor waves around his left hand and signals no wedding ring. Barman#1 places some drinks on the counter. They take a sip. Music turns to slow music (b.g.).

CHRISSY (CONT'D)
I'm Chrissy by the way.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Chrissy?

CHRISSY
As in Christine. Not as in I'm charging per hour.

He shakes her hand slightly embarrassed.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Trevor.

CHRISSY

So do you dance Trevor?

TREVOR CHALMERS

I can certainly promise you that I cannot dance.

CHRISSY

You can't be that bad. Anyways...
It's slow music.

Chrissy grabs Trevor's hand and leads him to the dance floor. She starts dancing holding on to him. Eddy hesitates to hold on to Chrissy's waist.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

So how often do you go out?

TREVOR CHALMERS

I cannot even remember the last time I went out to be fair.

CHRISSY

I can tell.

TREVOR CHALMERS

You know what? That's the second time someone has said that to me today.

CHRISSY

Because you seem a bit nervous and lost.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Wouldn't you be if you had someone so attractive right in front of you?

Chrissy moves Trevor's hands onto the lower part of her waist -- they hold each other close.

CHRISSY

C'mon. Relax. Take some risks.

They dance slowly together. Trevor notices Eddy stood in the corner talking to another lady. Eddy waves at Trevor -- He waves the middle finger at him. Eddy smiles -- walks out with his companion.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EDDY RYAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

22

Eddy wakes up suddenly from a dream and sits up slowly. He wipes his face with his hands -- yawns. He checks the time.

EDDY RYAN

Oh shit. I didn't hear the alarm.

He jumps to his feet -- dresses hurriedly. Wears the same shirt from the night before.

EDDY RYAN

I'm gonna be late.

He rushes into the kitchen -- picks up a banana fruit. He rushes out the door closing it behind him.

INT. EDDY RYAN'S OFFICE. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING - LATER 23

Eddy is fast asleep behind his desk. Trevor walks in -- takes the banana fruit from the table -- sits in the chair opposite Eddy on the other side of the desk. He peels off the banana -- throws the skin at Eddy. He wakes up slowly.

Trevor eating the banana --

TREVOR CHALMERS

Good morning your highness. Having a bad day or what?

EDDY RYAN

That was mine.

TREVOR CHALMERS

I asked around. But no one replied. So what's wrong with you? You look like shit. And you smell like it too.

EDDY RYAN

Not a good time for this shit. Just leave me alone.

TREVOR CHALMERS

And you are still wearing the same clothes from yesterday? Talk to me man.

EDDY RYAN

It's all your fault. I overslept.

TREVOR CHALMERS

You mean overstepped. That is overstepped the boundary to take a shower and wear some clean clothes.

TREVOR CHALMERS

So what happened with that stripper girl of yours?

EDDY RYAN

Who said she was a stripper?

TREVOR CHALMERS

She surely looked like a stripper to me. How many decent girls out there do you know just go out with you?

EDDY RYAN

What do you really want Chalmers?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Chalmers? You must be really pissed. Do you even know what's going on out there?

EDDY RYAN

What are you talkin' about?

Trevor takes out some pictures from his jacket and slides them in front of Eddy's desk. Eddy looks through the pictures.

EDDY RYAN (CONT'D)

What are these?

Trevor stands up -- paces around the room.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Dillon Tyler. Was stabbed in the stomach by something long enough to be a sword. Twenty four years old. Successful engineer. And by the way... he was found in an alley like our last friend. What was his name by the way?

EDDY RYAN

Derek.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Yeah. Olden. What's going on? It's getting worse.

EDDY RYAN

So you see my friend. All these recent deaths are of these successful young guys. We do not know how they rose to be in the money. If you ask me... something about these guys is fishy.

TREVOR CHALMERS

So you are also thinking this is a trend?

EDDY RYAN

Hell yeah. What else? These people have something in common.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Lets just keep an open mind. They may have just been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

EDDY RYAN

What about the other ones that were reported on the news?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Okay then. What do you suggest?

EDDY RYAN

I'm just saying we should keep a close eye on it. Anyways... you haven't explained what's up with you?

TREVOR CHALMERS

I was thinking about what you said yesterday.

EDDY RYAN

And?

TREVOR CHALMERS

I think you might be right.

EDDY RYAN

That woman you were dancing with put all this crap in your head didn't she? I'll see you later man.

Trevor walks to the door.

TREVOR CHALMERS
By the way... I am always
right. And keep your eyes wide
open.

EDDY RYAN
What?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Keep your eyes wide open. The
conspiracy... and the fact that you
were sleeping in the middle of the
day. Link that together.

EDDY RYAN
(sarcastically)
Ha ha ha!

Trevor walks to the exits shaking his head.

TREVOR CHALMERS
We should have another night out
like yesterday's soon okay?

Eddy stares at Trevor leaving.

EXT. KNIGHTSGATE BRIDGE. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT

24

A PORSCHE HATCHBACK drives over the bridge with three
SPEEDING LINCOLN NAVIGATOR SUVs gaining ground from behind.
Lincoln#1 overtakes the Porsche -- suddenly cuts into the
Porsche's path and BRAKES in front.

The Porsche SWERVES out of the way -- CRASHES into the
sidewall of the bridge. The Porsche balances on the side of
the bridge.

Two BODYGUARDS jump out of Lincoln#1 and walk up to the
damaged Porsche. Two other Lincolns come to a SCREECHING
HALT behind the incident.

INTRO - BRIAN MORSE

The Porsche driver, BRIAN MORSE, 25, is dressed in a tacky
business suit.

BODYGUARD #3
(to Brian)
Get out of the car! Now!

BRIAN MORSE

What is this supposed to be? Who are you guys?

Bodyguard#4 raises a SHOTGUN -- points it in Brian's face. Brian raises his hands up.

BODYGUARD #4

Are you gonna get out of the car now... or do you still wanna mess about?

BRIAN MORSE

Okay. Don't shoot. I'm getting out. You can have the car if you want it.

Brian exits the vehicle.

INTRO - RAMIREZ

RAMIREZ (O.C.)

Why the fuck would anyone want a piece of junk like that? I mean -- look at it. You won't be able to sell it for more than two bucks with the amount of damage on it.

Brian turns around -- takes a few steps towards the intimidating male, RAMIREZ, 40, a heavysset Mexican mob boss in a Hawaiian shirt. Brian keeps his hands up.

RAMIREZ

I'm not the police. Put those fucking hands down.

Brian lowers his hands down -- trembles in fear.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

You are gonna wish I was though. You promised me that you were gonna bring in my goods from Columbia six weeks go but I haven't seen anything about the transaction. What's going on?

BRIAN MORSE

It takes a while. I am sorting out a deal with my customs guys. My guys are packing the stuff so it doesn't look suspicious.

RAMIREZ

Do you even have the goods at hand then?

BRIAN MORSE

Not exactly. Not yet. Soon though.

RAMIREZ

You disappoint me Brian. What kind of a middleman are you who doesn't do what he is told to?

BRIAN MORSE

Please! At least give me a second chance?

RAMIREZ

Ah. So you are changing your story now? You were asking for a bit of time. Now you want a second chance? So you admit you fucked up?

BRIAN MORSE

But no! I mean...

RAMIREZ

You see Brian. You don't have your facts straight. If you knew what you were talking about I would have given you a bit more time.

BRIAN MORSE

Please no!

RAMIREZ

Gimme the details of the guy you are dealing with then.

BRIAN MORSE

(stutters)

They are in my car's dash. They are in the dash.

RAMIREZ

I heard you.

(to Bodyguard#3)

Get the details.

Bodyguard#3 goes to Brian's Porsche. He breaks the passenger-side window with his elbow -- reaches in the glove compartment.

BRIAN MORSE

C'mon man. Was that necessary?

RAMIREZ

Why do you care? I pay you well
don't I? That car should be the
least of your worries right now.

Bodyguard#3 walks back from the Porsche -- waves the
paperwork in the air. Bodyguard#3 approaching Ramirez --

BODYGUARD #3

Got 'em.

BRIAN MORSE

There you go. Now you have all the
details. Now can I please go?

RAMIREZ

I cannot just let you go. I don't
know who you will talk to after
this. I can't risk you talkin' to
the police.

BRIAN MORSE

You know I won't do that. Okay. How
about another job to make up for
this?

RAMIREZ

You are now of no use to me Brian.

Ramirez turns to the two Bodyguards and nods. They wear some
gloves.

BRIAN MORSE

What do you mean?

RAMIREZ

Lets go.

The two Bodyguards grab Brian who tries breaking free. They
cover his mouth with duct tape and tie his hands behind his
back. They drag him to the edge of the bridge -- led by
Ramirez. Ramirez looks over the Bridge into the distance.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

I didn't wanna do this but you
screwed me over Brian. You left me
with no choice.

Ramirez walks away from the edge of the Bridge -- toward
Brian's Porsche. The two Bodyguards hold Brian upside down
by the legs in mid-air over the edge of the bridge.

The bodyguards let go of Brian's legs and he falls from the side of the bridge -- CRASHES into the water below and sinks from the surface.

Ramirez stands by Brian's Porsche -- takes out a handkerchief from his pocket. He opens the petrol knob -- hangs the handkerchief on it -- takes out a lighter.

RAMIREZ
It was a nice car.
(to his guys)
Any takers for this piece of shit?

BODYGUARD #4
Me boss.

Ramirez ignites FIRE on the lighter -- SETS FIRE to the handkerchief.

