

A GIRL NAMED TROUBLE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DANCE CLUB - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A lug in tailored duds, detective AXEL "DUTCH" GAVAAR (50s) earned every scar on his face. A pirate smile. Wears too many rings for a cop.

DUTCH

Why me?

Knocking on 30, ROMAN, a disarming tough guy, ignores a CARIBBEAN WOMAN (50) bandaging his arm.

Muffled EDM thumps through the ceiling.

ROMAN

'Cuz you're the crookedest cop in a town where every badge is on the take. I might be small-time, but I catch the news-- You're a legend, Dutch. Oh, and I'm callin' you 'Dutch'.

She slaps an orange prescription bottle in Roman's paw.

CARIBBEAN WOMAN

'At's as good as we can do, hon. Be sure and take two of 'ease every eight hours fer the pain. And you stay off that leg fer a least a day, ya hear?

ROMAN

Yeah, yeah.

CARIBBEAN WOMAN

Yer chest, she'll smart for a spell. Dem rounds kick, even with a vest.

ROMAN

Thanks, doc.

CARIBBEAN WOMAN

(grabs her medical bag)
Who said I'm uh doctor?

Disappears out the back door.

ROMAN

(back to Dutch)
... Because you have connections and resources that I don't, and I assume you're money-motivated. So here's the dealio, Dutch. You help me find her, I give you half the money.

DUTCH
 (confirming)
 Half?

ROMAN
 Yeah, but we get into it now-- And I
 mean, right now. She's a runner.

DUTCH
 And you want me to kill her?

ROMAN
 No, it ain't like that.

Flashes his phone.

A slug lodged in the shattered screen.

ROMAN
 She thinks I'm dead, I'm sure. I sure
 as hell would.

DUTCH
 So all you want me to do is find her?

ROMAN
 Bingo.

DUTCH
 Hell, some broad splits with all my
 money in the middle of a gunfight...

ROMAN
 I don't care about the money, Dutch.
 We're in love.

Dutch scratches stubble. Shrugs.

Roman stretches for air, fingers fluttering.

ROMAN
 And I can't walk on this leg.

DUTCH
 I ain't no pack mule.

Dutch surrenders. Hoists Roman to his feet.

Roman hobbles away on Dutch's shoulder.

DUTCH
 Start at the beginning.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

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

TITLE: "36 HOURS EARLIER"

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

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

ROMAN (V.O.)

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

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

ROMAN (V.O.)

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

Bobo hangs up.

BOBO

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

SAM

Bullshit!

BOBO

... Last week.
(to Sam)
Wait. Hear me out... Which makes the deal more complicated for us.

SAM

No. A deal's a deal. We had a price.

BOBO

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

SAM

Then what the fuck are we talking about?

BOBO

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

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

BOBO

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

Roman's eyes brighten.

But before Bobo spits out another syllable...

BOOM!

... Bobo's head explodes.

A young woman steps out of the shadows, TROUBLE (22). Smoke curls from her .357 COLT PYTHON revolver. The Ace of Spades carved into the handle.

Hard as rutted asphalt, she's muscle for hire. A mouthy tomboy with trust issues. All grown up and gone bad.

Bobo squeezed off one shot at the same time. The bullet tore straight through Sam's chest. Dead on impact.

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

TROUBLE

I was never here.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

We follow the gym bag in Trouble's hand.

She beelines for an early 70s DODGE CHALLENGER.

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

ROMAN

Wait. Wait!

TROUBLE

They're dead.

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE

(brandishes her gun)

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

ROMAN

Wait.

Her revolver makes the unmistakable sound of...

CLICK-CLICK

... A hammer cocking.

ROMAN

Somebody owes me five hundred bucks.

Both turn to the police sirens WAILING in the distance.

She takes stock of him.

Nods.

Roman climbs into her car.

INT. GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The grandeur of the lobby announces you've arrived at the best hotel money can buy. Red-vested staff assists guests.

KONG's a soft-spoken and fiercely loyal Samoan man in his 40s. Runs muscle for his boss. Rubs a SOLID-GOLD TIKI CHARM dangling around his neck. He's an imposing physical presence.

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

KONG

Fuck, can't we, like, get through one of these -- just one time -- without digging a bunch of holes in the cane fields?

ETANO

You're right, boss.

KONG

You, Lese and Little Benny go figure out what the fuck happened to Bobo.

INT./EXT. TROUBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

TROUBLE
Downshift!

Roman pushes the stick shift into third.

TROUBLE
Now I'm gonna trust ya to break off a grand and leave yer iron in the bag. Second!

She clutches.

He shifts.

TROUBLE
Can I trust ya, buddy?

They coast to a stoplight.

Roman peels off hundred dollar bills as she watches.

Tosses his .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC in the bag.

TROUBLE
What's yer name again?

ROMAN
Roman.

The light changes.

She stuffs her revolver into her black leather jacket.

Takes control of the stick.

TROUBLE
Trust me, Roman, that bag, ya don't want that kinda heat.

Her car punches through light downtown traffic.

ROMAN
They can't connect me to any of this.

TROUBLE
Oh, they'll connect ya alright, they'll connect ya to a car battery, and that'll connect 'em right back to me-- They know me.

ROMAN

Well, they don't know me.

TROUBLE

You're Roman. Ya just said so.
But that ain't the real problem.

ROMAN

What's the real problem?

TROUBLE

Look, forget about me-- Forget about
the money.

ROMAN

You don't understand. I was a nobody
up until an hour ago. I met Sam in
this bar, and she said you wanna make
an easy five hundred bucks?

TROUBLE

I'd be shocked if you're alive in
another hour. I suggest ya get outta
town, fast.

ROMAN

Is that the plan?

TROUBLE

Plan? I plan on slowing down before I
push you out --There's no plan.

She softens.

TROUBLE

Is there any place ya can go? Family?

ROMAN

I ain't got much family.

Settles on the correct answer.

ROMAN

I ain't got no family. Pretty much
just me.

TROUBLE

Okay, it didn't go down the way we
wanted, but ya held up your end and a
deal's a deal. I'll get you out uh
town, but then you're on your own. And
the less you know about me the better.

It starts to rain.

INT. EMPRESS HOTEL - CALIX JACE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The gentleman we're about to meet wears a long OVERCOAT. We don't see his face. But he speaks with a slight German accent. Sets a proper BOWLER HAT on a table, and then walks into an adjoining room. Four men follow close behind.

We stay with the bowler hat.

CALIX JACE (O.S.)
(calm)
So Bobo is dead?

Kong grunts.

CALIX JACE (O.S.)
And some nobody?

Kong grunts.

CALIX JACE (O.S.)
And who has my money?

CALIX JACE'S OFFICE

Kong and three other men from THE SAMOAN ARMY sit across from CALIX JACE, a precise and dapper gentleman in his mid-60s. He looks like he might have done hard time or worked as a coal miner or done hard time for murdering a coal miner.

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

KONG
Sam don't go nowhere without muscle.
The manager saw some car leaving the
motel. Said it was all over the road.

CALIX JACE
Tell police I want the entire city
locked down. Send in the Army. Kong,
that means everyone.

KONG
Even Cane?

CALIX JACE
(shakes his head)
No. Just more messes to clean up
later. Speaking of which, someone find
my idiot nephew.

BERNIE, a confident man in his early 30s, dresses with a bit of flair but he's far from obvious. His sexuality masked from his homophobic uncle.

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

CALIX JACE
Oh, there you are.

INT./EXT. TROUBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Red flares glows on wet pavement.

Trouble moves her attention between Roman and the bag.

A virtual sea of brake lights come up fast.

Roman spots 'em.

ROMAN
Cars. Cars!

Trouble SWERVES to avoid traffic parked on the freeway.

Races down empty lanes closed with flares.

They're on a collision course with a BARRICADE up ahead.

A POLICE OFFICER defiantly stands in front of the barricade.

Trouble ain't slowing down.

The Police Officer notices.

Roman braces for impact.

The Police Officer fires once. Then again.

Trouble stomps the brake with both feet.

The car SKIDS to a dead stop.

She cranks down the window.

TROUBLE
Reverse!

She clutches.

He shifts.

TROUBLE
Drive.

She climbs into the window.

Stretching over the stick, Roman floors the accelerator.

Trouble rides sidesaddle out the window. Returns fire.

Roman steers blind.

Bullets chip her windshield.

The Police Officer chases on foot. Continues firing.

From farther back, more officers fire.

Her car wiggles a little backing up. It's hard to hit.

TROUBLE

Gun. Gun!

Snaps her fingers like an impatient surgeon.

Roman slaps his automatic into her hand.

She fires twice. Drops it out the window.

TROUBLE

I'm driving.

Slides down, back into the driver seat.

ROMAN

Was that a cop?

TROUBLE

Yeah, I think I winged one of 'em--
Hold on.

She yanks the e-brake.

Her car spins into a controlled, 180-degree J-turn.

The SHRIEK of tires skidding.

Water sprays as they spin.

Her car dances with oncoming traffic.

Drivers signal with their horns. Flash lights.

She swerves out of traffic. Drives up the shoulder.

Trouble reads his expression.

He's pissed.

TROUBLE

What?

ROMAN

You threw my gun away.

TROUBLE

It was used to shoot a cop.

Roman dumps brass out of her revolver.

She produces a speed loader of fresh rounds.

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

ROMAN

(points)

Uh, what's that?

TROUBLE

Ah, shit. Remember when I said there was another problem?

ROMAN

Yeah, the real problem.

TROUBLE

Well, those are his flying monkeys.

Trouble drops the accelerator.

Zips past the on-ramp.

The SUVs are on 'em in a heartbeat.

Roman checks the rearview mirror.

TROUBLE

How close?

Rammed from behind --Roman and Trouble lunge forward.

She scans for options. Settles on one.

TROUBLE

Hold on.

Darts for the next on-ramp at the last minute.

Half the SUVs miss the turn.

The other half exit with her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

A HUMVEE slows into position. Blocks the end of the ramp.

She accelerates.

Kisses the Humvee as she passes.

The line of SUVs tailing Trouble and Roman slows.
Two Samoan men jump out of the Humvee with ASSAULT RIFLES.
Spray her car.

INSIDE TROUBLE'S CAR

Both of them flinch as the rear window EXPLODES from gunfire.

ROMAN
Who are those assholes?

TROUBLE
The Samoan Army. The town's lousy with
'em.

ROMAN
We're fighting an entire--

A SUV nearly T-bones 'em. Hooks the rear bumper.

Trouble's car spins out before FLIPPING.

MOMENTS LATER

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

Grabs the gym bag.

Leaves Roman to the wolves without a second thought.

He wakes.

She's bolted.

The bag's gone!

EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Roman scrambles after her.

Small-arms fire whistles past his head from both directions.

Trouble gets off a couple rounds. Barely missing Roman.

TROUBLE
Yer like lice. I can't get rid of ya.

Roman tries to open a window.

Then another.

Third time's the charm.

INT. MORTUARY - MOMENTS LATER

Roman boosts Trouble through the window.

