

A Named Storm

By

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1 EXT. NEW ORLEANS SKYLINE - APPEARS TO BE NIGHT

ON SCREEN: NEW ORLEANS AUGUST 25, 2005 8:00 AM

Lightning, thunder and black clouds, lots of rain and howling winds. Lights sometimes flicker in different parts of the city, otherwise it's totally dark.

JONATHAN(V.O.)

The whole world heard about what Hurricane Katrina did to New Orleans. What you didn't hear about was the largest theft in Louisiana history, that's because this isn't your typical crime story.

'Do What You Wanna' plays in the background.

2 EXT. NIGHT (CONT)

Two vehicles collide at an intersection as two police cars and an ambulance speed by. A homeless person cowers in a doorway as an alligator swims past.

3 EXT. NIGHT (CONT)

Sirens and car alarms can be heard in the distance as people loot appliances. The city is chaos, and almost totally dark. Random fires can be seen in the distance.

JEAN LAFITTE CORMIER (V.O.)

Good morning NOLA. I hope to the heavenly father you cannot hear me. This is Jean Lafitte Cormier, the voice of the crescent city and I need to let you know that Katrina has been upgraded to a category five storm. Again, Cat. Five. She got winds up to one-hundred and seventy-five miles per hour and she is two hours out. Make haste baby, make haste.

4 EXT. DARK - DAY

Two dozen semi's loaded with new Cadillac's are idling in front of the Sewell Cadillac dealership. Drivers scramble into the cabs.

JEAN LAFITTE CORMIER (V.O.)

Once again, if you are within the sound of my voice you shouldn't be.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEAN LAFITTE CORMIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But if you are, then you need to
get your ass to the Super Dome and
I mean tout suite mon ami! Lawd
help us!

5 EXT RADIO STATION

The radio antenna collapses.

6 INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

The drivers get into their respective cabs in succession.
Each of them tunes their CB.

7 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The attached trailers are loaded with new Cadillacs,
Escalades, XLRs, etc. Twenty-five trucks carrying ten
vehicles each.

8 INT. SEMI CAB - NIGHT

SMOKESCREEN picks up the CB transmitter.

SMOKESCREEN

Smokescreen calling in a green
light Prime.

9 INT. DIFFERENT SEMI CAB - NIGHT

We see a CB radio and the gloved hand of BUMBLEBEE picks up
the transmitter.

BUMBLEBEE

This is Bumblebee, on your mark
Prime.

10 INT. DIFFERENT CAB - NIGHT

RODIMUS picks up the transmitter.

RODIMUS

This is Rodimus. In twenty hours
we'll be eating franks and looking
at Lady Liberty. Autobots, laissez
le bon ton roule.

More thunder and lightning. Rain is sideways now.

11 EXT. NIGHT

The truck headlights ignite and they drive away from the empty lot. As each truck passes the price appears on each vehicle. The total reaches \$16,250,000.00 MSRP.

12 EXT. NIGHT

Same harsh weather as the trucks cross the empty Lake Pontchartrain Causeway. The dollar figure changes to \$10,000,000.00 (Stolen Suggested Retail Price)

13 EXT. RUNDOWN FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

ON SCREEN: DETROIT

14 INT. RUNDOWN FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

JONATHAN RUBY (30's, Italian) taking a picture of the VIN tag of an Astin Martin Vanquish with his phone. The main lights come on and PIMP-THIEF (20's, Hispanic, grill) enters.

PIMP-THIEF

You buying?

JONATHAN

Learn your trade. Nobody is going to buy a stolen Astin Martin. Too easy to track, hence my presence in your garage.

CARL (obese, black, henchman) enters the room from another door carrying an aluminum bat.

PIMP-THIEF

That's my problem and you got your own.

JONATHAN

Who, Type 2? I'm not worried.

Carl steps forward raising the aluminum bat.

CARL

I'mmo kill yo ass...

PIMP-THIEF

Carl!

