

Rochester

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

POLICE CAR in front of a cab stand.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Grizzled eyes of SHOOTER MCGAHAN (late 40s/early 50s), a big bear of an Australian, stare intently into the mirror.

His eyes fall on a manila folder in the passenger seat. He wipes it up and opens it.

Documents. He tosses them aside. A Post-It note over the face on a picture. In black ink: "OLEKSIY VAGANOV" Shooter peels off the note.

An elderly man staring into the near distance. Shooter checks the mirror again.

It's him. OLEKSIY exits the terminal and hails a cab.

Shooter twists the key in the ignition.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Oleksiy gets into his cab. It pulls away.

EXT. FREEWAY - MINUTES LATER

The cab zooms through moderate traffic.

Passes a police car. It's lights switch on.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

The cabbie checks his mirror. Oleksiy sweats.

CABBIE

No, no! Is OK. Was maybe speeding.

The cabbie pulls to the shoulder.

EXT. FREEWAY SHOULDER - POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open.

Snake skin boot stomps gravel.

The Australian behemoth straightens himself up, the buttons on his stolen police shirt barely hold.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Oleksiy crouches in the back seat gripping his briefcase.

He tosses Euros and American bank notes over the seat.

OLEKSIY
Go! Please! Go!

The cabbie shoves the money aside.

CABBIE
No. Is OK. Keep your money.

Metal taps on glass.

A .44 REVOLVER at the window. The cabbie rolls it down.

CABBIE
Yes, officer, I was going fast, but
the traffic...

Oleksiy inches toward the passenger door.

BLAM!

Blood and brains splatter on Oleksiy's face.

Shooter reaches for the keys. Shoves the corpse aside.

Oleksiy opens the door and falls heels over head.

Shooter pulls the keys through the window.

SHOOTER
Hurt yourself all you want, so long
as ya don't die.

Shooter looks over the car to Oleksiy.

SHOOTER
You're an important fella.

Oleksiy crawls as Shooter rounds the back of the car.

SHOOTER
Now, now. I have a gun, mate. As you
can see, I'm willing to use it.

Oleksiy turns. He climbs to his feet slowly, still gripping the briefcase and wads of mixed, colorful notes.

SHOOTER

Right, I'm gonna need that.

He grabs the briefcase. Oleksiy resists.

Shooter wins the tug of war.

SHOOTER

You can hold it if ya want.

Shooter takes the briefcase to the police car.

Oleksiy drops the money.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Highway patrol pulls behind.

SHOOTER

(under his breath)

Bloody hell.

The PATROLMAN exits.

PATROLMAN

This is HP jurisdiction, son.

Shooter hides the gun behind his back.

SHOOTER

Caught this guy stealing a cab from the airport.

The patrolman sees Oleksiy and reaches for his gun.

PATROLMAN

He's loose!

Oleksiy escapes.

BANG!

THE PATROLMAN's chest explodes.

OLEKSIY freezes. He turns.

SHOOTER

Come on, then!

EXT. FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tires squeal. Rocks kick up. Into traffic.

EXT. REMOTE HIGHWAY - EVENING

Police car speeds down a remote stretch of highway.

A wealthy man's helicopter passes overhead.

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter flies over a dead city. The South side.

It whizzes over a river with only one complete bridge into a bright and vibrant city, the North side. Rochester.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE GOLDMAN (21), a little rat bastard, snoozes with his foot on the seat in front of him.

A hand swipes at it. MAYOR GOLDMAN (60s), he has a plan.

MAYOR

Feet down!

Charlie jostles awake.

The mayor walks forward past seats filled with Chinese businessmen.

MAYOR

My grandson can learn a lot from
your youth, gentlemen.

The men nod in agreement. XIU (40s) raises his hand.

XIU

Can you really sell us half your
city? It seems extreme.

MAYOR

I assure you, that dilapidated
excuse for a city we flew over just
now needs your investment. Imagine
the wealth of opportunities.

XIU

But what of the U.S. Attorney?

The mayor sits next to Xiu.

MAYOR

I assure you, Mister Xiu, this deal
is a strictly need to know basis.

Xiu smiles and shakes the mayor's hand.

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Flies over the shining city, passing suburbs along the way.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A new white Cadillac speeds along a two lane highway flanked
by a pine forest.

Bright headlights lock on a road sign up a hill.

"ROCHESTER 5 MILES"

A black T spray-painted to make it ROTCHESTER.

The car reaches the top of the hill.

Half the city aglow below.

The near side dark and lonely.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Shooter's boot floors the gas.

Oleksiy lies handcuffed in the back.

Shooter adjusts the mirrors.

EXT. NORTH ROCHESTER - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A clear morning on a street of green manicured lawns.

ASHLEY NEWCOMER (5) in a PRINCESS DRESS carrying a big,
purple, floppy STUFFED BUNNY.

She hums a song as she clutches the rabbit tightly.

A car pulls up beside her.

The door opens.

Her backpack falls on the sidewalk.

The car speeds away.

INT. JOE NEWCOMER'S HOUSE - DAY

The darkened living room with closed curtains.

Newspapers lie strewn on the sofa, coffee table, and floor.

The television is muted showing the news.

A voice from the hall. Getting closer.

JOE NEWCOMER, 30, desperate, pleads into the phone.

JOE

But it's been a two days! She's not
even on the news!

He paces the hallway, passing PICTURES on the wall.

Himself, a lovely young woman.

The pair with a newborn wrapped in pink.

Them with an infant, then a toddler, then an older toddler.

Joe with 5-year-old Ashley. The woman is gone.

JOE

I understand he's busy...

He hesitates, touching the picture Ashley's nose.

JOE

...she's all I have left. Just have
him call me.

He hangs up. Places his fingers on her face.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Helicopter hovers over a sprawling mansion.

Lands in a vast lawn.

Blades spinning. The door flings open. Charlie flies out.

On the patio leaning against one of the Greek columns, HARVEY CURTIS, (40s), a man who's been there. A gray trench coat. Intimidating with his gray glare.

He holds a pornographic magazine.

Charlie rushes by. Harvey grabs his arm.

HARVEY

Hold up. I got a present for you.

Harvey shoves the magazine in Charlie's face.

Charlie jerks his arm away. Slaps the magazine from his face.

CHARLIE

Fuck off, Harv. You know I ain't
into that shit.

Charlie rushes through the door.

HARVEY

(to himself)
You should be.

The Mayor leads the businessmen.

MAYOR

Now that you've seen the entire city
by daylight, we can discuss a deal.

XIU

It all seems very pleasant. A good
opportunity for men of vision.

The businessmen enter. The mayor stays behind.

MAYOR

(to Harvey)
Is everything settled?

Harvey shoves the magazine into his pocket.

HARVEY

The father keeps calling.

MAYOR

And the news?

HARVEY

Keeping it quiet.

MAYOR

You know how important this deal is.
Make it go away for good.

He pats Harvey on the face with confident admiration.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The 20 story building stands short among its peers.

A news crew taking in between shots.

A crowd milling in and out.

Joe passes through security.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks up to a counter where a UNIFORMED CLERK stands. Disinterested as she fills out paperwork.

JOE

I'm here to see Commissioner Curtis.

She ignores him.

JOE

It's about my daughter, Ashley.

Still nothing.

JOE

She was kidnapped?

The clerk stops writing and looks at Joe.

CLERK

I'm very sorry to hear that, sir.
What was your name again?

JOE

Newcomer. Joe Newcomer.

She types away at the computer. "N-E-W-C--"

JOE

O-M-E-R. Newcomer. Joe.

CLERK

Yes, I see. One moment.

She goes behind a wall near the back.

Joe plays with a pen attached to a beaded chain.

The clerk comes back with her SUPERVISOR.

SUPERVISOR

How can I help you, Mr. Newcomer?

JOE
I'm here to see Commissioner Harvey
Curtis. My daughter's been missing
for three days now--

SUPERVISOR
(typing)
I see. Ashley. And why do you want
to see the commissioner?

Joe raises his voice.

JOE
Because nobody--

He collects himself and whispers.

JOE
Nobody is doing anything. I brought
the news van.

He motions outside to the van parked out front.

SUPERVISOR
One moment, please.

The supervisor and his clerk disappear behind the wall.
Muffled raised voices over the partitions.

INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Joe sits in front of a large oak desk piled high with files.

Awards for valor from his service adorn the wall.

A picture of Harvey in uniform holding a SNIPER RIFLE.

The door opens behind Joe. The hulking Harvey enters.

HARVEY
Mr. Newcomer. Thank you for coming
on such short notice.

JOE
But I--

HARVEY
Yeah, someone's losing their job for
this oversight.

He plops into his chair. The hydraulics squeak.

HARVEY

What can I do for you.

JOE

Tell your people to find my daughter!

HARVEY

I can assure you, we're working on it. Things are just a little on edge in Rochester right now. A lot of concerned investors--

JOE

And her story isn't money...

HARVEY

It drives it away.

Harvey gets up and makes his way around the desk.

He slides a pile aside and sits close to Joe.

HARVEY

We know where she is.

He slides a folder forward.

HARVEY

His name is Liam McGahan, goes by Shooter. He has your daughter on the South Side. We can't go get her.

Joe peruses the folder.

JOE

You're afraid?

HARVEY

Can't risk it. Last time my guys went in there--

Harvey rises.

HARVEY

See, they have gunners on the rooftops. They see a cop, they shoot. I had two men turned into a can of tuna.

JOE

So you won't get her.

HARVEY

I can't. But maybe you can help.
They got all these places for the
hipsters and yuppies along the river
bank on the old wharf. You get a
little curious about other places,
maybe you find him. When you do--

He hands Joe his business card.

HARVEY

This is my personal number. You call
me. I'll send my plain clothes down
and pick him up real quick.

JOE

If they can go down there for this--

HARVEY

They can't go searching around.
It'll arouse suspicion. But a man
looking everywhere for his daughter.
They get out before anyone notices.

Joe ponders.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Clothes shoved into a duffel bag.

Joe pulls a picture of Ashley from the frame beside his bed.
She holds the bunny, smiling.

The front door closes behind him.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - NIGHT

A cheap motel with fifteen minute rates. E-Z LE MOTEL.

The Cadillac pulls in.

Shooter exits the car and struts to the office.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - MOTEL - LATER

Shooter pushes the key into the lock and turns.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Street light floods through the open doorway. Shooter's silhouette falls on the beds.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - STREETS - NIGHT

A BLACK 68 CAMARO patrols the streets. It stops at pedestrians. They lean in for a moment, then back away.

The Camaro moves on.

INTERCUT

On a different street, a BLUE CADILLAC cruises.

Down the street and around the corner, stopping in front of bars and liquor stores.

THE CAMARO stops at a red light. A few dudes hang out under the street light.

INSIDE THE CAMARO

Joe leans over to the passenger window. He holds a picture.

JOE

Have you seen my little girl?

He changes pictures.

JOE

He was last seen with this man.

A black man looks at the second picture.

HUSTLER

Man, get the fuck outta here.

He pulls a gun.

OUTSIDE THE CAMARO

The car peels out against the red light.

THE BLUE CADILLAC stops in front of a pair of HOOKERS.

INSIDE THE CADILLAC

Shooter rolls down the window.

SHOOTER

Who's ready for the best night of
her life?

A HOOKER leans in.

HOOKER

Twenty, fifty, or a hundred.

Shooter grins. He pulls out several hundreds.

She gets in the car.

OUTSIDE THE CADILLAC

The car pulls into the street and does a U-turn.

THE CAMARO cruises, constantly rejected.