A room filled with caskets.

Roman tumbles inside.

Furiously, Roman starts locking doors and windows.

ROMAN

You really think you're gonna hold them off with that cap gun? Another gun would be in handy right about now.

TROUBLE

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

She backs into an open coffin.

TROUBLE

(startled)
Ew, they're dead.

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

Shattered glass rains down on Trouble.

Shattered glass rains down on caskets.

The barrage stops.

Roman peeks out the back window.

Trouble rakes glass out of her hair.

TROUBLE

How many back there?

ROMAN (O.S.)

All of 'em.

TROUBLE

Can ya be a little more specific?

ROMAN

The entire nation of Samoa. You any better?

Red laser sights crisscross the back wall.

TROUBLE

We need a plan.

Roman throws up his hands.

EXT. MORTUARY - LATER

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

A third police cruiser arrives flashing red and blue.

Oversized Samoan men huddle near several SUVs.

Kong takes a call from his boss.

KONG
Yes, sir.

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

CANE (V.O.)
Kong, burn it down.

KONG
But it's a mortuary.

CANE (V.O.)
Kong.

KONG
But there's a chapel.

CANE (V.O.)
Then they're already dead.

KONG
Won't that burn the money too?

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

KONG
Yes, Mr. Jace.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)
Burn it.

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

Samoan men load INCENDIARY SHELLS into GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

INT./EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Out the window, the lights on the police cruisers go dark.
The cops drive away.

ROMAN
That's not a good sign.

Samoan men fire rounds from grenade launchers.
Shells EXPLODE inside the room. Set it alight.

TROUBLE
They're burnin' us out.
Thumbs bullets into open chambers of her revolver.

ROMAN
What're you doing?

TROUBLE
I'm going out blasting.

ROMAN
Are you crazy?

Scrambles around the room popping casket lids.
They're all filled with corpses.

TROUBLE
I'm not gonna burn.

ROMAN
(wheels turning)
No...

Spots something. Salvation.

ROMAN
We're gonna hide.

Trouble's huddled in a corner.
Roman reaches out his hand.
She won't take it.
He grabs a fist full of her collar.
Yanks her to her feet.
They stumble into the--

CREMATION ROOM

Flames hiss and curl their way up every wall.

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

ROMAN

Perfect.

TROUBLE

(firm)
I can't.

ROMAN

You got a better idea?

TROUBLE

Ya don't understand.

Roman throws the gym bag inside--

She pins her revolver against his head.

TROUBLE

Touch the money again--

ROMAN

Okay-okay but they're gonna be busting
in here any minute. So unless you have
a better plan...

Her arms slump to her sides.

TROUBLE

I'm Jewish.

ROMAN

And...?

TROUBLE

And I'm not climbing in no oven.

They're the last things in the room not on fire.

ROMAN

Exactly how Jewish?

TROUBLE

Jewish enough I'm not going in there.

ROMAN

So you'd rather we cook out here?

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

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

ROMAN
 It's not about the money.

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

ROMAN
 Bebkasha. Please. See, I'll go first.

MOMENTS LATER

Flames lap at the oven door as it closes.

INSIDE THE OVEN

It's a tight fit. She huddles close.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 You get to know a lot about a person,
 holdin' 'em for hours inside an oven.
 I fell for her, Dutch. I fell hard.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Descending the face of a clock tower, we hear a radio
 newscast. Then another station. Then another.

DUTCH (V.O.)
 Whaddaya doin'?

Roman grunts.

DUTCH (V.O.)
Pick one.

INT. ROMAN'S CAR - DAY

Dutch drives.

Roman punches buttons on the radio.

DUTCH
 Pick a station and leave it--

ROMAN
 My car, I pick the station.

DUTCH
 The driver picks.

ROMAN

I'm tryin' to find out what might've happened to her last night--

DUTCH

Yeah, but yer makin' me fuckin' crazy with all the skippin' around!

ROMAN

Did you hear anything I just said?

DUTCH

Yeah, yeah, true love, blah, blah...

ROMAN

Good.

DUTCH

Fuck it. We're here.

Parks an early 70s Dodge Challenger. Fresh wrinkles and bruises like she'd been rolled in a tumbler.

ROMAN

We aren't, uh, gonna be pals, are we?

DUTCH

Where am I headed?

ROMAN

Top drawer.

DUTCH

(squints at the clock tower)
Wait here--

ROMAN

Oh, no.

DUTCH

You don't think I'm lugging yer ass all the way up there, do ya?

ROMAN

Why do you think I brought you?

DUTCH

I'm kinda startin' ta feel like ya don't trust me, Roman.

It's a war of wills but Dutch ain't got the guns.

ROMAN

Do you know the secret entrance?

DUTCH

Look it, she might not shoot you, but dollars to donuts she'll take a pop at me. So, uh, you still got that Kevlar?

Cold silence. He gets the drift.

Dutch sighs. Climbs out.

Readies his GLOCK 45.

DUTCH

Let's get this over with.

Roman slips a revolver out of the glove compartment.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - STAIR - MOMENTS LATER

Anchored on Dutch's shoulder, they trudge endless stairs. One. After. Another. Suck air.

DUTCH

Ya know there's a BOLO out on both of ya-- She ain't going nowhere.

(winded)

We got checkpoints on the main roads, airport, train station... Hold on, do ya, like, have rocks in your pockets?

ROMAN

Oh, stop your whining.

DUTCH

For a skinny fuck, I tell ya. She better be up there.

ROMAN

You calling me a liar?

DUTCH

You're putting words in my mouth.

ROMAN

You lie, you die. Got it?

DUTCH

You're okay stealing money from the most dangerous people in town--

ROMAN

She stole the money--

DUTCH

But you have some strange problem with lying? That don't hold truck with me.

ROMAN

We had a deal--

DUTCH

And so two people had to die?

ROMAN

Up until yesterday, I hadn't shot a living soul in my life. But he tried changing the deal, and a man's word is his bond, Dutch. Don't make that mistake.

DUTCH

Eh? I think you hired me, especially for my moral flexibility.

ROMAN

Yeah, fair point.

DUTCH

(peers up the stairs)
God's inspiration, Roman. How much farther?

ROMAN

Like I said, all the way to the top.

DUTCH

(sighs)
I will shoot you if she isn't up there.

ROMAN

Thank you for not lying to me.

DUTCH

I'm not really gonna shoot you. But... It's... It's just a lotta stairs, for fuck sake.

They aren't sneaking up on anyone with all the panting.

DUTCH

But without a vest, you're goin' in first. I ain't that crazy.

ROMAN

I tell you about her ex? Now that's one big bag of fucking crazy...

INT. MORTUARY - MORNING

ROMAN (V.O.)

... All shook up and beaten with sticks before they set it loose.

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

The far side of his twenties, CANE an arrogant paid assassin, kicks through a charred casket blocking the doorway. His black leather trench coat flares like a superhero cape as he turns. An illeist who refers to himself in the third person.

Kong rubs his tiki charm. Whispers to Cane.

KONG

We lost 'em.

Cane squats into a primal SCREAM.

CAPS two Samoan henchmen.

INSIDE THE OVEN

For the very first time, we see fear in Trouble's eyes.

CREMATION ROOM

Every gun pointed at Cane...

He immediately raises his hands. Slowly spins around.

CANE

Sorry. Sorry. Cane apologizes. That was his mistake. Sorry.

All the Samoan men look to Kong for orders.

Lower their weapons.

INSIDE THE OVEN

TROUBLE

(whispers)

That's another problem...

CREMATION ROOM

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

EXECUTES another Samoan henchman before leaving.

Unhappy, everyone turns to Kong.

Kong sighs.

MUCH LATER

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

ROMAN (V.O.)

After the muscle cleared out, she gave me the skinny. It wasn't pretty.

TROUBLE

So Calix Jace runs dope outta The Grand Empress Hotel.

ROMAN

And this is his money--

TROUBLE

My money--

ROMAN

Your money. This is obviously a boundary.

TROUBLE

He's into shit up to his ears. His goons are called The Samoan Army--

ROMAN

We've met.

TROUBLE

They're not really an army--

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE

It didn't freak me out.

ROMAN

Who is he?

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

We have a plan?

TROUBLE

Yes, but we're changin' it. We're givin' the money back--

ROMAN
To Screaming Guy.

TROUBLE
God, no. We gotta avoid him like
smallpox and dirty needles.

ROMAN
So this guy Calix?

TROUBLE
Never... ever say that to his face. To
you and me, he's Mr. Jace.

ROMAN
Then who's Screaming Guy?

TROUBLE
That part's complicated--

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

TROUBLE
He's my ex.

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

ROMAN
Can we assume it didn't end well?

Trouble doesn't react to a word he says.

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

She breaks.

TROUBLE
I texted.

ROMAN
(laughs)
Oh, we are so screwed--

TROUBLE
That's why we gotta give the money
back--

ROMAN

You think--

TROUBLE

It might work.

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE

Cane.

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE

The best contract killer money can
buy.

ROMAN

--Of course, he is!--

TROUBLE

And a sadomasochist--

ROMAN

You can stop right there. We're giving
the money back to this Jace fella.

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

Then who?

INT. GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Wearing a company-issued red vest, the CONCIERGE, a slight
man in his 30s, sports a finely-tended walrus mustache.

ROMAN

I'm looking for a guy named Bernie.

CONCIERGE

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

ROMAN

Okay...

Studies his nametag.

Ignores the name "NATHANIEL."

ROMAN
... Mustache.

Slides a \$100 bill across his desk.

CONCIERGE
(whispers)
Not here. Take it to the Shamrock.

Nods to a COUPLE OF YOUNG MEN seated in the lobby.

Roman eases the bill back--

The Concierge slams his hand down.

Fights to claw the C-note into his fist.

Roman marches over to the closest one, JULES (19), a gay prostitute with a lot of hustle.

ROMAN
Hey, you Bernie?

JULES
(smitten)
No, I'm Jules.

ROMAN
What about him?

Points to CHAZ (nearly 18), another gay prostitute and heroin fiend. Chaz lounges on the furniture like he was in his own living room. Cruising about as high as it gets, Chaz still functions, if you curb your expectations.

ROMAN
(rushed)
Either one of you know where I can find Bernie?

JULES
Trust me, you want me.

Roman glares back at the Concierge.

ROMAN
Jules... --Can I call you Jules?

JULES
I can be whoever you want me to be, darling.

ROMAN

(frustrated)

I see you revving your engine, but that flag ain't ever gonna drop. Now, I need to talk to Bernie. Does anyone here know where he is?

JULES

Oh, Chaz, dear.

Chaz brightens a little, but he's still pretty high.

CHAZ

Hey, Jules.

JULES

Hey, Chaz. Question.

CHAZ

(admiring Roman)

--Isn't he yummy?

JULES

Yes, isn't he.

ROMAN

(frustrated to Chaz)

Do you know where Bernie is?

CHAZ

(slurs)

I know all the things about Bernie.

ROMAN

--Progress!

