

THE GUNCREW

Written by

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INT: LAPD HQ OFFICE - EVENING

The Sun sets through the window.

The office door self closes on a spring. A sign on it simply reads 'Room 6'.

A lit laptop sits on a darkened, cluttered desk: stacked case files, fast food wrappers, nicotine substitutes.

The laptop progress bar creeps along. Tinny WHITE NOISE emits from its built in speaker.

A hand slips a headphone lead into the side of the laptop.

COP#1 confidently places the comfortable looking headset over his ears.

The SOUND BECOMES A HUGE STEREO HISSING SCREECH in his head.

He winces, listening, straining to hear -- something. Anything but the MACHINE SCREAM.

The progress bar reaches the end. The recording stops.

COP#1's face drops with exasperation.

INT. GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT - MORNING

A sparse but funky, low market pad. Plenty of daylight gets in, swamping everything in pure brightness.

French windows open right up across the open plan.

The few nick nacks dotted about, extremely tasteful, classically arranged. There's a big TV, kitchen gadgets and 2 bicycles. Photos show horses ridden by a healthy young lady and others of just her and her healthy young boyfriend: RENZO (26) and SAM (28).

We hear the heaving, panting sound of -

- Renzo, fit, stripped to the waist, bouncing off the bedroom floor, doing clapping push ups.

A selection of sharp jackets and shirts are hung about here and there.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Renzo, handsome enough, plain clothes cool and a shiny badge, walks into a suburban LA home. A crime scene, festooned with Christmas decorations. It's teeming with busy cops: evidence gathering, report writing, photographing.

INT: CRIME SCENE HOUSE - DAY

He stops in the blood spattered kitchen next to a little girl's body, prostrate and blood soaked.

He walks straight out into the backyard.

RENZO (V.O.)

This wasn't my first dead kid.  
Probably ain't gonna be the last.  
It was, however, the first one I'd  
had to encounter who'd been beaten,  
beaten mind you, to that pulp we  
just saw, by the steady, relentless  
fists of her own big brother. Just  
went bash, bash, bash, bash, while  
all she could do was cry and scream  
and wonder what the fuck was this  
all about? He, the big brother, had  
a steroid slash crack kinda  
lifestyle; parents who'd turn a  
blind eye, told each other he'd  
grow out of it soon enough. Well,  
as you can see in there, he didn't.

EXT: BACKYARD - DAY

A violent stream of puke hits a well tended flower border.

It's a uniformed officer.

Renzo notices and walks to the puker. He rubs their back with feigned concern and offers a tissue.

INT: CRIME SCENE HOUSE - DAY

This camaraderie is observed by --

-- LT. GEORGE MITCHUM (48), whose physique built steadily. Today, as most days, his ensemble is suit pants, crisp white shirt and brown leather shoulder holster. This holds the biggest nickel plated .50 automatic, sticking from his ribs.

George catches his own reflection in the glass of a large cabinet. He turns a little to admire how his pistol glitters in the morning sunshine.

Two uniformed cops on scene smirk at each other.

George grins back, flipping back his shirt sleeves.

The 2 cops defer.

George picks up his suit jacket and heads out back, too.

INT. UNMARKED CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Renzo drives through urban LA. George in the passenger seat, people watching.

Renzo silently notices --

-- a USMC tattoo on George's exposed forearm.

GEORGE

So, Canada huh? What the hell you wanna come back here for? You get homesick for the smell of a burnt out car in the morning?

RENZO

Nah. I just, I guess you always wanna be where you came from.

George indicates the neighbourhood.

GEORGE

Round here?

RENZO

L.A.

GEORGE

(pretends bewilderment)  
Canada. Here - sorry - L.A, over Canada. What was your biggest bust up there? Hey, we lost a moose, oh no, wait, we found it again.

RENZO

They got crime in Canada. There was crime.

He pauses. They ride.

RENZO (CONT'D)

If you must know, yeah, you're right. We came back here for our careers. Sooner I get a Captains badge, sooner we can move out again. And my girl, Sam, she wants to make a go of her thing. Work now, ease of the gas a bit later on.

George gives a shrug of approval.

RENZO (CONT'D)

Out of L.A, back upstate. Back to my tribe.

GEORGE

Tribe? What, you part Injun?

Renzo gives a look like he's used to this crap.

RENZO  
I am. Half Spanish, half Achomawi.  
Spanish mother --

GEORGE  
Oh! So you ain't er...

RENZO  
(kidding)  
Don't say it. Don't you fucking say  
it.

GEORGE  
... ain't a redskin. Ain't a  
fullblood in the fucking tribe!

RENZO  
Are you? At least I know where I  
came from, man.

George concedes this point.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
Know where I came from, know where  
I'm going.

EXT: FURTHER CITY STREET - DAY

The unmarked car oozes along the road, heading for worse  
areas.

EXT: UNMARKED CAR (MOVING) - DAY

George still eyes potential law breakers.

EXT: SIDEWALK - DAY

A few eye him back, from where they walk or lean.

EXT: FURTHER CITY STREET

They turn into an even worse neighbourhood.

An empty beer can SCUTTLES along, thrown behind the car.

INT: UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Someone in the rear view mirror shouts something  
unintelligible.

Renzo keeps pace.

George's arm lolls out of the window.

They turn off the street. It's just work.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Renzo and George at their respective desks, typing reports in their own office.

Renzo stops and stares into space.

GEORGE  
You allergic to keyboards?

RENZO  
Huh? Oh. Just thinking about that kid today. She was six.

GEORGE  
Yes. She was.

RENZO  
How she died. She must have been scared stiff.

GEORGE  
Yes. He'll go to prison, though. For a while.

They continue to work. There's a quick KNOCK at the door. COP #3 in uniform, enters without being asked.

They both stop, to look at this asshole.

COP#3  
Hey guys, wanna cough up a few bucks for Bakewell?

GEORGE  
(to COP #3)  
Who?

COP#3  
Dave Bakewell, just got engaged.

Renzo compliantly fishes his wallet from his jacket.

GEORGE  
Bakewell. I thought he got married. I put in for that already.

COP#3  
Yeah, didn't make it to the wedding. He got engaged at the weekend again, though.

GEORGE  
What? To the same girl?

Renzo holds out a ten. The cop goes to take it.

COP#3  
Nah, different one.

Renzo snatches his ten back.

GEORGE  
Get the fuck out, buddy.

Cop #3 is taken aback.

George and Renzo gesture that he is indeed dismissed. He duly leaves their office.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(to Renzo)  
Try not to think about it. That little girl. It ain't Canada, Renzo.

RENZO  
I know. I've seen this shit before. Sometimes, catching bad guys, typing up reports, court submissions, it's all just a bit... pedestrian.

George eyes Renzo for a moment, then TAPS up a file on his screen.

GEORGE  
Look. Look at this. This kid first came to our attention as an unknown in a domestic. Not even fucking born yet.

Renzo leaves his chair to see George's screen.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Four months later, see? He's in hospital. Inexplicable hematoma to the skull, also bruising to the groin. Nothing happened. Eleven years and God knows what later, he shoots a kid in the back of the head going to school in the morning.

RENZO  
That's what I mean. That's fucked up.

GEORGE

Here's another. Aged five, she tries to gouge her own eyes out with a spoon. What in the world did she see to make her never want to see again? But it's the system we work in. The system is all we have.

His statement hangs in the air.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

George and Renzo sit with another couple of PLAIN CLOTHES COPS. All hold beers. Renzo picks at a bowl of nuts.

RENZO

Well, all I'm saying is, maybe we need another system. Improve it a little.

PLAINCLOTHES COP#1

Why? We'll lose all the fucking overtime, man. Me, I got a ex-wife and four fucking kids to feed. I guess you don't.

RENZO

I can dream.

They all laugh.

EXT: BAR - NIGHT

Renzo and George amble across the street to George's ancient Ford V8.

GEORGE

Hey, I'll drive you home, buddy. Jump in.

RENZO

Thanks, George.

GEORGE

Don't mention it. You know, I agree with what you were saying. Question is ...

They get in the car.

INT: GEORGE'S FORD - NIGHT

George STARTS the BIG OLD ENGINE.



GEORGE  
 (to the car)  
 That's it, baby.  
 (to Renzo)  
 ...question is, would you do it if  
 you could?

RENZO  
 What? Just start offing bad guys?  
 Of my own volition?

GEORGE  
 Er, yeah. Something like that.

They pull out into light traffic.

RENZO  
 Off the record, so to speak, it  
 would save a lot of time and money.

EXT: CITY STREET - NIGHT

George's monstrous car RUMBLES AWAY into the darkness.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Renzo, wearing only muay thai shorts, practises a variety of well delivered kicks in the living area.

Sam avoids his space, rushes around in her underwear. Horse riding has developed her muscle tone.

Renzo wanders into the bathroom, strips, and gets in the running shower.

Sam continues to get ready. She pours coffee, ties her curls back.

Renzo steps out of the shower and smacks his knee on the huge metal roll top bathtub. He inhales sharply and dries off, hissing to himself.

A cellphone goes off. Sam picks it up.

SAM  
 Hi, Mom.

Renzo walks by, naked, pulls a face at her. She sticks her tongue out back at him.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Fine. Both good.

Renzo's now in the bedroom. He scans his array of apparel. His eyes land on --

-- a photo, sticking out of a pile of papers and CD's.

He slides it out and, at first, smiles.

There's a slight, brief HUM, from somewhere indefinable.

We see the photo in his hands: Renzo and 3 other guys in Army Ranger gear, visibly younger. Armed to the teeth, they all smile for the camera like goofy kids.

Back on Renzo. The HUM is back, GROWING LOUDER. His eyes close, teeth clench. He presses his forehead to the faces. The hum is at once DEEP, METALLIC, CHORAL and CHAOTIC.

Renzo's brow twists.

Sam enters. The hum stops.

He jumps a little and looks up at her.

She's oblivious.

He quickly rubs his eyes and rises to join her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER MORNING

Busy patrons sit, munch, read, type.

A TV on in the background shows the Mayoral campaign. Governor SHAUN THESIGER, every inch the modern silver fox statesman, addresses an open air crowd about his 'Orphans of Street Crime Program'.

THESIGER

(on TV)

...I feel that for too long, the State of California has failed to provide a worthy safety net for these kids. Failed to provide adequate housing, education, and the correct medical care for what is to otherwise become the next generation of disenfranchised adults. This is not a career path, not a lifestyle choice. Yet we as a state seem to have come to accept that this is simply 'how things are'.

Applause from the agreeable crowd of gentlefolk on TV.

In the coffee shop, Renzo joins George at a booth with Styrofoam coffees. They fix their drinks and discuss the broadcast.

GEORGE

Sugar?

RENZO  
Yes, sweetheart?

George gives him a look, then laughs a bit. He sweetens the drinks.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
Lots. Thanks.

GEORGE  
You vote for that guy?

RENZO  
If I'd been here, sure, why not?  
Goes back to what we were saying  
last night. That's a good idea, a  
good program. For maybe ten years  
time.

GEORGE  
Uh-huh. So what about now?

A man, STEVIE (34), in leather coat, slick suit and gold  
teeth, slides into the booth next to them.

Renzo stares at him.

George, amused, watches Renzo getting mad.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Renzo, this is my buddy, Stevie.  
Stevie, this is my colleague,  
Lorenzo.

RENZO  
'Renzo's fine.

They all decide to shake hands, as another MAN passes their  
booth.

He heads to the bathroom.

GEORGE  
(to Stevie)  
We were just discussing Governor  
Thesiger's approach to street  
crime.

STEVIE  
Oh, he's a visionary.

GEORGE  
But Renzo thinks that all that  
isn't immediate enough for what  
L.A. needs right now.

The passing man comes back out of the bathroom.

STEVIE  
 (getting up)  
 How, very, perceptive.

George and Renzo are left to their coffee again. Stevie's back in a flash.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
 Let's go.

George smiles at Renzo.

GEORGE  
 Let's go.

The three move to the door

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 (to Renzo)  
 Coffees, coffees. Get the coffees.

EXT: COFFEE SHOP - DAY

All three walk now, Renzo catching up with the coffees, to a different car. This is Stevie's car and, surprisingly, it's a red-neck style pick-up.

GEORGE  
 (to Renzo)  
 I'll see you back here in an hour.  
 One hour. I got a contact I need to  
 make. Stay right here. Okay?

George swaps his car keys for a coffee.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 You can sit in my car.

RENZO  
 I'll come.

George looks at Stevie, doubtful.

Stevie shrugs.

STEVIE  
 In for a fucking penny, man.

They all get in the pick up.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The quiet side of town. Lots of mahogany and leather, it's something from a hundred years ago.

The same Governor's speech TV broadcast is on MUTE.

At the vast frontier of a desk, framed by a selection of sporting and service achievements, from jiu jitsu to bravery in the Navy, sits ELIZABETH (BETH) STUART. This career girl is tougher than US Steel.

She flicks a red pen through her own speeches, yawns and reaches over to an ice pack. Holding it to a bruise forming over her face, she doesn't flinch. Her reptile gaze hits --

-- the silent TV. It shows her the wonderful Governor. Her boss. Giving her his support.

On the desk, one of two cell phones lights up with a brief BUZZ.

She picks it up. It reads:- "From: Becky - Hey (old) Goat, having a good day? Xx"

Beth quickly replies.

Hers reads:- "Yes Kid. Kicking one ass after another... Momma loves you, kid xx"

She puts down the phone, keeps the ice pack and gets back to working on her speeches.

INT: CRAPPY NEIGHBOURHOOD HOME - DAY

Minutes later. Drapes drawn, a SWEATY GUY sprawls asleep in the heat on a beat up couch in the living room. A pistol lies on his bare, heaving chest.

EXT: CRAPPY HOME - DAY

Stevie's pickup rolls quietly to the kerb.

A mongrel dog on someone else's porch observes them.

INT: STEVIE'S PICKUP - DAY

Renzo sits in the back.

Stevie's hand quietly slides the handbrake on.

George CLICKS slugs into his .50 magazine then SLIDES in the clip.

Stevie SNAPS the chamber of his revolver in.