RAMIREZ
Sorry.

Ramirez and his men return to the parked Lincolns. EXPLOSION -- the Porsche flies off the bridge into the water below. The two Bodyguards cover their faces from the explosion.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EDDY RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 25

Eddy is sat in front of the television. His cellphone RINGS -- checks the caller ID.

EDDY RYAN
What does he want now?
(answers the phone)
Eddy.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O)
You need to get here quick. Meet me
at Knightsgate bridge ASAP.
Something has just gone down.

Eddy gets his coat rushing toward the exit.

EDDY RYAN
(over the phone)
I'll be there. Gimme ten minutes.

Eddy cuts the phone. Rushes out the door, BANGS it behind him.

EXT. CAR. STREET. MIAMI CITY - NIGHT

26

Eddy drives down the street in his Crown Vic -- approaches a bridge -- POLICE SQUAD CARS with FLASHING LIGHTS and AMBULANCES present. A police barrier blocks off the bridge.

Eddy stops the Crown Vic on the roadside. He gets out of the Crown Vic and walks to the scene.

EXT. KNIGHTSGATE BRIDGE. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT

27

Eddy brandishes his badge to a uniformed Police OFFICER#1 stood by the barrier -- is waved past. He walks up to Trevor at the scene.

EDDY RYAN

What do we have?

Trevor shakes his head in disappointment.

TREVOR CHALMERS

It's not good. Another one. Brian Morse. Twenty seven. And like the rest...

EDDY RYAN

Rich and Dead. I get it.

TREVOR CHALMERS

He's slightly different. He worked as a freight manager. Goods in and out. But the kind of guy dealers would target.

A balding middle-aged male forensic expert, ANDY DAVIS, and uniformed Police SERGEANT walk up to the two.

ANDY DAVIS

(to Trevor and Eddy)

Hello there inspectors. Andy Davis.
Head of the forensic team.

Shakes hands with Trevor and Eddy.

EDDY RYAN

So what you got boss?

ANDY DAVIS

Follow me.

Trevor, Eddy and the Sergeant follow Andy. Andy kneels beside Brian's dead body.

ANDY DAVIS

If you look at this you will see that the death was caused from severe head trauma.

SERGEANT

What could have caused this?

FLASHBACK

EXT. KNIGHTSGATE BRIDGE. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT

28

SHOT: BRIAN IS THROWN OVER THE BRIDGE SIDE -- CRASHES INTO A BRIDGE PILLAR BEFORE CRASHING INTO THE WATER BELOW.

ANDY DAVIS (V.O.)

The guy was thrown from a high place. In this case is obviously this bridge. And considering how he looks... he fell head first before anything else.

TO PRESENT

EXT. KNIGHTSGATE BRIDGE. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS
29

ANDY DAVIS (CONT'D)

That smashed his head, broke his spine and snapped his neck instantly. Even if he had not died then... he would have definitely drowned since his hands and legs were tied.

TREVOR CHALMERS

So the guys intended to kill him from the fall?

ANDY DAVIS

Either that or they were doing some extreme bungee jumping without a rope. And there are no traces of evidence from the scene. It seems as though it was thoroughly planned. It was also in a place usually busy with traffic so checking tire markings would not be helpful.

EDDY RYAN

Thanks.

Eddy, Trevor and the Sergeant walk to the side.

TREVOR CHALMERS

(to Eddy)

I see you were right. This is a trend for sure. So what now?

SERGEANT

There are a number of gangs around here that could be responsible for this sort of thing.

EDDY RYAN

I don't think so. Gangs are ruthless and do not clean up after their act. This is too precise.

TREVOR CHALMERS

True. The blacks at Danger House, the SWK or the Latinos at Latino flavor would not have that much expertise to pull off something like this.

SERGEANT

So who do you have in mind then?

EDDY RYAN

The dealers at the top. Guys like Ramirez, Chucky and that guy called Tanker. Everyone knows that they kill a lot of kids on these streets but are never convicted because they have some deep connections. They also pay some influential people at the top to cover their tracks.

SERGEANT

How do you then deal with people like that? It's a one way street ain't it?

EDDY RYAN

There is always an opening. There are times they will make mistakes. Someone will catch up with them.

TREVOR CHALMERS

But it seems nothing can be done
for now. Too many open cases.

EDDY RYAN

That's what annoys me and makes me
sick. They are the ones ruling
these streets. One day someone will
get them though.

TREVOR CHALMERS

But until then... our work here is
done. Lets go over it tomorrow in
the office and decide the way
forward.

SERGEANT

I'll keep my boys for a bit more
time just in case something else
comes up.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Okay. Thanks there sergeant. We'll
see you later.

The Sergeant walks off back to the scene.

EDDY RYAN

(shouts to Andy)

Hey Davis.

Andy walks up to Eddy and Trevor.

EDDY RYAN (CONT'D)

Lets rap this up. We'll talk it
over tomorrow.

ANDY DAVIS

Okay. I'll show you what I will
have come up with.

Andy walks away. Eddy and Trevor walk towards their cars.

EDDY RYAN

(to Trevor)

Lets bring in Chuck, Ramirez and
Tanker tomorrow for questioning.

TREVOR CHALMERS

It's not like they will confess to
anything.

EDDY RYAN

Yeah. But they might slip up and could give clue to who did it.

TREVOR CHALMERS

And then what? They always get away with it anyway.

Eddy and Trevor get to their cars. Eddy jumps in and opens the window to his Crown Vic.

EDDY RYAN

It's a slight opportunity that we have to try and get something from.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Okay. I'll see you tomorrow then. Stay safe.

EDDY RYAN

Always.

Trevor waves off Eddy. Trevor gets into his BMW and both detectives drive off.

INT. EDDY RYAN'S OFFICE. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING 30

Eddy is sat behind his desk looking through some pictures from previous murder cases. He does not notice Trevor enter the room.

EDDY RYAN

Don't you ever knock?

Trevor takes a seat.

TREVOR CHALMERS

The bad guys are out there. Not in here okay?

EDDY RYAN

Sorry. Just stressing out a bit.

TREVOR CHALMERS

This thing is eating you inside real bad you know.

EDDY RYAN

Are they all here?

TREVOR CHALMERS

We raided their places early and asked them to all come in. It wasn't easy. They are in different rooms so we can question them one by one.

EDDY RYAN

Great. Lets start with Tanker then.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Why?

Eddy gets up from his seat.

EDDY RYAN

He cooperates better. So we can get on in no time and get done with it. Which room is he in?

TREVOR CHALMERS

This way.

Trevor gets up -- leads Eddy out of the office toward the interrogation rooms.

INT. HALLWAY. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

31

Trevor and Eddy walk side by side.

EDDY RYAN

If any of them start messing about.. we detain them for longer.

TREVOR CHALMERS

We cannot risk that though. Remember the last time? They sued the precinct for over five hundred grand for loss of business when they were detained? They said they could have been working at that time.

EDDY RYAN

Who makes these laws to give them all these rights anyway?

TREVOR CHALMERS

I don't know. Supposedly you... Me... The public. The government? The people vote for it don't they?

Trevor leads Eddy into interrogation room #1.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS 32

Trevor and Eddy walk in and close the door behind them. They sit opposite their detainee.

INTRO - TANKER

TANKER, 34, a black weightlifter-type male with tattoos covering his arms is sat across them. He's not amused.

TANKER

Oh look who it is. It's the cramp twins.

EDDY RYAN

Aren't you a little old to be watching that sort of thing?

TANKER

And aren't you a little bit busy to be wasting your time talkin' to me? The bad guys are out there.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Some might be in here right now. Look here Tank.

TANKER

Tank-er.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Whatever. All you have to do is cooperate and answer what we ask you then you can leave. Get it?

TANKER

So I'm not under arrest then?

TREVOR CHALMERS

No.

EDDY RYAN

Not yet anyway.

TANKER

You know guys. It's been a long time since we came together. We should do this more often. Except of course not on this side of town and not under these circumstances. What do you say?

EDDY RYAN

Do you wanna get out of here or not? It's up to you. We've got the whole day. Do you?

Tanker turns to Trevor --

TANKER

What's wrong with him? Your man needs to lighten up a bit.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Focus. We'll just ask you a few questions alright?

TANKER

Sure. Why not.

Trevor gets up -- hands Tanker pictures of the murder victims. He stands behind him leaning against the wall.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Tell me something about these guys?

Tanker looks through the pictures.

TANKER

I've heard about these guys.

EDDY RYAN

So you know 'em?

TANKER

(to Trevor)

You see. Your guy is trying to twist my words.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Continue. What do you know?

TANKER

Nothin' really. You know I don't deal with young kids. They are sloppy and reckless. All they wanna do is make money and blow it off as though there is no tomorrow.

TREVOR CHALMERS

And you?

TANKER

I'm a business man. I invest wisely. And I definitely do not

(MORE)

TANKER (cont'd)
plan or order hits on folks. I'm a
middleman. I broker deals and get
paid deserved compensation.

EDDY RYAN
You make it all seem legit. What
about that young kid you killed
four years ago?

TANKER
Supposedly killed. You know that
was an accident. You both know I
got cleared from that yourself.

EDDY RYAN
Yes you got cleared. But that
doesn't make you innocent.

TANKER
Ain't that the way the world works?

EDDY RYAN
The world is a circus.

TANKER
The courts decided. Not me.

TREVOR CHALMERS
So you say you know nothing.

TANKER
I don't know nothin'.