THE CADILLAC stops at the E-Z Le Motel.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - STREET - NIGHT

The Camaro pulls up on a trio of prostitutes. One of them,
NIKKI BIBLE (17), too cool for this life, leans in.

NIKKI

Awful late for a party.

Joe flashes the picture of Ashley.

JOE

Have you seen her?

NIKKI

We don't deal in babies. Get the
fuck outta here.

Joe gets out of the car.

JOE

It's my daughter. She was taken by
this man.

He shows her the picture of Shooter. The other two
prostitutes come in for a look.

PROSTITUTE 1

Yeah, I seen that guy cruising
earlier. Picked up a fresh one.

NIKKI

I never saw him.

JOE
Where is he???

PROSTITUTE 1
Time is money, honey.

JOE
This is my baby girl!

He shows Ashley's picture again.

NIKKI
Twenty for fifteen.

JOE
My girl is missing, and all you can
think about is money.

MIKO (40s), strong and furry in his get up, strolls around
the corner to the hubbub.

MIKO
You heard the ladies. Pay up.

JOE
I don't have time for this.

He heads for his car. Miko pulls out a handgun and pistol
whips Joe.

MIKO
You deaf? I said pay up!

Miko punches Joe as he lies on the ground. Joe frantically
reaches for his wallet.

Miko sees it and grabs it. Joe gathers himself to his feet.

Miko opens the wallet and takes out all the cash and debit
cards. He tosses the wallet at Joe.

MIKO
It's been a pleasure. Now lose
yourself before I do it for you.

Joe staggers to his car. Nikki watches. Her eyes say she's
upset, but her demeanor is cold.

INT. NORTH ROCHESTER - JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe paces his living room, phone in hand.

JOE
I can't do this. You need to go down there and get him yourself.

Harvey speaks on the other end.

HARVEY (FILTERED)
It was your first try, of course you're not getting anywhere. You have to immerse yourself--

JOE
I don't have time!

HARVEY (FILTERED)
Calm down, Joe. Look, go back down, get yourself a motel room, and walk the streets like a normal person.

JOE
They think I'm a cop?

HARVEY (FILTERED)
You go down driving around showing a picture of a wanted criminal...yeah.

Joe stops and sits on his couch.

JOE
So what do I do?

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harvey kicks back behind the mayor's desk.

HARVEY
You're a stranger to them. Maybe spend some time in the neighborhood joints. Don't look so desperate.

JOE (FILTERED)
But I am--

HARVEY
No one needs to know. Just be the new guy in town. Stop driving that car around. It's a dead give away.

JOE (FILTERED)
Right. Thanks.

Harvey hangs up. The mayor enters. Harvey's quick to his feet for such a big dude.

MAYOR

What news?

HARVEY

The problem will correct itself.

MAYOR

It better. Go check on Charlie. I
have a meeting with Mr. Xiu.

Harvey gives the mayor a half-hearted salute and leaves.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Harvey closes the door behind him and clunks down the stairs.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Beneath the mayor's office, Charlie hangs in the den
listening to music on his headphones reading Lolita.

Harvey enters and slaps him on the head.

HARVEY

You stupid fuck.

Charlie turns off the music and sets his book aside.

HARVEY

Do you have any idea the trouble
you're causing?

CHARLIE

What did I do???

HARVEY

You and your fucking toys. Why can't
you be a normal kid?

CHARLIE

I *am* normal. You're the weird one.

Harvey bends over to get into Charlie's face.

HARVEY

Get rid of it.

Gulp!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The mayor sits in a tall leather chair. Xiu sits on the sofa.

XIU

I must say, I'm impressed, Mayor Gold. I am somewhat suspicious of your unusually low crime rates. Usually in America...

MAYOR

I take great inspiration from Beijing, Xiu. A strong government makes for a peaceful society.

XIU

Indeed it does. May I ask, how did you accomplish it in this environment of "freedom"?

MAYOR

I offered the people peace, and they accepted. There's still the matter of South Rochester...

XIU

With our resources, it will be as ordered as it is here.

MAYOR

Can we convince your investors?

Xiu grins.

XIU

So long as there are no...interruptions in peace.

The mayor smiles. Sort of.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Harvey kicks Charlie out of the den.

HARVEY

Go do something useful.

CHARLIE

(under his breath)
Go fuck yourself.

Harvey closes the door. He pulls out his phone.

INT. E-Z LE MOTEL - SHOOTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oleksiy lies bound and gagged on the bed by the bathroom.

Shooter's in the bathroom taking a shit with the door open.
His phone chimes.

SHOOTER
Ah, fuck me.

He answers it.

SHOOTER
Harvey, hi! How ya goin', mate?

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - DEN - INTERCUT

Harvey kicks back.

HARVEY
Where are you?

SHOOTER
Oh, just laying low. You know how it
is, people out looking for ya.

HARVEY
Hang out for a few days. Someone
will be looking for you.

SHOOTER
Yeah? What do I do with him?

Harvey lies on the sofa.

HARVEY
Whatever you wish.

He hangs up.

INT. SHOOTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shooter looks at his phone before tossing it onto the carpet.

SHOOTER
You don't need to see this.

Shooter shuts the door.

Oleksiy cries.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - MONTAGE - DAY

Joe walks the neighborhood.

Joe knocks on doors. People kick and throw punches at him.

Joe talks to a mother with two kids on the street. She shakes her head.

Joe approaches a group of young men. They kick his ass until he runs away.

Joe goes into shops with flyers. Midday.

Joe comes out of shops with flyers. Dejected.

Joe stands on a street corner holding out flyers. Nobody takes one.

Joe walks the streets with his head down. Sunset.

Joe heads to the E-Z Le motel.

He opens the door to his room. He shuts it and crashes.

END MONTAGE

INT. E-Z LE MOTEL - SHOOTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shooter sits on his bed surrounded by piles of money.

SHOOTER

Well, shit, Oleksiy! You came prepared to live the good life.

Shooter stuffs the money into a new duffel bag.

SHOOTER

It's a shame, really. But, I promise to put it to good use.

He zips up the bag.

SHOOTER

Can't keep this in here for some maid to find, right?

He picks up the bag and opens the door.

SHOOTER

Be right back, mate.

EXT. E-Z LE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Shooter hauls the bag to the back of the car. He opens the trunk. People talking behind him.

He sets the bag down and closes the trunk. He turns to see TWO MEN next to a running car talking to the clerk.

SHOOTER
Aw, bloody hell.

He whips out his .44. The men see him and draw their weapons. Shooter fires BOOM BOOM BOOM!

One of the men falls. The other ducks for cover. He shoots.

Shooter rushes into the room.

SHOOTER
Fuck me! Time to go!

He grabs Oleksiy and flings him over his shoulder.

INT. JOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOOM BOOM BOOM! Joe stirs from his bed and hits the window.

That's him! He sees Shooter toss a body into the back of his car. Another man by the office shoots back.

Shooter gets in the passenger side.

Joe swings his door open and steps out. Gun fire.

EXT. E-Z LE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Shooter squeals out of the parking lot. The gunman gives chase, but not for long. He turns back. Sees Joe.

Joe lunges into his room and slams the door. He watches out the window as the man gets into his car and leaves.

He sits on his bed, light shining on him from outside.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - STREETS - NIGHT

Joe walks the streets, searching. He comes to the street where he met her. He sees them under the light down the way.

EXT. HOOKER HANG OUT - NIGHT

Joe approaches three women. Two of them leave.

JOE
You said you saw him?

PROSTITUTE 1
I ain't talking to no police.

Joe looks desperate.

JOE
He has my daughter. Miss, please...

She smiles.

PROSTITUTE 1
Miss? Don't you know who I am? Call me Alex.

Joe nods.

JOE
I just saw him at the E-Z Le Motel. Do you know where he might go?

ALEX
A guy like that doesn't want to be found, he ain't gonna be found. That's Rochester, baby.

JOE
You know him.

ALEX
I met him when I worked Central, down south of here. He likes the bad places. Maybe start there.

Miko charges in.

MIKO
Pig! What did I tell you!

Miko punches Joe.

MIKO
(to Alex)
Did he fuck you, yet?

ALEX
Miko, leave him alone. He's just looking for his kid.

MIKO

Bullshit!

Miko lays into Joe, popping him in the face and gut. Joe hits the ground, and Miko keeps coming. He kicks and stomps. Alex rushes him...

ALEX

Miko! No! He's not a cop!

Somehow she manages to pull Miko off.

MIKO

He smells like pig.

ALEX

(to Joe)

Go home, honey. You ain't gonna find him, now.

Joe coughs and spits up blood. He rolls on the ground as Alex leads Miko away.

He grabs his stomach and climbs to his feet.

He staggers down the street.

EXT. STREET CORNER - THE AGENCY - LATER

"THE AGENCY", in bright neon letter, sits on a dark corner near the bridge.

Mostly young people, twenties, line up outside.

TWO BOUNCERS man the velvet rope and a metal detector.

Joe drags himself across the street. A bouncer sees him.

BOUNCER

Oh, hell no.

He rushes across the street to Joe.

BOUNCER

No way, man. Don't bring your drama up in here.

Joe collapses as he gets to the sidewalk.

BOUNCER

Shit! Malcolm!

The other bouncer comes over. The first looks at Joe's face.

BOUNCER

Get Pete.

BLACKNESS - LATER

PETE (V.O.)

Jesus Christ.

MOMENTS LATER

PETE (V.O.)

Hey. Asshole. Wake up.

KISKA (V.O.)

Be nice. He's hurt.

Light begins to fade in.

INT. THE AGENCY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe opens his eyes to the platinum blonde stunner, KISKA (22), a girl with no wants but plenty of needs, placing a towel of ice on his eye.

PETE

About fucking time.

Joe looks past Kiska. PETE (30s) diminutive black Irish, descended from warriors and not afraid to show it, smirks.

JOE

Pete?

PETE

How ya doin', buddy?!

Pete is the type to laugh at his friends' misfortunes. Kiska speaks with a faint Ukrainian accent.

KISKA

Be nice!

Pete waves her off.

PETE

Joe and I go way back. Last I heard, you went to the police academy.

JOE

Four years before my daughter...

PETE
Congrats! Why didn't you call?

Joe waves Kiska away, politely.

PETE
Kiska, leave him be. He's a big boy.

Joe notices Kiska's swish skirt and tied up button down shirt, stockings up to her thigh.

JOE
Where am I?

Pete has this shit eating grin...

PETE
That's right. You don't know.

INT. DARK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A small room with a two-way mirror wall that looks out to...

THE AGENCY

A poppin' bar with a small dance floor in the middle.

PETE
Rich kids come here to slum it. The danger justifies the prices.

JOE
Danger? What danger?

Pete thwacks his forehead.

A lean man, BUTLER (40), man's the bar.

PETE
You need anything, you ask Butler there. He knows my people.

JOE
And the girl?

Pete makes a fist.

PETE
Don't shit where you eat.

INT. THE AGENCY - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Joe sit at the table with beer.

PETE

Shit, man. That's rough. But that's no reason to come down here. Not looking like a choir boy.

JOE

I found him tonight. The fucked up thing is, we were neighbors.

Pete narrowly chokes on his beer.

PETE

Where?

JOE

The motel. Just down the street.

PETE

Interesting.

Pete sips his beer.

EXT. SOUTH SUBURBS - NIGHT

Bullet holes punctuate the Cadillac.

A kitten plays with a moth in a pool of light.

The Caddy stops. Shooter gets out.

Shooter lifts the kitten into his big paws and walks up to the only house with a light on.

EXT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Clutching the kitten. Shooter bangs on the door.