GEORGE

(to Renzo)

Now, this time, stay here. And be cool.

George and Stevie exit the car. Deflated, Renzo stays put.

EXT: CRAPPY HOME - DAY

George and Stevie stroll in silence to the back of the house.

INT: STEVIE'S PICKUP - DAY

Renzo watches them vanish out of the rear view window. He leans into the front and flips on the stereo. It's LOUD. He quickly jumps and FLIPS IT OFF again. He'll just wait.

INT: CRAPPY HOME - DAY

George and Stevie stand motionless, silent in the living room.

Their eyes dart here and there.

The sweaty man still sleeps. From elsewhere in the house, we hear another man, grunting -- clearly performing a sex act.

Stevie produces a large serrated knife and advances to the sweaty man asleep on the couch.

INT: CRAPPY HOME BEDROOM - DAY

In a filthy, messy bed, lies a YOUNG WOMAN. Her dress round her waist, her face is swollen, bloody and bruised. The GRUNTING MAN is on top of her with his pants down.

She lays there, strangely submissive, staring straight up.

The man has one hand round her throat. Looking along his other arm, that hand is clamped over a baby's head, also on the bed.

GRUNTING MAN

(to Young Woman)

Yeah. Don't move. Don't you fucking move, bitch.

INT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

George, gun drawn, keeps a look out.

A final gurgle of death from where Stevie finishes with the guy on the couch. He picks up the dead man's piece and glides to the bedroom.

INT: BEDROOM - DAY

The woman sees through her eye slits.

Stevie in the doorway. In one swift move he makes eye contact with her, a hushing finger to his lips, and puts the gun to the rapist's nape.

Everything stops.

STEVIE

Don't you fucking move, nigger.

GRUNTING MAN

Okay. Don't kill me, man, just don't. I didn't mean it--

STEVIE

Shush, shush, shush now. Take your hand off the kid's face.

The moment he does so, Stevie BLASTS HIS BRAINS over the bedroom wall.

The woman lays trapped under the headless corpse. She's still in some kind of trance.

Stevie checks the baby's vital signs.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(gently, to the baby)

Still with us? Still here, little guy?

He clicks his fingers in the woman's face. She sees him again.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(louder)

Hey, hey. I can help you, but you gotta do what I say. You gotta listen. Are you listening?

Feebly, she nods. Stevie heaves the cadaver to the floor with a meaty thud.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You got a phone?

YOUNG WOMAN

(hoarse)

Yes.

STEVIE

Okay. You call the police, okay? You tell 'em these bastards raped you. They had a fight. This one killed that one, then you shot this one. Got it?

She nods.

Stevie wipes the sweaty man's gun off and wraps her hand around it.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
It's self defence. You'll be fine.  
You won't lose your baby. You got  
it?

She sees the gun in her hand, nods again.

INT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

George, tense, focused, standing guard.

INT: BEDROOM - DAY

STEVIE  
What's your name?

YOUNG WOMAN  
Chantelle.

STEVIE  
Chantelle. Well, don't let me down,  
Chantelle. I saved your ass today.

CHANTELLE  
Okay.

The realization of freedom spreads over her sore face.

INT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stevie exits the bedroom to face George.

GEORGE  
We cool?

STEVIE  
Yeah, we cool. Let's fucking split.

INT. STEVIE'S PICKUP - DAY

Renzo sees them walk casually from the rear of the house.  
Stevie talks on a cell phone.

Renzo strains to hear but can't make it out.

EXT: CRAPPY NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

Stevie drops the phone into a drain as he reaches the car door handle.



The street is quiet and still. The pair get into the car again.

INT: PICKUP - DAY

Renzo looks at them both expectantly. No-one speaks.

They drive off.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER DAY

The Sun high in the west now, Stevie's pick up pulls in, to where George's V8 relic sits.

Renzo gets out and stretches.

EXT. THE WHARF - MORNING

Next day, the Sun rising in the east, over the distant haze of the city.

George and Stevie, dressed for work again. They lean against George's car with their take out coffees. Off screen, a different CAR DOOR SLAMS. They remain nonchalant.

Renzo walks towards them from his fancy, if tatty, little Mercedes convertible. He moseys over to meet them.

They both give him the cool stare.

RENZO

So, I'm here. What's up?

The other two move then. They pat him down roughly.

Stevie yanks Renzo's pistol from his jacket while George lays down the plan.

GEORGE

(intense)

You wanna be a cop, or you wanna file crime forever?

RENZO

(confused)

Cop. I'm a cop.

Stevie sniggers. He finishes frisking.

STEVIE

He's okay.

RENZO

Yeah. I am okay. Now what the fuck are you two playing at?

STEVIE  
(to Renzo)  
What you do before you was a cop?  
'fore you wanted to be a cop?

RENZO  
College.

STEVIE  
College? Some fucking bad ass you  
found here, man.

GEORGE  
And what did you do after that?  
Really?

RENZO  
I don't like to talk about it,  
that's why I don't fucking talk  
about it.

George concedes this. Stevie just disapproves.

GEORGE  
Those guys, I know you heard the  
shot, in that house yesterday. You  
see it on the news last night?

RENZO  
No, man. The news ain't gonna show  
one guy getting found dead. I  
thought it was just the one.

They both stare at Renzo.

He gestures back at them.

GEORGE  
Let's go for a drive.

EXT. THE WHARF - DAY

Gulls cry in an otherwise silent industrial backdrop.

INT: STEVIE'S PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

The front of the car bumps ahead over some debris on the  
ground.

It pulls into a disused warehouse. Darkness closes around the  
three men.

INT: WAREHOUSE - DAY

The car pulls up to a stop. George gets out.

INT: STEVIE'S PICKUP - DAY

Renzo's hand pulls the door lever. The child lock is on.

INT: WAREHOUSE - DAY

George opens the car door for Renzo.

Stevie stays put. He lights up and blows smoke through the open window.

The other two walk off, their footsteps TICKING into the cavernous gloom.

RENZO  
What's going on, man?

George walks on in silence.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
George--

George spins.

He stares Renzo straight in the eye, trying to see into his mind. Renzo stops dead, but stares straight back.

GEORGE  
This is it. This is it right here.

Renzo is flummoxed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
This is where you decide to either make your future happen, or piss it away in a gutless system that's fucking stagnating. You wanna get rid of bad guys? Well, we get rid of bad guys. You wanna further your career? This is gonna do that too. Gonna get you recognized. The siger has this fucking sewn up. How long you think your gorgeous little girlfriend's gonna stick around for a cop who's never there? Who makes what you make? Well, this is it, kid. This is it. This is where you get to decide.

RENZO  
Are you serious?

George just keeps staring into him.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
Well, shit, of course, I'm fucking in. Yeah, I'm in, man.

George brightens.

He slaps an arm across Renzo's shoulder and leads him back to the car.

They reach the car, both relieved and laughing.

Stevie, despite the dark, peers at them over his sunglasses.

GEORGE

Hey, Stevie. Let's celebrate. The  
fucking Lone Ranger here's buying.

Stevie gives a rare golden smile.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Sam meanders down the aisle with an empty cart.

Other shoppers pass her, doing their own thing.

Sam spots a curly haired brat, smashing his own toy in a trolley.

The man on the till bleep, bleep, bleeps items ahead of them. Sam snaps out of it. She aimlessly wanders away again.

EXT. BAR CAR PARK - DAY

Stevie's pickup, parked.

INT: STEVIE'S PICKUP - DAY

The car is empty.

INT: BAR - DAY

NU METAL on the jukebox. Renzo does indeed pay for beers and chasers at the darkened bar.

Afternoon bar-flys and a couple of tourists play pool badly.

George and Stevie quietly ogle the barmaid then knock back their whiskies.

Renzo sips his, then knocks it back.

They take their beers to a booth away from the eavesdropping regulars.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Sam, just standing there, still with her empty cart.

She becomes animated again, picks up some package from a shelf, inspects it.

She heads to the checkout, leaving the cart.

INT. BAR - LATER

Clearly much later. Stevie has left. Just George and Renzo now, sipping yet more drinks. The place has filled up. Our guys' shop talk is replaced with more general banter.

GEORGE

Don't make me laugh, kid. Cameron in Charlie's Angels. All day, everyday.

RENZO

Fucking bullshit. Angelina, Tomb Raider. Now that's fucking gunplay.

GEORGE

That's not even her!

RENZO

Oh no, you are so out of touch, it's not even... Jesus, she shoots, she rides, she kicks ass for real. For real!

GEORGE

Yeah, but gentlemen prefer blondes.

Renzo just cracks up.

RENZO

Blondes! Cheers.

They drink.

EXT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

BREAKFAST NOISES - tinkling teaspoon, toast pops, kettle boils. Sam delicately steps out to the small patio and sits.

She sips juice, files her nails.

INT: RENZO AND SAM'S BOUDOIR - MORNING

Painfully bright sunlight washes into the room, waking Renzo.

It hurts his eyes, then the headache kicks in. He groans in self pity.

He groans again as the previous evening seeps into his memory.

He remembers NU METAL and the CONSTANT CRASH of bar chatter as he flops back.

RENZO  
Oh. Oh no. Oh, what the fuck?

EXT: PATIO - MORNING

Sam hears his piteous whine, and continues to refine herself. For her, it is a very calm morning.

Gulls circle lazily on high.

Renzo, in just his boxers, shambles out into the dazzling sunlight with 2 coffees. He sits with her.

There's silence. He cradles his head, barely able to open both eyes.

SAM  
(cold)  
Morning.

RENZO  
(sheepish)  
Morning, baby.

He leans to kiss her, she bobs away.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
What?

SAM  
You, Renzo, that's what. You, you asshole, were --

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

George sits opposite Renzo in their favorite booth. They're showered and shaved for work again. George suppresses laughter.

GEORGE  
-- pissing in the closet! All over her fucking shoes!

Renzo stirs his coffee.

RENZO  
I know, man. I thought the end had come. Seriously, she loves those fucking shoes.

George calms down.

GEORGE  
Oh, oh, that's good.

His phone BEEPS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Just a sec.

EXT: COFFEE SHOP STREET - DAY

George chatting on his phone.

INT: COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Renzo sips his coffee.

Renzo keeps an eye on George as Stevie swirls along the sidewalk and into the shop.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam's work files lie on the dining table where Renzo, surrounded by shoe store bags, is eating a big tuna sandwich. The TV is ON.

SAM (O.S.)  
Did you remember to get some time off this week? We're going to Carmel, remember?

RENZO  
(to himself)  
Oh shit.  
(to Sam)  
I'll see what I can do, honey.

He flicks channels with the remote. The house PHONE RINGS.

He ignores it, continues with that gorgeous sandwich.

Sam stomps in, wearing only a towel, glistening from the shower. She answers the phone.

SAM  
Hello.

Her hair drips.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Yep.

She holds the phone out for Renzo. He ignores her, too.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hey, buster. For you.

She slaps the wet phone onto the table and sashays off again. Renzo looks at it. George's voice comes through the receiver.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
Hello? Renzo? You there?

He just stares at the phone. Not eating, just staring. It CLICKS dead. Renzo's cell starts PLAYING.

RENZO  
Fuck.

He answers it.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
Hey, George. How's it going, buddy?

GEORGE (V.O.)  
I been trying to call you, man. What the fuck? You said you were gonna be a hundred fucking per cent on this.

Renzo, caught out like a naughty boy, laughs but doesn't speak.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
Hey! You ain't gonna pussy out now, are you?

RENZO  
No, no, of course. Hundred per cent, yeah. I was just getting a bite and, you know, spending some time with Sam.

He eyes the half eaten sandwich, tempting him.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
This ain't a joke, Lorenzo. It ain't fucking optional. I'll see you at the meet point in a half hour. Fucking show up.

George hangs up.

Renzo hangs on to the phone, then springs to life.

He grabs his jacket and keys and gets out of the apartment.

The front door SLAMS to an empty room. Sam walks back in to see Renzo has just damn well gone. She's not surprised, but she is pissed off.

SAM  
Asshole.



EXT. PLEASANT SUBURB STREET - NIGHT

George, in after work gear, stuffs his cell phone into his jacket pocket.

He has one big dog and one little dog. A cigarette dangles from his lip as he stoops with a small plastic bag.

EXT. MOTEL BUILDING - NIGHT

Traffic flicks past as George and Renzo walk along the sidewalk.

George indicates Renzo to walk ahead. They pass straight past the motel office.

The cheap little swimming pool shimmers in the electric light as they arrive at a door upstairs along the motel walkway.

George nods at the door handle.

Renzo's hand grips the handle, his fingers close around it and slowly turn. It's unlocked. Renzo slithers into the room.

Silence. George waits. He leans against the rail, glances about, acts casual.

From inside the room, there's one small flash of light with a MUFFLED BANG. Renzo appears instantly from the shadows, clenching his jaw at George.

Calmly but quickly, they depart. Down the stairs, past the pool, and out the front. And everything stays just as it was.

INT. MAYOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

George and TWO OTHER MEN sit in big beautiful leather chairs. One of them is PAUL, the man Stevie followed into the men's room in the coffee shop. The other is TONY, and of the three, it's Tony who has the biggest crush on their host.

They're smoking, despite the law, and drinking top notch whisky from crystal tumblers.

Beth sits opposite them, behind her large desk, make up expertly covering her martial arts bruise. She's giving a congratulatory pep talk to Governor Thesiger's chief attack dogs. They lap it up.

BETH

The courts, gentlemen, are full.  
They are full today and tomorrow  
and the next day and the day after  
that.

They all concur. Plumes of tobacco smoke head to the ceiling.

BETH (CONT'D)

It, as we know, is our right to self govern, and when those delegated, elected to do so, become unable, for whatever reason, when the law, not the lawmen you understand, but the process, the organism itself has failed the people it is in place to protect, then the people must act.

GEORGE

We all agree with you completely, Elizabeth.

BETH

Oh, you can call me Beth, Georgie.

George likes this. He can't resist --

-- the twinkle in her cold eyes.

GEORGE

That's why I'm here, I know that much for damn sure.

They nod, puff smoke, sip booze.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But we need to expand.

They regard him with quiet caution.