CARL

What? He ain't five-oh. And quit sayin' my name! Damn!

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN
Coco-puff is right, I'm not the
cops.

CARL
Oooh I'mmo kill the *shit* out yo
ass.

JONATHAN
I'm an insurance investigator.

PIMP-THIEF AND CARL (TOGETHER)
A what?

JONATHAN
I find shit, mostly cars, that's
been stolen. That means I can offer
you something better than money.

Pimp-Thief pulls out a knuckle-duster, leans against a wall
and starts cleaning his fingernails with it.

PIMP-THIEF
Carl, I think maybe it's a riddle.
Hmmm, what's better than money?

CARL
Is it money and a bear-claw?

Pimp-Thief and Carl both laugh.

PIMP-THIEF
Good one man, good one.

JONATHAN
No.

PIMP-THIEF
Okay, no more playing around. Is it
money and pussy? Don't hold out on
your boy now, tell the truth. You
got some pussy in your pocket?

Carl finds this hilarious.

CARL
...in your pocket, that's funny.

Carl continues to laugh. Jonathan inspects the car.

JONATHAN
No Grimlock, it's freedom.

(CONTINUED)

PIMP-THIEF

We got that already.

JONATHAN

For now, but what about in a few minutes? Here's how this happens; me and the Bond-mobile go our way, you and brohemoth go yours. *Nobody* goes to jail...

Jonathan turns toward Carl.

JONATHAN (CONT.)

...or the hospital.

CARL

Or, and just hear me out, I beat you until you fit in a ziplock bag, then...and here's the good part, I throw you in the Detroit River.

Sirens are audible in the distance.

JONATHAN

Uh-oh, cardio time.

Pimp-thief and Carl exchange a look and run out of the garage. Jonathan pulls out his phone, then dials.

JONATHAN

Hey it's Jonathan, found the Vanquish...check your inbox for the VIN...Okay I'm listening...

Jonathan leans against the car.

JONATHAN

New Orleans?...No, never been why?...Are you fucking kidding me?

15 EXT. ORLEANS PARISH POLICE HQ - DAY

Jonathan Ruby wades through the Orleans Parish Police parking lot in several inches of water carrying a briefcase.

16 INT. ORLEANS PARISH POLICE HQ - DAY

The squad room is loud and chaotic. The walls are water stained three feet above the floor. Hundreds of cops and reservists are talking on walkies, CB's, and sat-phones.

17 INT. ORLEANS PARISH POLICE HQ - DAY

JONATHAN

Christ.

Jonathan climbs onto a desk, pulls an air horn out of the briefcase and blows it. Several officers draw and 'oh lawds!' are shouted then the room goes quiet. TAD (30's, white, male, patrolman, with a Bluetooth in his ear) approaches Jonathan.

TAD

May I help you?

JONATHAN

I'm here about the Cadillac's.

The squad room stays silent for a moment then there are chuckles that turn into roaring laughter.

18 INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The CHIEF is behind his desk Jonathan is staring at him intently. Tad leans against a wall and listens.

CHIEF

Good morning I'm Chief...

JONATHAN

Doesn't matter. I'm Jonathan Ruby, Great Lakes Risk Management. Your shirt's beat up, sleep in it?

CHIEF

Well I wasn't expecting a big-time insurance investigator from Detroit today and truth be told my wife didn't iron it.

Jonathan walks around the office looking at pictures on the wall.

JONATHAN

Crazy coincidence, your wife didn't iron my shirt either. Can you explain to me why your people think this particular act of larceny that happened on your watch is so Goddamned funny?

CHIEF

Mr. Ruby you'll have to pardon our gallows humor. The boys didn't mean

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF (CONT'D)
to make light of your situation,
but we've been finding
half-eaten, waterlogged corpses all
over the city for the last few days
and a few stolen cars...

Jonathan checks the coffee pot.