The sound of bolts being undone. *thwick thwick shhk*

Shooter keeps his free hand on the revolver.

A LITTLE OLD LADY in a nightgown opens the door.

SHOOTER

'scuse me, mum. Did you lose this?

OLD LADY

What's that?

Shooter holds the kitten up.

SHOOTER
Kitten!

She unlocks the security door and opens it.

OLD LADY
What kitten?

SHOOTER
Jesus. This one!

The kitten lowered, the .44 in the old woman's face.

Shooter pushes in.

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slams the door shut.

SHOOTER
Anyone else?

An old man sitting in a recliner snoring.

SHOOTER
Well, then. Ain't this nice. What's
for dinner!

EXT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A pair of MUZZLE FLASHES light the window. BOOM! BOOM!

INT. THE AGENCY - NIGHT

Kiska drops off rounds to her tables, weaving gracefully
through the crowd.

Joe sits at the bar as Butler sets up a tray.

BUTLER
She's special.

Joe fades in and out with the music.

JOE
Who?

Butler motions to Kiska in the crowded bar.

JOE

I hope so.

Butler reaches into an empty cooler.

BUTLER

This is going to take me a minute.

Motions to her again.

Joe complies.

Joe's eyes trail back to Butler as he eases toward her. OOF!
He bumps into Kiska.

A shot glass falls from Kiska's tray.

Joe drops down and snatches it before it hits the floor.

KISKA

Mighty quick on the draw, cowboy.

He's still staring when he finally hears her.

She gazes down at him. Her voice softens.

KISKA

Are you always this fast?

Joe rises, glancing around to see if anyone is watching.
Butler is. Joe glances at the mirror.

KISKA

(softer)

I got it.

Joe's eyes pass over hers. She smiles.

She takes the glass from him, gliding across his fingers.

KISKA

Thanks for saving the town, cowboy.

She sashays into the crowd.

Butler laughs.

Joe follows Kiska to the bar. Kiska picks up the loaded tray.

She winks and smiles and takes her tray into the crowd.

BUTLER

Like I said...

Joe shudders.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - DEN - NIGHT

The dim glow of a desk lamp complements the fire illuminating the room.

Harvey and the Mayor sit in over-sized leather chairs enjoying brandy with a cigar.

The Mayor folds a newspaper.

MAYOR

Buried in the middle. Why is this still a problem

HARVEY

I took care of the noise.

MAYOR

But it's still in the paper! Can't you tell them you found her?!

HARVEY

I'm sorry, Ezra. But these things take time. I'll know as soon as it happens.

MAYOR

So long as it does.

The Mayor rises to stand before the fire.

HARVEY

And the other side of that coin?

MAYOR

It's my problem to deal with. If it comes to that, make no mistake that I will not hesitate to permanently end that problem. You worry about your problem.

Harvey chokes down his brandy.

HARVEY

I got it.

Harvey exits.

The Mayor stares distantly into the fireplace.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's a 22 year old's room. Nu Metal posters on the wall.

Charlie chills in his bed listening to music on his headphones. STATIC-X - "WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP"

A soft knock at the door.

Charlie's just rocking out.

A harsher knock.

MAYOR (O.S.)

Charlie!

Pounding on the door now. POOM POOM POOM!

Charlie stops rockin' and looks at the door. He takes off the headphones.

POOM POOM POOM!

MAYOR (O.S.)

Charlie, open this door!

Charlie huffs and slips off his bed.

He unlocks the door and sits on the edge.

The door opens. Mayor Goldman isn't pleased.

MAYOR

Charlie, we need to talk.

CHARLIE

I'll get rid of it when I'm done.

MAYOR

It's more than that. It's like I don't know you anymore. Remember all the fun we used to have?

Charlie looks up, puzzled.

CHARLIE

We still have fun, Grandpa.

The mayor is taken aback.

CHARLIE

Like when you take me on your business trips and we get to see all these weird places.

MAYOR

I hadn't realized you enjoyed it.

CHARLIE

It's coming home I don't like.

The mayor sits next to Charlie.

MAYOR

Maybe we can find a nice island for you, far away from here. A nice warm place where young women dress in as little as possible.

Charlie leans his head on Grandpa's shoulder.

CHARLIE

You're always looking out for me.

MAYOR

It's what we do for those we love.

INT. THE AGENCY - OFFICE - NIGHT

Kiska leads Joe in. Pete tosses Joe a set of keys.

PETE

Stay at my place tonight. We'll figure the rest out tomorrow.

Joe is slightly confused.

PETE

Kiska will drop you off.

Kiska giggles. Joe lights up.

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kiska drives an old sporty car. Red, of course. The car stops in front of a dingy two story townhouse.

INSIDE KISKA'S CAR

KISKA

It isn't much to look at, but it isn't much to sleep in, either.

JOE

You and Pete??

Kiska chuckles.

KISKA

Isn't it too soon to be jealous?

Joe face palms himself.

KISKA

Pete has parties here sometimes. We all crash when it's over. You'll like it. It's comfortable.

JOE

You're a good caregiver.

KISKA

I've done nothing. Yet.

She smiles.

KISKA

It's the silver key.

She points it out.

KISKA

That one.

Joe shows the key and smiles. He opens the door.

OUTSIDE KISKA'S CAR

Joe stands on the curb as Kiska drives away.

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shooter dances around the kitchen to "Land Down Under".

SHOOTER

...Vegemite sandwich, and she say!

Shooter shoves a sandwich in his mouth. Grabs a beer from the fridge. Lounges in the recliner.

The old couple are stacked on the couch.

Shooter flips through channels.

SHOOTER

Bloody...nothing! You pay all this money for cable, and there's never anything on when you have the day off! Eh?!

He slaps the back of the couch.

SHOOTER

Oi! I said, you pay all this money...

After realizing that they're never talking again...

SHOOTER

Bloody corpses. No sense of humor.

The phone rings.

Shooter eats.

It keeps ringing.

He keeps eating.

RING!

He stops eating.

He answers the phone.

A Russian accent speaks on the other end.

SERGEI (FILTERED)

Where are you?

Shooter grabs the receiver.

SHOOTER

Sergio! How ya doin', mate! Had an incident at the motel. I'm up here on the north side.

SERGEI (FILTERED)

Do not take it to Goldman.

Shooter looks at the sack of money on the table.

SHOOTER

Wouldn't think of it.

SERGEI (FILTERED)

I'll be home in three days. I want everything on my doorstep.

He hangs up the phone.

SHOOTER

Jesus cunt Christ.

(to the corpses)

Can you believe that? Thinks he's taking my money...

The bodies glare wide-eyed.

SHOOTER

Exactly.

Shooter switches the TV on...

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe snoozes on the couch. Pete makes coffee. He can see Joe through the bar/counter between them, pots hanging.

Pete bangs on a pot with a spoon BING BING BING BING!

Joe stirs.

JOE

Motherfucker.

PETE

Get your ass up. Go find your daughter. Coffee?

Joe looks at Pete with bleary eyes. He nods.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - STREETS - MONTAGE - DAY

Joe hits the streets in the Camaro.

Up and through the bleak streets of the south side.

He talks to anyone he can find. He gets out of his car now.

A woman with three kids points south.

Joe thanks her and gets in the car.

South, searching through the windshield.

A Cadillac. It's not blue.

Joe passes a bar called THE OUTLAW. He's in Central.

The people are less friendly, but they don't beat him.

Joe stops at a bus stop to ask. Nope. Not a one.

Joe hits a dead end.

He returns to Pete's house.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe walks in, hanging shoulders with his jacket over.

PETE
Give up already?

JOE
Maybe she was right. Maybe he
doesn't want to be found.

PETE
Who?

JOE
Alex, this prostitute.

PETE
Ah. What's this guy's name again?

JOE
Shooter McGahan.

PETE
Shooter, right. And why do you think
he has your kid?

JOE
Cops won't come down here. They
said, he's got Ashley. If I want
her, I have to go get her.

PETE
Fucking Christ.

Pete grabs his jacket.

PETE
Come on. Let's make you useful.

He pulls out his keys and pulls Joe along.

EXT. THE AGENCY - DAY

Pete's car pulls into the parking lot to the side of the
building. It's fenced in, for employees only.

Pete and Joe get out.

INT. THE AGENCY - BOTTOM FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A chain linked cage with a counter inside the door. Pete leads Joe past it and up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens to the hallway where the office is. Pete slides down and unlocks the office door.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe sits at the table.

PETE

You're not going to be searching all night. You'll get killed. So keep an eye out front while I do my shit.

JOE

What's your shit?

Pete grins...

PETE

Don't you worry about it.

He play slaps Joe on the cheek.

PETE

Talk to Butler and Malcolm & Duane. Make sure the waitresses are cool.

JOE

Are you asking me to manage?

PETE

I'm asking you to stay out of trouble. You don't know what's going on down here. It's best you lay low.

Pete takes Joe up and leads him out the door to the...

HALLWAY

Pete leads Joe to the door at the end. It opens to the...

BAR

Butler busies himself cleaning behind the bar. He waves.

PETE

Have fun!

And closes the door on Joe.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - DEN - DAY

Charlie chills on the couch listening to music on the stereo without headphones reading his book. It booms.

The doors fly open. A furious mayor storms in and heads directly to the stereo.

He reaches down and yanks out the chord...

CHARLIE

Hey!

Charlie sees his grandfather.

CHARLIE

Oh. Sorry grandpa.

MAYOR

Have you taken care of it, yet?

CHARLIE

It's in my room.

The mayor thinks a moment...

MAYOR

Leave it alone until Xiu and his men are gone. Then I want you to dispose of it. No more trash!

CHARLIE

I'm going out tonight.

MAYOR

Staying out of trouble I hope?

Charlie stands up to greet his grandfather.

CHARLIE

I always stay out of trouble. It's this bar I go to on the south side.

MAYOR

Stay away from that side of town!

CHARLIE
It's cool. It's right by the bridge.
Everybody goes there.

MAYOR
I still don't like the idea of you
gallivanting with commoners.

CHARLIE
Can I stay in my room, then?

The mayor's face turns sour.

MAYOR
Get out.

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Shooter packs his heat.

Grabs some cash. Hides the rest.

A soft whining from upstairs catches him

SHOOTER
Oleksiy! I told you to keep that
girl quiet! I'm trusting you!

He takes a set of keys off a hook next to the door.

SHOOTER
I'll be back, mate. Just gonna drop
the old car off. Don't worry. I'll
ride the bus home.

Exits.

EXT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Shooter's face glows as he opens the garage door.

A 1960 Cadillac DeVille convertible.

A Grinchy grin across his face.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - STREET - NIGHT

A dilapidated muscle car with mismatched parts sits across
from the E-Z Le Motel.

INT. MUSCLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Two men sit and wait.

DALE (40), lanky and long haired from the Australian bush, smokes in the driver's seat with the window rolled down.

ANTHONY (40), clean cut, a family man from the suburbs of Melbourne, in the passenger seat looking out the windshield.

ANTHONY

Why do you think he'll come back?

DALE

Maybe he forgot something.

ANTHONY

What do we do if we find him?

DALE

Rock, paper, scissors?

ANTHONY

Nah. I always lose.

Dale takes a long drag of his cigarette. Tosses the butt out.

ANTHONY

Hey, remember that time in Melbourne we tracked down that drug dealer?

DALE

(laughing)

And Shooter drank all the booze, so he downed a bottle of Aqua Velva!

ANTHONY

(laughing)

The idiot was foaming at the mouth!

Dale calms himself.

DALE

And remember what happened when we found the drug dealer?