CHAZ

Do you know his mother is named after this hotel? Or the other way around. But we don't talk about that. Or her. Or his father-- He hates his father.

ROMAN

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

CHAZ

I wish I was prettier though. Prettier for him. It's not good.

JULES

Chaz, you're fucking beautiful, baby. If you'd just lay off the goddam junk.

CHAZ
Aw, fuck you.

JULES
(to Roman)
I can handle my shit.

A final transmission from planet Chaz devolves into babbling.

CHAZ
He's not doing good. I mean, his
business... Not good... Bernie.

ROMAN
This is useless.

MEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A pair of hands breaks a stream of water from a faucet.
Roman splashes water on his face. Huffs at the mirror.
Over a urinal, Bernie finishes the longest pee ever.

ROMAN
Might be the world indoor record.

BERNIE
Feel ten pounds lighter.

Bernie zips and bellies up to the sink, one faucet over.

ROMAN
Lookit, this might sound weird but I'm
trying to find a guy who works here.

BERNIE
What, are we friends now?

ROMAN
That ain't what I'm asking.

BERNIE
Shoot.

ROMAN
A guy named Bernie.

Bernie spikes a wadded paper towel in the garbage.

BERNIE
Stop fucking around.

Leaves.

LOBBY

Roman and Bernie head in opposite directions.

As Roman's about to pass Jules and Chaz, they both wave their hands over their head.

Roman raises his hands.

 ROMAN
What?

 JULES
You found him.

 ROMAN
What?

Jules points at Bernie.

All the tumblers lock into place for Roman--

Scrambles around the corner after Bernie.

Jules and Chaz cock their heads to watch Roman from behind.

INT. GREASY SPOON DINER - DAY

Bernie's breakfast plate is reduced to stains and crust.

Trouble nibbles off a plate she's sharing with Roman.

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

She smiles.

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

Sneaks a quick peek at her.

Returns to a doodle inked on his napkin.

A self-portrait: Roman smiling.

 ROMAN (V.O.)
Bernie had a hundred reasons to cross
us. Money to float his failing escort
service, "H" for his employees...

Folds the BOTTOM of the napkin. A drawing on the back covers the lower half of his face. Now, the doodle is frowning.

ROMAN (V.O.)

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

BERNIE

I never thanked you.

TROUBLE

For what?

BERNIE

You were quite a hit.

TROUBLE

Bernie throws the best parties.

ROMAN

(to Bernie)

I stopped listenin' after you said you'd make the drop.

Slightly offended, Bernie leaves for the restroom.

ROMAN

You trust this guy?

TROUBLE

Yeah, I trust him. He's the only guy I've ever known who hasn't, like, tried fuckin' me one way or another.

ROMAN

I don't like the way he looks at you.

TROUBLE

Whoa. This whole jealous thing. No.

ROMAN

Honestly, I don't like the way he looks at me either.

TROUBLE

See, he needed a little garnish so his party didn't look like a total gay sausage-fest. It's where I met Cane.

Roman glares.

TROUBLE

(correcting him)

No.

ROMAN

He knows your ex-boyfriend?

TROUBLE

Pshh, it was a one-night stand. I was drunk.

ROMAN

He raped you.

TROUBLE

More like the other way around. But, yeah, he couldn't get over it. He kept calling and calling. I don't do needy. And I really don't do jealous.

On cue, Bernie appears.

TROUBLE

Here it is, his uncle's Calix Jace. So if anyone can convince him, it's Bernie here. Ain't that right, Bernie?

ROMAN

You gonna fuck me, Bernie?

BERNIE

You're really not my type.

TROUBLE

No one's fucking anyone.

BERNIE

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

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

Work with me here, Bernie.

TROUBLE

Bernie understands.

ROMAN

I'll shoot you, Bernie.

BERNIE

I don't like your new boyfriend. But I'm a sucker for a pretty face.

Hoists the gym bag over his shoulder.

BERNIE

You know, you never told me the story
of why Cane calls you Trouble.

ROMAN

Ain't it obvious?

ROMAN (V.O.)

And then he blew us a Judas kiss.

Trouble relaxes.

In a world of one, Roman rapidly flips the TOP of his napkin
back and forth. Changing his doodle from smiling eyes to
goofy eyes. Pupils at nine and two.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

At sixes and sevens, Dutch scans a long-abandoned maintenance
room. The gears and machinery of the clock are exposed, along
with wooden beams, unfinished walls and little else.

ROMAN

Okay, at least we know one thing...

DUTCH

The maid's fired?

ROMAN

... She's still alive.

DUTCH

How ya figure?

ROMAN

She came back for her shit. We need
another move.

DUTCH

Well, there's nuthin' fresh in the
morgues or lock-up. She can't run--
I'm sure the Army's fixing more ways
to kill her than God knows to count.
I'd put her odds of surviving in the
wild at damn near zero.

ROMAN

She's gotta be holed up somewhere new.

DUTCH

That's about the shape of it.

ROMAN

And...?

DUTCH

And what? Investigations are based on leads, Roman. Without any leads, all I got's an empty room.

ROMAN

So we need some of that cop shit I'm paying you for.

DUTCH

Was that really necessary?

ROMAN

It wasn't necessary at all.

DUTCH

Well, maybe I shoot you in the head and collect little Miss Sweet Cakes at your funeral.

Roman draws.

Dutch draws. Immediately rewards him with a shit-eating grin.

ROMAN

Cut the bullshit.
(lowers his gun)
Was that really necessary?

DUTCH

It wasn't necessary at all, but it sure as shit gave me an idea.

ROMAN

So am I supposed to guess?

DUTCH

It is more fun for me that way.
(beat)
We smoke her out.

ROMAN

How do we do that?

DUTCH

Cop shit.

Roman's had just about enough of this joker.

DUTCH

You're about to be famous, my friend.

We move to the floorboards.

Next to a wooden post, an open ammo box appears.

WE'VE MOVED BACK IN TIME

Trouble digs fast-loaders out of the ammo box.

The room's filled with bare necessities, like her rolled-up sleeping bag, mini-fridge and coffee maker.

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

You trying to tell me something?

TROUBLE

The guy who used to work on the clock-- When the clock still worked and anyone gave a shit. And my high school vice-principal slash budding rapist.

ROMAN

Should I even ask?

TROUBLE

So we're safe for now. Just you, me and Trusty.

ROMAN

You named your ammo box?

TROUBLE

From Lady and the Tramp. Weren't you ever a kid?

ROMAN

There was an ammo box?

TROUBLE

Ol' Trusty and me, we've seen some shit. I need sumthin', she gives it to me. No excuses. No lies.

ROMAN

I hate liars.

TROUBLE

I shoot liars. It's hard enough figuring out what's what.

ROMAN

Is that why you shot Bobo?

TROUBLE

A deal's a deal and he was tryin' ta change the deal.

ROMAN

I would never lie to you.

TROUBLE

Please, all men are liars. They lie all the time. They lie ta themselves. Just sit tight 'til Bernie gives us the all-clear.

Her phone buzzes. She checks it. Unimportant.

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE

(soft)
Yeah.

ROMAN

Yeah.

TROUBLE

Lemme show ya something.

Trouble steers him to a small window.

Stands close.

TROUBLE

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

Her phone buzzes again.

TROUBLE

Fuck.

ROMAN

Is it Bernie?

TROUBLE

(resigned)
He's never gonna stop calling.

She scrolls through pages of missed calls from Cane.

Roman gently touches her hand.

He shuffles closer.

ROMAN
So what do we do now?

TROUBLE
Ya got a smoke?

ROMAN
Yeah.

TROUBLE
They'll kill ya, ya know.

She shoots him a sly smile.

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

He leans in for a kiss.

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

TROUBLE
What the hell?

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

TROUBLE
I thought we were having a smoke.

ROMAN
I thought it was code--

TROUBLE
It was. Code for I wanna smoke.

ROMAN
I can't figure you out.

TROUBLE
Well then, stop trying!

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

TROUBLE
No.

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

Nose to nose, he hears that sound again. A cocking revolver.

TROUBLE

That's exactly how the vice-principal
got his brains splashed all over the
wall.

Roman hangs in there.

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

I'll let you know.

TROUBLE

Huh.

Her phone buzzes again.

It's Cane.

TROUBLE

Fuck! I'm callin' Bernie.

INT. GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - BERNIE'S SUITE - SAME

A mobile phone buzzes on a coffee table. Vibrates.

Bernie totes the gym bag to a large safe.

Inside the safe he stacks...

Bricks of heroin.

Bricks of heroin.

Bricks of heroin.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIGHT RAIL STATION - LATER

A loudspeaker mounted on a cement wall.

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

Train commuters idle away.

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

Trouble stuffs her phone in her jacket.

 TROUBLE
 (frustrated)
Still not picking up.

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

 TROUBLE
We don't know that.

 ROMAN
It's been way too long, so yeah, we do know. And now we don't have the money or the smack to negotiate with.

 TROUBLE
Ya think ya know people.

Trouble's phone rings.

It's Cane. They debate while it rings.

 ROMAN
You gonna answer it?

 TROUBLE
What? No. You answer it.

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

 TROUBLE
Seriously?

 ROMAN
Okay, I'll answer it.

 TROUBLE
Fine--

 ROMAN
Fine.

 TROUBLE
Just, um, keep yer shit together.

Roman presses the button to answer.

No one says a word.

They huddle close.

CANE (V.O.)
 There you are, baby. Cane can still
 taste you in his mouth.

Roman reacts as if the phone was soaked in vinegar.

INT. GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - CALIX JACE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

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

CANE
 Come on over. We can talk about it.
 It'll be like old times.

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

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

Cane ends the call.

CALIX JACE
 North or south?

CANE
 The airport.

CALIX JACE
 That would be my--

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

EXT. UNIVERSITY LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY

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

ROMAN
 I told you he fucked us.

TROUBLE
 (disillusioned)
 Every single man I meet--

ROMAN
 We'll deal with Bernie later.

TROUBLE
You're all habitual liars.

He hustles her onto a waiting train.

TROUBLE
Don't touch me.

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY

The Crown Vic hops the curb.

Skids to a halt on the sidewalk outside the train station.

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

Slowly, his car starts rolling.

Cane blindsides an OBLIVIOUS MAN talking on his phone.

Backs up to scream at him on the ground.

CANE
Out of the way!

INT. LIGHT RAIL TRAIN - DAY

The train slows at the DOWNTOWN STATION.

Commuters eavesdrop.

TROUBLE
I have ta kill him-- On principle.

ROMAN
How much money you got?

She waves her revolver.

The crowd parts for the lady with the gun.

TROUBLE

I ain't going anywhere. I'm getting the money. I'm getting the junk. And I'm gonna blow Bernie's fucking head off.

The doors part.

She pauses in the doorway.

TROUBLE

You coming?

Roman searches the faces of the commuters.

An ELDERLY WOMAN shakes her head no.

Trouble steps out alone.

Roman starts toward the door.

GUNSHOTS echo through the station.

Trouble darts back into the train.

She gets one off before the doors close again.

Flashing fear, she grabs Roman.