JONATHAN
Two-hundred and fifty new
Cadillacs worth over sixteen
million dollars. Not to mention
almost thirty new vettes so I will
not pardon shit and I still don't
know what's so Goddamned funny!

CHIEF
Son, Thomas Crown and Danny Ocean
together couldn't have pulled this
off. So to be frank, it's the sheer
awesomeness of the crime that's got
us all a bit tickled.

Jonathan stops his tour to glare at the Chief.

JONATHAN
As Adam no doubt whispered to Eve
that first night in the Garden,
come a-fucking-gain?

CHIEF
Them boys committed the most
audacious act of larceny in the
history of this here parish and
possibly the great state of
Louisiana. They orchestrated *and*
executed a multi-million-dollar
robbery on the fly, without a shot
being fired, leaving no evidence
behind, and all the while a cat
five hurricane was bearing down on
'em. Like I said, awesome.

JONATHAN
Yeah, about that, it would take a
certain level of organization.

Jonathan takes a sat-phone from the top of a file cabinet
and begins another circuit of the office.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

Yeah.

JONATHAN

A built-in command structure, and manpower.

CHIEF

Agreed.

JONATHAN

They would have to be on the ground prior to landfall.

Jonathan stops his tour in front of the Chief's desk.

CHIEF

Yeah.

JONATHAN

Plus the cell towers were knocked out.

CHIEF

Okay.

JONATHAN

And when you factor who were the *only* people that had functioning communication equipment, well...

Jonathan places the sat-phone on the desk squarely in front of the Chief.

JONATHAN (CONT.)

...that narrows the search a bit, doesn't it?

Tad shuffles his feet and fiddles with his Bluetooth.

CHIEF

Careful with that kind of inference son...

JONATHAN

It wasn't an inference, it's an accusation. But so you don't think I'm a *total* dick I'm going to give you the news. The US Attorney General has appointed a special unit to oversee every insurance claim involving criminal activity in relation to Katrina.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

You think I'm worried?

JONATHAN

You shouldn't be worried, not about me at least because I'm not after you, or anyone who might be involved, I just want the cars. However, any report suggesting the police didn't vigorously look into this will be investigated by the FBI.

CHIEF

The FBI might come here?

JONATHAN

Yes.

CHIEF

Good, ask 'em to pick up a few ACE bandages and some of that fancy Fuji water on their way would ya?

Jonathan leans in and speaks in almost a whisper.

JONATHAN

It's a matter of time before someone catches you or another member of the gumbo-squad buying spinning rims or some boots with the fur. You know what happens then? Then the AG ass-rapes this city's police department to oblivion, starting with the leadership.

CHIEF

God-amighty the mouth on you. Well allow me to speak in a language you understand. Until such time as you have evidence to support your accusation I suggest you go fuck yourself.

Jonathan turns to Tad.

JONATHAN

Patrolman...?

TAD

Tad, just Tad Mr. Ruby.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

You take home what, about
twenty-two a year?

TAD

That's a personal question.

JONATHAN

You got some vacation time coming I
bet and I need a driver and
security while I'm here. I can
match your salary for a couple of
weeks and throw in a ten-thousand
dollar bonus when we recover the
vehicles.

Tad looks to the Chief for guidance.

TAD

Chief?

CHIEF

It's your time to do with what you
will. I suggest you get this
carpetbagging-sumbitch to put it in
writing though.

TAD

Mr. Ruby you mind if I roll in
civvies?

JONATHAN

I'd prefer it.

19 EXT. - STREET - DAY

Black Escalade winding through traffic.

20 INT - ESCALADE - DAY

Tad is driving and wearing jeans and a t-shirt with his
badge and gun on his waist. Jonathan is in the passenger
seat looking at a file.

TAD

This is a real nice truck you got
Mr. Ruby.

JONATHAN

S.U.V.

(CONTINUED)

TAD
Come again sir?

JONATHAN
Sport utility vehicle. *Luxury*
sport utility vehicle to be exact.
Sixty-five kay MSRP.