ANTHONY

Yeah I'd never seen brains scattered against a wall like that before.

DALE

Me neither. He really liked that guy, too.

ANTHONY
He really likes you.

Dale practically shits himself.

Anthony takes a deep breath. He looks at Dale, makes a fist and nods questioning.

Dale sighs.

ANTHONY
One, two three, go.

Dale loses.

DALE
Fuck me.

They see Shooter's Caddy pull into the...

PARKING LOT

Shooter gets out of the car. Walks to the door under the headlights. Unlocks it. Enters.

ANTHONY
Are you ready?

DALE
What do I do?

ANTHONY
I don't know. Talk to him?

Dale gets out of the car.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dale hesitates.

Anthony urges him on from inside the car.

Dale crosses the street.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dale walks cautiously up to Shooter who hasn't noticed him.

DALE
How ya going, mate?

Shooter looks up startled. Smiles wide.

SHOOTER
Dale, ya old humma, what are you
doing here!

Shooter reaches out and crushes Dale in a bear hug.

Shooter releases him. Dale gasps for breath.

DALE
Oh, you know. Working. Shooting
people. The usual.

SHOOTER
Yeah, and how's Anthony?

DALE
Oh, he's great. He's in the car.

Dale turns and points toward Anthony.

Anthony waves.

Shooter waves back.

SHOOTER
Still working for Pete?

DALE
Yeah. Business is good.

SHOOTER
What's your business here and now?

Dale *really* doesn't want to tell him.

DALE
Sergei wants to see you.

SHOOTER
Aw, fuck me! Why'd it have to be
you, Dale?

DALE
I lost.

SHOOTER
Bad luck, mate.

Shooter reaches to his waistband and pulls out his .44.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Dale ducks behind the car. Avoids the first two shots. The
third one hits his leg.

Anthony jumps from the car. Rushes in firing.

POP POP POP!

Shooter closes the trunk. Ducks behind the car. Gets in,
Tears off before Anthony gets there.

Anthony kneels by Dale.

DALE

Fuck me.

ANTHONY

Did you get hit.

DALE

Yeah! In me leg.

Anthony helps Dale up.

Back to the car.

INT. THE AGENCY - BAR - NIGHT

Crowded.

Butler and the waitresses are in the weeds.

Joe helps where he can.

A groovy song plays on the jukebox.

Joe and Kiska run into each other on the dance floor.

Kiska stops in front of him, smiles. Moves her hips to the
groove, mesmerizing Joe.

He eases around her. She dances against him as he moves.

SPOOKY by The Classics IV plays on the jukebox.

KISKA

Oh my god, I love this song!

Kiska sways her hips and rolls her shoulders.

JOE

Excuse me.

Kiska dances in the middle of the dance floor.

KISKA

Have a seat, cowboy. I got it.

Joe gazes.

Kiska sways and rolls. She's electric.

Joe loses himself in her radiance.

Kiska dances under the light. Joe stares.

EXT. THE AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Dale's car slides to a stop before turning into the lot.

It screeches to a halt outside the door.

Anthony gets out of the drivers seat, rushes to help Dale.

INT. THE AGENCY - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Anthony and Dale burst into the office.

INT. THE AGENCY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Anthony helps Dale to a chair. Pete leaps from his desk and closes the door.

PETE

What did you do?!

ANTHONY

We hit a little snag.

DALE

He shit me!

PETE

Well, they do call him Shooter.

DALE

Fuck ya, mate. Get me the docs.

Pete picks up the phone, rolling his eyes.

PETE

Fine, ya big baby.

INT. THE AGENCY - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kiska finishes her dance and glides to Joe at the bar.

KISKA
Any luck finding your daughter?

JOE
This place doesn't like to talk.

KISKA
Maybe you ask the wrong people!

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Waitress! Hey, Kiki!

Kiska groans.

KISKA
This guy is such an asshole.

JOE
Want me to kick him out?

Kiska smiles...

KISKA
I can handle it!

She moves through the crowd to...

CHARLIE'S TABLE

Charlie sits with his knees together, glass in hand.

CHARLIE
I need a refill.

Kiska takes the glass. Charlie opens his knees to reveal his worm hanging out of his fly. Charlie laughs.

Kiska drops the glass. She swipes a knuckle blade from her garter. She swings it, stopping at Charlie's neck.

The bouncers rush in. Joe makes for the office.

INT. THE AGENCY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Anthony and Dale have a beer with Pete, waiting.

Joe bursts into the room.

JOE
I think Kiska's gonna kill someone!

Joe stops when he sees the Aussies.

The blood pouring from Dale's leg. Anthony smiles.

CUT TO

Pete slams Joe into a chair by the shoulders. Dale and Anthony glare at him.

DALE
I say we kill him.

Dale drops his revolver on the table. *Gulp!*

ANTHONY
It's the only way to be sure.

Pete comes around and puts his face in Joe's.

PETE
That's two. I make three. You shouldn't have come in here. I warned you.

JOE
I didn't know! You never tell me anything! Come on, man!

PETE
(to Dale)
Rock paper scissors for it?

Pete moves around Joe to Dale. Anthony rises.

DALE
Fuck it.

They put their palms out and make fists. 1-2-3...

PETE
Fuck me!

DALE
Yes!

ANTHONY
Two in one night!

Dale side eyes Anthony. He picks up his revolver.

Joe quakes.

DALE
Hold him still!

Pete moves behind Joe and grabs his shoulders.

JOE
What the fuck, Pete! Wha'd I do?

PETE
You fucked up, that's what.

DALE
Steady. I'm still a little shook up
from the bullet in me leg.

Pete grips Joe.

Dale raises the revolver.

JOE
Come on, Pete! This isn't funny!

ANTHONY
Ya shouldn't have come in, mate.

Dale targets Joe's head.

Pete holds Joe's head still.

Joe sweats.

CLICK!

Pete and the Aussies laugh. He lets go of Joe and pats him on
the back.

PETE
You're alive because you're my
friend. Knock next time.

JOE
Wha--?

PETE
These are my guys, Dale...

DALE
G'day.

PETE
...and Anthony.

ANTHONY
Cheers.

JOE
That's a real gun?

Dale spreads the bullets on the table.

DALE
Mind your surroundings, mate.

PETE
Waddya want?

Joe centers himself.

JOE
Kiska. Some guy...

PETE
She can handle herself. Look.

Pete takes Joe to the...

DARK ROOM

Duane holds Kiska back as Malcolm escorts Charlie out. She kicks and curses in Ukrainian.

PETE
Come on. Since we have something in common, I'll show you.

INT. THE AGENCY - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe knocks on the office door. It opens a crack.

PETE (O.S.)
Get in here.

Joe enters...

THE OFFICE

Pete sits at his computer desk doing his shit.

PETE
Now before you ask any questions--

JOE
What the hell was that?

Pete swings around in his chair.

PETE
Listen. I run a business here.

JOE
I'm aware of that.

Pete's evil grin...

PETE
No. You're really not.

CUT TO - FIRST FLOOR CAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Pete opens the cage and lets Joe in. He opens a drawer and pulls out manila envelopes.

PETE
These are the jobs we do. We can't say who pays us, we just know that when the money comes, we did our job.

Pete opens a metal drawer in the wall.

PETE
That's what this is for.

He puts the envelopes back in the drawer and locks it.

PETE
Come on.

INT. THE AGENCY - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Joe sit across from each other. Pete opens an envelope and slides the contents to Joe.

Joe turns over documents with numbers and criminal records.

PETE
We get their particulars, we do the dirty work.

JOE
How--

PETE
It pays well. Anthony and Dale were looking for him when you busted in.

Pete slides the picture across. Shooter.

JOE
You knew?

PETE
You were barking up the wrong tree? Looks like we have a common goal.

Joe stares at the picture.

PETE
What do you have?

Joe throws the picture down.

JOE
Tough luck. Found his car, but he
was long gone.

Pete packs up the papers.

PETE
If you find him, you call me first.
You hear me? Don't call Harvey
Bullshit or your girlfriend, call me
immediately.

JOE
OK?

PETE
Next time, the gun will be loaded.

He opens the door for Joe to leave.

PETE
Of course, that's if Shooter doesn't
kill you first.

HALLWAY

Pete closes the door on Joe.

INT. THE AGENCY - BAR - LATER

The last patrons finish their drinks, taking their time.

Kiska sits with Joe in the private booth by the mirror.

JOE
Where did you learn to brawl?

An innocent grin...

KISKA
Where I grew up, you have to know
how to fight.

JOE
Do you know?

Kiska doesn't know what he's talking about.

JOE
Pete. What he does.

KISKA
I don't know what you're talking
about. Pete owns this bar.

Joe fiddles with his bottle...

JOE
You go in the office a lot?

KISKA
Only when they need a refill. What's
going on?

JOE
There still might be a chance to
find him.

She smiles.

KISKA
I know you will.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - THE OUTLAW - NIGHT

Shooter staggers out. He makes it to the street and down a
ways to the bus stop.

The bus comes quickly.

Shooter shuffles in his pockets, then boards.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The mayor sits behind his desk looking at his vast lawn.
Harvey stands next to him.

HARVEY
Sergei's men know he's here. We have
to bring him up now.

MAYOR
Not until this deal is done. We
don't want to risk open war with the
Russians. He can wait.

Harvey lights a cigar.

HARVEY

Charlie got into one last night.

MAYOR

He told me he'd behave.

HARVEY

I keep telling you, you have to cut his dick off. He's not gonna stop.

The mayor rises and faces Harvey.

MAYOR

It may come to that.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - STREETS - DAY

The Camaro cruises the streets.

INSIDE THE CAMARO

Kiska accompanies Joe this time. She plays with the radio. She finds classic rock.

KISKA

Are you sure this man took her?

JOE

He's the only lead I got.

KISKA

A lot of people look for Shooter. The ones who don't find him are the lucky ones.

Joe looks at her like she's crazy.

KISKA

I told you. I know things. If you ask nicely, maybe I can help.

Joe chuckles.

JOE

You're helping right now.

Kiska spots something ahead. She points.

KISKA

There!

OUTSIDE THE CAMARO

The Camaro pulls to a literal dead end where Shooter's shot up car sits abandoned.

Joe and Kiska get out.

JOE

Fuck.

Kiska gets back in the car.

KISKA

Come with me!

Joe gets in and starts the engine.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DAY

The Camaro sits at the edge of a grassy clearing. A stump on one end holds a collection of cans.

BANG! PINGK!

Kiska fires off a round.

KISKA

Now you.

JOE

I don't see how shooting cans is going to help.

KISKA

You remember the firing range. It's a place of focus.

JOE

How do you--

KISKA

Shush! Just shoot.

BANG! PINGK!

JOE

This isn't helping.

He turns for the car. Kiska grabs the gun.

She faces the cans and takes a deep breath.

BANG! PINGK!

KISKA
Come. Hold the pistol.

Joe takes the gun and faces the targets. Kiska stands behind him, her hands on his. They raise the gun.

KISKA
Relax. Breathe.

They take a deep breath.

KISKA
Now shoot.

BANG! PINGK!

Joe lowers the gun slowly.

JOE
A man that popular has to come up
for air sometime.

KISKA
Now you get it!

BANG! PINGK!

INT. THE AGENCY - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe closes the hall door behind him. Kiska waits by the bar talking to Butler.

He looks up as she smiles at him. He goes to her.

JOE
Did you know?

KISKA
Know what?

PETE
What Pete is. Is that who you know?

Kiska slides from her bar stool and takes his hands.

KISKA
Yes, I knew. No, he's not the one.
Come. You spend tonight with me.