TROUBLE

Run.

In the next train car over, Cane pistol-whips a PASSENGER.

The train starts rolling again.

Roman and Trouble escape to another car. Overflowing.

Slowly, they wedge through the crowd.

Cane enters their car before they reach the other side.

CANE

Make a hole!

No one moves.

He sends three rounds into the air.

There's nowhere for anyone to move.

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

Finally, he spots Roman.

Click.

Click.

Click.

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

In tight quarters, they're no match for Cane.

But he loses his gun in the struggle.

It's kicked farther and farther across the floor.

Roman and Trouble reach the last train car.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CANE FIGHTS COMMUTERS ON THE TRAIN

-- Cane elbows, punches and headbutts anyone close.

-- Smashes a face into a window. The glass spiderwebs.

-- Uses glasses from one person to stab another person.

The train doors open. Passengers flee.

Cane stumbles over bodies on his way to the door.

The train doors close, pinning him.

INT. SOUTHSIDE LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY

Cane SCREAMS. More out of rage than pain.

From the top of the stairs, Roman turns back.

Trouble spits two love-notes at Cane's head.

Misses. Cane escapes the doors. Scrambles after them.

 TROUBLE
 (grabs Roman)
 Come on.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

We follow Roman and Trouble sprinting down the sidewalk.

Cane emerges from the light rail station, his trench coat flapping in the breeze. Unblinking eyes.

He clocks them. They have a big head start.

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

Cars brake for Cane. Cane brakes for nothing.

Roman checks over his shoulder.

ROMAN
He's gaining.

TROUBLE
(spots water)
Ferry.

They turn down a side street.

INT./EXT. HIGH-SECURITY BUILDING - DAY

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

Hurdles a security desk.

He's briefly chased by two SECURITY GUARDS.

Cane escapes leaping down flights of stairs.

He bursts through the back door. Gets his bearings.

Cane runs the length of the loading dock.

Vaults to a dumpster.

Flips over a fence.

Climbs down the other side.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

Cane jumps over the railing--

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

Trouble looks back.

Quickly, Cane staggers to his feet.

She isn't sticking around.

Cane tosses a CONFUSED DRIVER out of the hatchback.

The tires smoke as they struggle to get traction.

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

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

A DOCK WORKER waves his arms. Signals it's a full boat.

A ferry horn BLASTS.

On the pier, Roman and Trouble dash between rows of cars.

Cane barrels down a vacant lane used for unloading.

The Dock Worker waves off Cane.

No dice. He plows right through him.

The body of the Dock Worker rolls across the hood. Sticks.

Blocks Cane's view.

Cane abandons the hatchback as Roman and Trouble scurry past.

Shockingly fast, Cane limps onto...

THE FERRY DECK

... Trouble stumbles. Gets up. Rattles off two more rounds.

One finds Cane's shoulder, hardly slowing him a step.

He's on her quick.

--Knocks her gun across the deck.

Cane won't make eye contact with either of them.

CANE

We could have been so good together.

TROUBLE

Jesus, it was one night--

ROMAN

It was a mistake.

Cane touches his wound. Searches the heavens.

CANE

Where's the money, baby?

TROUBLE

We don't have it.

ROMAN
 (steps up)
 Bernie has it.

Cane's eyes flash to Roman then back to Trouble.

CANE
 Now, when you lie...

Roman shoves Cane. Shoves harder.

ROMAN
 Cane. Cane!

CANE
 You and Bernie?

TROUBLE
 Ew! No.

As Roman lurches to push him again, Cane snatches one of his hands. Snaps it backward. The pain drives Roman to his knees.

CANE
 (to Trouble)
 Why can't you just be nice?

Roman pops up. Free. Throws a haymaker with his good hand.

Cane's unfazed.

CANE
 (nose bleeding)
 You know, this just ain't working out.

Shifts his cold, dead eyes to Roman. Stares through him.

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

Three determined, orange-vested ferry workers appear.

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

LUMBERJACK
 Hey, asshole.

CANE
 (to Roman)
 Be right back.

Cane rushes the Ferry Workers.

CANE

Gimme that.

LUMBERJACK

What? This? You want some of this?

Lumberjack takes a swing. Missing Cane, who wrestles the ax away in one move and drops it into his head.

MMA Fighter lunges.

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

MMA Fighter gets up next to a delivery truck.

Cane throws the fire ax.

Pins MMA Fighter's chest to the grill of a delivery truck.

Steam blows from the radiator.

Wisely, Prison Con backs away.

Over the side, the propeller blades churn frothy white foam as the ferry prepares to launch.

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

Trouble stands over Cane holding tire blocks on a rope.

Roman and Trouble race for the pier.

Dazed, Cane slowly crawls along the deck.

Staggers to his feet.

Roman and Trouble leap to the pier as the ferry eases away.

Cane fires the last round from Trouble's gun followed by...

Click.

Click.

Click.

Cane considers jumping into the water.

The ferry's propeller blades give him pause.

Points the revolver at the bridge. Marches toward it.

CANE

Stop the boat! Stop the boat!

THE PIER

Roman and Trouble scramble around parked cars.

The sound of the ferry engine stops.

Roman and Trouble stop. Look back.

ROMAN (V.O.)

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

They run.

ROMAN (V.O.)

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Roman and Trouble round the corner.

Rest alongside a building.

ROMAN

(panting)

Wait. I need a minute.

TROUBLE

(winded)

I've never had so much trouble breaking up with a guy.

ROMAN

We gotta get off the streets.

TROUBLE

The Army is gonna be all over us. Damn, I got a side ache.

ROMAN

I'll get an Uber.

Trouble whistles and waves down a YELLOW CAB.

ROMAN

That works.

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

But I always love your plans.

They pile into the yellow cab.

From a couple blocks away, Etano and three members of The Samoan Army spot them driving away.

Etano makes a call.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - DAY

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

It's the crime scene from earlier that day.

Yellow tape cordons off the front door. It's open. A COP scribbles notes while questioning the MANAGER outside.

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

Beckons OFFICER PURDY (30). Don't let the clean blue uniform fool ya. He's one tough hump and as dirty as the rest of 'em.

PURDY

Detective.

RACKS

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

HUB (O.S.)

--I heard that.

The brains of the outfit is HUB (60), a dumpy, African-American detective nearing retirement. As he enters...

HUB

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

RACKS

Would you, like, grace us with your, detecting skills, sir?

HUB

Why, certainly. Well, this here is Bobo.

Hub lifts what's left of Bobo's head off the table. Lets it drop back down. A squishy THUD. The body slowly slumps to the floor in front of a wall painted with blood.

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

HUB

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

Nods to Sam's body.

HUB

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

RACKS

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

HUB

You know what this means?

RACKS

Elvis has left the building.

HUB

Elvis has left the building.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Racks presses END on his phone.

Hub and Racks walk across the parking lot.

RACKS

Guess who just got made jumpin' into a
cab downtown?

HUB

That from dispatch?

RACKS

Straight from The Empress.

HUB

Then a few extra shekels in it for us.

RACKS

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

HUB

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

INT. YELLOW CAB - MOVING THROUGH TRAFFIC - DAY

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

Okay, then we're gonna need a gun.

The TATTOOED CAB DRIVER peeks in the rearview mirror.

TROUBLE

Yeah, we need ta work on that part first. Then we rat out Bernie ta his uncle. He gets the money back and I set up the deal with... with another buyer-- I haven't got that far.

ROMAN

You know many drug buyers?

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER

--Who, me?

ROMAN

No, not you. You... you drive.

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE

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

Confused, the Tattooed Cab Driver checks his mirror again.

ROMAN

Hey... Tattoos. You gettin' all this?
(to Trouble)
You know we gotta kill Cane.

TROUBLE

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

She waves her hands.

TROUBLE

As if flesh-eating fish--

ROMAN

Piranha?

TROUBLE

Yeah, and the head-choppy thing--

ROMAN

A guillotine.

TROUBLE

And Nazi nerve gas all hate-fucked a love child... Yeah, that.

(to the driver)

The Lucky Shamrock Motel, driver.

ROMAN

(remembering)

The Shamrock?

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER

The Shamrock Motel? Then you definitely need a gun.

Offers them a .38 SPECIAL.

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER

I'll sell ya this one, cheap.

She inspects the merchandise.

TROUBLE

Pay the man.

ROMAN

(breaks off bills)

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

TROUBLE

It's a long cab ride.

Unsettled, the Tattooed Cab Driver stares into traffic.

INT. THE LUCKY SHAMROCK MOTEL - ROOM 203 - DAY

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

TROUBLE

Okay, so first, we get one of Bernie's boys down here. Then we call back with some kinda complaint.

ROMAN

We lie?

TROUBLE

No, we embrace the reality of the situation.

ROMAN

Huh?

TROUBLE

Say something like he's too tall, he's too fat, he's too gay.

ROMAN

(cautious)

But I don't have to do anything.

TROUBLE

Never know, he could be hot.

ROMAN

Is this fun for you?

TROUBLE

We'll give ya a safe word.

Trouble hands Roman room landline.

TROUBLE

Ask for Chaz.

ROMAN

I know Chaz.

TROUBLE

I'm sure you're adorable together.

ROMAN

(into phone)

Chaz, please.

(to Trouble)

No Chaz, but there's a Grandle.

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

He can hear you.

TROUBLE

(into phone)

Where's Chaz?!

She grabs the phone. Hears all she needs. Tosses it back.

TROUBLE

We finally got lucky.

Trouble puts her fist to the wall.

TROUBLE

Chaz! Chaz, get over here. It's me.
 (to Roman)
 He's working and he owes me one.

ROMAN

Do you know every gay man at The
 Empress?

TROUBLE

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

Pounds harder.

TROUBLE

Chaz!

ROMAN

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

ROOM 202 - MOMENTS LATER

ROMAN

(deadpan)
 So, how does Chaz being dead and all
 affect our plan?

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

TROUBLE

Great for us. Less great for Chaz.

ROMAN

Great how?

TROUBLE

Ya don't have to lie.

ROMAN

But I didn't lie.

TROUBLE

Call the Empress, and whoever picks
 up, tell 'em to get Bernie down here
 fast. Say one of his soufflés just
 fell.

ROMAN

You guys have code words for this?

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

(dials)

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

She looks down at Chaz.

TROUBLE

Man, that's just twisted.

ROMAN

Well, one room.

TROUBLE

I meant it as a compliment.

LATER

Trouble steadies a .38 at Bernie, bound to a chair.

He's exhausted. Roman busts him across the face. It looks like his fists had been there a couple times before.

BERNIE

I... I don't know what you want. I already said I'd give you the money.

ROMAN

I know, Bernie. I just don't like you.

Serves up a fresh one.

Bernie spits blood. A fumbling grip on consciousness.

ROMAN

And if I know my girl--

TROUBLE

--I'm not yer girl--

ROMAN

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

BERNIE

(passes out)

Wha?

ROMAN (V.O.)

Coulda killed 'em with my bare hands.