TREVOR CHALMERS
We've recorded what you said. If we
prove otherwise... you can add
'perverting the course of justice'
as well to your rep.

EDDY RYAN
And you know that could mean 'three
strikes'... and life behind bars?

TANKER
Is that it?

EDDY RYAN
That's it. You can go.

Tanker gets up -- walks to the door.

TANKER
 (to Trevor and Eddy)
 It's always a pleasure talking to
 you officers.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Detectives. Remember that we're
 keeping an eye on you.

TANKER
 I look forward to it. Get it?

Eddy and Trevor don't react. Tanker walks out of the room --
 closes the door behind him.

EDDY RYAN
 (to Trevor)
 It's not him.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 How do you know?

EDDY RYAN
 He is guilty and deserves to be
 behind bars for the rest of his
 life. But not for this. He's too
 clever for that.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Okay. Lets see what the other guys
 say.

INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOMS. POLICE PRECINCT -
 CONTINUOUS 33

Trevor and Eddy stand in the corridor. Ramirez walks out the
 interrogation room and joins them in the corridor.

RAMIREZ
 (to Trevor and Eddy)
 This was a waste of time. Next time
 you should call first and I'll
 check my schedule to let you know
 if I have time to waste.

EDDY RYAN
 See you later Ramirez.

RAMIREZ
 Or rather call to get an
 appointment or something.

Ramirez walks towards the exit while Trevor and Eddy watch on.

TREVOR CHALMERS
(to Eddy)
What are you thinking?

EDDY RYAN
It could be him. He can be that brutal. He does do things of this sort at times.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Okay. Two down. One more big fish to go.

EDDY RYAN
Can't wait.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING -
LATER

34

Trevor and Eddy are sat behind a desk opposite Chuck Warner.

CHUCK WARNER
(to Eddy)
So how does it feel to have spent the entire morning interrogating people and come up with nothing?

EDDY RYAN
How do you know we came up with nothing?

CHUCK WARNER
The look on your faces. Just hoping and wishing. I know Tanker and Ramirez were in here as well. You really think one of us did it don't you?

EDDY RYAN
I know one of you did it. It's only a matter of time.

CHUCK WARNER
So near and yet so far then ain't it? Good luck with solving that one out.

EDDY RYAN
 (to Chuck)
 See you soon Chuck.

Chuck gets up.

CHUCK WARNER
 Best of luck detectives. I hope not
 to see you anytime soon.

EDDY RYAN
 Believe me. You will.

CHUCK WARNER
 Just make sure you don't overstep
 your limits.

EDDY RYAN
 Is that a threat?

Chuck Warner walks to the exit.

CHUCK WARNER
 (to Eddy and Trevor
 sarcastically)
 No. I really love the good job you
 are doing out here guys. Can you
 imagine what the city would be like
 without our competent law
 enforcement?

Chuck walks out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM #3 - CONTINUOUS 35

Chuck Warner walks into the corridor followed at his heels
 by Trevor and Eddy.

CHUCK WARNER
 Good day detectives.

Chuck Warner walks out of the precinct. Trevor and Eddy
 remain stood in the corridor.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 It's always the same thing every
 time.

EDDY RYAN
 We just have to keep trying. They
 are all going to go down. I'll
 personally see to that if
 everything else fails.

Eddy walks over to his office. He enters -- SLAMS the door behind him. Onlookers in the precinct watch on perplexedly. Trevor walks up to Eddy's office -- raises his hand to knock on the door -- walks away to his office.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EDDY RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 36

Eddy is sat on the sofa with a beer in hand. The television is off but he's gazing at the screen in deep thought.

PICTURES of the murdered victims litter the living room table and floor. Eddy takes pictures of each victim and looks at them closely.

EDDY RYAN

Young. Rich. Murdered? What a pattern. Who did you guys deal with? Help me solve this.

INT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE. UNIDENTIFIED DOCKYARD LOCATION - NIGHT 37

Chuck Warner and his BODYGUARDS wait in the dockyard warehouse at high alert.

CHUCK WARNER

(to Bodyguard#1)

Where is the guy? You know I don't like waiting. Is this guy even genuine? You are all wasting my time aren't you? Lets go.

Chuck Warner starts walking towards a docked boat. BANG! One Bodyguard falls to ground -- DEAD. Chuck and his men run for cover. GUNSHOT rounds exchanged.

BODYGUARD #1

Get down! Take cover!

Chuck and Bodyguard #2 hide behind a container.

CHUCK WARNER

(panicked to Bodyguard#2)

Who is that?

BODYGUARD #2

I don't know boss.

CHUCK WARNER

Well. Go out there and find out.

Chuck pushes Bodyguard#2 from cover and BANG! Gunshot to the head -- drops DEAD. Chuck stares at the corpse in shock.

BODYGUARD #1 (O.C.)
He's on the roof. Shoot up there!

GUNSHOT rounds are fired. BEAT, with deafening SILENCE around the warehouse.

CHUCK WARNER
Where is he?

Bodyguard #1 notices a moving shadow through the window. He takes aim.

BODYGUARD #1
(to himself)
Where do you think you are going?

He SHOOTS at the shadow. The shadow disappears from view -- sound of something heavy CRASHING to ground.

BODYGUARD #1
Got you.

An object suddenly CRASHES through the window. A dummy with an EXPLOSIVE TIMER attached lands in the middle of the warehouse.

BODYGUARD #1
What the...?

GUNSHOTS fired in at the roof where the dummy fell in.

CHUCK WARNER
What's happening out there?

He runs from cover towards a docked boat. GUNSHOT -- he's hit on the back of his left leg. He dives onto the deck of the boat -- takes cover behind front panel of the boat.

A couple of GUNSHOTS hit the hood of the boat. Chuck peeks at the warehouse -- sudden huge EXPLOSION. Chuck falls back as the warehouse goes up in FLAMES.

EXT. DECK. BOAT - NIGHT

38

Chuck lifts himself up slowly and notices DEBRIS scattered around the water with warehouse burnt to ashes. He tries starting the engine -- no response. He tries again to start the engine in panic -- no response.

He limps to the rear of the boat and manually gets the ENGINE running. His cellphone RINGS. He is surprised but answers anyway.

CHUCK WARNER
(nervously over the phone)
Hello.

INTRO - THE ASSASSIN

ASSASSIN (V.O)
Where do you think you are going?

CHUCK WARNER
Who is this?

ASSASSIN (V.O)
Redemption.

Chuck drops the cellphone -- takes control of the boat -- starts driving off. GUNSHOTS -- the engine power cuts off. Another GUNSHOT -- hits the back of Chuck's other leg. He falls to the deck -- keeps his hand on the steering wheel.

Another GUNSHOT -- hits Chuck's right hand. Chuck falls to deck -- MOANS in pain -- the boat comes to a halt in the middle of the water.

A boat's ENGINE sound increases -- closer and closer. The ENGINE turns off. The masked ASSASSIN jumps into Chuck's boat. Chuck faces his tormentor while collapsed on deck. Chuck tries sitting up -- fails.

ASSASSIN
So you really thought you were gonna get away with this huh?

CHUCK WARNER
Can we talk this over?

ASSASSIN
Talk huh? How about talking about all those people you have killed over the years then?

Chuck reaches for a HANDGUN hidden in his back pocket. He points it at his tormentor -- BANG!. He MOANS in pain with his left hand is blown off.

CHUCK WARNER
I can get you anything. Money? Anything. What do you want?

ASSASSIN

Just to get you back for all you have done and tried to get away with. Now I'm just settling the score. My work here is done.

The Assassin looks at a fuel canister on the deck of the boat. He signals thumbs up to Chuck. He drops an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE on a timer on the deck.

ASSASSIN

You have roughly about sixty seconds to save yourself. It's up to you to decide how much you wanna live.

Assassin looks at the timer counting down -- jumps over to his boat. ENGINE sound of the boat fades in the distance. Chuck struggles to get himself up in agony.

The other boat turns around and comes to a stop. Chuck looks over at the boat. He tries to pick up the timer with his severed hands to no avail.

He grabs the explosive device with his mouth and drags his body slowly towards the edge of the boat. He reaches the edge -- timer reaches '0:00' -- EXPLOSION and the whole boat goes up in FLAMES.

INT. WAREHOUSE. UNIDENTIFIED DOCKYARD LOCATION - NIGHT 39

Eddy's LINCOLN comes to a screeching STOP. He jumps out and makes his way over to Trevor and Andy.

EDDY RYAN

(to Andy)

We meet again.

ANDY DAVIS

Hopefully next time it will be in a much different situation.

EDDY RYAN

I doubt it very much.

TREVOR CHALMERS

(to Eddy)

Where were you? I called you twenty minutes ago. And you are wet?

EDDY RYAN
I was in the shower.

TREVOR CHALMERS
It's ten at night? You know what?
Never mind. I don't even wanna know
what you get up to.

EDDY RYAN
So what do we have?

Trevor signals Eddy to follow him. They walk up to some severely burnt dead bodies.

TREVOR CHALMERS
You wouldn't believe it. Chuck
Warner's goons. All shot and burnt
to death.

EDDY RYAN
So where is Chuck?

Andy, Trevor and Eddy walk up to a body covered under a sheet with severe burns. He removes the sheet from the head -- kneels beside it.

ANDY DAVIS
Our tests shows that this guy...
looking like toast... is Chuck.

EDDY RYAN
What happened to him?

Davis points out features on the corpse --

ANDY DAVIS
Early indications suggest he died
from an explosion in the boat. He
was the only passenger. If you look
at the bone structure you can see
that his fingers were blown off. It
obviously happened before the
explosion.