BETH

We need to be careful, George. We need that first.

GEORGE

Absolutely! That's a given, Shit, safety first. But I got a new guy...

Beth stiffens.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

... a good cop, who declares he wants to run with us. The way we do it.

BETH

If you can vouch for this guy, that's fine. But keep his ass on a short leash. And give him a couple of reasons to stay fucking quiet, George.

She sees the other two.

They're poleaxed. She preempts their concern.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 And let's make this a one off.  
 Let's not start handing out flyers,  
 okay? Paul?

He nods.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Tony?

TONY  
 (a tad too eager)  
 Definitely. Sure thing.

The three men all nod to each other, too, overdoing it.

Beth, slightly irritated, grips on her great leather chair.

BETH  
 Okay, guys. Knock it off. Expansion  
 is fine, yeah. But we need it  
 slowly, and carefully. We go too  
 big too soon, we're gonna get butt  
 fucked. No offence.

She glances at Tony.

Tony is silently puzzled -- he's not offended.

George raises his crystal tumbler.

GEORGE  
 You're the boss, Beth.

She nods back to the statement, and she too takes a sip. Then she reluctantly smiles at her silly boys.

EXT. BETH'S OFFICES - DAY

Leafy boughs give shade in this mature, cared for neighbourhood.

The three task masters leave the fine lobby doors. Each heads to his respective ride.

Beth solemnly observes from her office window.

INT. BETH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Perfectly silhouetted, she turns from the window as the car engines die off into the distance. She perches effortlessly on the side of her desk and taps the phone key pad.

Next to the phone sits a framed photo of a pretty teenager - BECKY, her daughter. She's in there, nestled amongst the MMA certificates, ex Forces awards.

The call Beth made RINGS on speaker.

BETH  
(to herself)  
C'mon Mary.

MARY (V.O.)  
(on speaker)  
Governor Thesiger's Office.

Beth snatches the handset with a big 'everything's okay' kind of smile.

BETH  
Mary! How Wonderful it is to hear  
your voice again.

Mary performs her job at the other end.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Mary. You're such a  
sweetheart.

She's sombre again.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Yep. Yes, sir.

This is Thesiger. This is God.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Well, as you heard, that's exactly  
what I told them. They got the  
message, and besides, they know not  
to fuck about. They know what that  
means.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Renzo strides down a corridor and pushes through a door, slips a jacket over his holstered pistol.

He saunters down this shorter corridor, past a couple of uniforms as they drag in a prisoner.

He pulls a final door, out into --

EXT. STATION YARD - DAY

Hot and sunny as usual, he dons shades and keeps walking. His boots TICK on the yard as he makes his way to the motor compound and his ageing Mercedes convertible. The car roof is up.

He stops to unlock the car, and notices a slim package on the windshield.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES - DAY

He rips one end of the package open.

Glossies slide out onto his lap: Sam out shopping; Sam pulling her Jeep into their home etc. One of Sam's business cards for horse riding lessons slides out, too.

In Renzo's hand, the original cell phone number is crossed out and a new one handwritten is in its place.

FLASHBACK:

INT. EXHIBITION ARENA - DAY

Amidst a busy crowd of promotion events, stands Sam, confident in her equestrian gear.

She smiles, clicks her pen, writes a telephone number on a business card and hands it to a someone off screen.

This person is obscured in the throng.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES - DAY

Renzo stares at the card. He's amazed, then his face contorts. He should have seen this coming.

He quickly inspects the rest of the package, digs out his cell and makes a call.

It RINGS.

RENZO  
C'mon. Shit, Sam, c'mon.

SAM (V.O.)  
Hello, baby.

RENZO  
Oh, hi baby. How is everything? You okay?

(MORE)

RENZO (CONT'D)  
You wanna go out for dinner  
tonight? You know, to say sorry for  
being an asshole? Huh?

He stares at the photos

SAM (V.O.)  
Sure.

Renzo starts the car.

RENZO  
And baby, let's go up to Carmel,  
like we said. We need some time  
together. And we could even go see  
your mom before Christmas, get away  
from the city, okay baby?

SAM (V.O.)  
Jesus, honey - you wanna take me  
diamond shopping, too?

EXT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - DAY

He steers with one hand to exit the yard gate.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - DAY

He gives a nervous, fake falsetto laugh.

RENZO  
Oh, whatever you say, Sammy honey.  
Coming straight home, gotta go.  
Love you. Bye.

EXT. STATION FRONT STREET - DAY

Renzo REVS THE CAR, GUNS IT and SCREECHES OFF for home.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam hangs up, laughing to herself.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Renzo's car weaves through traffic.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - DAY

Renzo's hand squeezes the buttons on his cell. He holds it to  
his ear.

Nothing. He repeats the process.

RENZO  
Answer your goddam, motherfucking  
phone.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

A cell phone on a table. It BUZZES and the screen lights up with a picture of Renzo, sombre in the coffee shop.

In the kitchen, Sam fixes a pot of coffee.

Her hand holds the coffee pot. Water shoots into it from the tap.

She calls to someone who's not in the kitchen.

SAM  
Looks like we're heading out of  
town for a change.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Renzo BRAKES and GUNS the car through gaps in the traffic.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - DAY

Renzo checking his mirrors as well as his route ahead, visibly anxious at reaching Sam quickly.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hostess Sam walks from the kitchen with the pot of coffee, now steaming hot.

She arrives with everything trayed up at the coffee table in the living area.

SAM  
Cream and sugar?

The coffee's for George, sitting nice and comfortable across the couple's couch. Jacket off, his .50 is very visible.

GEORGE  
(smiling)  
Both, please.

We hear a CAR PULL UP, quick and sudden out front.

SAM  
And here's Renzo now.

George leans in, helps himself to coffee, cream, sugar.

His spoon TINKLES in the cup as she goes off to greet Renzo.

GEORGE

Thanks, Sam.

EXT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Renzo leaps up the steps to the front door.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

He beats her to the door, almost hits her with it as he bursts in.

He grabs her shoulders, hugs her, then clocks George. Renzo tries to hide his displeasure at seeing this guy, sat there.

George raises a hand, gives a look to remind him who's who.

SAM

Hey, darling, your buddy, George,  
is here.

The couple peck. Renzo still has the windscreen package with him. He glares at something on the table.

Sam is off in the kitchen again.

George's phone, still unanswered, on that same table as before.

There's Sam's laptop, too, as usual.

She's returned with a plate of pastries.

George looks appreciatively at Sam.

GEORGE

Ooh, they got chocolate in?

SAM

Yeah.

GEORGE

Oh yeah? Which one?

SAM

Both.

Renzo can't believe it.

RENZO

You two having fun?



George eyes him evenly as Sam giggles.

SAM

Poor old Renzo. You can have one, too.

GEORGE

Yeah, Renzo. Don't be sore. Sam was just telling me about your future in the ranching business.

He indicates the laptop.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Looks beautiful.

SAM

(in cowgirl)

Yes, sirree. I'll be teachin' the ridin', an' Renzo here'll be teachin' the shootin'.

(back to normal)

It's perfect, though, getting taught by the local sheriff.

GEORGE

Oh, the sheriff. Well, I shoot pretty good already.

Sam goes off.

SAM

You two carry on. I gotta pack a bag or two.

Renzo, quietly seething, confronts George.

RENZO

What do you know about these?

He slaps the envelope on the table and waits.

George reclines, enjoys his sugary caffeine indulgence.

GEORGE

Don't take it to heart, kid. It's insurance. It's 'covering your ass'. You shoulda learnt covering your ass day one at the academy, if not before.

RENZO

And what the fuck am I supposed to do with these?

He prods the package.

George drains his cup.

GEORGE

Hide them, burn them. But don't you forget about them. Look, they got stuff on all of us. But what you gonna do, huh? Call the cops?

He laughs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We are the cops, and look at the freaky shit we get up to.

George stands, dons his jacket and moves to the door, then stops.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Enjoy your weekend in Carmel. I'll cover for you while you're up there.

He faces Renzo and puts a hand on his shoulder. Petulant Renzo yanks away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(stern)

Hey. Hey! You better realize, this is real, now. You wanna go to jail? You think the fucking guys at the fucking top wanna go to jail? Jesus, Renzo, you know you wouldn't even get to court. This is the way it is. This is the way it has to be.

Renzo's speechless.

Sam, still oblivious, returns with diary in one hand, phone to her ear in the other.

SAM

(to phone)

Yeah, Mom. We'll be there nine, nine thirty.

George waves nicely to her as he backs out the front door.

GEORGE

(to both)

Play nice.

(quietly to Renzo)

And cheer up. You're a goddam hero.

Renzo puffs his cheeks and closes his eyes. The door shuts.

INT. SAM'S JEEP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sam relaxes in the passenger seat with a smoke. She hums along to the COUNTRY STATION on the radio.

Renzo drives, still tense.

SAM  
Oh god, this is good.

She offers Renzo a drag off. He shakes his head.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hey, you want me to drive, baby? I don't mind.

RENZO  
Wait until we get into it a bit, okay?

He puts his hand out. She takes it.

He kisses the back of her hand.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Jeep headlights pick out the darkened road along the coastal cliffs.

Surf crashes, far below.

The surf: huge, CRASHING surges SMASH on the black rocks.

EXT. SAM'S JEEP (MOVING) - NIGHT

The car speeds along up the highway.

EXT. PLEASANT SUBURB STREET - NIGHT

The same street George walked his dogs earlier.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tastefully lit, a loved and comfortable home.

In the den, George sprawls on his couch with the two dogs.

There's BOXING ON TV. Young guys, they're good enough to watch properly.

And George watches, relaxed with a tumbler of whisky.

There's movement elsewhere in the house. VICKI MITCHUM (47), George's wife, is BANGING kitchen cupboard doors.

Her shoes CLICK on the flooring, out of the kitchen onto the carpet, to seek George.

She appears in the den doorway. She watches him.

He watches the boxing. She disappears again.

INT. GEORGE AND VICKI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vicki CLICKS back into the kitchen.

The fridge door opens.

Sauvignon blanc pours from the bottle into a big Ed Hardy 'Love Kills Slowly' wineglass, heading to the brim.

Vicki knocks half the glass down her throat, shudders at the chill, and calms a little.

INT. GEORGE'S DEN - NIGHT

On TV: one boxer is clearly besting the other.

George's eyes regard the bout technically, with no favour either way.

Vicki reappears at the door.

VICKI  
George?

He swallows his whisky.

GEORGE  
What?

VICKI  
I can't do this anymore.

GEORGE  
Then quit.

VICKI  
Don't act like a fucking child. We should talk about this.

GEORGE  
Again?

VICKI  
Well, you got a point there. That's right. That's it, isn't it? It's done to death.

George, deadpan, finally turns his head to look at her.

VICKI (CONT'D)

We -- I need you to move out for a while.

The statement hangs. He considers and looks back to the TV.

Vicki still stands with her wine.

George fondles the dogs' ears and necks. He sips, sucks in the booze.

GEORGE

If that's what you want.

VICKI

It is. I think it's what we both need, and just rethink what we both want.

George's CELL GOES, face down, lighting up the glass coffee table next to his beloved hand cannon.

He watches it while Vicki talks.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Obviously, you'll need somewhere to stay, temporarily --

George rests his tumbler, mutes the TV and answers the call as if Vicki is no longer there.

GEORGE

Hello, Beth.

INT. BETH STUART'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A very swanky house in the Hills. In the back part of a superbly appointed kitchen, where no one else can see, stands Beth. Calling Georgie, she's selecting wine from a huge temperature controlled installation.

BETH

Georgie! Enjoying your weekend?

GEORGE (V.O.)

Oh, I've got a funny feeling my weekend's over.

BETH

Now, now. Just a small coupla jobs to put to bed, so to speak, then we can all relax. How's the new kid?

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George is alone again.

GEORGE

He's gonna be okay. He got kinda rattled by the insurance, but who wouldn't?

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beth eyes the kitchen, leading to the rest of the house, aware she has guests mingling somewhere out of view.

BETH

He with you now?

GEORGE (V.O.)

Nah, he went up to Carmel, for a long weekend with his girl.

Beth's face drops to exasperated bewilderment.

GEORGE (V.O.)

She's a fucking cook or horserider or something and they --

BETH

(firm)

Only I would like him to help out on this piece of work tonight, that's all. I thought it would've been good for him, for his 'career', so to speak.

INT. GEORGE'S DEN - NIGHT

George is silenced.

BETH (V.O.)

So, any chance you can get him back? Tonight.

GEORGE

I can call him, but they'll be up there already. You really need him in on it? He's already performed.

She leaves him hanging.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Fine. It's done. What's the job?

EXT. CARMEL - NIGHT

A charming old hotel surrounded by pine trees coming down to a lawn lined driveway. The sound of surf is still close.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

A genuine, hard working team in subtle livery bustle about the place. Customers, sprinkled here and there, nicely heeled, relax in the bo-ho atmosphere.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Renzo in vest, jeans, jacket and sneakers, leans against the dresser. He makes affirmative noises to someone on his cell phone.

RENZO

Yeah. Thanks for that. Okay. Bye.

He pockets the cell. His face screws up in anguish.

EXT. HOTEL DINING TERRACE - NIGHT

Sam's knife and fork slice into a gorgeous looking fishy starter.

The couple sit, a little isolated from the older clientele. Her food sends Sam into rapture.

Renzo quietly enjoys watching his girl.

She finishes.

Renzo lights a ciggie. A WAITER appears. The dishes are cleared. The waiter vanishes. Their wines remain.

SAM

(to the vanishing waiter)

Thank you. Thank you.

She enthusiastically take notes and prods into a calculator on their table.

Renzo sits across, nervously flicking his cigarette into an ash tray standing by him.

Sam points approvingly at the now empty table.

SAM (CONT'D)

Mmmm. This is good stuff. I can't believe you didn't have a starter.

RENZO

Nah. I wanna save some room for dessert.

SAM

Oh, really?

Renzo squirms as Sam enthuses.

SAM (CONT'D)

What you gonna have? Hey, there's a new place opened up over just near the beach. You wanna go for lunch? Might have to take Mom, though. This is just what we wanna provide when we open up, baby. A working ranch with five star dining, spa, trail rides, a real --

RENZO

Someday, honey.