TROUBLE (V.O.)
 Actually, at that point, we still
 needed him alive.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Do you mind? I'm telling the story.

TROUBLE (V.O.)
 Fine.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Fine.

Roman pats Bernie's face until he wakes.

ROMAN
 Bernie. Don't die on me, Bernie.
 Bernie! Where's the money?

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

ROMAN
 Technically, that's not in your sight.

Bernie laughs.

Roman smiles. His eyes don't.

TROUBLE
 Definitely not my boyfriend.

Roman lands another solid right cross.

Bernie's out.

ROMAN
 And that's for making her say that.

TROUBLE
 Gentlemen, let's go get my money.

PARKING LOT

Trouble steadies her .38 at Bernie.

The trunk of his convertible glides open.

Bernie reaches inside--

ROMAN
 Uh-uh.

Abruptly, Roman backs Bernie away from the trunk.

Spots a CACHE OF HANDGUNS next to the gym bag.

Roman lifts the gym bag out of the truck.

Both men step back. Each raises a handgun.

Roman points his at Bernie.

Bernie at Roman.

BERNIE

Drop the bag.

His eyes narrow.

Moves his aim from Roman to Trouble.

Roman sighs. Slumps a little.

Trouble moves her aim to Roman.

TROUBLE

(ice cold)

Drop the bag, Roman.

ROMAN

Really?

Everyone eases back one step.

Trouble looks at Bernie, then at Roman.

Bernie looks at Roman, then at Trouble.

Everyone smiles.

ROMAN (V.O.)

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

Everyone stops smiling.

ROMAN (V.O.)

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

FANTASY SCENARIO #1

All three point weapons at each other and fire.

ROMAN (V.O.)

I shoot Bernie. He shoots Trouble. The
muscles in her hand involuntarily
contract, and she clips me.

They all collapse dead.

FANTASY SCENARIO #2

All three point weapons at each other and fire.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Bernie caps Trouble. I blast Bernie,
but the lyin' double-crosser aces me
out before he croaks.

They all collapse dead.

BACK TO SCENE

Trouble shifts her weight. Adjusts her grip.

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

HUB (O.S.)
(chipper)
Hiya, kids.

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

HUB
Been looking for ya.

RACKS
Put 'em down. Ya know ya wanna.

They surrender their weapons to Racks.

HUB
Now Racks here said we should just let
y'all shoot each other. And then we
just pick up the money and ride off
into the sunset. But then I said,
Racks, now how do we know the money's
even in that bag?

Unzips the bag to reveal the cash.

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

RACKS
That's why he's a detective.

EXT. GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - COURTYARD - DAY

Kids splash in the pool.

Young ladies in swimsuits sunbathe nearby.

The pool staff serves tropical drinks.

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

OUTSIDE CALIX JACE'S PRIVATE OFFICE

There's loud talk inside.

Etano joins Kong, standing guard outside the door.

Both stare straight ahead.

KONG
They're drinking.

ETANO
(concerned)
Hmm.

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

After a long beat.

KONG
They have no community. No loyalty. No people. That's why they'll die alone.

A profound nod from Etano.

KONG
We know who we are.

CALIX JACE'S OFFICE

Calix Jace waves a tumbler of whiskey to dramatize his points.

Cane knocks back one shot, then another.

CALIX JACE
You know I hate messes.

CANE
We can handle it.

CALIX JACE

Too many messes. Find my money, clean this up and get out of town. And when all of this blows over--

CANE

Blows over?

CALIX JACE

Yes. Blows over.

CANE

This kinda shit doesn't just blow over, boss. Now, Cane needs to know if you're still with him. Because now, now we gotta go to some really dark places.

CALIX JACE

I do not fear dark places because I do not fear death. Do you fear death?

Cane scowls.

CALIX JACE

My life, my empire could pass away tomorrow. But my greatness will endure in this hotel, The Grand Empress.

Toasts a portrait on the wall of his sister Sophia.

CALIX JACE

Take away that fear, my boy, and you can go to the very darkest of places. Go there, Cane. Go to those very dark places. But quietly this time. And no more messes.

Cane pulls a re-orienting breath.

CANE

Let's talk more about these dark places, shall we?

Flashes a plastic smile.

CANE

Someone's gonna have to take the fall for all this shit, and they can't live to spill our secrets. So, you can see that's how it's gotta go down.

CALIX JACE

You have someone in mind.

CANE

We're gonna pin it on your son.

Calix stares for a very, very long time.

CALIX JACE

I have no son.

CANE

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

CALIX JACE

Don't say it.

CANE

Everyone knows he's your son.

CALIX JACE

Say another word--

CANE

(points to the painting)
You fucked your sister and out popped Bernie... the biggest disappointment of your life.

A tumbler of whiskey flies past Cane's head.

CANE

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

CALIX JACE

Stop it.

CANE

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

CALIX JACE

Stop it!

CANE

Or they're doing to him?

CALIX JACE

Halt die Klappe!

CANE

Now these dark places, Calix. Are you willing to kill your own son?

CALIX JACE

You did not have to put a vulgar point on it. That was just cruel.

CANE

(flip)

Sadist. This is what Cane does.

CALIX JACE

Add one more name to your list.

INT. GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - BERNIE'S SUITE - DAY

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

His gun at the ready, Hub stands guard at the front door.

Bernie paces nearby, one eye swollen shut.

HUB

I like what you've done with the place, Bernie. And real quiet, the perfect place for a double-cross.

RACKS

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

HUB

(shrugs)

Shit got outta hand.

RACKS

And somehow all that "H" got lost in the confusion.

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

On the far side of the suite, Roman and Trouble cool their heels. They're divided by the gym bag on the coffee table.

She won't make eye contact with Roman.

ROMAN

Were you really gonna shoot me?

TROUBLE

Yeah. Maybe just a little.

RACKS

--Hey, quiet back there.

Frustrated, Roman's eyes wander the room.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 I felt like a zero. I was losin' her.
 I needed ta make a move... a big one.
 Sumthin' she'd respect.

He lights up.

Sensing something, she adjusts in her chair.

Roman winks. Nods at the balcony.

TROUBLE
 (whispers)
 No.

ROMAN
 Yeah.

TROUBLE
 Are you crazy?

ROMAN
 It'll be okay.

Meanwhile at the safe...

HUB
 What the hell's going on back there?

RACKS
 Well, why don't cha waddle your ass on
 over there and find out?

HUB
 (to Racks)
 The fuck you just say to me?

SLOW MOTION

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

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

Hub shoots.

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

Racks spins around. Fires at Roman.

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

Immediately, Bernie stabs his hands in the air, surrendering.

Roman launches from the balcony table to the rail.

Hub and Racks head for the balcony.

Trouble breaks for the door.

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

COURTYARD

Roman flails through the air with the gym bag.

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

From the balcony, Hub and Racks watch him fall.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Maybe it was the water landing...

Roman crashes into the pool.

From the balcony, Hub and Racks unload.

Underwater, bullets pierce the water around Roman.

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

END SLOW MOTION

CALIX JACE'S PRIVATE OFFICE

The sound of GUNSHOTS inside the hotel.

--Cane snaps his head around.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Cane explodes through the door.

Kong, Etano and a handful of men ready weapons--

KONG
 Pack them to go, boys.

COURTYARD

Dripping wet, Roman hustles through fleeing guests.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 ... But for once in my life, I finally
 felt alive. I knew I was somebody.

BERNIE'S SUITE

Racks shoots empty. Quickly reloads.

RACKS

Elvis has most definitely left the building.

HUB

Aren't ya going after him?

Hub squeezes off two wild shots as Roman slips away.

RACKS

At least I hit something.

HUB

You didn't hit shit, as usual.

They turn.

Bernie still has his hands up.

Trouble's gone.

ROMAN (V.O.)

And I knew three things to be true...

PARKING LOT

Roman hurdles a low fence. Runs.

ROMAN (V.O.)

The local police department was in need of serious reform. Wet money is surprisingly heavy...

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

Roman gasps for air on the sidewalk.

Looks over each shoulder.

Sprints away.

ROMAN (V.O.)

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

INT. KONG'S CADILLAC - DAY

A mint 1957 ELDORADO BIARRITZ CONVERTIBLE crawls in traffic. Kong, Etano and friends scour the streets for Roman.

ROMAN V.O.
And I needed off the streets.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

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

Slows to a jog. Pants. Grabs his knees. Spent.

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

Dripping wet, he stands out.

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

Roman spies an idling METRO BUS.

He wanders into traffic.

Unremitting car horns greet him all the way to the bus stop.

Siren wailing, a squad car flies past without stopping.

A long line of bus commuters shuffles into the bus.

Roman pushes his way to the front of the line.

ROMAN
Excuse me. Excuse me.

Commuters grouse.

INT./EXT. METRO BUS - CONTINUOUS

The cranky BUS DRIVER points.

BUS DRIVER
Back of the line, buddy.

A half-dozen members of The Samoan Army rush in front of the bus with assault rifles.

Roman leaps into the driver's lap.

Floors it.

The henchmen part like bowling pins.

They FIRE.

Commuters cower under the seats.

Hot lead ricochets off the bus.

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

BUS DRIVER
What are ya doing?

ROMAN
Stop fighting me...

The driver's name is stitched on his uniform.

ROMAN
... Name Tag.

BUS DRIVER
It's embroidered.

They wrestle for a couple blocks. Dodge traffic.

They slam into a tree in front of a MEXICAN RESTAURANT.

Rattled nerves, but no one's hurt.

Large Samoan men chug down the sidewalk.

BLOCKS AWAY

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

INT. LOCO'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Roman runs into a busy restaurant.

ROMAN
Someone call an ambulance!

He leaps on a chair...

Then a table...

Then table to table...

Then onto a slick bar--

SLIPS

Falls flat on his back behind the bar.

BARTENDER
What the hell are you doing?

The BARTENDER towers over him.

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

ROMAN
Is that a gun?

The bartender grabs it before Roman can.

BARTENDER
(obviously)
Yeah.

ROMAN
Good.

In one move, Roman snatches the shotgun out of his hand.

Turns it on the bartender.

ROMAN
I need a gun.

Cane bursts through the front door.

Members of The Samoan Army file in behind him.

The bartender pops up from behind the bar a little too quick--
Cane punches his ticket.

Roman springs to his feet. Sprays the room with buckshot.

Misses everyone.

High-tails it through a shower of bullets and exploding
tequila bottles as they return fire.

He pumps out one more gunshot blast, killing the tip jar,
before escaping into...

THE KITCHEN

... Cane and Kong's men enter. Scan. Move slowly.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The nose of Cane's gun cautiously rounds the door jamb of the
back door. Cane's face juts around the corner. His eyes sweep
the alley.

Roman's in the wind.

NOT FAR AWAY

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

There's a tiny gap in the fence.

Roman tries it.

The gym bag doesn't fit.

He backs out.

Roman stuffs the shotgun into the gym bag.

Checks over both shoulders.

Tosses the bag over the fence.

It snags on barbed wire.

Roman's phone rings.

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

He switches off the phone.