TAD
Great day in the morning that's a
pile of money!

JONATHAN
Whatever, don't jizz on the
leather. Let's go see the owner of
the dealership, Mrs. Annabelle
Kelly.

TAD
Aw now Ms. Kelly ain't got a need
to steal her own vehicles, does
she?

JONATHAN
You know her?

TAD
Everybody done heard of Ms. Kelly,
she one of the richest women in the
parish.

JONATHAN
Interesting. Ever hear of a named
storm deductible?

TAD
No sir, I have not heard of a named
storm deductible.

Tad adjusts his Bluetooth.

JONATHAN
Well you wouldn't have unless you
own a boat. It means that once a
storm is named the amount of money
an insurer has to pay out for
losses caused by said storm
decreases greatly.

TAD
Say again?

JONATHAN

A car gets stolen and insurance companies write a check. A hurricane sweeps your car out to sea and they write a much smaller check. I recover the vehicles and the insurer writes an even smaller check, but to me. Like I said, it's mostly for boats but sometimes it's used for businesses.

TAD

So in the case of a car dealership it would be better to have your property stolen outright than lost in a named storm?

JONATHAN

And extra suspicious if the robbery happens to a dealership in a city built below sea level hours before a named storm makes landfall, hence my presence in your parish.

TAD

Well that don't seem fair to me.

JONATHAN

The fuck in life is fair? If you live at the bottom of a swimming pool you're gonna get wet, I mean it's common fucking sense.

TAD

If you say so Mr. Ruby.

JONATHAN

God, I can't wait to get out of this malaria factory. No offense.

TAD

No sir. Want to get some boudin on the way?

JONATHAN

Fuck is boudin?

21 INT. - ANABELLE KELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

A BUTLER ushers Jonathan and Tad into a room brightly lit room filled with plants.

BUTLER

Please wait here in the solarium. I will see if madam is accepting callers.

The butler leaves. Jonathan mops his brow and neck with a kerchief. He sees lots of photos of Ms. Kelly and various people. MARION is in more than one.

JONATHAN

Is a solarium a place to roast people?

ANABELLE KELLY enters.

ANABELLE KELLY

Mr. Ruby and...

TAD

Oh, you can call me Tad Mrs. Kelly.

ANABELLE KELLY

That's cute, like tadpole?

TAD

Yes ma'am my daddy was called Frog by most that knew him so I guess it made sense at the time.

JONATHAN

I would love to hear more about your manphibious origins but Ms. Kelly and I have business.

ANABELLE KELLY

Tad there is some boudin and beer in the kitchen. You're welcome to help yourself.

TAD

Thank you Ms. Kelly.

Tad exits.

22 INT. - DAY - SUV

Tad is driving Jonathan is in the passenger seat.

JONATHAN

She said she understood it may take some time to complete the investigation. You think of anyone waiting on a multi-million dollar check that would be understanding? And she was so fucking polite about it, something's up with her.

TAD

She just a real nice lady, no crime in that. I heard she donated a hunut thousand dollars to relief efforts.

Tad adjusts his Bluetooth.

JONATHAN

Okay so she has a charitable streak. But she never asked if I had any leads, or how long it would take, or if she could do anything to help, or any of the questions a legit crime victim would.

TAD

She was born here, she knows how things work.

JONATHAN

Fuck's that mean?

TAD

To be honest Mr. Ruby I think those cars are in the possession of some Mexican drug lord by now. Even if they not in Mexico they definitely not here.

JONATHAN

No one can make almost three-hundred and fifty plus cars disappear. I-10 chaos so no way they got to Texas or Mississippi they sure as shit didn't go out to sea and the causeway was closed.

(CONTINUED)

TAD

On account of the high winds.

JONATHAN

Exactly, there was no way
out, those cars are here.

23 EXT. - ESCALADE - DAY

The black Escalade winds through suburban streets. Water is high enough to make wakes, debris is everywhere and people are trying to recover what they can.