The main courses arrive for both of them. They're impressive in every way.

Sam is really happy.

RENZO AND SAM

(together to the waiter)

Thanks a lot.

WAITER

My pleasure. Madam. Sir.

He vanishes again, and Renzo chooses now to pluck up the courage to drop the bomb.

RENZO

Sam, baby. About lunch.

Sam stops eating. Sam is not happy.

INT. SAM'S JEEP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sam drives.

Lorenzo looks glumly out of the side passenger window.

Sam seethes, staring into --

-- blackness ahead.

RENZO

It's the next turn off, honey.

Sam grunts.

RENZO (CONT'D)

I did say I was sorry.

Sam just explodes.



SAM

Fuck! You! And fuck sorry. Get on the bus, get your fucking crime solved and don't bother fucking coming back up here, or phoning me until you do. Ass-fucking-hole.

RENZO

(retaliatory)

You know, Sam, some things are just a little bit more important than bed sheets, bacon and... stupid saddle soap. Some things, like fucking murder, they're --

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The Jeep SKIDS off the road to a dusty stop.

INT. SAM'S JEEP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sam's foot, slammed on the gas.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The Jeep SLIDES off away again, doing a U turn round Renzo.

Renzo stands alone in a cloud of dust. Forlorn, he starts to walk.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Renzo steps onto a bus.

The bus HEAVES OUT onto the Highway.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Renzo's cell phone in his hand. He keys a text.

The lit phone reads:- "To George(work)- I'm on the goddam bus"

EXT. BETH'S HOUSE - DAY

George's muscle car rolls to the kerb with a faint bump.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

A very tired Renzo in the passenger seat next to George.

Renzo starts looking about. George calmly stops him and motions to a brand spanking new, pale blue Mercedes SLK convertible parked in Beth's driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Presently, Becky, expensively hip in her early twenties, leaves the house and opens the Merc.

Sitting in it, she waits, low key, as the ROOF RAISES over her head.

She backs out onto the road.

As she does so, Renzo recognizes her.

RENZO (O.S.)  
Hey, isn't that -- that's Mayor  
Stuart's daughter. Oh man, what's  
her fucking name again?

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Rebecca.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

All eyes on Becky.

RENZO  
(eureka!)  
Rebecca! What's up? We protection?

GEORGE  
Not in the traditional -- No, kid.  
She's a lead.

EXT. STREET - DAY

George's car oozes off, after Becky's Mercedes.

EXT. UPMARKET CONDO BUILDING - DAY

Becky's Mercedes and George's Ford are parked away from each other.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

George and Renzo sit, silent, just watching.

Through the Ford windshield, Becky's parked up car.

Time passes:

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Traffic goes by.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

The two observers yawn, stretch, scratch, stave off tedium.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Pedestrians go by. One woman notices the pair, up to no good. She shakes her head, continues to walk.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

Through the windshield, Becky comes trotting down the Condo steps. From behind her shades, she scouts the street as casually as she can.

George checks his watch. He produces a camera and CLICK, CLICK, CLICKS her as she gets in and DRIVES OFF again.

George raises his hand.

Instinctively, Renzo high fives him.

GEORGE

Ha! They got theirs. We got ours.

RENZO

What?

GEORGE

Of course, she could meet with an accident, but an accident has no, no outcome, you know? No proof of deathly intent. And besides, a pissed off bitch is something we can't afford to have around. Whereas, a good, well behaved little bitch, well --

Renzo, visibly puzzled.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This is one appointment we didn't see her make, unless we need to. Got to keep up, kid.

Renzo's eyes flash at being called 'kid' yet again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Got to stay ahead of the fucking curve.

RENZO

We're supposed to be helping people, protecting the vulnerable for fuck's sake. Not going around snapping necks at... at the behest of some asshole who can't keep her frigging kids under control.

GEORGE

Behest?

RENZO

Yeah. Behest's a word, just a word in the English language. And don't try to change the subject. It ain't funny.

GEORGE

Kid...

Renzo reacts again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

...I am a United States Marine Corps motherfucker. I accomplish my mission, whatever that mission may be, and right now, this morning's mission is to preserve the equilibrium of the status fucking quo. You dig? Are you feeling me? Kid?

Renzo's face suitably shows realization of the situation and what he's unwittingly become.

EXT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam's Jeep is back, parked outside.

A pleasant morning breeze ruffles Sam's hair. She sits in a cream colored outfit at their ornate table out on the patio. Her laptop and note pad in front of her, she taps away and makes notes.

The laptop screen. Figures pop up on her finance spreadsheet.

We see Sam, deadpan, engrossed, looking at the screen. Something catches her eye.

A photo is attached to her note pad. It shows an impressive ranch house with stunning mountain vistas.

Sneakily, she brings up well travelled web sites.

She gazes longingly at --

-- the beautiful scenes: stetsonned tourists on horseback; galloping across river banks and sunsets.

She sighs, CLICKS it away, gets back to work.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam's distant typing filters off, to the bedroom.

Renzo sits on the unmade bed. Stretching into consciousness, he heads out to the kitchen.

EXT. THE PATIO - DAY

Sam notices that her boyfriend is finally up.

Renzo appears with two cups of coffee.

He sets one down, kisses the top of Sam's head.

SAM  
Thanks. Asshole.

They smile at each other, Renzo more so. His eyes point to the bedroom.

She gives him the middle finger, then rises from her chair.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Leafy boughs sway over the heads of skateboarders, picnickers, ball players, toddlers in buggies.

The HIGH PITCHED WHINE of a remote control toy car cuts in.

Said car SCOOTs across gravel, onto grass.

Thesiger stands grinning, a big aerial sprouting from his control box. The governor is dressed casually -- incognito.

George walks over parkland grass, towards his big boss.

As he approaches, Thesiger threatens George's ankles with the toy.

George dances about, avoids treading on the plasticky little beast.

Thesiger bursts out laughing.

George feigns amusement.

GEORGE  
Cut it out! You're supposed to be a grown man.

THESIGER  
Relax, 'Georgie'.

Thesiger tortures the car to its limit with turns and skids.

THESIGER (CONT'D)  
It's more fun than patting your  
hairy ass for bugs.

GEORGE  
I'm hurt, Shaun, on both counts.

From a vantage point, they wander about with the car.  
Parklife goes on around them.

Moments later, we're back with them.

THESIGER  
Hmm. I see.

GEORGE  
In front of my house, just sitting  
watching me walk the fucking dogs.  
What're they gonna learn from that,  
huh? That the dogs don't eat  
peanuts?

THESIGER  
I see.

GEORGE  
I know they're just fishing. I  
swept the house myself. But they  
must suspect something. It's just  
worth a mention, that's all.

THESIGER  
Yes, but I don't want you to worry,  
George. It is worth consideration,  
certainly, you're right there, no  
doubt about that. But, like I  
always say...

He clasps a hand on George's shoulder.

THESIGER (CONT'D)  
... the buck stops here. Has done  
from the start.

Thesiger brings his toy car back, skidding to a halt in a  
little cloud of dust at their feet.

George gives Thesiger a playful, withering look as he notices  
the dust across his now not so shiny boots.

THESIGER (CONT'D)  
 That's better, George. We must  
 remain cheerful. Come on, now. Work  
 to be done.

They walk in separate directions, off out of view.

INT. ROOM 6 - DAY

A laptop plays back a track of HIGH PITCHED WHITE NOISE, the same frequency as the toy car motor. It cuts out, and becomes clear speech:

THESIGER (V.O.)  
 (on laptop)  
 That's better, George. We must  
 remain cheerful. Come on, now. Work  
 to be done.

COP #1  
 (grimacing)  
 And that's fucking it.

He prods a finger at the keyboard and sits back, dejected.

His calm and collected, shirtsleeved superior, HARRY 'THOROUGH' JACKSON (34), leans on a cabinet nearby. The lit laptop reflects in his spectacles. He waves away the supposed failure.

THOROUGH JACKSON  
 No, no. Come on, now. We got  
 Thesiger's voice, there, and we got  
 the name 'George'. No prizes for  
 guessing who that is, but it's  
 building. Okay? Let's keep going.  
 Another and another and another.  
 These bastards ain't Teflon.

INT. MOHAMMED'S LEATHER GOODS - DAY

A corner store, iron gates on the windows, festooned with leather apparel. An ante chamber has a chain link fly screen in the doorway, 'ADULT'S ONLY' in big red letters across it, like a fairground entrance. Otherwise, it's a regular store.

MOHAMMED, middle aged with a definite taste for gold, looks up from his work as--

--the bell above the door beep beeps and George enters the store. He sidles up to the counter and smiles.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S LEATHER GOODS - DAY

A huge plastic banner of the shop name hangs over the store in the same red letters as the Adults section inside.

George exits and strides to his Ford.

Renzo leans against the car, devouring a sloppy burrito.

GEORGE

You're gonna finish that thing  
before you get in my car, Renzo.

RENZO

(mouth stuffed)  
Uh-huh.

Renzo chomps. George checks himself out in the leathery shop window, then gets in the drivers seat.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

George's hand pulls a thick wad of bank notes out of the glove box. A spare gun and spare cellphone lie in there, too.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S LEATHER GOODS - DAY

George raps on the windshield for Renzo to hurry up. Renzo does not hurry up. This burrito's just too good.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

George waits, casting his eye. Eventually, Renzo appears, sucking his fingers clean.

GEORGE

This is for me...

He peels off five one hundred dollar bills.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

... and, this is for you.

He does it again and forces the cash into Renzo's palm.

RENZO

(licking teeth)  
I don't want that. What's that for?

GEORGE

(innocent as hell)  
What? This is just like, you know.  
Just our pocket money, our extra.  
Its our bonus from the fucking  
city.



Renzo shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's only five hundred bucks.  
Either I give it to Mohammed, or I  
give it to you. I already signed  
for it, and I sure as shit ain't  
taking it back.

RENZO

That is not what it's supposed to  
be for.

GEORGE

So fuck?

RENZO

That is what's called getting,  
fucking, suspended, for fucking  
gross misconduct and told to  
resign. Jesus, George, come on.

GEORGE

Look, I been in and given Mohammed  
his. Why you think he was so happy  
to see my craggy old bastard ass?

He casts the bills in Renzo's lap and STARTS THE CAR.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So this is for us. You think we're  
gonna get our pensions if the Crew  
goes tits up? Take the fucking  
money, Renzo. You earned it.

George pulls out into traffic.

The cash stays in Renzo's lap.

Renzo closes his eyes and shakes his head.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL LOBBY - LATER DAY

George chats to a couple of staff ladies in smock uniforms.  
He slides something into their hands as he leaves them. One  
of them strokes his face, the other blows a kiss.

He pretends to grab it to his heart, turns, and saunters out  
to the street again.

EXT. SAME HOTEL - DAY

He exits, clearly tipping the door guy who gives back a  
phoney salute.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

Renzo observes this, puffing his cheeks as George strolls along. After a few seconds, George disappears, once more, into a bar, doing his rounds.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A HEAVY WOMAN is chasing a TEENAGE KID across the roadway. She's pretty quick for a big girl, but she's puffing.

The kid is much faster.

He darts out into the road again.

The lady bounces after him.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

Motoring along, no rush, just shooting the breeze, are George and Renzo.

GEORGE

So, you guys up to much lately?

RENZO

Nah, not much. Pretty busy with the business plan for the ranch and all.

GEORGE

Hmm.

RENZO

Went to see a movie last night, though.

GEORGE

Yeah, what you see?

RENZO

Huh! Get this - 'Skin and Bones'. Jesus. One of those fucking dumb buddy cop pieces of shit. Sam thinks it's ironic. Like ha ha.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

In a flash, the kid we just saw being pursued, bursts out and straight onto the front of the Ford hood.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

George jumps on the brakes. The car SQUEALS. They both lurch forward as --

EXT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

-- the car stops and the kid pelts off again.

For a split second, agog through the windshield, they just watch him go.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Renzo is out and after the kid.

HEAVY WOMAN  
(breathless)  
My coupons! He, took, my coupons!

Then she passes in front of the car, too.

As soon as her backside is out of the way, the V8 ZOOMS OFF.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Renzo runs like a bullet down the alley, dodging and leaping garbage, tires, barking dogs, etc.

A few yards ahead, his quarry runs just as fast.

RENZO  
(breathless)  
Stop, you, fucker.

The kid does not stop. He glances back.

Renzo, not gaining.

Renzo has had enough. He takes out his Glock and THUMPS a round into the sidewalk.

The BOOM in the alley makes the kid flinch, lose his footing and crash onto his chest. Renzo is upon him. A SIREN WAILS nearby, getting LOUDER, CLOSER.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
(to the kid)  
Stay there.

The kid does not. He flips upright, head butts Renzo and roundhouse kicks the gun from his grasp.

They grapple.

The kid bites into Renzo's chest. Renzo yells like a madman as blood seeps into his clothes.

He stabs a thumb into one of the kid's eyes, and with his other hand grabs his trachea. The fight is thus over.

Renzo finally handcuffs the kid, retrieves his pistol and drags the bundle of whimpers over to the street corner.

In the distance, the heavy woman is gaining.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

George's shiny boot stamps on the brake.

George looks over to see Renzo holding the kid, Glock to his temple. Renzo acknowledges George's arrival through the car window.

EXT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

George, still in the car, smiles sarcastically. But then old fashioned pride gets the better of him. He laughs.

                  GEORGE  
                  (to the kid)  
                  Yay! He got you, man.  
                  (to Renzo)  
                  You're a tough motherfucker, man.  
                  You're old school, bad cop, plague  
                  bringing, justice giving, ass  
                  kicker.

Renzo jostles the kid and SLAMS him against the car.

The wailing siren is DEAFENING now.

EXT. ARREST STREET - DAY

The arriving squad car bounces to a halt. The siren BLIPS off.

Uniform COPS #4 and #5 get out of their car.

Renzo grapples the prisoner over to their custody.

                  RENZO  
                  (quite chipper)  
                  This guy! Robbery, and strongly  
                  resisting.