Roman grabs a stick lying near a pile of trash.

Fishes the gym bag down.

He checks again. All clear.

This time he tosses the gym bag higher and farther.

It lands near the only DUMPSTER in the alley.

A BUSBOY hoists large black plastic bags from a large two-wheeled plastic CONTAINER. Slings them in the open dumpster.

Roman squats down. Slips through the fence.

Kong's Cadillac flashes past.

The SCREECH of tires skidding.

The Caddy zips back, blocking the mouth of the alley.

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

But where's Roman?

Following the same path as Roman, Cane slips through the fence on the other side of the alley.

Nods at the dumpster.

Kong nods in agreement.

The Busboy closes the dumpster lid.

KONG
You see anyone?

The Busboy shakes his head.

Cane gestures to surround the dumpster.

ETANO
Get out of here, kid.

Certain death closes in from both sides of the dumpster.

They assume killing positions.

Cane breathes deeply. Cracks his neck. Nods at Etano.

Etano checks with Kong.

Cane rolls his eyes.

Kong nods.

Etano flips the lid open.

Everyone FIRES into the dumpster.

Cane quickly reloads.

CANE
K'-okay. I think we got him.

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

CITY STREET

The Busboy stops.

BUSBOY
(to the container)
Okay.

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

ALLEY

Standing inside the dumpster, Etano roots through garbage.

Thinks he sees something move--

Rattles off a couple more rounds, killing more black plastic garbage bags.

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Roman slips in the back--

Startles a PARAMEDIC and AMBULANCE DRIVER.

PARAMEDIC
Who the hell are you?

ROMAN
I need a ride.

PARAMEDIC
(concerned)
Are you hurt?

ROMAN
No.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
Dude, this ain't a cab.

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

ROMAN
Hit the cherry tops. I'm in a rush.

The siren SQUAWKS.

The ambulance lights up.

Punches into traffic, past Cane, Kong and Etano. Confused.

ROMAN (V.O.)
In the meantime, Trouble was making
new friends.

THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN

Trouble limps through moving traffic.

She aims her Colt Python revolver at a two-door coupe headed
straight for her.

The driver doesn't even slow down.

It narrowly misses her. Honks.

TROUBLE
Asshole.

Horns blare. Traffic stops.

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

PARAMEDIC

Wanna buy my phone battery--? Fully charged.

ROMAN

I'll give you a grand.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

I'll do it for eight.

PARAMEDIC

(to the Ambulance Driver)

Asshole.

(to Roman)

Seven-hundred.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Six.

PARAMEDIC

Have ya ever had a hit of pure oxygen?

MOMENTS LATER

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

ROMAN (V.O.)

Now she was singin' a different tune. I think I mighta even heard the word impressed. She clearly wanted the dough-- Less clear about me. But I was gettin' her there.

Smiles. Takes a big bite of his sandwich.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Her last message said she'd been shot and wanted ta parlay at the clock tower. Was I walking into a trap? I expected nothin' less from her.

(puts down the phone)

I was banking my life on this next move. But I was stupid for that girl.

Trouble calls.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

While driving...

TROUBLE

How we doin'?

INTERCUT BETWEEN PHONE CALLS

ROMAN

Have you ever had pure oxygen?

TROUBLE

I'm gonna make a man outta you yet.

ROMAN

Or a dead man.

TROUBLE

Hey, before you met me, you were a nobody.

ROMAN

What makes you say that?

TROUBLE

Ya told me, dummy.

ROMAN

Oh, yeah.

TROUBLE

You were alone. Now you're the most popular guy in town. Stick with me, Roman. I'll put hair on yer balls.

ROMAN

I'm not alone. I have you.

The Paramedic cuts off his oxygen supply.

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

TROUBLE

Ya still got the bag?

ROMAN

You get right to it.

TROUBLE

Keep up. We're moving fast.

ROMAN

How bad ya shot?

TROUBLE

I'm fine.

(beat)

I got hit in the ass.

ROMAN

Oh, doesn't that hurt when you sit down?

TROUBLE

It hurts all the time. I got shot.

ROMAN

Okay-okay. How'd it happen?

TROUBLE

Getting my gun back.

ROMAN

You went back to the ferry?

She admires the Ace of Spades on the handle.

TROUBLE

Are you kiddin'? I fucking love this gun. But so did the captain.

ROMAN

You got shot with your own gun?

TROUBLE

(annoyed)

Are you headed to the place?

ROMAN

I'll split it with you.

TROUBLE

(beat)

Okay. That's fair.

ROMAN

One condition--

TROUBLE

I'm not fucking you.

ROMAN

A date.

She pulls over.

TROUBLE

A what?

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

And we leave town together.

TROUBLE

That's two things.

ROMAN

Are we negotiating?

TROUBLE

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

ROMAN

Sure. The money. And I'm a little
 cute.

TROUBLE

Maybe a little, when you're not being
 stupid. Face it, Roman, yer not real
 boyfriend material.

ROMAN

And why not?

TROUBLE

You're nothing without me.

ROMAN

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

He waits for an answer that never comes.

TROUBLE

One date.

ROMAN

One date.

TROUBLE

And I'm not puttin' out.

ROMAN

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

INT./EXT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

TROUBLE

Okay, one kiss, but no tongue. Unless I start it. And don't get all handsy.

(beat)

What kinda flowers?

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

TROUBLE

Shit.

Startled, she ends the call.

TRAFFIC COP

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

TROUBLE

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

TRAFFIC COP

I am a cop.

TROUBLE

I mean a real one.

TRAFFIC COP

I am a real cop.

TROUBLE

So you're arresting me?

TRAFFIC COP

License and registration will suffice.

Stalling, she searches for the registration.

TROUBLE

Now yer startin' ta sound like a cop.

TRAFFIC COP

I'm a fully commissioned officer.

TROUBLE

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

TRAFFIC COP

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

Her phone rings. She doesn't answer.

TRAFFIC COP
Who were you talking to?

TROUBLE
My boyfriend.

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

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

Reaching inside the glove box with one hand, she's inside her leather jacket with her other. Pulling out her revolver.

There's blood on the ass of her jeans.

The Traffic Cop studies the sedan and steps back.

He unsnaps his holster.

TRAFFIC COP
Hands where I can see 'em!

Draws quick.

Into a shoulder microphone--

TRAFFIC COP
Any available units...

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

Samoan men step out with assault rifles.

The Traffic Cop confronts them.

TRAFFIC COP
Who the fuck--

A GIANT SAMOAN man slaps the Traffic Cop so hard it drops him stupid. He struggles to his knees-- Hugs the ground.

Trouble floors it.

The Samoan men pump rounds into her stolen sedan.

She blows through barricades and orange barrels.

Leaving the construction zone at high speed, her car swings pretty loose on a gravel access road.

SUV tires spit gravel.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

A caravan of SUVs charges down the street.

Lights flashing, police cruisers parallel her one block over.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

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

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

She jerks the wheel. Fishtails down an alley.

TROUBLE

And I need ta ask a favor.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Anything.

TROUBLE

Do I really have ta wear a dress?

ROMAN (V.O.)

Yes. That's a deal-breaker.

TROUBLE

Dammit.

Set to full rage, she fires out her window.

TROUBLE

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

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Roman checks out the window.

ROMAN

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

TROUBLE (V.O.)

What?

ROMAN

I'm a little high.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

And we're gonna need more guns, Roman.
A lot more. Big ones.

ROMAN

Very true.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

So after ya put hands on 'em, call me.
I'll go to you.

ROMAN

You know I'm not leaving without you.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

Aw.

ROMAN

One date.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

One date. We're almost there.

Over the phone, we hear AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

--Gotta go.

ROMAN

(to Ambulance Driver)

Hey guys, where can we get some guns?

INT. AMOS & AMMO GUN SHOP - DAY

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

AMOS

Greetings, friend. How can I help?

ROMAN

(quickly points)

I'll take one of those. And that. What does that do?

AMOS

Well, you have a good eye. That's the latest in home protection. It's called The Saint--

ROMAN

Good name. I'll take two.

Waves his hand over the showcase.

ROMAN

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

AMOS

What exactly are you expecting? The whole Bolivian army?

Laughs at his own joke.

ROMAN

Yeah. Something like that.

Gestures to a SilencerCo Maxim 9 handgun on the wall.

ROMAN

That any good?

Amos explains as he disassembles it in seconds.

AMOS

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

ROMAN

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

AMOS

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

ROMAN

All of 'em, Old-Timer. All of 'em.

AMOS

(gestures to a clipboard)
Well, there's a few forms the federal government says--

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

AMOS

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

Adds another stack.

ROMAN

Do you sell nitroglycerin?

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - LOADING DOCK - DAY - PRESENT

Dutch barks orders. Officer Purdy stands hard. Determined.

DUTCH
Uniforms in position?

PURDY
Roger that.

DUTCH
I want constant updates.

Purdy nods.

DUTCH
And no one touches the bitch. I'm
takin' this one off the board myself.
She's the reason my sister got smoked
in some shit-hole motel yesterday.

PURDY
I was on scene for that one-- I didn't
realize... She didn't deserve that.

DUTCH
I shit you not.

PURDY
Sorry for your loss.

DUTCH
Thanks.

PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Roman stews in his car.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Coming up at five, a live interview
with the lone survivor of the bloody
shootout at a popular downtown bar. A
Good Samaritan caught in the crossfire
-- live in-studio only on--

Exuberant, Dutch climbs in and turns off the radio.

DUTCH
Said I'd make ya famous.

ROMAN
I'm not doing an interview.

DUTCH
It's not an interview. You're bait.

ROMAN
I get the notion of bait. And I'm not
doing it--

DUTCH

I called in a lotta favors ta make this happen. They're promoting the shit outta it everywhere. So, if she's really yer girl, this'll smoke her.

ROMAN

Who says she ain't my girl?

DUTCH

I'm just sayin'.

Neither one is giving an inch.

DUTCH

Look it, tell 'em whatever you want-- Be a hero. It's television, for god's sake. None of this is real.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - SAME

A dozen Samoan men pile into SUVs.

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Inside Roman's car, Dutch readies his automatic.

DUTCH

I got solid men at every entrance.
(into a walkie)
How we lookin'?

Three different officers respond "clear" or "all clear."

Roman knocks back a couple of painkillers. Dry.

DUTCH

How fucked up are you?

ROMAN

No one lays a hand on her.

Dutch squeezes Roman's chin.

DUTCH

How can she resist that face?

Roman's Dodge Challenger rests quietly in the television station parking lot during the day.

DISSOLVE TO:

Roman's Dodge Challenger rests quietly in the train station parking lot at night.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Phone pinned to his ear, Roman sits on a wooden bench.

TITLE: "THE NIGHT BEFORE"

TROUBLE
(over the phone)
So, what's the next move?

ROMAN
We're all set.

Surrounded by suitcases, the gym bag and a bouquet of roses, Roman closes a suitcase filled with long guns.

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

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT

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

TROUBLE
I got no clue what that means, but it
sounds like ya finally wised up.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

ROMAN
Meet me at the train station as fast
as you can.