EDDY RYAN
What does that mean?

ANDY DAVIS
He was tortured before he died. So
the explosion was to finish him
off. They did not find any bullets
or stabs on the critical parts of
his body. Severe torture at its
best.

EDDY RYAN
Any witnesses?

TREVOR CHALMERS
None.

Andy gets to his feet.

ANDY DAVIS
His guys here and whoever did this to him were the only witnesses. No use in asking these guys though. Half of it was on land and the rest happened in the water. So there might have been a sniper or a second boat involved.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Very suspicious ain't it?

EDDY RYAN
Why?

Trevor takes out a see-through plastic with bullets casings.

TREVOR CHALMERS
The same kind of bullet match is in each of his guys. This indicates the the hitter was solo.

Eddy takes the plastic to analyze it.

EDDY RYAN
Remarkable. So are we looking for a pro?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Probably. But not necessarily. It can be any person with reasonable weapons training.

ANDY DAVIS
The guy was probably sent by one of the rival gangs. A deal gone sour maybe. It's always the same thing.

Eddy, Trevor and Andy walk slowly away from the scene.

EDDY RYAN
There is some consolation though. At least one of the big hitters is out of picture now.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Yeah. I guess it's a good thing.
But we close one book -- and now
open a new one on how to find this
killer.

ANDY DAVIS

If you ask me... you have a big
problem.

EDDY RYAN

Why?

ANDY DAVIS

Solo hitters capable of doing this
are never known. They sometimes do
not even have names or identities.
They are just given coordinates and
locations. When the job is done...
money is wired to some offshore
account where you can never find
'em.

TREVOR CHALMERS

You just do your part with the
evidence collection and leave us to
do the speculation. Then we'll see
what comes from it.

Andy walks off to the scene. Trevor and Eddy walk towards
their cars.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)

Another unsolved case. People are
getting restless. At this rate we
are gonna have more open than
solved cases. We now have up to six
cases that we haven't taken care
of.

EDDY RYAN

There is nothing we can really do
about this is there?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Really now? Why the sudden change
of heart?

EDDY RYAN

Those were your words weren't they?
I was hyped up before and you
destroyed my spirit with your
negativity. I'll see you tomorrow.

Eddy and Trevor get into their cars -- drive off.

INT. KITCHEN. EDDY RYAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

40

Eddy walks into the kitchen fixing up his suit and tie -- prepares a bowl of cereal -- sits behind the counter. He reaches for the remote on the counter -- turns on the television.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on the television)

It's looking grim in 'The Magic City'. In recent weeks there has been multiple murders that the police are struggling to solve. This will surely affect the appeal of the tourist driven city -- known for beautiful beaches and friendly people. Now the public's confidence in the police is at a all-time low. Just yesterday one of the ring leaders Chuck Warner was murdered in what the police think was a targeted assassination plot. People are very much concerned about their safety with the police failing to assure protection for the public.

Eddy switches off the television -- eats a spoonful of the cereal and walks out -- closing the door behind him.

INT. EDDY RYAN'S OFFICE. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING

41

Eddy walks into his office. Trevor is sat casually behind the desk in his chair -- a newspaper in front of him.

EDDY RYAN

What are you doing in my seat?

Trevor sits up.

TREVOR CHALMERS

I think you should be asking yourself instead... what you are doing for your people?

EDDY RYAN

What?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Did you see the news today?

EDDY RYAN
Yeah. Why?

TREVOR CHALMERS
And you are impressed?

EDDY RYAN
Of course not.

TREVOR CHALMERS
We're now becoming public enemy
number one. It's never good when
the public turns on you.

Trevor stands up -- opens the paper and reads an article --

TREVOR CHALMERS (O.C.)
The public's confidence in the
police is at an all-time low.

EDDY RYAN
It's looking bad ain't it?

TREVOR CHALMERS
You think? We have to do something
about this before it gets out of
control.

EDDY RYAN
What? I mean... we cannot lock
these bastards up as they will sue
us for conviction without evidence.
Also they cannot be detained for
too long without charge. So what do
you suggest?

Trevor walking towards the door --

TREVOR CHALMERS
I don't know. But we have to think
of something fast before a riot
breaks out. Do you remember it has
happened before? Officers' houses
were burnt. Cars were stoned and
set alight. Officers were being
attacked.

EDDY RYAN
I remember. Those were dark days.

TREVOR CHALMERS

We are getting close to that now.

Eddy walks around the desk -- sits in his chair. Trevor exits the room. Eddy is left pondering for ideas.

EXT. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB. DOWNTOWN MIAMI -- ESTABLISHING -
NIGHT 42

A theme design marks the exterior Tropicana Strip Club. PALM TREES and NEON LIGHTS at the entrance.

MUSIC in the (b.g.). An unmarked BLACK SEDAN parks on the roadside across the club. An unidentified average built male, THE ASSASSIN, exits -- wipes the steering wheel with a cloth -- closes the door and wipes the door handle as well.

He walks to the back of the Sedan and opens the trunk -- unzips a bag inside -- takes out some gloves and the bag -- closes the trunk.

The Assassin walks across the street -- heads toward a DARK ALLEY behind the club. He wears a mask -- brandishes a HANDGUN with a silencer -- walks through the back door of the club at high alert.

INT. HALLWAY. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS 43

Assassin shuts the escape door behind him -- walks towards the back room cautiously. A BOUNCER#1 comes round the corner -- tries reaching for his holstered HANDGUN. BANG! He drops DEAD.

Assassin grabs the dead Bouncer#1 and holds him up as a shield -- his handgun under the dead guy's arm. He kicks open a backroom door.

INT. BACK ROOM. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS 44

Assassin enters the room. Four BOUNCERS jump up surprised -- turn to him -- GUNSHOTS exchanged -- Assassin uses dead corpse as a shield.

Assassin SHOOTS BOUNCER#2 in the head -- BOUNCER#3 in the chest. He throws the corpse at BOUNCER#4 and BOUNCER#5.

BOUNCER#4 SHOOTS continuously as Assassin grabs hold of his hand in a pin manoeuvre -- turns the handgun at his partner. BOUNCER#5 is SHOT and Assassin dives to ground -- uses Bouncer#5's corpse as a shield.

He SHOOTS Bouncer#4 in the crotch -- drops to ground MOANING in pain. Assassin recovers to his feet.

ASSASSIN
 (to Bouncer#4)
 Don't make me come back and finish
 you off.

He picks up Bouncer#5's handgun.

ASSASSIN (CONT'D)
 (at the corpse)
 I guess you won't be needing this
 anymore.

Assassin exits the room -- handgun raised at attention.

INT. BAR AREA. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS 45

Assassin enters the room -- points the handgun at BARTENDER#2 and signals him to move to the back. Assassin peeks in the STOREROOM -- pushes Barman#2 inside -- LOCKS him in.

Two half-naked FEMALE STRIPPERS walk in. They notice him -- he points a handgun at them -- they stand motionless in TERROR. Assassin signals them to stay silent -- directs them to the storeroom.

ASSASSIN
 This way ladies.

STRIPPER #1
 Don't shoot.

ASSASSIN
 I won't... if you do not give me
 any reason to. Get in the back.

The strippers walk into the store room with their hands up. Assassin LOCKS them inside as well.

INT. STORE ROOM. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS 46

Barman#2 looks at the strippers perversely.

STRIPPER #1
 (to Barman#2)
 What are you lookin' at?

BARMAN #2
Nothing.

STRIPPER #1
Good.

Barman#2 searches around the storeroom.

STRIPPER #2
What are you looking for?

BARMAN #2
Something to use to break us out.
I'm not gonna die in here.

STRIPPER #2
Ain't there another way out?

BARMAN #2
It's a storeroom. They are not
meant to have hostages inside them.
There is only one way out. And you
came through it.

STRIPPER #1
What do you think he wants from us?

BARMAN #2
He's not here for us.

STRIPPER #2
What makes you so sure?

BARMAN #2
He's looking for something or
someone. Probably the boss. But
whoever or whatever it is... he's
not messin' about.

Barman#2 searches his pockets. He takes out a cellphone --
searches for signal.

BARMAN #2
I think I might be able to call
outside.

STRIPPER #2
What are you waiting for?

Barman#2 dials 911 -- the phone doesn't connect.

BARMAN #2
It's not going through.

STRIPPER #1
Try again.

BARMAN #2
Alright! Alright! Calm down.

Barman#2 dials again -- signals thumbs up.

BARMAN #2
It's ringing.

EMERGENCY DISPATCHER (V.O.)
9-1-1 caller. What is your
emergency?

BARMAN #2
(over the phone hesitantly)
We are being held hostage in a
storeroom by an armed gunman. You
need to get here quick.

EMERGENCY DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(over the phone)
Are you somewhere safe?

BARMAN #2
Not for long.

EMERGENCY DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Okay. Try to stay calm. What is
your location?

BARMAN #2
Tropicana Strip Club -- Downtown.
I'm calling from a storage room and
we've been locked in.

EMERGENCY DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Do not do anything stupid okay.
Just hang on. Help is on the way.

Barman#2 cuts the phone. He's breathes a sigh of relief.

BARMAN #2
They are on the way.

INT. VIP ROOM. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

47

Assassin enters the room with strategically placed reflective mirrors decorating the whole room like a glass maze.

RAMIREZ (O.C.)

Where the fuck are those girls?
I've been waiting for my drinks
like forever.