24 INT. - ESCALADE - DAY

Jonathan looks up from his file and out the window in disbelief.

JONATHAN

Sweet Christ this is depressing.

Tad adjusts his Bluetooth.

TAD

Yeah it's a crying shame what's
happened to some folks.

JONATHAN

You know it would have taken
twenty-five trucks hauling ten cars
each and then you would need
twenty-five guys with CDL's and
that's just for the Caddies. The
vettes are at least two or three
more trucks and drivers.

TAD

Where would you get the trucks and
the car-hauler trailers on short
notice though? Not to mention the
drivers.

JONATHAN

Yeah, that's another thing, a heist
this big would take months even
years to plan. Where would I go if
I wanted a group of drivers in a
hurry?

Tad stops the vehicle to let a reservist push an old lady in a wheelchair across the street.

(CONTINUED)

TAD
Maybe the Teamsters?

JONATHAN
That's not a bad idea do they have
a local office?

TAD
Yeah, just a few blocks from your
hotel at Elysian and Royal.

JONATHAN
Perfect, I'm gonna talk to the
them. Drop me off and keep the
vehicle, pick me up at 8 tomorrow.

Tad stops the vehicle at a street corner.

TAD
Mr. Ruby, let me ask you, what you
gon do when you catch these people?

JONATHAN
The fuck you talking about? Like I
told the Chief, I'm after the cars,
if you guys want the crooks you can
catch them yourselves.

TAD
Guess that's the case then. See you
Mr. Ruby.

25 INT. DAY - TEAMSTERS UNION BUILDING

The RECEPTIONIST is sitting at a desk. The elevator has an
OUT OF ORDER sign on it.

JONATHAN
I need to talk to somebody about
hiring some drivers.

RECEPTIONIST
Well you can head on up the stairs
there. Be careful though, I think
he's in a bottle.

JONATHAN
Okay, thanks.

Jonathan takes the stairs up. The sign on the door says
Local #270 and he enters.

26 INT. TEAMSTERS OFFICE - DAY

There is a half empty whiskey bottle on a desk and an empty glass.

JONATHAN
Hello? Anyone here?

From behind him Jonathan hears the bolt of a machine gun being thrown and raises his hands. The door closes behind him.

ANDREW
Who dat?

JONATHAN
Jonathan Ruby, Great Lakes Risk
Management.

ANDREW (30's, white, suit and tie) rolls out from behind the door in a wheel chair holding a Thompson machine gun and slurring his words a little.

ANDREW
You sellin'?

JONATHAN
No.

ANDREW
Prolly not here to loot either,
huh?

JONATHAN
No. Can I turn around?

ANDREW
Sure. Insurance huh? Should have
said something before you spoke.
Make yourself to home. Andrew
Legette, Director of Government
Affairs.

Andrew rests the Thompson across his lap, rolls toward a liquor cabinet and removes a second glass.

JONATHAN
You're a lobbyist? With a machine
gun?

ANDREW
Don't let the suit fool you, I'm a
Teamster first, lobbyist second.
Want one?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN
No, thanks though.

ANDREW
Suit yourself. How can I help you?

JONATHAN
I'm investigating a case of
automobile theft.

ANDREW
Is the vehicle in question
wheelchair compatible?

JONATHAN
No, they were not.

ANDREW
Guess I'm in the clear then. You
said they. I thought it was one car
what got stole.

JONATHAN
One act of larceny, almost three
hundred cars.

Andrew manually adjusts his legs then pours whiskey in his
glass.

ANDREW
Sweet Lupin the third! That's some
ballsy thievery. Two-hundred fifty
you say? Sheeeeit!

JONATHAN
Yeah, the figure staggers and I
think they did it just hours before
Katrina made landfall too.

ANDREW
Sheeeeit. Drivers, trucks, put
together on the fly? Most everyone
had evacuated, the only people on
the streets that close to landfall
were the cops.