Cops #4 and #5 deposit the culprit into their black and white.

RENZO (CONT'D)

Hey, toss my cuffs back, man.

He jumps to catch the cuffs and goes to get back in with George. He's barely in the car when it accelerates off.

The heavy woman reaches the scene of apprehension. She immediately berates the kid.

HEAVY WOMAN

(puffing hard)

Yeah, oh, you ain't all that now,  
are you, handsome?

The kid blows her a kiss from within the police car.

KID

Yeah, you caught me. Bitch. Fucking  
McDonald's sucking bitch. Fucking  
coupon ho.

COP#4

(to heavy woman)

Okay, we got this, ma'am. If you'd  
like to make a statement --

HEAVY WOMAN

Get him out of that car. I'm gonna  
beat his fucking ass.

KID

(to heavy woman)

Hey! You keeping a spare Big Mac in  
that fat ol' pussy for later  
tonight? I bet you are.

COP#5

(to kid)

Hey. Shut your fucking mouth, son.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

In the rear view mirror, the arrest debacle fades away.

George, highly amused, laughs and shakes his head.

INT. ROOM 6 CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor is deserted, but for FREDDIE the cleaner,  
vacuuming.

'Thorough' Jackson walks up and taps the door of room 6.

INT. ROOM 6 - DAY

'Thorough' pokes his head round the door. There sits COP #1, headphones on as usual.

'Thorough' waves to get his attention. He looks up.

His boss gives the thumbs up and mouths:

THOROUGH JACKSON

Bye.

'Thorough' taps his watch.

THOROUGH JACKSON (CONT'D)

(mouthing)

Don't work too late.

Thumbs up from COP #1.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jackson heads back to his office. Freddie carries on cleaning as Jackson reemerges with a jacket and briefcase, making to get out of the building.

THOROUGH JACKSON

(to Freddie)

G'night, Freddie. Don't you work too late, either.

FREDDIE

Hey, you know it, man. G'night, Thorough.

There's a yell from Room 6.

COP #1

Yes! Fucking yes!

He runs out, grinning like mad.

Freddie smiles at the boss. He's used to these guys finding great pleasure in their work.

'Thorough' grins back at both of them.

COP #1 (CONT'D)

(to 'Thorough')

We got it. We got it clear as fucking day.

THOROUGH JACKSON

I told you, one way or another, sooner or later, just as sure as shit. Let's have a listen.

INT. ROOM 6 - DAY

'Thorough' stands, wearing the headphones.

The laptop controls are tweaked by COP #1.

THOROUGH JACKSON

Okay. We know who that is.

He listens, pushing the door to as Freddie gets on with vacuuming.

THOROUGH JACKSON (CONT'D)

This is Grade A. We're gonna use this. They sure dropped their fucking pants today. We're gonna feed these guys so much shit. Good work. Really, well done, man.

He slaps COP #1's shoulders, both very pleased indeed.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The top of George's Ford PULLS UP TO A QUIET STOP outside a strip joint. The place advertises 'LIVE EROTICA'.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

The ENGINE IDLES. George appears more alert than at the other stops.

Renzo just sits, texting on his cell.

Each is momentarily oblivious to the other.

George snaps to, TURNS THE CAR OFF. The rumble ceases. He engages Renzo.

GEORGE

Okay. Now, I need you to give me some company on this one, okay?

Renzo stashes his phone and puffs his cheeks.

RENZO

(indicating his wound)

I need to go to a goddam hospital and get some goddam shots. Gonna need stitches, too, I think.

GEORGE

Come on, kid. It's an easy two minutes, but I don't like going in 'cause it's confined, it's dark, out in the back... There's just too much can go wrong for one guy.

RENZO

You're really selling it. Jesus,  
I'll come in, but don't fucking  
pass me any money. And don't call  
me kid, either.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Renzo and George, silhouetted in the dust against the rosy  
sunshine outside, enter the club.

MUSIC THUMPS from beyond the tiny lobby they now pass  
through. George gives a nod to the gorilla sized guy in the  
ticket booth.

The gorilla click, click winks back at George.

A terrific looking girl, glistening in very nice underwear,  
sweeps back a heavy curtain for them to pass. They're in.

Zero natural light in here, the music thumps even LOUDER.  
Everyone half shouts to be heard. The clientele are mostly  
entertainment types and tourists, ordering over priced beers.  
Girls like the entrance lady mingle at tables.

On a hip height stage, a couple of naked babes writhe, roll  
and gyrate to the beat. A slight acknowledgement of a light  
show skips across their skin.

Stage-side, a regular looking guy sits by himself. One of the  
waitresses leans across him and sets down his beer.

A fifty dollar bill goes from his hand to hers. She passes  
all fives back.

He winks at her and slides a five onto the stage.

One of the naked ladies from the show crawls over to him.

Renzo's face, looking at the girls.

George's face, looking at the girls.

Our boys take in a good eyeful.

Head to toe, shining curves.

Spellbound, the two cops are drawn forward. George breaks the  
enchantment. He slaps Renzo's arm and they head to the back  
room.

The show goes on.

The customers never knew the two were even there.



INT. STRIP CLUB BACK CORRIDOR - DAY

Flickering strip lights in the passage. The DOOR SLIDES SHUT behind George and Renzo. The music dulls again and the cops become more cat like.

Creeping along, they both draw their main weapons.

They stand now, either side of another door along the corridor.

There is a small Stars and Stripes plaque on the door. It reads:- 'THE FUCKING BOSS'.

Renzo, uneasy, looks about.

George stares at him, waiting.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

On the other side of the door, we see CHRIS (35) the boss: pony tail, tattoos and peircings, bending a stripper, SUGAR (26), over the desk.

His jeans are round his cowboy boots.

Sugar wears high heels and jewelry only.

They're both very fit and banging away very happily.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

George taps Renzo's shoulder. Their eyes meet.

GEORGE  
(mouthing)  
Hey! On 'go'. One. Two. Three, go!

And he boots the door in.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

The door SPLINTERS off the frame. George and Renzo burst in.

Chris swipes a .45 off the desk. He doesn't miss one stroke.

Everyone has their guns raised. And Chris and the girl are still grinding.

Renzo, stern as hell, stands guard over the lovers.

Chris' startled look turns into a smile, as big as --

-- George's.

CHRIS

(loud)

Ha ha! Asshole! I nearly blew your head off.

George cackles at all the innuendo. He pulls a look of approval as Chris and Sugar have still not stopped.

Renzo is confused, then see what's going on. He holsters his gun. Pissed off, he leaves the room.

George yells after him.

GEORGE

Hey. It says on the door, man.

(to Chris)

Ah, I hoped I'd catch you. You need a better door.

CHRIS

Yeah, you're buying.

GEORGE

(indicating Renzo)

He's all upset. He's in fucking love.

CHRIS

Hey, you want some, man? I can get you some.

GEORGE

Oh, no, thanks. But maybe next time, if she's free. Available.

He eyeballs the girl on the desk.

She eyeballs him back.

SUGAR

'She' has a name.

CHRIS

Sorry, Sugar. George, meet Sugar. Sugar, George.

She extends a jolting hand. George politely shakes it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(withdrawing)

Ah, okay. We got some business to do, Sugar. Can you gimme five?

SUGAR

Sure, Chris.

Fixing her bits and pieces, she CLIPPETY CLOPS out, still in just heels.

Chris buttons himself up, lights a cigarette.

SUGAR (CONT'D)  
See you, George.

GEORGE  
(dreamy)  
See you, Sugar.

Chris takes a seat, as does his cash injector.

CHRIS  
Now, what can I do for you, buddy?

INT. BETH'S OFFICES - DAY

In a large reception area, Beth's Personal Assistant, CLARE, taps at her keyboard. She checks her watch.

From the inner sanctum beyond, from which our Mayor performs her machinations, the phone RINGS.

INT. BETH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Beth stands, phone to her ear.

BETH  
Harry, I cant' make myself clear enough on this. Why would this be a problem I would want solved in public? Don't bring me this. Just let me know when it's solved.

She listens to the caller.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Solved. That's all, Harry. Bye.

She hangs up and takes her throne.

Reclining, she bolts up and opens her top desk drawer.

She checks the clip on an automatic pistol. It's full. She slides the clip back in and replaces the loaded weapon in the drawer.

INT. 'THOROUGH' JACKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A slightly larger version of Room 6. Thorough holds his telephone receiver in mid air.

THOROUGH JACKSON  
Well, soon to be 'ex Mayor' Stuart, that was short and not very sweet.

His hand reaches across to his computer keyboard.

On the computer screen, there sits a sentence amid the rest of the text:-

"Based on the findings contained within this report, I firmly suggest that Mayor Elizabeth Stuart has no knowledge or involvement in the actions or events mentioned."

The cursor on the screen moves to the start of the sentence and CLICKS.

Thorough's finger TAPS and holds the delete button.

On the screen, a tiny delay, then the sentence reels back on itself in a stream of disappearing letters, and is gone.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

George ambles across the sidewalk from the club, a big sunshine grin on his face.

Renzo leans against the Ford, waiting, arms folded, unimpressed.

George cannot be cowed.

RENZO

This ain't why I got on this crew,  
man. Not one bit.

GEORGE

Yeah, yeah. Cut me about a goddam  
yard of slack, can't you?

They get in the car.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

George looks about and pulls into traffic.

GEORGE

That's it. Fun's over for today.  
Next stop, back to fucking work.

INT. LOCAL MALL - (NEXT) DAY

Cheesy, Christmassy piped muzak echoes around. Shoppers bustle in and out of stores.

In the window of one establishment, there's Sam and Renzo. They take seats in a tiny glass office, across a tiny desk from a BANK EMPLOYEE. They all shake hands, smile, pull their chairs in.

INT. MALL CAFE - DAY

Sachets of sugar are opened and tipped into a cup of coffee. The bank meeting is visible in the distance while the coffee is stirred.

The cup is lifted. There's the CLATTERING OF PLATES AND CUTLERY and a steady chatter in the cafe.

WAITRESS (O.S.)  
Anything else?

GEORGE (O.S.)  
No, thank you.

BANKER (V.O.)  
Okay, so, talk me through your requirements.

INT. BANK WINDOW OFFICE - DAY

Renzo and Sam lean in.

BANKER  
You're looking for a layout for...  
I guess, livestock?

SAM  
Horses aren't the real cost at all, really. We'll use other people's horses that're being stabled and exercised by us, and we charge a fee, so they're a revenue in themselves.

BANKER  
Okay, I see. That's good.

SAM  
Yeah, it's the actual land. Places we're looking at now come in between nine and eleven hundred thousand dollars, at least the ones with the facilities we need to provide for paying customers, at a level of service they expect.

The banker starts jotting figures on a pad.

SAM (CONT'D)  
And that's a conservative minimum. At today's prices. It's all in the plan.

She gently taps the 200 or so pages of business plan sitting on her lap.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I've printed you a hard copy for  
today.

The banker scootches his chair in and taps on his computer keyboard.

Sam continues her pitch. He gives absent minded affirmatives while she speaks.

SAM (CONT'D)  
But obviously we're looking heavily  
towards the future...

Renzo nods.

The banker TYPES.

SAM (CONT'D)  
... and to leave something to pass  
on to our children.

The banker stops typing. Children?

Renzo looks at Sam. Children?

BANKER  
Um, I thought you didn't have any  
children.

SAM AND RENZO  
(together)  
That's right.

BANKER  
And, you're both in good health,  
right?

SAM  
Oh, yeah. Oh God, yeah.

RENZO  
Yeah, we're uh, fighting fit.

BANKER  
Good, 'cause I gotta be straight  
with you. For the amount you're  
looking for, even with these solid  
kinda projections, the slightest  
whiff of ill health, or any other  
interruptions in cash flow, and the  
whole thing would crash about your  
ears. Big style.

Sam looks nonplussed, but goes along.

SAM  
Understood.

Renzo looks lost.

Sam looks over to him. And looks, and looks. Her gaze draws back to the banker.

INT. MALL CAFE - DAY

Back at the table with the coffee, the bank meeting still there in flashes between shoppers. A waitress busies back and forth, clears and wipes --

-- the empty table.

EXT. L.A. NAVAL TRAINING CENTRE - DAY

On Balboa Avenue, in the park with the Training Centre behind her, is Beth. She wears her full Naval regalia, hat and all.

She and 2 STAFF face a small crowd, a couple of news cameras and reporters.

An outside broadcast TV screen shows the assembly. The women in the TV crowd cheer.

Back to the actual crowd. A few men in the crowd applaud in reluctant appreciation.

BETH

...which is why I'm negotiating to commence a truly competitive Women's Mixed Martial Arts Team for the U.S. Navy. Fighting forces, even police forces, all around the globe, the globe whose waters we serve to protect, operate similar programs -- for women. Where's ours?

More cheers.

BETH (CONT'D)

The Marines got theirs. Where's ours?

Louder cheers.

REPORTER #1

This is your final year as a Reservist. Have you given any thought to re-enlisting?

REPORTER #2

(under her breath)  
Given your age.

Beth doesn't hear, or ignores, the snipe.

BETH

(to Reporter #1)

Yep. Gave it serious thought. Through talking it over with my family and supporters, I've decided to step down when my date comes up this year. Of course that does mean that the Navy pay I would have received as an officer will no longer be surrendered to the Vets Association as it has been.

REPORTER #1

Thanks Elizabeth. Nice answer.

REPORTER #2

Whatever.

Beth's aides close the interview.

INT. GOVERNOR THESIGER'S OFFICE - DAY

In the opulence of Thesiger's day room, a colossal TV plays Beth's broadcast.

A toilet flushes, tap water running.

Thesiger ambles out of his private bathroom.

INT. NAVAL TRAINING CENTRE - DAY

Beth, embossed file tucked under one arm, flanked by her staff, pushes into a spotless corridor from sunlight outside.

Her cellphone BUZZES.

It shows a text:-

"From KID Good luck, Goat. Not that you need it x x"

Beth's thumb dances across her phone.

Her reply reads:-

"To KID Fear the (old) Goat, kid. Xxx"

Beth and team continue striding along. Her phone buzzes again. It shows:-

"From KID Fear the Goat, Mom. Love you xx"

They walk out of view.