Assassin follows the direction of the voice cautiously. Ramirez, lays on a bed, in his boxers and a T-shirt. He notices a reflection of the masked Assassin.

RAMIREZ

(to his Bodyguards)
Who the hell is that?

Assassin moves away into hiding.

BODYGUARD #5

I'll take care of him.

BODYGUARD#5 and BODYGUARD#6 search for the Assassin -- walk towards the reflection cautiously. Bodyguard#5 SHOOTS at a reflection -- glass SHATTERS everywhere.

RAMIREZ (O.C.)

What's going on out there?

Bodyguard#5 and Bodyguard#6 continue searching the room. Assassin appears behind Bodyguard#5 -- SNAPS his neck. Bodyguard#6 notices reflection of the Assassin -- GUNSHOT -- glass SHATTERS.

Assassin SHOOTS Bodyguard#6 in the leg -- falls to ground MOANING. Assassin reaches Ramirez sat up on the bed -- points the gun at him.

ASSASSIN

Hello. Hope I'm not disturbing
anything.

Bodyguard#6, on the floor notices Assassin's feet -- reaches for his handgun on the floor.

RAMIREZ

(to Assassin)
Please don't. We can sort somethin'
out.

ASSASSIN
Too late for negotiations.

Assassin cocks the handgun. GUNSHOT -- Assassin falls to ground -- gunshot wound on the left leg -- MOANS in pain. Ramirez gets up -- takes a few steps back.

Assassin notices Bodyguard#6 laying on the floor reloading a handgun. Bodyguard#6 raises the handgun at Assassin -- GUNSHOT -- Bodyguard#6 falls DEAD.

Assassin notices BODYGUARD#7 walking along the balcony above at alert -- SHOOTS -- Bodyguard#7 falls off and CRASHES to ground. Ramirez tries reaching for a handgun on the floor -- Assassin aims his gun at him.

ASSASSIN
(to Ramirez)
Don't even think about it.

Assassin stumbles to his feet. Ramirez reaches for a champagne bottle from behind him.

ASSASSIN (CONT'D)
And what do you think you are gonna do with that?

Ramirez shakes the bottle -- sprays champagne into Assassin's eyes. Ramirez runs for the exit. GUNSHOT to Ramirez's back -- he falls to ground MOANING and drags his body towards the door.

He opens the door -- crawls outside into the corridor.

INT. HALLWAY. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

48

Ramirez crawls towards the back escape door as Assassin follows him with a LIMP and a SHOTGUN in hand -- wipes champagne out of his eyes. Ramirez turns to face the Assassin and drags himself backwards towards the back exit.

RAMIREZ
I will get you back for this asshole. I run these streets.

ASSASSIN
Used to run these streets. There's a new King in town.

RAMIREZ
You? You're nobody. You're just being used by the guy who's paying you.

ASSASSIN

Say something more convincing than that.

RAMIREZ

You won't get away with this.

ASSASSIN

I already have. You have no one to cover your back now.

RAMIREZ

You are that guy who killed Chuck aren't you? Who sent you?

(Assassin ignores)

Well. Lets see your face before you kill me.

Ramirez sit up. Assassin stands in front of Ramirez -- starts removing the mask in the shadows. Ramirez KICKS Assassin on the injured leg -- he BANGS HIS HEAD against the wall and falls to ground -- drops the shotgun.

Assassin YELLS in pain -- holds his ankle and forehead. Ramirez gets up -- limps out the back door.

EXT. BACK ALLEY. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 49

Ramirez stumbles to his MERCEDES SEDAN and jumps in. Growing sound of SIRENS approaching (b.g.). Ramirez starts the Mercedes and accelerates forward.

Assassin comes out the back door -- stands in the path of the approaching Mercedes -- shotgun in hand.

Ramirez floors the accelerator -- Assassin takes aim -- SHOOTs at the wheels -- Mercedes loses control -- CRASHES into the wall to a STOP.

Ramirez KICKS out the front window panel. Starts crawling out -- covered in BLOOD.

ASSASSIN

Cops almost here. I've run out of time. So have you.

Assassin SHOOTs at the Mercedes' gas tank -- EXPLOSION in a FIREBALL. Assassin falls on his back. SIRENS get LOUDER and LOUDER(b.g.). Assassin gets up slowly and limps hurriedly away from the alley.

INT. MAIN ROOM. TROPICANA STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - LATER 50

Trevor and Andy stand beside each other analyzing the scene. A PARAMEDIC treats Bouncer#4's gunshot wound (b.g.). The two Strippers and Barman#2 are sat by the bar -- with a uniformed Police OFFICER#2 taking notes (b.g.).

TREVOR CHALMERS

(to Andy)

Someone is targeting these guys for sure. They are all being taken out one by one.

ANDY DAVIS

Do you think it's revenge?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Definitely. What else? Or someone who wants all the power to himself.

Eddy walks into the room -- approaches Trevor and Andy.

EDDY RYAN

This is Ramirez's place isn't it? So someone decided to take him out at his place? Some balls huh?

ANDY DAVIS

He didn't die inside.

EDDY RYAN

So that son of a bitch made it out alive?

ANDY DAVIS

Oh he's dead alright. But it seems he tried to escape but couldn't. His car has a shot at the tank and he was fried inside.

EDDY RYAN

The same guy then?

Trevor holds up a bullet casing.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Definitely. Same bullet casings at the scene as when Chuck was killed. It's like his signature. The casings are different from all those rich guys who were murdered.

EDDY RYAN

So the guy likes fire too?

ANDY DAVIS

Not necessarily. It seems he made it outside in a struggle. Fire might have been a last resort to finish him off because when the first unit arrived... the car was still fully ablaze.

EDDY RYAN

But it seems all the guys have been tortured as well.

ANDY DAVIS

You're right on that one. He does like torture. And the only reason for torture is revenge or if you want something from that person.

TREVOR CHALMERS

The guy is good. No suspicious individuals have been reported in the area despite the explosion occurring minutes before the first squadron arrived. They found one suspicious car on the roadside... which he probably used because the car was reported as stolen. But it was wiped clean inside.

EDDY RYAN

So how did he escape? Do you think he is still here?

TREVOR CHALMERS

How else could he have escaped? We have set up a perimeter within a five mile radius and every vehicle to be stopped and searched. Our men are patrolling the neighborhood already. I think we can box him in.

EDDY RYAN

It could be a woman. How do you know?

Trevor points at Barman#2.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Its definitely a man. The guy right there said he talked to him. He was

(MORE)

TREVOR CHALMERS (cont'd)
also shot. He cannot have gone too
far on foot.

EDDY RYAN
How about the hospitals?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Notified already.

ANDY DAVIS
Things are looking up guys. We can
start cleaning up these streets
now.

TREVOR CHALMERS
We'll keep the perimeter till
morning... as well as a night
patrol team... as we do a search in
the area. We will get him surely.

Sergeant approaches Trevor, Andy and Eddy.

SERGEANT
Hey guys. I think we have a lot
more detail from this incident than
the previous cases. My men will
keep their positions and help the
search squad to look for the guy.

Eddy limps slightly.

EDDY RYAN
Always good to know.

SERGEANT
Are you alright there?

Eddy holds his leg in pain.

EDDY RYAN
Yeah. I think I might have twisted
my ankle or something. I'll be
fine.

TREVOR CHALMERS
(to Sergeant)
Thanks anyways Sergeant.

Sergeant leaves -- Trevor and Eddy head for the exit.

ANDY DAVIS
 (to Trevor and Eddy)
 You guys always leave me to clean
 up this mess.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 What else do you want us to do? We
 are not forensics or coroners.
 That's your job. I'm going to
 sleep.

Trevor and Eddy exit the Strip club.

ANDY DAVIS
 (whispers to himself)
 Assholes!

A FORENSIC EXPERT#1 walks up to Andy with evidence in a
 plastic wallet.

FORENSIC EXPERT #1
 Hey boss. We found some blood trace
 besides the victim's own.

ANDY DAVIS
 Great job. Send it to the lab to
 get it checked out.

The Forensic Expert#1 walks off leaving Andy analyzing the
 scene.

INT. BATHROOM. UNIDENTIFIED HOUSE - NIGHT

51

Assassin LIMPS into a bathroom -- facial identity hidden --
 dressed in trousers and a vest. He opens a sideboard --
 takes out a treatment kit -- BANDAGES, SCISSORS, MEDICINE,
 PILLS and NEEDLES.

Assassin injects himself a dosage into his arm. He rips one
 leg of the trousers -- places his leg in the tub -- runs
 COLD WATER over the gunshot wound.

He grabs the scissors -- digs it into the wound -- pulls out
 a bullet shell -- MOANS in agony -- BLOOD floods the
 bathtub. He cleans the wound -- runs more water on it.

Assassin applies 'dry clot' to stop the bleeding and dresses
 the wound. He wraps a bandage around the wound -- puts his
 foot on the ground -- LIMPS a couple of steps then walks out
 of the bathroom normally. The LIGHT switches off.

INT. INVESTIGATION LAB. FORENSICS HQ. MIAMI - DAY

52

An attractive female LAB ASSISTANT, 24, dressed in a white lab coat, uses a microscope analyzing some evidence. Andy appears behind the Lab Assistant.

ANDY DAVIS
(to Lab Assistant)
Incoming.

Lab Assistant jumps SURPRISED -- turns around slowly.

LAB ASSISTANT
Don't do that! This is sensitive
stuff I'm dealing with here.