JONATHAN
My thoughts exactly. Know any might
be recently flush?

ANDREW
Can't say as I do, course I don't
keep with the law much. But if

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

you're looking for new money you may find more suspects than you want the way FEMA is handing out debit cards.

JONATHAN

Heard about any off the books jobs for drivers before she hit?

ANDREW

Can't say that I did. Hey, you hear about the boat shop what flooded?

JONATHAN

No can't say that I have.

The two stare at each other for a moment. Andrew looking particularly anxious.

ANDREW

Don't you get it? You own a boat shop and the city is flooded. You're the one guy prepared for Mother Nature's fully-hydrated tantrum and you still lose everything. (starts laughing) A boat shop, flooded! Get it?! (laughs more) Oh, irony you is Katrina.

JONATHAN

Well, I'm gonna go.

Jonathan starts to leave and sees a picture of Marian on the wall.

ANDREW

See something?

JONATHAN

Who is that?

ANDREW

That's Mr. Crochette.

JONATHAN

I saw his picture earlier today at somebody's house. He the local President?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Founder of this here chapter actually, retired now. He's still a big wheel in a couple of the wards though.

JONATHAN

Retired huh?

ANDREW

Well, between you and I...he was, resigned, if you know what I mean.

JONATHAN

Educate me.

ANDREW

He got convicted for some sort of Ponzi scheme and had to go away for a spell. Overall he's a good ol' boy though, just got caught in the boucherie.

JONATHAN

Is he still around?

ANDREW

Yeah, he opened a bunch of flower shops, doing real well for hisself...you know, rehabilitated and whatnot.

JONATHAN

I would like to meet him.

ANDREW

You like a good fight?

JONATHAN

Yeah, why?

ANDREW

Charity fights tonight for the cops. Lots of betting going on, lots of money, probably find Mr. Crochette there. He still keeps his hand in if you know what I mean.

JONATHAN

Thanks, I'll find my way there.

27 EXT. - NIGHT - OUTSIDE OF THE SEWELL DEALERSHIP

Jonathan is looking at the Sewell dealership. Giant spot lights aimed skyward. Hundreds of people talking and drinking. Large banner reads: MIXED MARTIAL ARTS NOLA PD BENEFIT

JONATHAN
Un-fucking-real.

28 INT. - SEWELL CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

The interior has a regulation MMA cage in the center of the crowded showroom floor. Bookies are taking bets and a beautiful ESCORT approaches Jonathan.

ESCORT
Sweetie, looks like you huntin'
bobcat with a cane pole.

Jonathan is startled for a moment as he realizes she's the receptionist from the Teamsters office.

JONATHAN
How? What?

ESCORT
Out of your element and ill
equipped. Maybe I could accompany
you for the evening? I got an
out-of-towners discount going.

JONATHAN
Wow. Married, thanks though.

ESCORT
Most are, ain't stopped narry a one
to my reckoning.

JONATHAN
Still gotta pass. Nice work ethic
by the way.

ESCORT
Sugar you don't know the half...

29 INT. - SEWELL CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

On an elevated platform Jonathan sees the Chief and Marian talking and laughing like old friends. Several men in slacks and golf shirts are also seated with them.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN
Are you kidding me? Gotta go,
thanks.

Jonathan starts to make his way to the dais but is intercepted by Tad.

TAD
Hey Mr. Ruby!

JONATHAN
Tad? Fuck you doing here?

TAD
I'm police, supposed to be here.
Where you headed?

JONATHAN
I was planning to ask the Chief why
he was consorting with a known
felon.

TAD
Maybe you shouldn't though.

JONATHAN
What? Are you afraid of those guys?

TAD
Well, kinda.

JONATHAN
Jesus. Alright what do you suggest?

TAD
Let's observe, have a beer, and try
to look less conspicuous.