EXT. SOUTH ROCHESTER - THE OUTLAW - NIGHT

A half full parking lot. Slow night.

Joe's car finds a spot and parks. The door opens. Joe gets out and rushes to the other side.

He opens the door for Kiska. Joe takes her hand and helps her out, closing the door behind her. She looks glamorous.

The walk arm in arm.

INT. THE OUTLAW BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kiska leads Joe into the bar. They pass the host stand and go straight to the bar. Kiska calls the bartender over.

KISKA
Is Lawrence here?

The bartender points to the back of the bar beyond a set of pool tables.

In a private booth in the corner by the window sits LAWRENCE (50s), a black man who has seen it all, a scar on his face.

Kiska tips the bartender.

KISKA
Thank you.

The bartender waves to get Lawrence's attention. When he does, he points to Kiska.

Lawrence waves them over.

KISKA
Come on! Manna's here, too. You'll like her.

INT. THE OUTLAW - PRIVATE BOOTH - LATER

Empty bottles on the table, the four sit around.

LAWRENCE
Sounds like you've gotten tougher since you worked here. I should bring you back.

KISKA
You're the one who made me leave!

She play slaps him.

LAWRENCE
For your own protection!

Lawrence looks at Joe.

LAWRENCE
I hear you're looking for someone.

JOE
I just want to find my daughter.

MANNA
Be nice, Lawrence. The boy's lost.

LAWRENCE
No.

Lawrence motions behind Joe.

SHOOTER sits at the bar.

Joe jerks up. His wrist is pinned to the table by Lawrence's hand. He looks back, *Let me go!*

Lawrence shakes his head.

LAWRENCE
This is a place full of bad men.
You're outnumbered. He's been coming
in every night.

Joe looks at Kiska. She knows people.

MANNA
He'll close the bar down. You can
come back.

Joe eyes Shooter. He seethes. He'll wait.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Joe pours a bowl of cereal on the table.

Ashley jaunts in wearing her princess costume from last Halloween. She climbs on her chair.

JOE
Aren't you forgetting someone?

She gasps! She races to her bedroom.

Joe pours the milk.

Ashley races back with a big floppy stuffed purple bunny.

ASHLEY

Can I take him to school?

Joe sits with his coffee.

JOE

Only if you promise to keep him with
you. Remember, it's one of a kind.
Like my little Doodlebug.

Ashley delights as she tears into her bowl.

She stops...

ASHLEY

Is mom still coming home soon?

Joe sets his mug down and sighs, silhouetted by the light
from the window. He takes a deep breath.

JOE

Sweetheart, I have to tell you
something important. It might hurt
to hear, and it might make you cry.

ASHLEY

Can I stay home from school?

JOE

Mommy's gone away for a while. I
don't know when she's coming back.

Ashley shovels her spoon in her mouth.

JOE

She might not.

Ashley finishes swallowing.

ASHLEY

It's OK.

Joe gets up and crosses the table.

JOE

Still wanna stay home from school?

ASHLEY

No. I want to show Floppy Bunny.

He takes Ashley in his arms.

JOE
Just hold him tight like this...

He squeezes, she giggles.

EXT. BOAT PLAZA - LATER

Kiska and Joe sit on a large fountain in the center of the brick square. She wraps her arm around him.

JOE
That's the last time I saw her.

KISKA
How could she leave such a precious little girl? And a great guy?

JOE
She was 19. I get it. I just wish...

Kiska squeezes Joe.

Kiska shows him her pendant, a half clam shell with a pearl.

KISKA
My grandfather gave me this. It's all I have left of my family.

Joe holds it between his fingers.

JOE
It's beautiful.

KISKA
I want you to hold it. For tonight.

Joe sets it against her chest.

JOE
It's too valuable. I can't.

They come tantalizingly close...

KISKA
I think you should go now.

JOE
There's too little time.

KISKA
There's no time.

INT. THE OUTLAW BAR - NIGHT

Joe and Lawrence sit in a booth on the other side of the pool tables and past the bar. Blues rock plays on the jukebox.

Joe glances anxiously out the window every few seconds.

LAWRENCE

Relax!

Shooter orders another shot. Joe excuses himself.

INT. THE OUTLAW BAR - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe pulls the business card Harvey gave him. Dials.

HARVEY (FILTERED)

Curtis.

JOE

I found him. You have to come quick.
He's only here for a little while.
The Outlaw Bar--

HARVEY (FILTERED)

Cool it kid. I can't just send my
guys down there at the drop of a
dime. It takes time. Keep him there.

JOE

I can't! I have it on good authority
that he will kill me.

HARVEY (FILTERED)

Well, then, you'd better keep an eye
on him and call me back.

He hangs up.

INT. PRIVATE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Joe returns to the table and takes his seat.

JOE

How can I keep him here?

LAWRENCE

You can't.

MANNA

Go stand behind him real quick.
Don't let him see you.

Joe hesitates and picks up his drink...

MANNA

No! Leave your drink! Go--

He sets his drink down and as surreptitiously as he can.

INT. THE OUTLAW - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe moves and stands in a shadow behind Shooter.

MANNA

Yoo hoo! Shooter!

Shooter and Joe turn to see Lawrence and Manna waving, confusing Joe.

Shooter raises his glass.

SHOOTER

How are ya, mate!

Lawrence waves for Shooter to come over.

Shooter leaves his seat, drink in hand.

Joe sees the keys Shooter has left on the bar. As Shooter stumbles up, Joe reaches behind and snags them before slipping out the door.

EXT. THE OUTLAW - CONTINUOUS

Joe watches through the window as Shooter laughs and has a jolly old time talking to Lawrence and Manna. He waits.

SHOOTER

(muted by the window)

I gotta go get me bottle.

Shooter turns his back on the window.

Joe races low and quick to the driver's door of the Caddy. He slips the key in and turns. The door unlocks. He quietly opens the door, reaches around, and unlocks the back door.

He looks back to the window. Shooter is railing at the bar.

Joe locks and closes the driver's door, leaving the key in the lock.

He crawls to the back door and opens it slightly. One more look to the window. Where's Shooter? Joe quickly opens the door, crawls in, closes it as quickly and quietly as he can.

INT. CADDY - BACK SEAT - CONTINUOUS

Joe lies on the floor of the back seat. He hears Lawrence and Shooter arguing. Shooter slurs his words.

SHOOTER

I left them on the bar when I went to talk to you. I know he took 'em.

LAWRENCE

I'm sure he didn't.

The voices are louder now.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CADDY - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence walks with Shooter to the car, trying to calm him down. He spots the keys in the door.

LAWRENCE

See? Here they are. Did you drink before you got here?

SHOOTER

I guess I did. At any rate, you and your wife have a wonderful night. Apologize to the bartender if ya would, mate.

They shake hands.

Shooter gets in the car and pulls away as Lawrence walks back inside. He turns on the headlights and drives away.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LATER

He sticks to the side roads as much as he can, only taking the main roads in short stretches.

He turns down a tree-lined street where the old couple used to live, where Shooter is staying.

The Caddy pulls into the garage.

The garage door closes.

Joe's silhouette sneaks up behind Shooter's. The arm raises, then lowers swiftly. It happens twice more.

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - LATER

Shooter is duct-taped tightly to a chair in the living room, still unconscious. A large pile of wrapped money on the dining room table.

Joe pulls out his phone. Tap tap, Pete's name on the screen. He stares at it before...

Tap, tap, tap. KISKA.

He calls. He puts the phone to his ear. It rings.

He hangs up.

He backs out tap, tap, tap.

Tap. HARVEY.

He calls...

JOE

Come on.

INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harvey snatches his phone.

HARVEY

What!

JOE (FILTERED)

I got him. We're in a neighborhood on the south side.

HARVEY

Got who? Who is this?

JOE (FILTERED)

Joe Newcomer. I got Shooter McGahan.

Harvey's jaw drops.

HARVEY

Is everything there?

JOE (FILTERED)

My daughter isn't

HARVEY

Call me when you know.

JOE (FILTERED)

What? No! I can't keep a man tied up all night!

HARVEY

Call me!

Harvey hangs up.

HARVEY

God dammit.

Mayor Goldman bursts through the doors.

HARVEY

Shit.

MAYOR

What news? The Chinese are ready to close the deal.

HARVEY

It's all taken care of.

MAYOR

And the other problem?

Harvey leans back.

HARVEY

You tell me.

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe finds Oleksiy bound and gagged in the bed. Oleksiy trembles, wide-eyed.

Joe sits on the bed next to the old man and removes the gag from his mouth.

Oleksiy gasps for air.

OLEKSIY

Please. Let me go.

JOE

Have you seen a little girl?

Oleksiy shakes his head. He's been in worse situations.

Joe notices a pendant on Oleksiy's chest. Pearl with clam shell. It could be the twin of Kiska's. Joe reaches for it and lifts it between his fingers.

OLEKSIY

Kiska.

Joe reaches around Oleksiy's neck.

OLEKSIY

No!

Joe unhooks the pendant and removes it.

OLEKSIY

Please!

JOE

Shhh. She's safe.

He puts the gag over Oleksiy's mouth.

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joe stands before Shooter looking menacing. He slaps him.

JOE

Wake up.

Nothing. He slaps him again, harder.

JOE

Wake up, you sick fuck!

Shooter stirs and lightly groans.

Joe slaps him even harder.

Shooter's eyes slowly open as his head wobbles.

Joe slaps him again. Shooter shoots to life.

SHOOTER

Alright! I'm up! Jesus fuck.

JOE

Where is she?

SHOOTER

Oi, mate. Can't a man piss first?

JOE

What did you do with my daughter?

SHOOTER

No, really. I'm gonna piss meself.

JOE

Where is my daughter!

Joe tenses and raises the gun. He cracks Shooter on the side of the head.

SHOOTER

Fuck me! There are better ways to get a man to talk, ya know.

Joe cracks Shooter in the jaw. Shooter spits a little blood on the floor.

SHOOTER

Ah, fuck. You're really asking for it now.

Joe puts the barrel of the gun in Shooter's left eye.

JOE

Last time.

SHOOTER

What? The hooker? I paid her and she left and that was it.

JOE

She's not even six!

He punches Shooter in the eye. Shooter remains composed.

SHOOTER

Then I am afraid we are at an impasse. I don't know who you mean.

JOE

(breathes deeply)

You took a little girl off the street. What did you do?

SHOOTER

Look, mate. You're barking up the wrong tree. I'm not into kids.

JOE

That's not what I was told.

SHOOTER

By whom, may I ask?

Joe steps back, calming himself, trying to be rational.

JOE

It doesn't matter who told me.

SHOOTER

I beg to differ. Anyone who knows me knows I don't mess with kids. That's a death sentence where I come from. A man could get tortured to death. Kind of like this, but with more torches and hedge clippers.

Joe paces.

SHOOTER

Look, mate. I just need to piss.

JOE

Sorry. I don't need you killing me. Not before you tell me where my daughter is.

SHOOTER

I promise not to hurt you any worse than you hurt me.

JOE

Why won't you talk!

SHOOTER

Because you don't have the nuggets. Plus, I don't even know what you're fucking talking about. If you have a missing daughter and she's down here, well, if she's not already, she's as good as dead.

Joe punches Shooter.

INT. THE AGENCY - NIGHT

A bar full of dancing people, mostly women.

Kiska walks through the bar and across the dance floor, moving her hips to the music as she pauses in the middle. She continues to the private table by the mirror.

It's empty. Kiska taps on the mirror.

She walks back through the door and to the office.