ANDY DAVIS
Sorry.

LAB ASSISTANT
So what have you got for me this
time?

ANDY DAVIS
I need you to analyze a sample for
me. It's from the scene yesterday
on Ramirez's death. An unidentified
party.

Lab assistant takes the sample from Andy and analyzes it.

LAB ASSISTANT
How urgent do you need it?

ANDY DAVIS
As in yesterday if possible?

LAB ASSISTANT
I'll get on it right now then.

ANDY DAVIS
You're a star.

Lab Assistant moves to a different desk followed by Andy. She wears some gloves and takes out the sample -- places a bit in a tray and places it in a 'DNA Sequencer'.

LAB ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
It should just take a bit of time
to find a match. You better hope
this is from someone who we already
have in the system otherwise it's
worthless.

ANDY DAVIS
Just do the best you can.

Andy's cellphone RINGS. He answers.

ANDY DAVIS
(to Lab Assistant)
I'll be back. Call me when you are
done.

Andy walks out of the room talking over the phone (b.g.).

INT. INVESTIGATION LAB. FORENSICS HQ - CONTINUOUS 53

Lab Assistant uses some lab equipment conducting an
experiment.

LAB ASSISTANT
Need the little girls room. Back
soon.

Lab Assistant gets up. There is a BEEPING sound from the DNA
sequencing machine. Lab Assistant looks at it -- ignores it
-- continues toward the exit.

LAB ASSISTANT
I'll be back and check on you. I
really have to go.

The Lab Assistant grabs an access-card off the table --
rushes out of the room -- closes the door behind her.
Momentary lapse. BEEPING sound from the door.

A MASKED MAN in black clothes walks into the room
brandishing a HANDGUN. He browses through some files around
the lab.

He walks up to the DNA sequencing machine and picks up a
printout. He stashes it in his pocket -- takes the samples
in the scanner and the rest on the side. He places them in a
plastic wallet -- stashes them in his jacket's pocket.

He lights a FIRE on a burner and sets FIRE to the DNA
sequencing machine.

Masked Man walks toward the exit -- sound of FOOTSTEPS
approaches the door -- he hides behind the door and fastens
a silencer to the handgun -- door opens slowly. Masked Man
holds the gun pointed at the door.

Lab Assistant appears in the doorway. He grabs her from
behind -- she puts up a fight. GUNSHOT -- Lab Assistant
falls to ground -- BLOOD covers the floor.

Masked Man peeks outside the door -- no one there. PEOPLE CHATTER coming from the right -- he rushes off to the left. EXPLOSION in the lab -- the FIRE ALARM and SPRINKLERS come on -- water floods the floor.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM. HOSPITAL. MIAMI - LATE AFTERNOON 54

Lab Assistant rests in a bed -- bandages over the right side of her stomach. Trevor and Eddy walk into the room to her bedside.

TREVOR CHALMERS

How are you doing? You were almost a goner there.

LAB ASSISTANT

How do you think I'm doing? I've got a hole in my side.

EDDY RYAN

Did you see the guy?

LAB ASSISTANT

No. He grabbed me as I was coming through the door. I tried fighting... But you know what?

TREVOR CHALMERS

What?

LAB ASSISTANT

The machine had found a match. So the person is definitely in the system. He could not risk being discovered.

TREVOR CHALMERS

He took all the samples and burnt down the DNA Machine including the hard-drive. Nothing can be recovered from it.

Eddy turns to Lab Assistant --

EDDY RYAN

I heard you lost all samples from the other cases didn't you?

LAB ASSISTANT

At least you have a starting point because you can narrow down the list of suspects a bit.

EDDY RYAN

Lets not get carried away. There are thousands of names in that system. So even if we were to isolate some people... it is still a long shot in the dark.

TREVOR CHALMERS

I think we have to chance it.

LAB ASSISTANT

But how many people are in the system, and have access cards and are able to clean up all their tracks? Because he didn't break in. Think about that.

TREVOR CHALMERS

You think it's internal? Be careful what you say next. You should keep that to yourself.

LAB ASSISTANT

Listen. The guy was inside with access. Yes. It may be internal.

Trevor and Eddy look at each other.

EDDY RYAN

Maybe we should reconsider our strategy.

TREVOR CHALMERS

(to Lab Assistant)

Thanks for your help. We'll be in touch if we need anything else.

Trevor and Eddy walk toward the exit.

LAB ASSISTANT

Hey guys. What if they come for me?

EDDY RYAN

Why would they come for you?

LAB ASSISTANT

You know I didn't see the guy. But he doesn't know that. He may want to make sure I don't remember anything and tell someone.

TREVOR CHALMERS
We'll put you in protective custody
then until we solve this.

LAB ASSISTANT
No way. That could take months.

EDDY RYAN
Even years.

LAB ASSISTANT
Why protective custody?

TREVOR CHALMERS
You got any better suggestions?

Lab Assistant shakes her head.

EDDY RYAN
Didn't think so. It's a done deal
then. Get some rest.

LAB ASSISTANT
Okay then. Forget what I said. I
don't need protection.

Eddy and Trevor walk out of the room -- close the door
behind them.

LAB ASSISTANT
(whispers to herself)
Insensitive jerks! I'll haunt you
to the grave assholes if I get
killed.

Lab Assistant lays back in bed cuddling a pillow.

INT. EDDY RYAN'S OFFICE. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING

55

SUPERIMPOSE: One week later.

Eddy is sat behind his desk -- talking over the phone.
Trevor opens the door and enters. Eddy puts the receiver
down.

EDDY RYAN
(to Trevor)
You seriously need to learn to
knock.

TREVOR CHALMERS
And you need to quit with this
knocking rubbish. We both know it's
not happening.

EDDY RYAN
How can I help you?

TREVOR CHALMERS
We need to finish that pressing
issue about getting you a decent
girl.

EDDY RYAN
Not this again.

Trevor sits opposite Eddy on the other side of the desk.

TREVOR CHALMERS
I mean... you are not too bad
looking. For the girls of your
standard anyway.

EDDY RYAN
So you admit that I'm beautiful?

TREVOR CHALMERS
(coughs sarcastically)
Don't flatter yourself. You
probably are 0.1 percent better
than the average ugly looking
person. But hey... that should be
something to look up to.

EDDY RYAN
Now you are dissing me?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Of course. You need to live your
life more constructively. You want
strippers and to be married your
job but they don't feel the same
about you.
(switches topic)
On a serious note. It's been a week
and there hasn't been a sign of the
guy who was shot at Ramirez's death
scene.

EDDY RYAN
I know. How could he have possibly
got away?

TREVOR CHALMERS

No hospitals treated any matching individuals in the last week. He has to have someone helping or be good at dressing and treating himself then.

EDDY RYAN

So what do you think? So he got the treatment underground?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Maybe we're looking in the wrong places. The person escapes easily... doesn't leave evidence and shoots once to kill.

EDDY RYAN

The guy at the strip club didn't die though?

TREVOR CHALMERS

That's an odd one out. The guy should be in army, navy, secret service, CIA or part the force.

EDDY RYAN

One of us? From the force? No ways.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Maybe. Don't be quick to write that one off because I don't know what to make of how he got into the lab without breaking in. Cameras didn't have a shot of him come in or leave.

EDDY RYAN

You are really going for this aren't you?

TREVOR CHALMERS

What other explanation can you give? There's a strong chance that he could be from the precinct because of the access card.

EDDY RYAN

What? But guys from the precinct with lab access... besides the lab guys... guys at the top.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Exactly. Which would narrow down
 the list. I'm just saying we have
 to keep our eyes open.

EDDY RYAN
 We may have to go undercover with
 this. Who can we trust?

Trevor walks towards the door.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 I'll keep you posted.

Eddy rubs his left ankle. Trevor notices it.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)
 Later.

Trevor walks out. Eddy picks up the phone.

INT. TREVOR CHALMERS' OFFICE. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER
 AFTERNOON - LATER

56

Trevor is sat behind his desk. He picks up the phone --
 dials a number with RINGS engaged. He puts the phone down --
 walks out to Eddy's office -- no one there -- walks towards
 the reception area.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

57

Trevor walks up to the Police Receptionist.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Do you know where Eddy is?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
 I don't know. Maybe he's gone out
 to run errands.

Trevor checks his watch.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 He usually lets me know though.
 Thanks anyways.

Trevor walks back to his office. Receptionist watches on
 confused.

INT. TREVOR CHALMERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

58

Trevor walks into his office -- sits in the visitor seat.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Something is not right.

Trevor gets up -- moves to sit in his chair behind the desk -- takes his tie off -- opens a drawer. He takes out photos of the murdered victims -- lays them across the table. He goes through the pictures one by one.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)
 Lets try making sense of all this. Morse, Tyler and Olden might have been killed by the ring bosses they were dealing with. So who would actually wanna kill the bosses?
 (looks through the photos)
 Could be someone that's next... a ring boss that wants control... an unhappy mule... or someone fed up with the bosses not being put to justice. The only name that's worth following.....

Trevor holds up Tanker's portrait.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)
 So... who could want revenge against you guys?

Trevor leans into his seat.

FLASHBACK

EXT. KNIGHTSGATE BRIDGE. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT

59

TREVOR CHALMERS
 True. The blacks at Danger House, the SWK or the Latinos at Latino flavor would not have that much expertise to pull off something like this.

SERGEANT
 So who do you have in mind then?