30 INT. - DAY - A BEDROOM IN THE HOUSE ON STILTS ON THE BAYOU

Jonathan is asleep on top of the covers wearing a boxers robe and shorts. He has a black eye and busted lip.

31 INT. - DAY - KITCHEN IN THE HOUSE ON STILTS ON THE BAYOU

MARION CROCHETTE is at the stove wearing an apron and turns as Jonathan enters.

JONATHAN
The fuck am I?

(CONTINUED)

MARION

In the south we usually start our day with a good morning...it's the polite thing to do.

JONATHAN

You think my poor etiquette will be a defense against a kidnapping charge?

MARION

Kidnapping? Well that just hurts my feelings. You're free to leave anytime.

Jonathan exits through the nearest door.

32 EXT.- DAY - A HOUSE ON STILTS ON THE BAYOU

Jonathan steps out onto a porch and sees swamp in all directions. BARBO (6'4" muscular, overalls, straw hat) in a rocking chair with an FN 290 with a silencer slung over the back of the chair.

BARBO

Sheeeeit, if it ain't the Michigan Murder Machine hisself. The Detroit Destroyer, The Nightmare of the North. (starts laughing)

JONATHAN

How far is it to civilization?

Boudreux stands up - towering over Jonathan - and points in the distance.

BARBO

Oh, 'bout five mile by crow. Gators still sleep, you could prolly sprint it if ya step lively. (starts laughing again)

33 EXT.- DAY - A HOUSE ON STILTS ON THE BAYOU

No sign of civilization in any direction.

34 INT. - DAY - KITCHEN IN THE HOUSE ON STILTS ON THE BAYOU

Jonathan goes back inside. Marion is standing facing him holding a butcher knife.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Mr. Crochette I meant no disrespect earlier, I...

MARION

I hear you been making inquiries, well boy, you're in my house now.

JONATHAN

Before you do what you have to, could you at least tell me what happened last night?

MARION

Glad you asked, have a seat. You see, before the main event I thought it would be fun to open up the ring to amateurs and well...

35 INT. - NIGHT - CHARITY FIGHT AT SEWELL - FLASHBACK

Jonathan in the ring, bleeding above one eye, screaming in victory. The crowd is going insane cheering. Tad is watching with his mouth open. EMT's are taking an unconscious fighter out of the ring.

36 INT. - DAY - KITCHEN IN THE HOUSE ON STILTS ON THE BAYOU

MARION

That was the second man you disabled.

JONATHAN

I don't remember... Were they cops?

MARION

The first one was. The second one was a firefighter. Guess he won't be putting out any fires for a while. The third one was a pro out of Bogalusa.

JONATHAN

How many...?

MARION

Oh, just the three. I stopped the fights after you comatized the last one. I disappointed a great many people and you cost a few a great deal of money. There was even talk of the fight being rigged.

Marion returns to the stove and his cooking.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

So the cops and firefighters hate me now.

MARION

No, not at all. They signed on for a certain amount of violence, but my guests...

JONATHAN

The ones you were sitting with? Fuck they got to do with anything?

MARION

Oh, they were just some fellas from Chicago, New York and New Jersey, come down to look into helping rebuild the city and place a few bets.

JONATHAN

Construction guys, from Chicago, New York and...

MARION

...and New Jersey.

JONATHAN

Fuck me. Should I even ask how you know them?

We hear an airboat engine in the distance.

MARION

While I was on sabbatical as a guest of the state I established a few relationships. And knowing those folks as I do, we thought it best to sequester you here. At least until they left town. And Bot-Bo, he's here to help if need be.

JONATHAN

You mean the son of Hee-Haw and the Chrysler Building? He gave me directions. You said we thought, who is we?

MARION

That young officer been on your arm these last few days...Thad or Brad.

The airboat is getting closer.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Tad.

MARION

Yes, he was the one suggested you be, remanded into my custody, to use the vernacular.

JONATHAN

How safe am I, are we?