INT. THE AGENCY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pete, Dale, and Anthony play cards. A tap at the door.

PETE

Enter!

The door opens and Kiska walks in with her tray.

KISKA

Have you seen Joe tonight?

Pete deals a hand of cards, focusing on the game.

PETE

He's out working on a project for me. He should be back before closing. Why?

Anthony stares at his cards before pushing some chips forward. Dale glares at him, looking for a tell.

Pete raises after Dale calls.

PETE

(to Anthony)

Fuck you and your lady bet.

KISKA

If you see him before I do, let him know I asked?

PETE

Hey, can you bring us some beers?

KISKA

Sure thing, boss.

She leaves them to their game.

ANTHONY

Ah, fuck me!

The door closes.

INT. THE AGENCY - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kiska comes out the door and walks straight to the bar. On her way, she sees a woman waving her over.

Kiska puts on a fake smile and changes course and goes to the WOMAN's table.

KISKA

What can I get you, hon?

WOMAN

This guy's being a creep.

She motions to the table next to them where Charlie sits drinking a fruity cocktail through a straw.

Kiska looks back disgusted.

KISKA

What's he doing here?

JOE (O.S.)

Let's go, Charlie.

Kiska glares at Charlie who looks up to see Joe standing behind her.

JOE

Kiska, I got it from here.

KISKA

I'm doing just fine on my own.

Joe touches her shoulder.

JOE

Do you want to clean up the blood?

Kiska smiles and slowly backs off.

Joe takes Charlie by the arm.

CHARLIE

Wait! I didn't finish my drink!

JOE

That's too bad.

Joe leads him to the stairs and has the bouncer escort Charlie out.

Kiska appears behind Joe as he watches Charlie leave.

KISKA

My hero!

JOE

I just don't want you to get into too much trouble.

She smiles as she pulls him to the side. She kisses his cheek and turns for the bar.

INT. KISKA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Joe awakens in Kiska's bed. He sits up, sweating.

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - LATER

Shooter sits sleeping in the chair. He's pissed himself. His jeans are soaked.

Joe shakes Shooter awake, recoiling from the smell.

JOE

Did you--

Shooter shakes himself awake.

SHOOTER

I told you so.

Joe sits in the upholstered chair across from Shooter.

Shooter yawns.

SHOOTER

I get it, mate. You lost your little girl. You were misinformed. You raged out. Understandable reaction. I would have done the same thing. Probably worse.

Joe pulls out the gun and stands up.

JOE

I can't let you go.

SHOOTER

I had a little girl once, too.

Joe cocks the gun.

JOE

You know something.

SHOOTER

Haven't seen her since she was 4. Look, mate. You don't have the stones for this.

Joe drops back into the chair with his face in his hands.

SHOOTER
I'm sorry I told you she was already
dead. There's still a chance.

Joe holds back tears.

SHOOTER
Who sent you, mate?

JOE
Harvey Curtis.

SHOOTER
He told you I was a pedophile.

Joe nods with his face down.

SHOOTER
You can't believe everything you
hear, especially from that cunt.

JOE
Why the hell are we even here?

SHOOTER
Have you looked at the Mayor's good
for nothing grandson?

This confuses Joe, until he thinks about it.

SHOOTER
Listen, there's a good chance your
daughter's still alive. Goldman is
trying to take over South Rochester.
Stands to make big money off the
Chinese. He wouldn't want his
grandson fucking that up.

Joe looks up at him, his face stone cold.

SHOOTER
I think you were set up mate.

Joe puts the gun aside and gets up. He goes to the kitchen,
opening and closing drawers until he finds...

A large knife. He takes it and walks behind Shooter.

SHOOTER
What are ya doin' there, mate?

Joe slides the knife behind the duct tape and frees Shooter's
arms. He kneels at the front and slices away the tape holding
Shooter's legs as Shooter works at the tape across his chest.

Shooter jumps up, kneeling Joe in the gut. He takes his huge fist and buries it in Joe's left eye.

Joe drops to his knees, coughing. Shooter picks up the gun, points it at Joe's head.

SHOOTER

See? No worse than you hurt me.

Shooter lowers the gun, gathers the money and stuffs it in the duffel bag.

SHOOTER

You can keep the old buzzard upstairs and this shit.

He tosses a briefcase to Joe, who is slowly recovering from the blows.

JOE

What's in it?

SHOOTER

Some bullshit everyone wants.

Shooter straps the duffel bag over his shoulder and walks to the door.

SHOOTER

Look closely at Chuckles.

He turns once more.

SHOOTER

You can keep the kitten. She seems to like Oleksiy.

Joe turns to see the kitten jump on the table.

Shooter closes the door behind him.

INT. OLD PEOPLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - BEFORE DAWN

Joe lies stretched out in the recliner. A loud knock on the door jostles him from his sleep.

He opens the door. TWO MEN in suits.

JOE

Can I help you?

MAN 1

Where is he?

JOE

Who?

MAN 2

Are you Newcomer?

JOE

Who wants to know?

MAN 2

We're here for Shooter.

Joe lets them in the house.

JOE

He's gone. I couldn't hold him.

MAN 1

That's not good, Joe.

Joe picks up the briefcase.

JOE

He left this for you.

Joe hands it to the first man. He opens it. He sits down ruffling through documents.

MAN 2

Is everything there?

MAN 1

Looks like it.

(to Joe)

Where's the old man?

The second man immediately goes upstairs.

MAN 1

You did good, Joe. Nice work.

JOE

Harvey lied to me about Shooter.

The second man brings Oleksiy down the stairs, hands bound.

MAN 2

He's a witness. He needs to come with us.

JOE

Didn't you hear me? Shooter didn't have my daughter!

The first man closes the briefcase and gets up.

MAN 1
He'll call you.

The men leave.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE STREETS - LATER

Joe's black Camaro drives through the city streets.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

The Camaro turns into a neighborhood. To...

EXT. KISKA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe drags himself up the steps to the door.

INT. KISKA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters the house exhausted. He heads straight up the stairs to...

INT. KISKA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

He finds Kiska putting her hair up as she does every morning. She wipes her face with a wet cloth.

Joe sits on the bed. He hunches over and cries.

Kiska sits next to him and places his arms around him. He falls into her arms, her pearl pendant with the clam shell dangling by his cheek.

KISKA
How did things go with Shooter?

He touches the necklace.

JOE
Charlie's not going to be bothering
you anymore.

He sits up. She wipes his face.

KISKA
You really like that, don't you?

He smiles knowingly at her.

KISKA

What?

INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - DAWN

Harvey sits at his desk twiddling his thumbs. The door opens. One of the men he sent to pick up Shooter.

MAN 1

We got him. The docs, too.

HARVEY

And the money?

The men look at each other.

MAN 2

Shooter wasn't there.

HARVEY

Fuck me.

MAN 2

Neither was the money.

HARVEY

Fuck me! Two point five million!

He throws a stapler at the men.

EXT. THE AGENCY - STREET - SUNSET

The sun lowers behind the buildings of the city where the streets are in shadow.

Charlie is the first to arrive for the evening. As he walks down the street Joe meets him wearing a knee length leather jacket and black cowboy boots.

JOE

Before you go in, we need to talk.

CHARLIE

About what?

JOE

About last night. Let's go.

He puts his arm around Charlie and leads him back to the parking lot.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Charlie's car drives down the highway a couple miles outside the city, its headlights brightening the road before it.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives with a nervous Charlie in the passenger seat. Joe glances in the rear view mirror to see...

A floppy purple stuffed bunny buckled into the seat.

JOE

Where'd you get that?

Charlie looks behind him to the bunny.

CHARLIE

Oh, at the...you know...the store.

JOE

One of a kind?

CHARLIE

N-no. There was like, a whole stack of them. Lotsa people were getting them. For Easter. You know.

JOE

Yeah, I know.

He turns the steering wheel to the left.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car turns down the dirt road that leads to the shooting range. It creeps slowly along the bumpy trail.

It approaches the clearing.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe's long jacket falls beneath the driver's seat, revealing a shotgun under Joe's arm.

CHARLIE

What's that for?

Joe keeps his eyes on the road.

JOE

Hunting.

He turns to Charlie.

JOE

Big game.

Charlie's face goes flush. He quakes.

Joe stops the car, turns off the engine, and leaves the headlights on, illuminating the large tree at the other edge of the clearing.

JOE

Get out.

They exit the car.

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Charlie walk in front of the headlights.

CHARLIE

You know who my grandpa is.

JOE

I do.

CHARLIE

If anything happens to me, he'll be furious. He loves me.

They walk to the tree.

JOE

I just want to show you something.

Joe points to the ground in front of the tree. Charlie peers closer, but he sees nothing.

JOE

Way down there. You have to get on your knees to see it.

Charlie looks at Joe cautiously and slowly kneels.

CHARLIE

I don't see anything?

Joe raises the shotgun to Charlie's head. Charlie feels it's steel breath on his neck. His eyes widen.

JOE
Where is she?

CHARLIE
(softly choking)
W-w-who?

Joe cocks the shotgun.

JOE
Talk.

He presses the barrel against Charlie's forehead. Charlie cries.

CHARLIE
My grandfather! He'll know it's you!

JOE
You're goddamn right he will.

Joe covers his face with his free arm.

CHARLIE
If you kill me, you won't know!

JOE
Then you better start talking before
I start shooting.

CHARLIE
(spitting)
At my grandfather's mansion. He has
her. She's safe.

Joe steps back.

CHARLIE
I swear, I'm telling the truth!

JOE
I don't care.

Joe calmly...slowly...pulls...the trigger. Muzzle flash BOOM!

EXT. THE AGENCY - NIGHT

It's late or early, but Joe gets to his car. He opens the door and climbs in, exhaling deeply.

INSIDE THE CAMARO

Joe slams the door shut and straps the bunny into the passenger seat. He's as focused as ever. He turns the key.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Joe drives up and down the streets, searching.

After a few turns, he spots Nikki Bible hanging out in front of the motel. He pulls up beside her.

EXT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Joe rolls down the window. Nikki just glares.

JOE
I just want to talk.

She stands up from the steps and approaches the window.

NIKKI
Oh, you. Looking for another beat down? Better leave.

Joe gets out of the car.

JOE
You need to get out. Go home.

NIKKI
You're the one who needs to be somewhere else. If Miko sees you...

Joe walks around the car.

JOE
A girl needs her dad.

She balks and turns away.

NIKKI
You don't know shit about my dad.

She walks back up the stairs. Miko opens the door and comes out with one of his bitches.

MIKO
What the fuck are you doing here?

Joe pulls a stack of hundreds from his pocket.

JOE
I just came to talk.

Miko eyes the stack. Joe peels off three and offers them to Miko. A pause, and Miko takes the cash.

MIKO
You got fifteen minutes.

NIKKI
Miko!

MIKO
You heard the man. I'll be here.

Nikki reluctantly takes Joe's hand and leads him inside.

INT. NIKKI'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nikki closes the door behind her. Her room is a hole. An old metal-framed bed against one wall. A rotting wooden dresser against the other.

Nikki sits on the bed.

NIKKI
So what do you want to talk about,
big baller?

JOE
I know what it's like to lose a
daughter. I can only imagine what
your father's going through.

NIKKI
You don't know shit. My "father" is
a major asshole.

This stuns Joe.

JOE
I'm...sorry.

NIKKI
I made a decision. It's better than
being in that house.

JOE
But you're not in charge.

He pulls more money from his pocket.

JOE

I have fifteen hundred dollars for you right here if you agree to go someplace safe and start over.

Nikki touches the bills, stroking them.