TROUBLE
The train station, sure. Ya still got
the bag?

ROMAN
With this kind of money, we can be
anyone we want -- a fresh start.

TROUBLE
Where we headed?

ROMAN
Anywhere but here, baby.

TROUBLE
Sounds like a plan... Goodbye, Roman.

ROMAN (V.O.)
There was a softness in her voice--

TROUBLE (V.O.)
Hold on.

She ends the call.

Considers what she's done.

Hands her phone to Kong.

KONG
You did the right thing.

TIME FREEZES

TROUBLE (V.O.)
Actually, it was more like...

TIME REWINDS

Kong rips the phone out of her hand.

KONG
Is he gonna be stupid about this?

TROUBLE
Fuck if I know. He gets like that.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ROMAN WAITS AT THE TRAIN STATION

-- Roman buys a couple of tickets.

-- AMTRAK AGENTS tag a mountain of luggage.

-- Commuters line up for the train.

-- Roman throws the train tickets on the roses. Sits.

-- He checks his phone.

-- Commuters shake the rain from their coats.

-- He swallows a couple of prescription pills. Sips coffee.

-- Roman checks the time.

On the other side of the station, Officer Purdy side-eyes Roman. Mumbles into his shoulder microphone.

Roman doesn't realize he's there.

EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Sheets of rain sweep across the parking lot.

The front wheel of a Kong's Caddy rolls to a stop, obscuring our view of the brick train station.

Purdy skips across the parking lot. Taps the car window.

ROMAN (V.O.)

It was the longest hour of my life.
And the payoff... rags.

Etano slips him an envelope. Thick with cash.

Purdy points to the station.

ROMAN (V.O.)

I never saw it coming.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

People stream into the station from the latest train.

Roman checks his phone.

Rests his head back on the bench. Closes his eyes.

From behind, Etano presses a SPRINGFIELD COMPACT against Roman's head.

Lifts a gat outta Roman's jacket.

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

Sits next to Roman.

Kong mouths some of the phrases from Roman's story.

ROMAN (V.O.)

He dropped the news like a nine-pound
hammer. The Army captured her alive.
She was on ice at their crew's
unofficial headquarters, a shitty tiki
bar where Sam offered me a simple
muscle job that turned into all this.

Etano collects the gym bag.

ROMAN (V.O.)

She traded the money for my life. It
was the only play where one of us left
town alive. I was free to go. It was
less simple for her.

KONG

So, uh, what really went down that night?

ROMAN

Wasn't complicated. Bobo drew, but she was faster. But he got one off at the same time that, you know, killed Sam.

KONG

Hmm. He was sloppy.

(to Etano)

Tell the boss they can stop torturing whoever the fuck Cane caught in his fly trap. Let him know it's handled.

ETANO

You got it.

Dials as he steps away.

A wave of passengers with luggage shuffle past.

KONG

Honestly, I'd love to drop you right where you sit.

ETANO

(ends the call)

--Two more holes.

KONG

(exasperated)

Fuck. But we already got way too many holes to dig tonight--

ROMAN

And a deal's a deal. You got the money.

KONG

Yeah, yeah, here's our deal. You didn't shoot Bobo, so I'm gonna give you a running start. You're lucky we're on a tight schedule.

ETANO

--I could do it.

KONG

No, you're with me. We're meeting the boss and then dealing with Cane.

ETANO

Fucking hell.

KONG

He killed three of ours for no reason.

(to Roman)

So if I had a ticket, I'd get outta town before anyone notices. But if I see you again... Ever again.

Kong, Etano and one gym bag depart the station.

ROMAN (V.O.)

They walked away with the girl, the money and wrote me outta any happy ending. I wasn't even the hero of my own story anymore. I was Goon Number Three. A nobody.

INT./EXT. ANONYMOUS WAREHOUSE - SAME

Heavy raindrops drum on a metallic roof.

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

We hear Cane bawling. Aggressively, masturbating.

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

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

Racks' hands and legs are zip-tied to a chair. Head slumped forward. Eyes bulging. Frozen horror.

Close on Cane's face. Tears. Head lolling back. He grunts.

Lashed to his own hot seat, Bernie cries through a ball gag. Ringside for the earlier matinee. He's been worked over good.

CANE

These guys pussied out. You gonna pussy out, Bernie?

Cane wipes his hand on Bernie as he passes him.

Snapping out of shock, Racks screams.

RACKS

AH! AH! AH!

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

The raccoon snaps to attention.

Racks stops struggling.

CANE

Give our regards to Elvis.

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

CANE

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

A heavy door closes. The echo fades away.

CALIX JACE

(from a distance)

Good Lord, what is that smell?

CANE

He's ready to talk.

CALIX JACE

You told me those Marys were ready to rattle off twenty to the dozen an hour ago. Now, look at this. Another mess.

Cane unfastens the ball gag.

BERNIE

I don't know! I don't know anything.

(sobbing)

I don't know anything.

CANE

Oh, sure you do, Bernie. You were in on it. We found the shit in your room. Now, where's the money?

CALIX JACE

Enough. We have the money.

CANE

And Roman?

CALIX JACE

Who?

CANE

You know who we're talking about, don't you, Bernie?

Bernie shakes his head and cries.

CALIX JACE

This isn't part of the plan.

CANE

We could use thumbscrews.

CALIX JACE

The plan has changed--

CANE

Thumbscrews never lie.

CALIX JACE

Untie him and meet me at the bar. Kong is there. He has your instructions.

CANE

What instructions?

CALIX JACE

The plan... has changed.

Cane licks his lips. Cuts the zip-ties. Glares at Calix.

CANE

Yeah, plans change.

Marches off in a huff.

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

CALIX JACE

It is over. All over. But first, I need you to do something for me.

Lays a VINTAGE LUGER on the table.

Bernie definitely notices it.

CALIX JACE

Stop telling people Sophia is your mother. Stop telling people I am your father because I am certainly not. In fact, I never want to see you again. We are over. Your business, over. Any claims to The Empress, over.

Shows him a single nine-millimeter bullet.

Chambers it.

CALIX JACE

I had an associate of mine remove all official records of you. You are officially nobody. Disappear. That is the best I can offer.

(MORE)

CALIX JACE (cont'd)
Of course, my own flesh and blood
would know to do the honorable thing.

Places the loaded Luger in front of him.

Bernie studies the gun. Then Calix Jace.

Bowler hat in hand, he walks away.

CALIX JACE
Well, I leave you to it.

Trembling, Bernie lifts the Luger. It's heavy in his hand.

Inches the muzzle to his chin. A cataleptic trance.

The big heavy door closes. The echo fades away.

We stay with the door.

Hear the POP of one round being fired.

INT. KONG'S CADILLAC - LATER

Pissing rain. The wipers struggle to stay up. Parked outside the Big Kahuna Tiki Bar & Lounge, Kong and Etano wait.

ETANO
Are we hungry yet?

KONG
I don't think we're hungry.

ETANO
Well, I can be hungry anytime.

KONG
When the boss says you wait, you wait.

--Calix Jace climbs in with a THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN.

KONG
(flinches, laughs)
Whoa, you got me.

Calix Jace chuckles.

ETANO
Classic. Does it still work, sir?

CALIX JACE
Like a crack ho at a Saudi bachelor party. See here, tell the men they do not have to stand in the rain.

(MORE)

CALIX JACE (cont'd)
 They can sit in their cars-- Just tell
 them to keep an eye out.

Kong snaps his fingers.

Etano jumps out of the car.

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

Winks his good eye.

KONG
 Of course, sir.

CALIX JACE
 I know it's difficult dealing with one
 of our own, but he's rogue, Kong.
 Cops, detectives, your men too.

KONG
 Yes, sir.

CALIX JACE
 I can fix it up downtown-- Say it was
 all him. Sure, I can make that stick.

KONG
 I'll take care of it personally. And
 if I may...

CALIX JACE
 --Of course.

KONG
 I wanna do it in front of my men.
 It'll mean a lot, avenging the others.

CALIX JACE
 (spies a Crown Vic)
 Yes, whatever you think is best. But,
 give me a minute with him first.

EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI BAR & LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Cane threads through SENTRIES shouldering automatic weapons.

TROUBLE (V.O.)
 Okay, baby, I'm gonna bring us home.

Etano waves the men back to their cars.

As Cane enters the bar, we stay on the "CLOSED" sign.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

They were tyin' up loose ends. Kong
had me. Calix had Cane. And Roman
shoulda been halfway ta anywhere else.

THE BAR

Cane steps inside. Freezes. Spots...

TROUBLE

... Bound to a wooden chair and surrounded by a cadre of
Samoan henchmen.

CANE

Do you love him?

Trouble slumps.

CANE

Or do you love Cane? It's a simple
question. Him or me? Choose.

The Samoan men stare straight ahead.

She's not giving an inch.

CANE

(an epiphany)
Or maybe we should dance.

Humming to music in his head, Cane gavottes into a quickstep
through the men. His arms flailing in rhythm.

Everyone clears a path...

CANE

Him? Or Cane? Time. To choose.

TROUBLE

I'm not fucking dancing with--

In perfect time, Cane BACKHANDS her.

Whips around and lands an ELBOW in her face.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

Woof, that one hurt.

Cane whirls into a pirouette.

CANE

Choose.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Roman approaches an Amtrak Agent.

ROMAN

'Scuse me. How do I uncheck baggage?

INT./EXT. ROMAN'S CAR - LATER

Roman drives. Spits a shotgun shell from between his teeth.

It lands on the passenger seat.

He shoves it in an open chamber of a double-barrel shotgun.

Roman notices his reflection in the rearview mirror. There's doubt in those eyes, maybe caution, definitely something that'll get him killed. He doesn't like it.

His eyes dart to passing headlights, then bounce right back into the mirror. This time it's much worse... He sees fear.

Roman rips the rearview mirror off the windshield.

It flies out the window.

EXPLODES on the pavement.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT

Cane twirls into a roundhouse kick.

Lands hard across Trouble's jaw.

CANE

Choose.

Without missing a beat, Cane sweeps into an outside turn, grabs the lattice back of her chair and whips it in circles.

Releases it like a hammer throw.

She CRASHES into the wall.

CANE

Choose!

Calix Jace enters...

CALIX JACE

Cane! Enough!

He skips into a Viennese waltz around his employer.

CANE

(winded)

We're, uh, kinda in the middle of a thing here, boss. But don't you worry. You're next on my dance card.

CALIX JACE

For some unexplained reason, I'm unable to summon the words to make this fool understand. Perhaps someone knows another way?

Instantly, every gat in the joint targets Cane.

Cold, hard stares etched across every man's face.

Like a wind-up toy busting a spring, Cane stops waltzing.

Doesn't seem like an apology's gonna work this time.

Calix Jace throws the bolt on his submachine gun.

The wooden chair kindling, Trouble moves slowly. Unbound.

In a small, weary voice she strangles out her choice...

TROUBLE

Roman.