Their footsteps cease.



Beth inhales, straightens up, and knocks confidently at an office door.

MALE VOICE  
Come in, Master Chief!

Whoever this guy is, he outranks our Lady Mayor. We hear her open the door.

INT. M.C.P.O.N.'S OFFICE - DAY

We hear Beth open the door and walk in. Behind a desk, sunlight streaming over his crisp uniform, sits her superior. Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy D'Ambrosio. Three stars on this guy's anchor.

D'AMBROSIO  
(to Beth)  
Master Chief.

She salutes. Her goons wait outside.

He stands, smiles, waves her to sit.

D'AMBROSIO (CONT'D)  
(warm)  
Beth. You know, Beth, with your verve, and I swear I don't know how you manage it, even with all your 'assistance', I've been expecting you to make C.M.C. this year.

BETH  
That's kind of you to say, Sir.

D'AMBROSIO  
I'm not being kind.

BETH  
I know, Sir. But I have my own plans.

D'AMBROSIO  
Okay. So, this is your swan song?

BETH  
In Navy terms, Sir, yes. Curtain call, no more encores. I didn't expect it to last this long.

D'AMBROSIO  
You'll be missed.

INT. BETH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Beth sits working at her desk, lit by a single lamp.

Her red pen flicks through the documents in front of her.

She circles a phrase on one of the printouts:

INSERT: '...several rouge officers, in particular...'

She snorts in derision.

BETH  
(whispers)  
Jesus.

She folds that document into a file, then into her expensive briefcase.

Sliding the computer mouse around, she CLICK, CLICK, CLICKS, shuts down the computer and yanks on her jacket.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OFFICES - NIGHT

Beth is rattled. She steps quietly to her car, drilling her cell phone as she goes.

INT. BETH'S CAR - NIGHT

The driver door of her navy Escalade SLAMS shut.

She slips her phone into the hands free carrier on the dash.

She starts the car and drives off carefully, checking all the mirrors.

The phone rings out on the dash.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Good evening, Mayor Stuart. Putting  
you through.

BETH  
Thanks, Mary.

The cellphone clicks through, with classical hold music, then it answers again.

THESIGER (V.O.)  
(genial)  
Beth. What's so important?

Beth SWERVES the car to the roadside.

THESIGER (V.O.)  
Beth? You there?

BETH  
Hi. Listen.

EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR OFFICES - NIGHT

She spits the evenings work to Thesiger.

BETH

It's just half a report. A report I had to print myself from a fucking e-mail. It's mostly badly written garbage, but it's too damn close.

She listens. Thesiger tries to placate from his end.

THESIGER (V.O.)

Elizabeth, we have always known that we'd meet with some kind of friction --

BETH

(hushed)

I am telling you it's gonna go up my ass. And yours. We need to distance ourselves from those fuckers on the ground.

THESIGER (V.O.)

Okay, okay. This is a simple play. Nice and simple. Here's what you do.

Beth grabs the phone, cuts off the hands free system. She leaps from her car.

From across the street, someone watches her pace next to the car.

Back to Beth, back to the conversation.

BETH

No, no, we don't need to meet for a while.

She paces, her eyes steady and clear.

BETH (CONT'D)

Okay. Yeah, okay. Sounds good. You leave George to me. He's a functioning idiot. A George Mitchum and those other bastards I can handle.

Beth, impatient, circles her free hand.

BETH (CONT'D)

Yeah. Bye.

From across the street again, she is seen to hang up. The glow from her phone fades. She gets back into the Escalade and drives away quickly.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - NIGHT

A gondola pole swishes through water, reflecting twinkling Christmas lights.

INT. GONDOLA (MOVING) - NIGHT

Renzo holds Sam in his arms under a blanket. They're still wearing the same outfits they wore at the bank.

The GONDOLIER punts along --

-- and begins to sing, some typical old Italian ditty.

Sam pulls a funny face at Renzo. She's loving it. Renzo nuzzles her. Sam looks content.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - LATER NIGHT

Renzo jumps ashore from the gondola, spins and assists Sam as she also alights.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER NIGHT

Renzo's little Mercedes motors along.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - NIGHT

Renzo drives, a relaxed and optimistic Sam next to him.

RENZO  
(self justified)  
See? L.A. ain't so bad.

SAM  
(mocking)  
Ain't? Ain't it? Ain't it too bad  
as all it's made out, huh? That all  
that you got to say on the subject?  
Ho, ho, ho. Yo, yo, yo.

She throws gang signs at him while he drives.

RENZO  
I have always said 'ain't'.

SAM  
(normal voice)  
Maybe you have been here too long  
already, my dear. L.A, fact, is a  
great big silly freeway. Always has  
been, always will be.  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Full of transient dreamers, all wishing they were somewhere else, doing something else, wanting to be somebody else, and that's the problem. Nobody here seems to want what they've got. Just 'more', whatever it is.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The motley flotsam and jetsam of Sam's speech inhabit their environment.

Sam stares, lost souls reflected in the window.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - NIGHT

Renzo looks puzzled.

RENZO

But millions of kids grow up right here, without joining gangs, without getting shot, without raping old ladies. Our kids would be those kids.

SAM

(bored)

Going to school with the other kids. Gang kids. Kids who kill other kids. We've been through this.

RENZO

George says --

Sam is instantly annoyed.

SAM

George says? George says what?

RENZO

(quick)

Says he's got one kid who grew up here, and one who didn't, and the one who didn't isn't doing as well as the one who did.

SAM

Well go and live with George, then.

RENZO

I'm just saying, it's worth considering, seeing as how we already live here.

Silent Sam.

RENZO (CONT'D)

Sam.

Silence.

RENZO (CONT'D)

Great.

INT. MOHAMMED'S LEATHER GOODS - DAY

George stands amid the 'ADULT'S ONLY' section, fingering a sculpted basque. His finger squeaks across the waist.

Elsewhere, Renzo talks to Mohammed.

RENZO (O.S.)

I don't need leather pants. And they never fit, anyway.

George wanders out to see Mohammed is aghast.

MOHAMMED

No, for you, tailor made. To fit. And free, free service.

Renzo weighs this up. Secretly, he does like the idea.

RENZO

Free?

MOHAMMED

Free fitting, yes. Completely free. And quick.

All three look at each other.

Mohammed smiles, with a 'ta dah!' from his hands.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

I have my tape measure.  
(to George)  
George! You're looking hungry.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S LEATHER GOODS - DAY

Some time later, George and Renzo emerge from the store. Renzo has a store bag, clearly containing his new pants.

George giggles uncontrollably.

RENZO

It's not that funny, man, you fucking asshole.

GEORGE  
Aah. Leathers. Leather fucking  
pants in L.A. Ah God.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

Renzo rides shotgun. He's developed a slight goatee since buying his leathers. A LOW BUZZING sound.

George sighs.

His phone SKIPS ABOUT on the dash. His hand grabs at it.

GEORGE  
(exasperated)  
Jesus.  
(to Renzo)  
Answer this for me, can you?

He passes the phone to Renzo.

RENZO  
Sure. Who is it?

GEORGE  
Fucking Vicki. I gotta increase my  
payments. Can't think of any other  
reason she'd call.

RENZO  
(to phone)  
Hello.

He listens casually.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
George isn't here just now. This is  
Renzo ma'am. I'm his partn --

Renzo winces, as a clearly unhappy Victoria describes something to him.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
Okay, absolutely. I certainly will.  
(to George)  
She say you're a cheesy frigging  
deadbeat, and she knows damn well  
you're here, uh, so, be a fucking  
man for once, and pay up.

GEORGE  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

He leans to the phone. The car weaves.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 (loudly)  
 Vicki!

Renzo flinches.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 I am here, Vicki, driving the car,  
 the cop car, doing my cop job, that  
 pays for her and her whiny ass  
 goddam kids, and that she hates so  
 much, 'cause it makes her cry when  
 she's all alone at night. It's just  
 so sad - Oh, George, I'm so  
 worried, blah, blah --

Renzo sees Mrs Mitchum has hung up.

RENZO  
 She's gone.

George drives, grimacing.

GEORGE  
 (to the world)  
 Yeah, the skinny bitch is gone all  
 right. Gone clear round the bend.  
 Ah, don't worry, don't worry. It's  
 cool, cool. It's okay.

RENZO  
 Pretty final, huh?

GEORGE  
 I'm hungry.

INT. MOHAMMED'S LEATHER GOODS - DAY

George leans on the counter, grazing on pekoras and raita.

Renzo stands, sips a coffee.

Mohammed gives a soapbox routine.

MOHAMMED  
 You want to know what you should  
 do, George? Send them back. Close  
 the ports, and send them back. When  
 my grandfather came here, then our  
 name meant something.

George and Renzo listen, one eye on the shop and one on the  
 street. Observing, waiting.



MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

But not this lot. These semtex sandwich assholes, calling themselves whatever name takes their fancy. It was the fucking British! With fucking partition! Nobody knew who was who after that.

GEORGE

(bored)

Yep.

Renzo drains his cup. Jittery, he wants to get out to work.

People outside pass, chatter and laugh.

Renzo looks at George's snacks. The LOW METALLIC CHORUS begins in Renzo's head. He watches --

-- the raita soaked pekora head up to George's mouth and get chewed up. The CHORUS BLENDS with the DAY NOISES, getting LOUDER

MOHAMMED

Blowing themselves up! Assholes!

On cue, a young kid with a wispy beard turns up, Mohammed's own SON.

SON

Okay, Pop?

George tugs an imaginary forelock to Mohammed's son.

MOHAMMED

Okay, sunshine. You been out with your semtex buddies, today?

SON

Gimme a break, Dad.

(to George)

He's so funny.

Renzo clicks. The kid's okay. It's just Dad being Dad. He shakes it off. The humming stops. He chills.

RENZO

(to George)

Hey, come on, let's split, man.

Let's bounce.

George agrees. He shoves off from the counter.

GEORGE

See you, Mohammed. Thanks for lunch.

EXT. MOHAMMED'S LEATHER GOODS - DAY

George and Renzo stride across the sidewalk into the heat, the throng of life.

RENZO  
Jesus. We never just go to the  
coffee shop anymore.

George pauses mid stride at what Renzo just said.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, save for the light showing around the door frame. Footsteps approach from outside. A key is jammed into the lock. Light pours in with George following.

He goes straight to the fridge, pops a beer, sits on the bed and zaps on the TV.

No sooner has he sat down than his cellphone goes. He swigs and answers.

GEORGE  
Hey, my man. What's up?

Someone speaks to George at the other end.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Uh-huh.

He smiles as he listens.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(enthused)  
Oh yeah? So, tomorrow? I can do  
that, I can do that for sure. But  
don't she want --

The caller interrupts.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, whatever. No, it's great,  
man. Breaks the S.O.P, though.

The caller chatters on.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Hell, yeah. He'll fucking do it.  
I'll call him now.

He punches the air.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I get it. Okay. Bye.

He hangs up, flops back on the bed.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Sun breaks the horizon of a new day.

EXT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Renzo, wearing his new leathers. They are gorgeous. He skips lightly down the steps to George's waiting Ford.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD - DAY

Stevie sits in the back, coffee and smoke between his knees. He has a good vibe on.

The three nod hello.

GEORGE  
(hushed)  
Come on, kid.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tony and his Crew, hick brothers BILLY and TOM, pull out in their car. The car engine WAFTS into the quietness.

EXT. CITY STREET ELSEWHERE - DAY

Another car containing Crew 3, Paul's Crew, travels. Here we have MICHAEL, an enthusiastic altar boy. Third is ANTOINETTE - the wild card who proved Paul right.

The car signals, and moves onto the turnpike.

Crews 2 and 3 resemble George's Crew: boss and 2 underdogs, and look more like an international gang convention than cops.

EXT. SAME FREEWAY - DAY

Tony's car falls in behind George. Then Paul joins up into a convoy, with George on point.

They all roll along tightly in the eight minute old sunshine, oblivious to the rest of the sparse traffic. Then, they leave the freeway.

The convoy heads towards a seasonal fog bank.

One by one, they vanish. The engines fade into the fog.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

Surrounded by the deep, opaque mist, Renzo bobs down, checks the wing mirror and spins round.

The other two cars are right behind them, no more than an arms length. Dipped headlights sift through the mist.

Renzo looks nervous.

George notices and smiles.

Stevie puffs away, blowing smoke over everyone.

GEORGE

Relax, guys. We got a big lead, but we gotta get there early to beat the regular guys. And we need everybody.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

They drive on through the fog.

The convoy snakes to a farm, way up ahead out in the country.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A huge, official convoy of police cars, accompanied by a fully kitted out SWAT truck, POUNDS DOWN the freeway. The lights flash, the sirens HOWL, all escorted by 2 HELICOPTERS, one high up behind them, the other swooping low ahead.

EXT. FURTHER COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A big, decrepit wooden farmhouse, shrouded peacefully. It appears ghoulishly through the thinning fog.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

The cars ease to a stop, a couple of hundred yards to the south of the farmhouse. They pull round to form an arrow shape pointing at the house, creating a 'car fort'.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Everyone savors the suspense for a moment.

Tony's Crew begin to get out of their car. A couple shudder in the morning chill.

They carefully click the doors shut.

Renzo climbs out of the Ford, notices he's been sitting on --  
-- an envelope, addressed to George at the motel address.  
He picks it up and straightens the crinkles out.

INT. GEORGE'S TRUNK - DAY

Our 3 guys reach down, grabbing firearms and ammo: assault shotguns, cartridge belts, clips for their Glock and Beretta handguns. Renzo hands the crumpled envelope to George. For now, they all speak in hushed tones.

RENZO  
Hey, sorry, man. This is yours.

GEORGE  
Oh, yeah. Fucking divorce papers.

EXT. REAR OF FARMHOUSE - DAY

Row upon row of choppers and regular motorcycles -- Harleys, customs with Confederate tank-work. They're obscured from the Crews by the house, shade and fog.

STEVIE (O.S.)  
Jesus, she ain't sleeping on this one.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Yeah, well. She got her reasons.