EDDY RYAN
 The dealers at the top. Guys like Ramirez, Chucky and that guy called Tanker. Everyone knows that they
 (MORE)

EDDY RYAN (cont'd)
 kill a lot of people on the streets
 but are never convicted because
 they have some deep connections.
 They also pay some influential
 people at the top to cover their
 tracks.

SERGEANT
 How do you then deal with people
 like that? It's a one way street
 isn't it?

EDDY RYAN
 There is always an opening. There
 are times they will make mistakes.
 Someone will catch up with 'em.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 But nothing can be done for now.

EDDY RYAN
 That's what annoys me and makes me
 sick. They are the ones ruling
 these streets. One day someone will
 get 'em though.

TO PRESENT

INT. TREVOR CHALMERS' OFFICE. POLICE PRECINCT - LATE
 AFTERNOON

60

Trevor sits upright.

TREVOR CHALMERS
 Left ankle. Access to the labs. No
 way! Eddy?

Trevor takes a file from his desk -- opens it -- runs his
 finger across the dates. He writes down 'Chuck Warner - 2
 weeks ago - Tuesday'.

He flips through to another page and writes down 'Ramirez -
 1 week ago - Tuesday'. He closes the file -- closes his eyes
 momentarily.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)
 All murders have been a week apart.
 Something may be going down
 tonight. Three big ring leaders out
 there. Chuck Warner... dead.
 Ramirez... dead. And Tanker...
 probably next.

Trevor gets his coat hurriedly -- places all the murder files and pictures in his drawer. He takes out his cellphone -- dials Eddy's number which RINGS engaged. He grabs some car keys and rushes out of the office.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS 61

Trevor walks hurriedly to the Police Receptionist.

TREVOR CHALMERS
I need you to do me a big favor.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
Sure detective. What is it?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Get someone to tail Tanker's every move from now. Just one car. I don't want it to be too suspicious.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
Okay. What's going on?

TREVOR CHALMERS
He might be in danger... or someone in danger from him. I cannot explain to you all the details right now.

Trevor starts walking towards the exit of the precinct.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST (O.C.)
(shouts to Trevor)
In danger? Why?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Just get it done please. Also keep trying to reach Eddy. I need to talk to him urgently.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
I'll get straight to it.

INT. POLICE IMPOUND. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - LATE AFTERNOON 62

Trevor walks into the impound lot -- walks up to JOE, 30, a black male overweight impound security guard.

TREVOR CHALMERS
(to Joe)
Hey Joe. What's up?

JOE

How is it goin' Trev? What brings to this side of town? You've totally forgotten about us down here.

TREVOR CHALMERS

It's not like that.

JOE

So how's life?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Not too good. Do you still have the car we confiscated from that bank robbery attempt?

JOE

It's down in the back. Why?

TREVOR CHALMERS

I need it.

Trevor starts walking towards the back -- Joe follows behind him.

JOE

Where's the paperwork?

TREVOR CHALMERS

I don't have it.

JOE

I cannot allow you to take it then. You know the rules.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Don't worry. I'll bring it back.

JOE

Why do you need it then?

Trevor stops -- Turns to face Joe.

TREVOR CHALMERS

I'm working on a case. I cannot tell you right now. It could compromise the whole job.

JOE

You want me to give you this car... risk my job in the process... but you can't tell me what's goin' on?

TREVOR CHALMERS
It's better less people knowing.

JOE
It's me baby. I'm not everyone.

Trevor turn round the corner -- gets to a BLACKED OUT modified DODGE CHARGER.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Are you gonna gimme the keys or do I have to fight you for them?

JOE
You are determined about this aren't you?

TREVOR CHALMERS
My mind's already made up.

Joe walks off. Trevor walks around the Dodge -- in admiration. Joe returns and stands on the other side of the Dodge.

JOE
I cannot believe I'm allowing you to do this.
(throws the keys over to Trevor)
Just don't wreck the car alright?

Trevor gets into the Dodge -- winds down the window.

TREVOR CHALMERS
You worry too much. If you are forced... tell 'em I stole it. Now get out of the way and enjoy the scene.

Trevor starts the Dodge -- REVS the engine. SCREECHING tires as the Dodge SPEEDS out of the impound.

JOE
Showoff!

EXT. CAR. STREET - CONTINUOUS

63

The Dodge flies out of the impound onto the street.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Okay. Lets see what you can do.

Trevor floors the accelerator -- the Dodge flies over a ramp -- public looking on.

TREVOR CHALMERS (CONT'D)
Now that's real power.

Trevor reduces the speed -- continues driving down the street.

EXT. CAR. ROADSIDE PARKING SPACE - NIGHT - LATER

64

Trevor is sat in the Dodge on a stakeout -- lights and engine off. He takes out his cellphone -- dials Eddy's number -- engaged still. He dials the precinct's number.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
(over the phone)
Miami PD. How can I help?

TREVOR CHALMERS
(over the phone)
It's me. Sorry for making you work overtime. Did you manage to get hold of Eddy?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
His phone has been off the whole day. I don't know what's going on. Do you...?

TREVOR CHALMERS
I will explain later. Can you get me two squad cars on standby and keep your line free? When I call... can you send 'em to the location I give you?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Okay. Where exactly.

TREVOR CHALMERS
I don't know yet. Thanks for what you're doing. I owe you my life.

Trevor cuts the phone. He dials another number.

INT. SQUAD CAR. OPPOSITE TANKER'S BAR. ROADSIDE PARKING -
NIGHT 65

Two uniformed Policemen, OFFICER#3 and OFFICER#4, are sat in a police squad car. Officer#3 answers the phone on loudspeaker.

OFFICER #3
(into the phone)
Detective.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O.)
(over the phone)
You got him in your sight?

OFFICER #3
Not quite in sight. He's in the bar. We are parked on the opposite side of the road.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O.)
Get inside and keep a close eye.

Officer#4 turns to his partner --

OFFICER #4
Negative. His people are in there. There would be a war.

OFFICER #3
(into the phone)
That will surely cause some panic and mayhem.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O.)
Okay. Stay close and keep me informed.

There is a KNOCK on the window of the squad car. Officer#3 talks on the phone (b.g). One of Tanker's men, GUARD#1, stands next to the vehicle. Officer#4 opens the window.

OFFICER #4
How can I help you Sir?

GUARD #1
Are you looking for somethin' officers?

OFFICER #4
No! We are just chilling. Just making sure everything is in order.

GUARD #1
Chillin'? Why don't you do it
somewhere else?

Officer4 steps out the squad car.

OFFICER #4
Do we have a problem here?

GUARD #1
Yep. A bit.

OFFICER #4
So what's the problem?

Officer#3 notices Tanker's MERCEDES BENZ drive off -- turns
to Officer#4 impatiently --

OFFICER #3
We have to go. Get in!

Officer#4 notices the Benz -- jumps in the squad car.
Officer#3 tries driving off -- the squad car moves a few
feet forward and stops.

Officer#4 looks outside -- notices Guard#1 and Guard#2
running away -- knives in hand. Officer#3 looking outside --

OFFICER #4
Shit. They cut our tires.

TREVOR CHALMERS (V.O.)
What's going on out there?

OFFICER #3
(into the phone)
They slit our tires. We've lost
Tanker.

EXT. CAR. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

66

Trevor brings the Dodge's ENGINE into action.

TREVOR CHALMERS
(over the phone)
Which direction are they headed?

OFFICER #3 (V.O.)
(over the phone)
Down Prince's Street.

Trevor drives off at SPEED.

TREVOR CHALMERS

I'm close to that place. I'm on it.

Trevor cuts the phone. The Dodge speeds past the stationary squad car with the two Policemen watching on.

EXT. PRINCE'S STREET. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - CONTINUOUS

67

Tanker's Benz cruises down the street -- accompanied by two CHEVY TAHOE SUVs. An unmarked BLACK SEDAN gains ground on the motorcade. Tanker notices the Sedan -- dials a number on his cellphone.

TANKER

(over the phone)

Get rid of him.

GUARD #2 (V.O.)

Sure thing boss.

Guard#2 signals to Guard#3 in Chevy#1 about the tailing Sedan. The two Chevys slow down. The Sedan SWERVES around -- tries to overtake the Chevys from both sides but is blocked.

The Sedan suddenly accelerates, SQUEEZES into a gap between the two Chevys. The two Chevys come together -- SANDWICH the Sedan in the middle.

Guard#2 in Chevy#1 SHOTS at the Sedan's windows. The SEDAN DRIVER is SHOT in the stomach -- BRAKES sharply. The two Chevys accelerate forward.

The two Chevys get RAMMED into the side by a crossing SEMI TRUCK at an intersection -- RIPS apart one -- forces the other to OVERTURN on its side.

The Sedan narrowly misses the incident -- VEERS around the collision -- SPINS out of control and comes to a stop. The Sedan continues CHASING after Tanker's Benz.

EXT. PRINCE'S STREET. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - CONTINUOUS

68

The Sedan gains ground on Tanker's Benz in front. Trevor's Dodge passes the CARNAGE left from the Chevys and the Semi Truck accident -- joins in the PURSUIT. Trevor searches for his cellphone.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Where is it?

Trevor bends down -- reaches under the seat -- grabs hold of the cellphone -- sits up. Suddenly bright HEADLIGHTS appear from the side -- the Dodge is SIDESWIPE at an intersection.

EXT. KNIGHTSGATE BRIDGE. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS
69

The Sedan accelerates to the rear of Tanker's Benz -- TAGS the rear bumper from the side -- The Benz VEERS off the road -- CRASHES into the bridge's wall -- OVERTURNS onto it's roof.