NIKKI

I've never seen this much money before. I never see what I earn.

JOE

It's yours. Just find your way home.

The door flies open with a boom. Miko rushes in, gun pointed at Joe.

MIKO

Gimme that!

He reaches and grabs the money out of Joe's hand.

MIKO

This is *my* motherfucking money. You give it to *me*, not her.

NIKKI

Miko, stop it! He didn't mean anything! Run, mister!

JOE

That's OK.

Joe swipes the gun to the side. He pops Miko in the nose. Blood gushes.

Miko raises the gun again, but Joe already has the shotgun drawn. He raises it.

Miko drops his gun.

MIKO

It's cool, man! Take it!

He offers the money back BOOM!

Joe takes Miko's head off. Nikki freaks the fuck out.

Joe reaches down and takes the money, all that's on him.

JOE

Let's go.

Nikki ducks in the corner screaming. Joe reaches out his hand. Nikki looks over the bed at Miko's corpse.

JOE
He's not going to hurt you.

Nikki shakes as she rises.

EXT. BUS STATION - LATER

Joe parks the Camaro in front of the barren bus station.

JOE
Go buy a ticket. Get some clothes.

Nikki presses her foot on the door to open it.

NIKKI
Where should I go?

JOE
Someplace warm.

He reaches over and touches her hand.

NIKKI
You killed him. Just like that.

JOE
He hurt you.

Nikki, unsure, closes the door and smiles as she backs away from the car.

NIKKI
Someplace warm.

Joe nods.

Nikki walks to the entrance.

Joe drives off.

EXT. KISKA'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Joe staggers up the steps to Kiska's front door. Exhausted, he opens it.

INT. KISKA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks in and pushes himself up the stairs, clutching the bunny, to Kiska's room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kiska sits at her vanity brushing her hair into a ponytail, getting ready for bed.

KISKA
How was your night, cowboy?

JOE
Productive.

Joe sits on the edge of the bed.

KISKA
What's that?

JOE
It smells like her. She had this strawberry lip gloss and this strawberry spray that she used like perfume. It made her feel like a big girl. But she hugged this bunny tight when she slept.

Kiska climbs over the bed and puts her arms over Joe's shoulders.

JOE
It still smells like her. Even though that sick fuck had his hands on it, it smells like her.

Joe begins to cry.

KISKA
You can hold her while you sleep.

Kiska tightens her grip, resting her head on his shoulder.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mayor Goldman sits behind his desk. Harvey Curtis sits in a tall leather chair in front of him.

The Mayor holds the phone to his ear.

MAYOR
Come on. Pick up.

Voicemail picks up.

CHARLIE'S VOICE
You have reached--

The Mayor angrily hangs up.

MAYOR
(to Harvey)
Has anyone seen Charlie?

HARVEY
He usually goes to that club just
across the bridge, The Agency.
Always gets into trouble.

MAYOR
When was that?

HARVEY
Two nights ago?

MAYOR
But where was he last night, and
where is he today!

Harvey shrugs.

The Mayor looks up, hands on his desk.

MAYOR
Wait.

He leaves the office.

INT. GREETING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Mayor glides down the right stairwell and heads down the
hall to the right.

He stops at the first door on his left and pulls a key from
his pocket. He unlocks the door and opens it halfway.

MAYOR
Was Charlie here last night?

INT. MANSION BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom is plain, made for guests. On the bed, Ashley Newcomer sits with her knees to her chest holding a pillow.

The Mayor stands in the doorway.

MAYOR
Little girl, have you seen Charlie?

ASHLEY
I want my daddy!

MAYOR
Soon. Where's Charlie?

Ashley shifts and turns toward the window.

ASHLEY
Yesterday.

MAYOR
I see. What about today.

ASHLEY
No.

MAYOR
Very good.

He closes the door and locks it.

INT. THE AGENCY - MORNING

A waitress and Butler finish cleaning up the bar. A man's head pops above the stairwell. The waitress drops her broom and rushes to...

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pete is on the phone with Sergei.

PETE
My boy got him.

A light tapping on the door.

Pete looks up to see the waitress poking her head through the open door.

PETE
Yeah, Sergei. I'll let you know.

He hangs up.

WAITRESS
Someone's here to see you.

INT. AGENCY - BAR - CONTINUOUS

The waitress leads Pete out the door and into the bar.

Butler stands in the back pretending to wipe down the same spot at the far end.

The Mayor stands before Pete, flanked by Harvey and two plain clothes officers.

MAYOR
Where's Charlie?

Pete offers his hand but is ignored.

PETE
I haven't seen him since...two nights ago? We had to kick him out for being aggressive with one of my girls.

MAYOR
Yes. You have a lot of girls.

PETE
I don't know what you mean.

MAYOR
Stand or burn, Mr. MacAvinney.

Harvey steps in waving a lit cigar.

HARVEY
Where's the kid?

PETE
I swear, I don't know.

Harvey motions to his men. They take bar stools behind the bar and smash all the bottles. Butler hauls ass out.

The Mayor leaves down the stairs.

HARVEY
I give a rat's ass about the kid.
Your boy cost me 2.5 five mill.

PETE
Fuck, Harvey!

HARVEY
This is just the beginning. When
Sergei finds out...

He tosses his cigar behind the bar, and it goes up in flames.
The cops leave.

HARVEY
But that was going to happen anyway,
wasn't it?

He saunters down the stairs.

PETE
Everybody out!

Pete rushes back to the office.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open and Pete swoops in, snatching up his
laptop and stacks of cash from the safe.

A bag of cash and his laptop and he flees...

INTO THE BAR

he races to the stairs.

EXT. THE AGENCY - AFTERNOON

Joe drives up in his Camaro and sees the smoldering ruins of
The Agency.

Pete watches the firetrucks aim their hoses at the last
remnants of the fire. The building is a total loss.

JOE
What the fuck happened?

Pete rushes Joe and punches him in his good eye. He punches
again and again. He knocks Joe on his ass. He's over him.

WHAM!

PETE
What...
(WHAM!)
(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

The fuck...
 (WHAM!)
 Did you do?

WHAM!

He backs off. Joe coughs up a lung.

PETE

You're lucky I don't have a gun.

JOE

She wasn't there!

PETE

What the fuck did you do!

JOE

I let Shooter go.

PETE

Not that, asshole! What did you do
 with Charlie?

Pete raises his fist again. Joe cowers.

JOE

I left him at the shooting range.
 Which reminds me...

Joe gathers himself and rises.

JOE

Mind if I borrow that ring?

PETE

Why--

Joe launches into Pete BOOF!

JOE

You knew!
 (BOOF!)
 You didn't tell me!

BOOF!

Pete trips over his own feet and falls.

PETE

What are you talking about?

JOE

Charlie! Tell me you didn't know.

PETE

He's a fucking pervert. He whips his dick out around the waitresses. You've seen it.

JOE

Not that!

PETE

What? Ashley? Charlie has Ashley?

JOE

Had. I took care of that piece of shit. But he's not the only one.

PETE

Goldman?

JOE

And Harvey. Seems we both got beef with them.

Joe reaches out his hand. Pete takes it. Joe pulls...

PETE

What are we gonna do?

JOE

Raise the stakes.

INT. KISKA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe sits on the edge of the bed. Kiska rummages through a dresser drawer. She pulls out a .38 Caliber pistol and slaps the magazine in place.

JOE

You're not going with us.

KISKA

It's not your decision.

She turns the safety on and wipes the pistol down

JOE

I can't let you get hurt.

KISKA

I can't let you get hurt. I'm a big girl. You need all the help you can get. Besides, I never get to use this.

She places the gun on the dresser and goes into the closet.

JOE

You better stay behind me.

She emerges with a pair of jeans and a black skirt.

KISKA

What do you think? What outfit
should I wear?

JOE

Are you listening?

She alternates the jeans and skirt in front of her waist.

JOE

The jeans are practical, the skirt
is sexy. Will you listen?

She puts the pants down.

KISKA

I promise.

Now what top goes with this?

JOE

Something loose. You'll want to have
freedom of movement.

She comes out with a white button down blouse.

KISKA

I have a stake in this, too. They
have my grandfather.

She kisses him.

JOE

I knew I shouldn't have told you.

KISKA

I think I'll go with the jeans.

JOE

Good choice.

They continue to kiss.

EXT. GATES OF THE MANSION

The Camaro pulls up to the gate. A guard comes out and meets it.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Joe rolls down the window. Kiska keeps an eye on the other guard behind the gates.

JOE
I'm here to see the mayor.

The guard flips through a clipboard of documents.

GUARD
Name?

Joe slips the guard his I.D.

GUARD
And the girl?

Joe looks over at Kiska. He clears his throat, and she takes her eye off the second guard.

She smiles.

JOE
She's my plus one.

The guard glares at her.

EXT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

The guard hesitates before signaling to the second guard.

GUARD
Open her up!

The gates open. Joe drives slowly through and stops just as he passes them.

Joe and Kiska come out of the car with their pistols drawn. One shot from Joe takes the first guard down. Kiska takes two shots to get the second guard.

Joe glares at her.

KISKA
I'm out of practice. I'll do better next time.

They get back in the car and drive.

A gray SUV follows them through the gates.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Pete drives with Dale and Anthony. The Aussie prep their rifles. Pete hums.

EXT. DRIVEWAY TO THE MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The SUV follows well behind as the two vehicles make their way up the long drive through green lawns and full oak trees.

EXT. ROUNDABOUT AT THE END OF THE DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe stops in front close to the front doors where TWO BODYGUARDS in suits await them.

The first suit signals Joe to turn off the engine. The car rumbles as it shuts down.

INSIDE THE CAMARO

Kiska leans forward, hiding.

The suit comes to Joe's open window.

BODYGUARD
Where's the girl?

JOE
What girl?

The suit pulls out a walkie talkie.

Joe leans back and draws his gun. Kiska twists and fires at the bodyguard. He goes down.

The guard at the door draws and moves in.

JOE
Duck.

Kiska ducks and Joe blasts the other guard.

OUTSIDE THE CAMARO

Pete pulls up. He and the boys get out, strapped.

Anthony searches the second suit and pulls out a set of keys. He tosses them to Dale.

Dale sees a third suit running from the side of the mansion behind them.

DALE

One more!

Anthony aims his rifle and fires two shots before the man falls face first into the ground.

DALE

Two???

Anthony shrugs.

ANTHONY

I'm not a bushman.

Joe straps the bunny to his back.

MUSIC: "WAY DOWN" - Elvis

INT. MANSION FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Inside the foyer.

ELVIS

*Babe, you're getting closer...
The lights are goin' dim...*

Bullet tear through the door handles.

ELVIS

*The sound of your breathin'...
Has made the mood I'm in...*

The double doors smash open. The five are almost immediately met with gunfire as they slip in.

They duck and scatter, Dale, Joe and Kiska to the right stairwell, Anthony and Pete to the left, all firing.

More goons emerge from behind the stairs. They fall as bullets rip through them.

ELVIS

I can feel it, I can feel it...

More men take cover in the hall behind the stairs.

DALE
Get behind me.

Joe gets behind him, pushing Kiska further behind.

ELVIS
Way down where the music plays...

Dale aims and fires across the palatial hall to the second floor. Head shot.

Anthony and Pete take cover on the other side and fire across the hall, taking out two more men.

JOE
We got more up top!

More men come from upstairs. BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG! Some duck, others fall.

Dale and Anthony take out the last of the men hiding behind the corners downstairs.

ELVIS
Way down, way, way on down...

All five shot their way to the top, Pete and Joe firing up to keep the bodyguards behind the corners, Dale and Anthony firing across.