They check their weapons.

Back to the trunk.

RENZO  
Like what?

George pretends not to hear.

GEORGE  
Can we fucking discuss this later.

STEVIE  
(casual)  
If there is a later.

GEORGE  
Fuck me. Part of it's 'coital headaches'. Happy?

The description of the condition sinks in.

RENZO  
What, you, or her?

GEORGE

Not her.

RENZO

Shit.

GEORGE

Now, if your curiosity is completely satisfied, can we get back to fucking killing bad guys? Yes? Thanks.

EXT. GUNCREW 'CAR FORT' - DAY

The three Crews hunker down behind the cars. George holds court.

As their quiet discussion continues, the farmhouse looms.

A huge daddy of a rattlesnake raises his head, tastes the air.

GEORGE

Okay. We got a bunch of assholes up there think it's still seventeen hundred and something, selling girls back and forth across the border.

He lets this sink in.

The others listen, intent, wide awake now.

At the house, a shabby, tattered curtain blows outwards in the breeze.

Through the window, criminal Mexicana types sleep off last night's craziness. Worn out trafficked girls, some more naked than others, lie handcuffed and motionless around the floors.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now, there's more of them than there are of us.

STEVIE

Oh. Just how many fucking more?

GEORGE

Twenty seven more, so it's four to one, but we got surprise. Surprise'll work. And the Sun. It's only thirty six Mexicans.

He gives a big, crazy smile.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let's do it.

(to Renzo)

Stick with Anto. Anything turns to  
shit, she'll cover your ass.

RENZO

Whatever.

They sneak out in single file, then fan out to flank the  
house in a small pincer.

George rounds the house from tree cover a few yards back.

GEORGE

(to himself)

Oh. Oh, this is all wrong.

He spots the first row of bikes and realizes their intel is  
bunk.

From inside the house, a dog barks. The jig is up.

The Crews rush the house, SPRAYING the whole construction  
with GUNFIRE.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Lumps of the building fly inside the house. The occupants  
wake and panic.

The bad guys grab their own weapons.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Gun muzzles slide out between broken windows and holes  
blasted in the walls. They return HEAVY FIRE.

It's chaos.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Women screech in fright.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A couple of girls, human shields, are shoved from the top  
floor windows. They shriek, then --

-- hit the dirt awkwardly, screaming.

Tony dashes forward, PUMPING and BLASTING hiss shotgun.

Another wounded girl pelts blindly out of the mist, screaming with blood in her eyes. She smashes straight into Tony and they both go down.

MACHINE GUN FIRE BURSTS from the house. Tony and the girl are pinned down. In full panic, she flees into the BULLET STREAM. She flips back, dead.

Tony rolls behind her to return SHOTS.

The Mexican gang and the bikers inside use the girls as human shields to ill effect.

From one to the other, all 3 Guncrews FIRE at any movement coming from inside the house.

Round the back of the house, a biker pokes his head out of the door. He gives the all clear. A stream of armed bikers exit the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

More bikers UNDER FIRE run crouching out to the back. BULLETS STRAFE THE ROOM and POP into the rickety old boiler.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The MOTORBIKES CRANK OVER, sliding in the dirt, SCRAMBLING away.

The gun battle continues. The CACOPHONY OF GUN SHOTS smash into and --

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

-- through the building.

The wounded yell.

Dead bodies, gang members, bikers and girls are slumped across the floors, down the stairs.

A couple of Mexicans slither down the blood spattered stairs. They fall, LOSING OFF ROUNDS.

The house is beginning to COLLAPSE, the structure obliterated.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Fleeing bikers panic in hangovers, dust and mist. They COLLIDE and topple off their bikes.

One of them staggers, blood pouring from his wrecked jaw.



The screams and GUNFIRE are joined by the ROTAR BLADES of --  
-- the 2 APPROACHING HELICOPTERS.

SIRENS WAIL IN as the SWAT team and squad cars approach.

The day brightens further, becomes clear again.

The law enforcers PULL UP. The CHOPPERS SETTLE. Instantly, bullets start PINGING into the new arrivals' vehicles. The cops disembark, rolling for cover.

This draws fire away from the Crews, who reload in turns.

An all out, last ditch battle is in full and glorious flow.

The SWAT guys are stood, rifles raised to shoulders, just assassinating the enemy. Precise SHOTS from outside --

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

-- leave one after another dead inside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Mexicans and bikers alike still appear, facing down the cops.

The Gun Crews and their reinforcements kill, SHOOTING AND SHOOTING -- blood soaked corpses lie all around.

Motorbikes are pursued by squad cars, picked off, SHOT from the REVVING BIKES.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The compressed, heaving boiler system takes one shot too many. It EXPLODES!

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The whole ensemble -- cops, Crews, everyone -- crouch and duck.

GEORGE

Woo! Yeah! It's fucking Christmas,  
now, you motherfucker!

Tony lies dead, behind the girl who broad-sided him.

A last few survivors are within. Some run in agony, hit by the explosion. Others stagger out, stunned.

George looks in wonder at the scene his band created.

Renzo does the same. The farmhouse is now ablaze.

Cops round up remaining Mexicans and bikers. Guns at their heads, they curse the cops. They curse their mothers and their children.

Girls, wounded, bleeding, broken limbed, offer pleas to the cops. The cops are too busy for them just now.

One of the incarcerated, on his knees, face pressed by a pistol against a squad car, looks straight at Renzo. Stares at him.

Renzo stares back, walks over to him as the cuffs RATCHET on, and smacks him across the face with the butt of his gun.

He moans, but won't go down.

PRISONER  
Aah, you're next...

He spits a tooth out through gurgling blood.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
You're fucking next, man, you  
fucking fuck.

Everyone's pulse is still cranked sky high. It's in their eyes.

George covers part of the yard, a shotgun in each hand.

GEORGE  
(to Renzo)  
What'd I tell you, kid?

Renzo's face, burning with excitement.

George still wants a fight. He levels one weapon at --  
-- a patrol car, just by Renzo.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Law and order...

His finger pulls the trigger.

The windshield SHATTERS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
...ain't black and white.

The young uniformed cop who was next to his ride looks at George in disbelief.

George braces for the storm coming. He glares, welcomes it.

Renzo is walking over from the ruined squad car.

George looks him up and down, muttering in Latin.

RENZO  
And I told you...

He punches George, still holding the shotguns, straight across the jaw.

George's heavy frame smacks into the dirt as Renzo stands proud.

RENZO (CONT'D)  
...stop calling me 'kid'.

Stevie walks over through the mop up, nursing a flesh wound.

The HOUSE-FIRE CRACKLES, smoke billows skyward.

George gets to his feet. The Crew are together again.

GEORGE  
Keep practising that fucking left cross, Renzo. Hey, that look like thirty six Mexicans to you?

Renzo's face, realizing they've been suckered.

EXT. RENZO AND SAM'S PATIO - DAY

An oasis of calm. Renzo stretches out on one of the chairs with a beer, his jacket flung across the table.

The ubiquitous laptop PINGS next to him.

He leans over and TAPS the keyboard.

His finger moves over the mousepad in front of the glowing screen. He scrolls down his inbox to meet the e-mail. It opens:-

"Hey assholes - Who's telling you guys what to do? No, really? Who's calling the shots? Is it her? Is it that bitch?"

He scowls at the screen.

RENZO  
(to himself)  
What the fuck...

He hides the e-mail, nervously checking Sam hasn't spotted him.

Getting jittery as hell, he grabs his cell phone out of his jacket.

RENZO (CONT'D)

(hushed)

George. Did you send me this fucking e-mail? It doesn't say who the sender is.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I ain't sent you fuck all, man. What you so worked up about?

RENZO

You didn't send it?

GEORGE (V.O.)

No. No. What's it say?

RENZO

I'm forwarding it to you now. Fuck. Fuck me, man. We gotta talk.

INT. BETH'S OFFICES - DAY

The waiting area leading to Beth's private office. George, bruised chin, sits cheekily on the desk of Beth's PA, Clare. They have a flirty, giggly conversation.

GEORGE

...no, it's true. We get real bored out there. Sometimes we make up stuff, like, er, TV shows.

CLARE

Oh yeah? Like what?

Beth enters the corridor from outside, walking briskly to her workplace. Her control centre.

George looks over, sees her coming.

She reacts at seeing him still alive, but deals with it.

George speaks louder for Beth to overhear.

GEORGE

(to Clare/Beth)

Like 'Rouge Cops'.

Beth registers him now, vehemently.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's a drag show. Best dame wins.

He then leans into Clare's ear, whispers something else.

She flushes crimson and slaps George straight in the face.

He hoots with laughter, rubs his new sore face.

BETH  
 (to George)  
 My office. Now.  
 (to Clare)  
 And I'll see you next.

CLARE  
 Yes, Beth. I am so sorry.

George struts in, as a stormy Beth holds the door.

BETH  
 (whispers to Clare)  
 Later. Don't worry.

INT. BETH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

The door snaps to behind them.

Beth rounds her desk. She calmly sits.

Under the desk, her hand slides across a concealed metal strip. A red "RECORDING" light activates.

BETH  
 Now then, George. Am I to take it from your little Amateur Dramatics display with poor Clare that you've seen the same report as me?

GEORGE  
 Yeah. And I fucking know it was you that sent us up to that farmhouse against fifty fucking bikers that just happened to be there. Between them and the Mexicans, there was half an army waiting.

BETH  
 I don't know what --

He bristles.

GEORGE  
 Don't. Just, don't. Okay?

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

Clare, still flushed, looks up from her work at the raised voices within.

INT. BETH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Beth flinches, or pretends to.

GEORGE

You crossed a line, Beth. You can't go back. It's a totally different game, now, and one you ain't gonna enjoy.

BETH

Well, I can't very well discuss it and explain everything that's going on here, can I? We need to meet somewhere.

GEORGE

Oh, so now you want to explain? Well, what do you suggest, Elizabeth?

She pretends to think.

BETH

Tonight. Out up at the wharf. I'll call you when I'm on my way.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

George BURSTS OUT through the office doors. He ignores Clare, strides off down the corridor.

INT. BETH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

The door BANGS itself shut again.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Clare, astonished, sits in silence, watching George go.

He bangs through the next set of doors and is gone.

INT. BETH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Still seated, Beth sniggers to herself.

BETH

Oh, Georgie. Don't presume to guess what I enjoy.

INT. GEORGE'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

George drives down the freeway one handed, talking on the phone with the other.

GEORGE  
(chuckles)  
Yeah, couldn't've planned it  
fucking better myself. Okay.

He can't contain his joy.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
No problem. Call you later.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Towering packing crates form a deserted mini arena, facing the black Pacific. George, full length shotgun across shoulder, strides towards Renzo. The decks are wet and slimy from the days work and the sea fret.

Renzo steps to block George's path. Moments later, they're face to face.

GEORGE  
Move it. Don't make me have to.

RENZO  
I can't let you kill the fucking  
Mayor, George.

They stare at each other. Neither backing down.

GEORGE  
(menacing)  
She dies. Today, or tomorrow, she  
dies.

RENZO  
Well not today. Not without --

George acts. He swings the shotgun down.

Renzo blocks. The barrel cuts skin from the bone. He yells, but grabs the gun.

They struggle for control of the weapon. In his fury, Renzo yanks the shotgun away and gives George a sharp right upper cut with the wooden butt.

George reels. Renzo follows with a right stamp kick to George's forward knee.

George screams in agony as he becomes disabled, but manages to stay upright.

Renzo pulls his sneaky .38 and points it in George's face.

GEORGE  
(complete fear)  
My God. Don't shoot.

Renzo pulls the trigger. CLICK. Misfire.

They both react to that. George goes to pull his own .50 automatic.

Renzo slaps him in the head with his .38. A lump of scalp sticks to the metal.

George's head wound fills with dark blood. He FIRES POINT BLANK into Renzo at the same moment that Renzo FIRES into George.

They both jerk round and fall from the force of being hit.

INT. BETH'S ESCALADE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Beth only just parks up at the Wharf as she hears the GUNFIRE. She gets out of the car in stealth mode, wearing her Navy track gear and hair tucked into a baseball cap.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Renzo nurses a flesh wound, begins to leave. On hearing Beth's CAR DOOR, he conceals himself among the crates.

Beth, cautious, apparently unarmed, makes her way to where George lays, groaning and bleeding.

She bends to examine George.

He's pale, nearly gone, saturated in blood.

GEORGE  
Beth, it was --

BETH  
(hisses)  
Don't use my fucking name, you dumb cunt.

From Renzo's hiding place, he sees her produce a bayonet and dig it into George's neck. George chokes on the blade, gurgles in spasm, and is dead.

Renzo doesn't flinch.

Beth then moves with efficient dexterity. She removes George's shoes, quickly perforates the cadaver's torso with stab wounds. She hurls the bayonet and shoes into the sea.



In two expert heaves, George's body follows with a discreet SPLASH.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 (to the darkness)  
 I know you're out there, hidden.

Renzo struggles against the pain of his bullet wound.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 You can't win, son. Can't beat me.

The blue light of an approaching patrol car reflects against the far surroundings.

Beth shrinks into the shadows, to her Escalade.

She pulls away. No hurry, no drama.

In the shadows, Renzo exhales and exits.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Renzo, ghastly pale, YANKS the bathroom light cord on. He clumsily grabs medical items: bandage, anti bacterial cream. He knocks back a handful of pills.

In the bedroom, Sam wakes.

SAM  
 (drowsy)  
 Baby?

RENZO  
 (chomps painkillers)  
 Yeah?

Sam looks at the bedside clock. It reads:- "02.33".

SAM  
 What're you doing?

Renzo, shirtless, grimaces as he tends his wound. We see the hole thumped out of his side by George. He grunts.

RENZO  
 Just, er, ate something funny.

SAM  
 Hmph. Not funny to me.

Renzo bandages himself up pretty well. He puts on a clean, dark T-shirt.

The bathroom is now a bloody mess. He grabs towels and tries to wipe it down. It's hopeless. He throws the towels in the wash basket, downs more painkillers.

He passes the bedroom door. Sam's asleep again.