CANE

Ah, and there it is, the truth. Oh, tonight is about to get interesting.

Strides toward Trouble.

Ignores the fact that every gun tracks his every step.

ROMAN (V.O.)

And abra-fucking-cadabra... His wish was granted.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

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

ROMAN (V.O.)

Only an idiot would walk through that door alone. I knew there'd be all kinds uh trouble on the other side.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

--Okay, corny, but yer on a roll.

INT. KONG'S CADILLAC - SAME

Kong and Etano spy the Shadowy Figure approaching.

Weapons ready!

ROMAN (V.O.)

But I was all out of time and all out
of smart people.

They recognize his face. Lower their rifles. Relax.

The Shadowy Figure steps into the bar.

ROMAN (V.O.)

My only regret... is that I didn't see
the expression on their fucking faces.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI BAR & LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

As the front door bursts open...

Everyone turns in unison--

The Shadowy Figure, Bernie, FIRES an AK-47.

SLOW MOTION

A dozen rounds punch through Calix Jace's overcoat.

Samoan men unleash handguns and assault rifles.

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

Cane starts blasting.

Trouble staggers to her feet.

Bernie sprays the room while bullets rip through his body.

Cane collapses.

Trouble falls to the ground.

The world sideways. Her unblinking eyes open wide.

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

Bullet casings rain down at Bernie's feet.

Calix Jace's bowler hat circles and lands flat on the floor.

THE KITCHEN

Fleeing, a COOK bounces off of Roman. Falls. Crawls away.

Roman marches forward wielding two assault rifles, handguns and extra mags strapped to various parts of his body. Kevlar everywhere.

THE BAR

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

END SLOW MOTION

INT. KONG'S CADILLAC - SAME

The bar windows SHATTER from gunfire--

ETANO

Oh, shit.

Kong and Etano can't get out of the car fast enough.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT

Cane levels his .45 at Roman.

Chokes out words through a mouth full of blood.

CANE

How'd you think this was gonna end?

Trouble steps out of the shadows.

She's got the drop on Cane.

TROUBLE

I choose me.

Snaps a pill in the back of his head.

Horror frozen in his face.

Trouble struggles to stand. Holding her guts. Bleeding out.

ROMAN

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

She eases to the floor.

He moves with her.

TROUBLE

Who knows? Maybe I'm fallin' for ya.

She knows she's dying.

Roman knows she's dying.

In a tight burst, three bullets finish her.

Kong rubs his tiki charm. Smoke curls from the barrel of his M16. Spilling into the street, a half-dozen more men stand behind Kong and Etano.

The HEAVY WOODEN BAR protects Roman while he reloads.

ROMAN

Why'd you kill her? You have the money.

KONG

Promises were made. And I remember making certain promises to you too.

ROMAN

Tell me one thing. Before all the blood and feathers, who was on the phone with Bobo? You know, the one who lied. The one who changed the deal.

KONG

You know it was me.

ROMAN

Yeah.

Roman's eyes get hard.

He pops up... Hurls every bullet he's got at 'em.

They start blasting.

Kong falls.

Etano falls.

Firing as they advance, The Samoan Army charges.

Roman stands his ground. Takes a couple bullets, but it doesn't slow his withering stream of firepower.

Dead men stack like wood in the doorway.

The final gunshots echo and decay...

Everyone's dead.

Silence.

Roman rubs his chest where the Kevlar caught bullets.

Smarts like a bitch.

Pulls out his phone. A slug lodged in the screen.

He catches up to the moment. Moves quickly.

Pushing past the gym bag on the bar, Roman limps through the killing field, dropping an extra bullet in everyone's head. He surveys lifeless henchmen at his feet... A thought.

Wheels to steal one last look at Trouble's body.

Roman's eyes rake the room. Searching...

She's gone.

The gym bag on the bar...

Gone too.

The sound of police sirens. Close.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

And this is pretty much where we came in. Whether it all went down exactly like that, don't overthink it. Embrace the reality of the situation.

Confused, Roman limps out the back.

Even the clouds are cried out. It's stopped raining.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

A stream of SUVs weaves through light traffic.

A walkie squawks.

PURDY (V.O.)

Ten eighty-five, repeat ten eighty-five. I've got eyes on.

DUTCH (V.O.)

Position?

PURDY (V.O.)

The loading dock. And she is pissed.

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Pure adrenalin courses through Roman's car.

Dutch turns to Roman. It's on.

ROMAN

There's an extra vest in the trunk.

Dutch scowls.

The trunk pops open.

Roman hops out. Quickly limps toward the station.

Standing over the trunk, Dutch straps on a Kevlar vest. It's a snug fit. Shifts his gaze.

Something in the trunk catches his eye.

He's shocked. Confused. Pissed.

LOBBY

A newscast plays on a wall monitor behind the RECEPTIONIST.

Roman moves like a wrecking ball through the station.

Pushes past a UNIFORMED OFFICER.

Aghast, the Receptionist picks up the phone.

The Uniformed Officer barks but Roman doesn't break stride.

NEWS STUDIO

On the air, the FLOOR DIRECTOR puffs up at Roman.

FLOOR DIRECTOR

Hey, man. You can't--

Roman brandishes his revolver.

FLOOR DIRECTOR

Gun. Gun!

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

(squats under the desk)

Oh, shit.

Headed for the giant studio doors, Roman hobbles faster.

LOADING DOCK

The back door swings open.

Purdy stands over a YOUNG WOMAN wearing a black leather jacket. She's on her knees. His Glock at her head.

Roman draws a bead on Purdy.

Moves into a galloping gait.

ROMAN
Let her up!

Purdy swings his aim to Roman.

PARKING LOT

Dutch lifts the GYM BAG out of Roman's trunk--

A distant GUNSHOT rings out!

Dutch breaks like a bullet for the loading dock.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - SAME

A stream of SUVs runs a red traffic light.

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - LOADING DOCK - DAY

The Young Woman raises her head. That ain't Roman's girl.

ROMAN
What the fuck?

PURDY
(squeezes the words out)
You fucking shot me.

Blood stains Purdy's blue cuff.

Dutch spikes Roman's gym bag next to Purdy's weapon a few paces away. Bundled cash spills out.

DUTCH
Yeah, Roman, what the absolute fuck is
going on?

ROMAN
It's not her.

DUTCH
No shit it's not her.

YOUNG WOMAN
--Hey man, I just work here.

DUTCH
And we've been ridin' round with the
money this whole time? Who is she?

Roman's reeling.

Automatic weapons fire ERUPTS inside the station--

Pulls everyone's attention to the back door.

The Young Woman scrambles for the street.

YOUNG WOMAN
Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

With his good hand, Purdy sweeps up his Glock off the ground.

Disappears into the station.

DUTCH
Who is she, Roman, really?

Roman examines the gun he's holding. We see it clearly, the Ace of Spades carved into the handle of a Colt Python revolver. It's Trouble's gun.

DUTCH
Who is she?

ROMAN
(unhinged)
No.

The news crew flees through the loading dock. Hysterical.

ROMAN REMEMBERS WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED - QUICK FLASHBACKS

-- The cremation oven: Roman curls up inside. Alone.

-- The parking lot: Racks and Hub point guns at Roman and Bernie.

-- The ferry deck: Cane is out cold. Tire blocks swing free in Roman's hand.

-- The cheap motel: Bobo's head violently jerks to one side. Roman at the end of a smoking Colt Python revolver.

-- Naked bodies. Cane pounds Trouble from behind. One thrust: it's Roman, another trust it's Trouble. Repeats. Stays Roman. Cane screams in ecstasy. Roman's eyes unblinking.

-- The cheap motel: Trouble lifts the gym bag.

TROUBLE
I was never here.

BACK TO SCENE

Fear and confusion vie for Roman's eyes.

ROMAN
She's... she's me.

DUTCH
Come again?

ROMAN
But I'm me.

DUTCH
What're ya sayin'?

ROMAN
Then which one is me?

DUTCH
Holy, shit. Holy, shit, you don't get
it, do ya?

ROMAN
I don't understand.

DUTCH
She's all in yer head.

The world tilts for Roman. Lands hard.

DUTCH
No one's seen her but you. The clock
tower was a bust. Holy shit, yer nuts.

ROMAN
It was me.

--Dutch pins his automatic to Roman's temple.

DUTCH
And there it is.

Panicked, a throng of station employees swarm past.

Automatic weapons fire. Closer.

Seeing all the witnesses rush past, Dutch reconsiders.

Checks the gym bag.

Checks Roman.

Checks the gym bag.

Purdy staggers out the back door. Chest riddled with weeping
bullet holes. A riot of color. He collapses.

Roman's a mess. Guttled. Glassy-eyed.

Dutch hefts the gym bag over his shoulder. Checks left then right. Skips away.

Within a maelstrom of humanity stampeding past, Bobo stands silent. An ugly head wound. He grins. Winks away.

Roman staggers outta the loading dock.

ROMAN

No... I'm somebody.

Lifts the revolver to his head. Sobs. Then lowers it.

Shuffles down the sidewalk. Behind him, station employees run. Scream. The Uniform Officer catches bullets. Falls ugly.

Roman caresses the gun like a lover's hand.

Collapses into a kneeling position. Languid.

MONTAGE OF MOMENTS ROMAN REMEMBERS - QUICK FLASHBACKS

--The clock tower hideout.

TROUBLE

Please, all men are liars. They lie
all the time. They lie ta themselves.

--The clock tower stairway.

ROMAN

You lie, you die. Got it?

BACK TO SCENE

Those words kick the hardest.

Roman fixes the gun in his mouth. Cocks it.

A moment of peace curls into a Gordian Knot.

He drops the gun. Drops his head. Cries hard.

From behind, a hand touches Roman's shoulder.

His head slowly angles up.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

Come on, babe. We worked our way outta
tougher scrapes than this.

Roman turns. Face wet with tears.

A light in his eyes flickers to life. A smile grows.

It's her.

TROUBLE

But ya did let that asshole get away
with my money, didn't ya? Well, we'll
have ta deal with that later.

ROMAN

(nods at the chaos)
We did all that?

In the distance, a LARGE SAMOAN MAN with an automatic rifle
squeezes off one last BURST. Drops dead in the street.
Station employees fall in the crossfire. Purdy stumbles
toward the Large Samoan Man. Stuffs a couple of extra rounds
in his back before collapsing dead himself.

TROUBLE

They're nobodies.

Roman climbs to his feet.

Touches her hand. She lets him.

He leans close to filch a kiss.

TROUBLE

Oh, alright.

Plants a long, lingering one on him. Hangs around his neck.

A tender moment. Rapt attention. His eyes pool with love.

TROUBLE

Don't forget my piece. I fucking love
that gun.

She starts away.

As Roman scoops her revolver off the sidewalk, he doesn't see
that Trouble disappears for a heartbeat. Then back again.

Catching up, Roman wraps his arm around her waist. They walk
off together, arm in arm.

TROUBLE

Okay, just don't get all handsy.

Pendulous clouds painted bourbon and orange glow over the
city.

FADE TO BLACK.