Dale spots another man downstairs and fires, dropping him.

Joe spots a man upstairs across from him taking aim at Dale. Joe fires three shots. One hits the corner, the second flies past and hits the wall behind the man, the third...

ELVIS
Ooh my head is spinnin'...

BOOM! Straight through the forehead.

ELVIS
You got me in a spell...

They make their way up the stairs quickly now as fewer men are left standing.

Guards retreat down the hall as the five get to the top of the stairs.

A quick showdown, and the last of the men fall dead.

DALE
Everybody good?

EVERYONE

Good.

KISKA

Are we ready?

They all stand up on the landing.

ELVIS

*Hold me again, as tight as you
can...*

Bullets fly through the windows beside the double doors between the stairwells towards Dale, Joe, and Kiska.

ELVIS

I need you so, baby let's go...

Pete and Anthony fire into the room.

ELVIS

*Way down where it feels so good...
Way down where I hoped it would...*

Dale aims his gun at the window trying to peer through the sheer curtain.

DALE

(to himself)

Come on mate. Show yourself.

A slight movement behind the curtain and Dale fires a single shot. He hears the thud.

ELVIS

Way down, down, way, way on down...

They all take cover amongst the broken glass.

JOE

Mr. Mayor! We need to talk! I'm
coming in!

Joe creeps to the doors and opens them. He holds out his hands to show he's unarmed.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The mayor stands in front of his desk pointing a .45 at Joe.

Joe steps in one deliberate step at a time, holding his jacket open.

MAYOR

There's no need for more bloodshed.

JOE

Then let's talk.

MAYOR

I don't think so.

JOE

Where's Ashley?

Joe stops in the middle of the room, arms still to the side.

The mayor holds the gun on Joe.

MAYOR

Where's Charlie?

JOE

I'm taking her home.

MAYOR

This is a dead end for you.

JOE

Let them take my daughter.

The mayor's gun hand twitches.

MAYOR

Quickly.

Joe turns his head slightly, keeping one eye on that gun pointed at him.

JOE

Kiska?

She pokes her head around the door.

JOE

Take the rabbit and go find my daughter. Please.

She comes in. As she takes the rabbit, we see Pete crouched behind Joe holding a shotgun.

She reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out the keys to the Camaro. The pendant he took from Oleksiy tangled in them.

Kiska's wide eyes find Joe. Tears well. Joe peers over his shoulder and nods.

Kiska tightens her face, stone. She nods, takes the keys.
She inches back out of the office.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Anthony keep cover.

DALE
I'll walk you down.

They rush down the stairs.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The mayor lowers the weapon slowly.

MAYOR
Charlie wasn't much but he's all I
have. Where is he?

JOE
Now the old man.

MAYOR
What old man?

JOE
The one your men took.

The mayor raises the gun again.

MAYOR
My men didn't take anybody.

They stare each other down.

Joe slowly and steadily lowers his hands.

JOE
And Charlie didn't take Ashley.

MAYOR
I have no idea--

Joe quickly ducks. Pete rises with the shotgun aimed at the mayor, to surprised to fire.

BOOM!

The shot blasts through the mayor's chest, throwing him back onto his desk. His arms fall limp.

The mayor gasps for breath. Joe points his .45 underneath the mayor's chin.

JOE
You had plenty idea.

BOOM! The bullet rips through the mayor's head, ending him.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Pete and Joe meet Anthony outside the doors.

ANTHONY
All clear.

JOE
Where's Ashley?

They head down the left stairwell.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

They get to the foyer just as Dale comes back.

JOE
Well?

DALE
They're on their way back home. I told her to get across the bridge fast. I think we should do the same.

PETE
I'm all for going home.

EXT. MANSION GATES - MOMENTS LATER

The SUV creeps onto the main road.

INT. JOE'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives with Pete riding shotgun, carrying one.

Dale and Anthony sit calmly in the back holding their rifles.

JOE
Fuck it. Let's get Harvey.

PETE
Hell no! Let's get the fuck outta
Dodge and get you to your kid.

JOE
It's on the way.

DALE
I'm in.

PETE
Nobody asked you.

ANTHONY
I vote out of Dodge.

JOE
No one asked you, either.

OUTSIDE THE SUV

The SUV continues and makes a left.

INT. JOE'S SUV - LATER

They drive towards downtown.

PETE
What the fuck are you doing?

JOE
I told you.

Joe pulls over.

JOE
Get out if you don't want to.

Pete grips the barrel of the shotgun.

ANTHONY
Christ.

Joe looks around the SUV.

JOE
We good?

Anthony sighs. Pete sinks in his seat.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - COP CENTRAL - LATER

Joe's SUV turns down a road.

BWOOP! BWOOP!

INSIDE JOE'S SUV

Joe glances in the mirror. Lights. Two sets.

JOE
I guess he's not here.

PETE
Christ!

Joe floors it.

OUTSIDE JOE'S SUV

The SUV races to the right. It gets a half a block away as the...

TWO POLICE SUVs screech around the corner, sirens blaring and lights flashing.

JOE'S SUV makes a hard left UUUURRRRRRTTTTTSWISHSWISH!

Fishtailing down the main road toward the bridge.

THE COPS take the turn more cautiously.

They catch up

JOE'S SUV slams to a screeching halt UUUURRRRRRTTTTTTSSSSS!

THE COPS skid past as they're late to brake.

INSIDE JOE'S SUV

Joe sees what's ahead.

A POLICE BLOCKADE on the bridge.

JOE slams the SUV in reverse.

OUTSIDE JOE'S SUV

The SUV screeches backwards through the intersection.

THE COPS wheel around.

JOE'S SUV spins right with the cops hot on its tail.

INSIDE JOE'S SUV

Through the mirrors we see the cop on the right pulling up fast. It gets ahead of Joe.

PETE

Don't let him get in front of you.

JOE

How about you not let him!

DALE

On it.

Pete and the Aussies roll down their windows.

OUTSIDE JOE'S SUV

The SUV goes into the oncoming lanes, dodging traffic before getting back on the right side, the cop on the right alongside, the cop on the left trailing.

BR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-A-T-A-T-A-T-A-T

The cops swerve to avoid the barrage of bullets.

INSIDE JOE'S SUV

Pete pulls out his shotgun and aims it out the window.

He follows the cop on the right with the barrel.

He pulls the trigger BOOM!

OUTSIDE JOE'S SUV

The shot punches through the cop's windshield. It fishtails

DALE shoots his automatic again BRAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT!

POP POP POP POP

Through the windshield and into the occupants.

THE COPS fishtail. SKABOOM! Right into a parked car.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Anthony rapid fires the other cop SUV. B-R-R-R-A-P-P-P
 Bullets rip through the hood and tear out the front tire.
 Another three round burst from Anthony, and the cop's SUV
 swerves off and hits a pole and flips over.

INSIDE JOE'S SUV

Joe is in complete control now.

The men pull themselves in and roll up their windows.

JOE
 Cool. Where to?

ANTHONY
 Make a left up here. It'll take you
 to the plaza. I take my kids there
 in the summer. We can take a boat
 across.

JOE
 Yup.

Joe brakes at the next intersection.

EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The SUV makes a soft left then tears down the eighth mile
 stretch to the...

BOAT PLAZA, a wide open space with brick walkways, bars,
 restaurants, and shops, you name it.

Along the river bank, a small beach with a boat rental shack.

JOE'S SUV crosses the last wide, brick intersection that
 leads to the plaza, two police SUVs and a squad car tear
 behind.

JOE'S SUV slams to a stop and they all rush out like a super
 violent clown car.

Joe and Anthony rush behind the parked SUV.

JOE
 (to Pete)
 Get Ashley and Kiska.

DALE
 You go, too. We got ya covered.

JOE
This is my mess.

PETE
This is all of us. We did shoot up
the mayor's mansion.

DALE
And the mayor.

ANTHONY
I'll go.

JOE
I need your rifle here.

Pete nods and runs off to get a boat.

THE POLICE VEHICLES stop and form a barricade on the other
side of the intersection.

Several COPS jump out and take cover.

Ducking and poking their heads out, the firefight heats up.

DALE
Mate, we got this. Go get your girl.

Dale swings around the left of the SUV and fires several
shots. A pair of bullets hit the SUV, but a third rips into
Dale's arm.

DALE
Ah, fuck me!

He ducks behind the SUV.

DALE
Get the fuck outta here!

ANTHONY
Go!

Anthony whips out and fires a barrage RAP-AP-AP-AP-AP-AP-AP

Joe backs away slowly at first. He pulls out his pistol and
reloads it.

ANTHONY
Go!

Joe races down the plaza as bullets whiz past him. He stops
and turns back, raising his gun. He empties his magazine.

BANG BANG BANG BANG

AT THE BARRICADE

Harvey reaches into the SUV and pulls out his long rifle. He raises it above the hood and ducks behind it, peering through the scope.

The image is blurry at first. As he focuses, we see the cross-hairs directly over Joe. Joe shoots and runs.

Harvey has him dead.

he pulls the trigger.

EXT. BOAT PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Joe fires his last shot. BANG!

SPLOOFFT!

A bullet rips through his back and out his chest.

He falls on the red bricks as blood oozes out.

EXT. BOAT RENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Pete looks up as he hands cash to the clerk. He sees Joe.

PETE

Fuck.

He sees the Aussies drop their guns and put their hands up. He watches as they walk out slowly, swarmed by cops and handcuffed.

Pete hurries his transaction.

PETE

Come on.

An ambulance rushes through the mayhem.

Pete finishes his transaction.

CLERK

Your change, sir?

Pete races to his boat. He gets in and rips the cord.

VRIIIMVRIMVRIMVRIMVRIMVRIM

He guns it VRRRIIIIIIIIMMMMMM!

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Harvey holds the phone loosely to his ear.

HARVEY

Yeah, we got 'em all.

Sergei speaks calmly on the other end.

SERGEI (FILTERED)

Send Pete over right away. I want to talk to him.

HARVEY

And the girl?

A heavy breath over the phone.

SERGEI (FILTERED)

Let her and the child go. They shouldn't suffer for the sins of their fathers.

INT. OUTSIDE THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ashley holds her bunny next to Kiska who is handcuffed to a metal bench. Ashley looks at the handcuffs then up at Kiska.

The office door opens.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Harvey's feet pound the tile floor as he passes through double swinging doors.

He stops at an ICU room.

INT. ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two nurses stand over a patient we can't see.

HARVEY

Get out.

NURSE

I'm sorry, but you can't be in here.

Harvey leans in.

HARVEY

Get. Out.

The nurses hurriedly finish and leave the room, closing the door behind them.

Harvey stands over the patient. The heart monitor beats regularly as the machine breathes for the patient.

HARVEY

You know, you turned out to be a real pain in my ass.

He leans into JOE'S face.

HARVEY

(whispering)

Now I'm gonna be a real pain in yours.

FADE TO BLACK.

Main credits.

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

An old boat of a car tears down the highway. It stops at a young girl hitchhiking.

Nikki Bible leans into the passenger window.

NIKKI

Where ya headed?

The distinct Aussie accent of the driver...

SHOOTER

Where are you headed?

She looks up the road then turns back.

NIKKI

Outta town.

SHOOTER

What a coincidence! Me, too!

She looks in the back seat as she gets in the car and sees a duffel bag full of cash wraps.

NIKKI

You rob a bank?

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

We see shooter's face for the first time. He smiles.

SHOOTER

Better!

She closes the door as he puts the car in gear.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The car speeds down the road into the unknown distance.

FADE TO BLACK.