Renzo slinks out of the apartment.

EXT. THESIGER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Renzo, determined, walks along the sidewalk.

INT. THESIGER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thesiger, in pyjamas, enters the en-suite bathroom of his bedroom suite.

He rinses his face, then pauses. Did he hear something?

He wipes his face dry, leaves the bathroom and quickly tidies away some files from the huge bed.

He takes a presentational nickel .38 revolver from the bedside drawer and ventures to the landing.

INT. THESIGER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Downstairs, Renzo slides into the darkness of an alcove.

Thesiger pads down the grand staircase, gun raised high.

Renzo watches him.

Thesiger goes cautiously into the first room: the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Thesiger peers into the dark, then senses Renzo move behind him. He spins. Too late.

Renzo disarms him easily and whacks him across the head with his very own gun.

INT. THESIGER'S MANSION - SLIGHTLY LATER

Thesiger, out cold and tied up on the floor. There's a congealed gash on the side of his head. He starts to come to.

Renzo sits cross-legged on the floor next to him with a sandwich and a beer. He munches, observing the other guy's groans into wakefulness.

RENZO

Hello, boss. Sorry to drop by  
uninvited, but I didn't think Mary,  
it is Mary? I didn't think she'd  
fit me in so late.

He swigs the beer, working well with so many pills.

Thesiger struggles in his bonds. He's furious. The wrath in  
his eyes burns into Renzo.

THESIGER

What, the fuck, do you think you're  
playing at, you stupid asshole!

RENZO

(hisses)  
Shut the fuck up, Shaun. Who's  
here? Tell me. Who's here?

THESIGER

Nobody.

Renzo levels the pistol straight at him.

RENZO

(still hissing)  
Your wife. Where's she?

THESIGER

(suddenly compliant)  
Not here. They all left for the  
election. The pre-break.

RENZO

Guess we can take it easy, then.

He offers forth the sandwich.

RENZO (CONT'D)

Wanna bite? You were out a while,  
so I helped myself. I gotta say,  
this Parma ham's pretty good.

Thesiger's face begins to think. It's negotiation time.

THESIGER

Okay, you little shit. What do you  
want? Oh, Jesus, there's blood all  
over the goddam rug.

RENZO

Oh, yeah, sorry. Look on the bright  
side. Your guys can spin that bump  
on your head. Turn you into a hero.

He washes the parma down with the beer.

RENZO (CONT'D)

Yeah. You were out for quite a while. They say it can cause brain damage, if you're knocked out for too long. How do you feel? Feel okay?

THESIGER

Smart ass fucker. I said what do you want, Lorenzo?

RENZO

Well, that's a bit more hospitable.

Renzo notices --

-- the painting covering Thesiger's wall safe, carelessly left ever so slightly ajar.

He smiles in disbelief. So, there's his answer.

RENZO (CONT'D)

I want money, Shaun. Simple as that. I don't want power, don't want your job, or the Captain's. Not any more. But don't worry. I'm not naive or dumb enough to want making you stop, making it all go away. Or getting away with killing you. A few sick bastards in the morgue is one thing, but an S. S. Thesiger, that's something else. That's the kind of shit that attracts just too much attention. So you're safe.

He washes the last of the sandwich down.

Thesiger regards him with cynical approval.

RENZO (CONT'D)

Which is also what I want. Safety. Safety for me and safety for Sam. No intimidation. No accidents. My lawyer has everything in his, or her, safe.

THESIGER

Yeah, yeah, kid. How much?

Renzo holds his wound, grits his teeth as he stands up.

RENZO

Not too much. Just enough to go away. I'm leaving L.A.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Light sifts through the drapes and across Sam, asleep in bed.

INT. THESIGER'S MANSION - DAY

Sunlight peeps through gaps in the heavy drapes.

Renzo is emptying the open safe into a small hold-all, like an old boxers bag.

Thesiger, sickened and bloody, leans against a sofa. Renzo steps past him and off towards the front door. The FRONT DOOR OPENS and BANGS SHUT. Thesiger instantly gnaws at his bonds.

EXT. THESIGER'S MANSION - DAY

Renzo almost skips to his convertible and opens the door.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES - DAY

He sits for a second. He did it. He looks at --

-- the little hold-all on the passenger seat, stuffed with cash. The car starts.

He puffs his cheeks, smiles a big smile, selects first gear.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam slumbers on.

EXT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - DAY

The car ZOOMS through the streets.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - DAY

He thumbs a call into his cell phone, one eye on the road.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam's phone vibrates from the bottom of a handbag.

INT. THESIGER'S MANSION - DAY

Thesiger inch-worms his way across the palatial kitchen.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

The handbag. The phone VIBRATES, lit up in there somewhere.

INT. THESIGER'S MANSION - DAY

Thesiger's breadknife cuts through the last of the ropes.

He shakes them free and goes straight for --

-- the telephone table in the hall.

INT. RENZO'S MERCEDES (MOVING) - DAY

Renzo hangs up on Sam, bangs his fist on the steering wheel.

INT. THESIGER'S MANSION - DAY

Thesiger's well kept fingers drum the table-side. We hear the line RINGING, RINGING. It answers.

THESIGER

Stevie. Listen to me. You got a job  
to do.

Stevie's muffled voice acknowledges through the earpiece.

THESIGER (CONT'D)

George is dead. Get the other guys.  
Whoever's left, get them all.

EXT. BETH'S HOUSE - DAY

Calm and peaceful. Upper crust suburbia in the sunrise.

EXT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

A sedan PULLS UP QUIETLY. Two men get out: Billy and Tom from the 2nd Guncrew.

EXT. BETH'S HOUSE - DAY

A car stereo BLARES. It's Becky pulling onto the drive.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Through open drapes, Stevie's pick-up rolls in behind the sedan.

Stevie steps out, flicks away his cigarette and joins the other two.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - DAY

The CAR STEREO and ENGINE outside cut out.

Beth, unconscious on the hall floor. From outside, a car door SLAMS, KEYS JANGLE. There is a spread of dark red across the floor tiles. A key unlocks the front door.

BECKY (O.S.)  
Holy shit.

EXT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul, Michael and Antoinette come into view walking toward the apartment. They're joined by Stevie, Billy and Tom. As cops, they're all freely armed.

INT. RENZO AND SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

A hand across Sam's mouth wakes her.

It's Renzo. He puts a finger to his lips, guides her to the bathroom and mouths in her ear.

Renzo lies Sam down in the big old bathtub. In disbelief, she complies.

He darts back to the bedroom while shadows arrive against the windows outside.

Renzo slides a gun case from under the bed. He holds up a MP5 submachine gun. The magazine sticks right out.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sam, wide-eyed in the tub.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Renzo stuffs extra clips in his pockets, his Glock into the holster. Elsewhere in the apartment, a window breaks. Renzo moves into position.

EXT. REAR OF APARTMENT - DAY

Michael tries to unlock the back door, hums nervously.

Stevie and Antoinette are either side of him, backs to the wall, weapons ready.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Renzo whips round the corner in a FLURRY OF GUNFIRE.  
Michael flies off his feet as bullets SMACK into him.  
Sam shrieks involuntarily.

EXT. REAR OF APARTMENT - DAY

Stevie and Antoinette fill the gap in the door. They FIRE OFF into the building.  
All hell beaks loose.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sam cries to herself, flinching.

INT. FRONT OF APARTMENT - DAY

The front door is KICKED IN. The windows go, too. GUNFIRE fills the air. It subsides.

Guncrews, fore and aft, reload -- SNAP, SNAP, CLICK.

Renzo hears where they are. He moves cat-like through the smoke filled rooms. He uses short bursts of the MP5.

He appears at the front window and kills Billy, point blank to the head. Tom kicks his brother's corpse away.

Renzo SPRAYS through the window at where he can't see Tom. Bullets PING and RICOCHET. None hit.

EXT. REAR OF APARTMENT - DAY

Stevie and Antoinette creep through the back door.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

One step at a time, they advance on Renzo.

He senses them, spins and drops to one knee. They all OPEN FIRE.

In the exchange, Stevie vanishes, Renzo terminates Anto.

Renzo, shot in the ear, howls. Blood flows down his neck.

In the bullet riddled hall, Stevie grins gold.



EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Tom scrambles toward the front door. Behind him, Paul weighs the fight up. He looks at his pistol, at the dead Billy.

Paul's footsteps run off into the distance.

A silence descends.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Renzo clamps one hand over his latest agonising wound. He deep breathes to deal with it.

In the tub, Sam bites her knuckles to stop from screaming, her face streaked with tears.

STEVIE

(to Renzo)

Now you fucked up, man.

Tom carefully steps into the front doorway.

His boot still CRACKS the broken glass.

Renzo snaps round and PLANTS him through the plaster board wall.

Tom is held in mid air, dust and blood everywhere. He slaps dead, out through the front door.

Renzo springs across the floor, changing position.

Stevie charges into the room from the hall, FIRES at where Renzo should be. His grin turns to astonishment. Renzo unloads the MP5 into Stevie's back.

Stevie CLATTERS FORWARD in one LONG CACOPHONOUS SPRAY OF BULLETS. This time, Renzo just empties the magazine.

He stands there, victorious in the gore.

He discards the machine gun and takes out the Glock.

He clears each angle to get to Sam.

Stroking her hand, Renzo silently leads her out into the street. Two CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE.

INT. SAM'S JEEP - DAY

They've just closed the car doors.

Sam looks down into --

-- the footwell. There's the bag of money, between her feet.

She's momentarily hypnotised, just stares at it. Then she watches Renzo. Grimacing, he starts the car.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A broad, dense tree-scape. A pale sky with heavy snowfall.

SUPER:- "Shasta County, California"

The sound of a RIVER in the distance.

INT. SAM'S JEEP (MOVING)

A vague track through the trees. The flakes swirl.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The Jeep makes careful, steady progress.

INT. SAM'S JEEP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sam drives. Renzo is flopped next to her, deathly white from wounds and effort. He sports dried, blackened blood.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

By the river, the water RAGES, CRASHES down against rock.

Further along the river, three fully saddled horses stand. Save for the odd flick of an ear, they're motionless.

One weather beaten, solemn eyed member of Renzo's Achomawi tribe, JACK, in duster coat and baseball cap, holds the horses' reins.

The headlights illuminate the riding group against the snow.

Jack's narrowing eyes turn to meet the oncoming glare.

With a faint CRUNCH against the ROARING RIVER, car tires dig into the bank shingle. The Jeep parks.

The elder tribesman cannot help smiling to see Renzo return. His concern is renewed as --

-- Sam helps the injured hero out of the car to greet him.

They jostle Renzo into the saddle.

Sam lifts a leather flap on one of the stocked saddlebags and crams the stolen cash in as best she can.

She just seems to drift onto her horse. She looks around, to only just catch --

-- Jack and his horse, vanishing into the trees.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The pale sky and snow cover give their own luminescence.

Renzo and Sam's horses carry them, sure footed, through the forest. The rivers roar is distant again.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Sam, resolute, leans over from her horse, hauls Renzo upright in the saddle. Exhausted, he flicks his hand, waves the way forward.

They come to --

-- a hunting cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Basic but cosy, stocked for Winter forays.

EXT. CABIN - EVENING

They dismount. It's still snowing.

Renzo swigs from a bottle of sports energy drink.

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Renzo stands with the cash bag.

Sam moves past him with the saddlebags. On her way back out, she pauses, caressing the clean side of his face.

Renzo smiles back. They begin to relax, drop their guard.

She pats the cash bag and goes back outside.

Renzo stamps around the floor. A couple of kicks from his boot heel and a floor board pops up.

He groans as he stoops.

EXT. CABIN - EVENING

Sam reaches across a horse for the last bag as a TWIG SNAPS. She freezes.

Her eyes scan --

-- the treeline surrounding this new home.

She watches like a hawk, hears Renzo STAMP THE BOARD back into place.

Sam pulls her gaze back to the cabin. Scared, she trots in without the saddlebag and SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sam, fearful, stands with her back to the wall.

SAM

Baby.

RENZO

Yeah, baby.

SAM

I think there's someone there.  
Maybe someone followed us.

RENZO

(confident)

No. Not all the way up here. No-one  
knows about this place, baby.

She's about to burst into tears.

RENZO (CONT'D)

They couldn't have followed us all  
this way.

SAM

(whispers)

What if they did?

RENZO

Okay. You stay in here. Look, I'll  
go and have a look around.

She nods.

SAM

Okay. Be careful.

He takes a guzzle of energy drink. Glock at the ready, he opens the door. Then stops.

RENZO

Hold on.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Renzo, still on the inside, smoothly pushes the door closed.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

He goes to a closet. From a long zipper bag, he produces a 12 gauge double barrel shotgun.

He loads both barrels and takes the safety off.

His arm holds the weapon out to Sam.

RENZO

Ready to go.

She grasps it all too readily.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Renzo, cautious, opens the door just enough. He steps forward.

The wind picks up. Snow swirls around him.

He crouches along, between the horses and the cabin.

Through the horses legs, he sees the trees, obscured by snowfall.

SAM (O.S.)

Anyone?

He looks back to see --

-- she's in the doorway, brandishing the gun.

He waves her back inside.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sam peers out of the front window.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

BRANCHES CREAK in the wind. Renzo whips about against the monumental pain, points his pistol at them.

Pine cones THUD ONTO THE CABIN ROOF.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sam's eyes dart to the noise overhead. Branches TAP at another window behind her.

She wheels about, waves the shotgun wildly around the room.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Renzo crouches, waiting.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sam aims at nobody, waiting.

THE WHITE NOISE OF THE SIGER'S REMOTE CONTROL CAR FILTERS IN.

THE NOISE BUILDS in the same rhythm as Renzo doing hand clap push-ups as:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Renzo's eyes, wide, scour --

-- the woods.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sam's shaky breath, her gun sways across the room.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Branches swell and drop in the wind.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sam's white knuckled grip on the shotgun.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Through the back window, Sam, poised to kill.

EXT: CABIN - NIGHT

Renzo's pistol muzzle, huge against the blizzard.

WHITE NOISE AT FULL VOLUME.

FADE TO BLACK.