The Sedan SPINS out of control -- comes to a screeching STOP.

Assassin stumbles out of the Sedan holding a stomach wound -- brandishes a HANDGUN -- limps towards the Benz. Tanker BREAKS the glass -- crawls out of the Benz onto the road.

TANKER

Are you totally mad?

ASSASSIN

You caused this. I'm just clearing off the trash.

Assassin removes the safety on his handgun -- aims at Tanker -- the Dodge approaches fast. Assassin turns to look -- BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS in his face -- GUNSHOTS.

Assassin is HIT by the Dodge -- falls and rolls on the road. The Dodge comes to a stop. Trevor exits the vehicle -- points a handgun at Assassin.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Don't do this Ed. I know it's you.
Just give up now. I'll get you a
sweet deal.

Assassin stumblingly gets to his feet -- covered in BLOOD -- spits blood from his mouth -- takes his mask off slowly.

REVEAL - EDDY RYAN

EDDY RYAN

Good job detective. But I don't
want a sweet deal. Especially not
from you.

Trevor aims the gun hesitantly.

TREVOR CHALMERS

They'll lock you up for a long time. Multiple murders. Endangering the public. Unlawful driving. That's three strikes there.

Eddy limps slowly toward the edge of the bridge -- turns his back to Trevor. Trevor follows behind -- stays alert.

EDDY RYAN

You know what you have to do. Otherwise... I am going home.

TREVOR CHALMERS

I don't think home is one of the likelier outcomes from this.

EDDY RYAN

Well isn't that sad?

TREVOR CHALMERS

Don't make me do this. I won't hesitate to take you out.

Eddy limps on. Trevor keeps aim at Eddy.

EDDY RYAN

You already are. Do it then.

SIRENS sound (b.g.) -- police squad cars' FLASHING LIGHTS in the distance.

EDDY RYAN (CONT'D)

You made your decision to fight for what you believe in. I made my own. I don't regret it.

Numerous police squad cars reach the scene -- POLICEMEN take up positions aiming HANDGUNS at Eddy and Tanker collapsed on the road.

TREVOR CHALMERS

(to approaching Policemen)

Stay back! I have this covered.

Eddy stands by the edge of the bridge -- looks down into the channel. Police HELICOPTERS circling above the scene.

EDDY RYAN

(to Trevor)

Do you really? It seems you have a big dilemma. Do you kill your best friend... or do you try to save him from getting shot?

TREVOR CHALMERS
Don't lay that on me. That is your
choice to decide.

EDDY RYAN
I've made my choice.

Trevor removes the safety on his handgun -- takes aim.

TREVOR CHALMERS
What have you decided then?

EDDY RYAN
I am not going to jail.

TREVOR CHALMERS
There is no other choice.

EDDY RYAN
Just remember one thing. We're on
the same team. One had to play the
bad cop for things to be done
around here.

TREVOR CHALMERS
What's that supposed to mean?

Eddy winks at Trevor cheekily.

EDDY RYAN
Everythin' is gonna be alright.
Just don't miss. Everyone is
watching.

Eddy takes out a HANDGUN from around his waist -- points it
at Trevor. Trevor SHOOTS multiple rounds into Eddy's chest
-- Eddy falls over the edge of the bridge.

Trevor and uniformed Policemen run to the edge -- look down
-- Eddy's body CRASHES into the channel below. The Policemen
rush the scene -- some look down into the channel -- others
run to arrest Tanker and his accomplices.

SERGEANT
(to Policemen at the scene)
Get me some divers down there.

Trevor returns his handgun back in the holster -- walks away
from the scene dejected.

EXT. KNIGHTSGATE BRIDGE. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT - LATER 70

Trevor is sat in the back of an AMBULANCE -- watches as a body being carried out from the water in a body bag -- PARAMEDICS load it into the back of an ambulance -- ambulance drives off. Andy approaches Trevor.

ANDY DAVIS

(to Trevor)

I'm sorry for your best friend.

BEAT, Trevor looks at Andy.

TREVOR CHALMERS

You don't have to be sorry. He was one of the bad guys.

ANDY DAVIS

Perhaps he was... or maybe he wasn't. He did every other cop a favor by cleaning out the guys no one else has the balls to go after.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Don't defend him. There will never be a time when anyone has the right to go on a killing rampage... good intentions or not.

ANDY DAVIS

I guess he was thinking that something had to be done. These guys were never gonna serve any jail time.

TREVOR CHALMERS

That's no excuse. We signed up for this job to do good. Not to decide who deserves to live and who deserves to die. That's what separates the civilized from the animals.

Andy looks to another ambulance parked on the side -- watches Tanker being helped onto a stretcher disapprovingly.

ANDY DAVIS

He's obviously gonna walk free and sleep in his bed tonight. Is that the kind of world we want to live in?

Trevor stands -- wears a jacket.

TREVOR CHALMERS

Don't worry. His time will come.
And when it does... I will be
waiting.

Trevor walks off.

INT. UNIDENTIFIED APARTMENT. UNIDENTIFIED LOCATION 71

BLACK SCREEN.

EDDY RYAN (V.O.)

Good always prevails over evil. I
myself do share that same
sentiment... except in extreme
circumstances. Otherwise there
would be no kids shooting up the
schools... terrorists bombing
innocent folks... and rich people
enslaving the poor for their
personal gain. I guess you can
never get away with doing bad
things... except for this time
maybe.

FADE IN

INT. UNIDENTIFIED APARTMENT. UNIDENTIFIED LOCATION --
ESTABLISHING - AFTERNOON 72

Rays of SUNLIGHT pierce through the CLOSED BLINDS of the
unidentified apartment. Used FOOD CONTAINERS and TRASH
litters the floor.

POV: EDDY LOOKS INTO THE CAMERA SCREEN.

EDDY RYAN

As far as the world knows Eddy Ryan
died on that night. Maybe it's
better that way. He received a
medal for his service to the force
and got a state funeral in his
honor. That was a necessary cover
up by Miami PD to ensure the public
would keep faith in its law
enforcement. It's business. You are
surprised aren't you? And here I
stand as the ghost of Eddy Ryan. No
name or ID. This is what you become
if you don't exist.

FLASHBACK

EXT. KNIGHTSGATE BRIDGE. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT

73

Eddy falls over the side of the bridge and CRASHES into the channel below. Pretentious PARAMEDICS in uniform retrieve a dummy from the channel -- load it into a body bag.

EDDY RYAN (V.O.)

You should have known by now... to get a guaranteed kill... you never aim for the chest. I broke my leg when I fell over the edge of the bridge... now I have crutches for my effort. It could not have gone to plan without the help of my personal paramedics team. No one was able verify whose body was inside.

Eddy washes up at the bank of the channel -- collapsed on shore. He drags himself to his feet -- LIMPS to the road level -- flags down a TAXICAB. TAXI DRIVER#2 stops for him and Eddy jumps in.

TAXI DRIVER #2

What happened to you man? Are you alright?

EDDY RYAN

Boating accident.

TAXI DRIVER #2

At this time of the night?

EDDY RYAN

What can you say? That's what happens when you have one too many drinks.

TAXI DRIVER #2

Do you want me to take you to a hospital?

EDDY RYAN

No hospitals. Just take me home.

Taxi starts moving. Eddy looks over his shoulder -- notices squad cars' and ambulances' FLASHING LIGHTS above the Knightsgate bridge.

TAXI DRIVER #2

Did it happen there... where the cops are?

EDDY RYAN

Yeah.

TAXI DRIVER #2

Were there any other survivors?

EDDY RYAN

One other guy. No one knows how long he is gonna last for.

TAXI DRIVER #2

What a shame.

EDDY RYAN

Yes. Very sad.

INT. TREVOR CHALMERS' OFFICE. POLICE PRECINCT - AFTERNOON 74

Trevor is sat behind his desk -- watches computer screen.

EDDY RYAN

(on the computer screen)

I should thank you for being my guardian angel and saving me. But maybe I wanted to get caught. You had a clear shot. You couldn't do it. The thing is... sometimes we put the law into our own hands to fight for what we believe is right... no matter the consequences. I took a stand. For me... redemption has been served. But were not done yet my brother. I'm building a list. Anyone who took bribes and all those crooked cops are not getting off that easily. But we'll meet soon. As you know... you interrupted me from my assignment. But on that day... make sure you're ready to pull the trigger. Because here is where we part ways. Take care. Be safe.

Trevor sits staring into space. A KNOCK on the door. Police Receptionist enters the room.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST

Are you alright?

Trevor closes the laptop.

TREVOR CHALMERS
Yep. Just tired.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
(to Trevor)
I was gonna go get some lunch. Do
you wanna come with?

TREVOR CHALMERS
I thought you'd never ask. I'll
join you in a second.

Police Receptionist walks out. Trevor picks up his jacket --
walks to the corner of the room -- opens a concealed SAFE --
overloaded with DIRTY BILLS and small packs of DRUGS.

He places a HANDGUN inside and closes it off -- exits the
room -- closes the door behind him.

INT. UNIDENTIFIED APARTMENT. UNIDENTIFIED LOCATION -
AFTERNOON

75

Eddy gets up and closes the laptop -- picks up some crutches
-- limps to a makeshift bed. Pictures litter the bed. Eddy
picks up a picture from the bed.

SHOT: PICTURE PORTRAIT OF TANKER -- WRITING ACROSS THE
PICTURE 'UNFINISHED'.

THE END.