Barbo enters, carrying a rifle with a high-power scope, hands Jonathan the FN as he passes, then kneels at a window pointing the rifle.

MARION

Not many know about this place but if a person were of a mind to look... Anywhome where'd you learn to fight?

JONATHAN

Airborne.

MARION

A Ranger, huh. Odd to go from the military to working for an insurance company.

JONATHAN

Yeah, I thought it would let me be home more often, I wasn't as right as I could have been about that. But about last night, I don't remember much of anything...

Barbo works the bolt on the rifle, Jonathan works the action on the FN and tries to take up a more defensible position in the small kitchen.

MARION

Someone probably put something extra in your beer. It was clear you were not yourself. Unfortunately certain elements are drawn to these little get-togethers. It's a shame really. Where are my manners? Can I offer you some chicory coffee and beignets?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Thanks, maybe later.

Marian produces a .50 Desert Eagle pulls back the slide and checks that it's got one in the chamber. He also relocates to a more strategic position.

MARION

Mr. Ruby you see any action?

JONATHAN

Some.

MARION

Oh that's good, that's real good.

Barbo returns to the kitchen, and exits the back. Marion puts his gun away. The boat gets closer and then the engine dies. Tad enters with a suitcase.

TAD

Morning Mr. Crochette. You got a murder planned for today Mr. Ruby?

Jonathan puts the FN down, Tad puts the suitcase down, Marion returns to the stove.

JONATHAN

Christ it's good to see you.

TAD

Good to see you too. Boy that was some display you put on last night Mr. Ruby. Never in all my born days have I seen a more professional series of ass-beatings. Where you learn all them moves?

MARION

He was a soldier.

TAD

Hell you say! Well thank you for your service *and* the show.

JONATHAN

Yeah, no problem. Is that my suitcase?

TAD

Oh yeah, I stopped by your hotel. I figured you would want to change into something less...whatever you are right now.

(CONTINUED)

Tad takes a seat at the table.

JONATHAN
How did you get into my room?

TAD
I'm police.

JONATHAN
What, did you get a warrant?

TAD
For what? We friends ain't we?

MARION
Officer, would you like some
chicory and beignets?

TAD
That's mighty white of you Mr.
Crochette. Thank you.

Jonathan inspects two small wounds on his ribs. The area around them is swollen and purple. Marion serves Tad.

JONATHAN
I got these two distinct marks on
my ribs...

TAD
Real sorry about that Mr. Ruby but
you not being aware of the
situation couldn't appreciate the
need to make a hasty exit last
night so...

JONATHAN
So what?

MARION
Now don't be angry son but you
didn't want to leave so...he had to
taze you a little.

JONATHAN
You fucking tazed me?!

TAD
Well I certainly wasn't gonna try
and subdue you after what I'd just
seen.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Yeah, alright, whatever. What about those organized guys?

TAD

Watched them all board a private jet and take off around three this morning. They were none too pleased I'll tell you that.

MARION

Private jets are so ostentatious. I'm more of a yacht man myself. Quiet, out on the open water, yeah, that would be ideal for me.

TAD

That sounds like a mighty fine idea Mr. Crochette. Got a name picked out?

MARION

I just may, I just may.

Another airboat can be heard in the distance. Barbo enters in a hurry.

MARION

Barbo?

BARBO

We gotta mogate.

37 EXT. - HOUSE ON STILTS IN THE BAYOU

Jonathan (carrying the FN), Tad, Marion pile into the airboat. Bot-bo stops on the porch looks at the approaching airboat through the rifle scope.

BARBO

Two boys in track suits up front.

MARION

Who's guiding 'em?

BARBO

Renfro.

MARION

Bancel Renfro!? Well I went to school with that man.

(CONTINUED)

BARBO
Am I taking the shot?

Marion turns to Tad.

MARION
Officer?

TAD
I'm off duty. Mr. Ruby you got any
objection to living through this?

JONATHAN
None.

MARION
Harm 'em.

Barbo fires and leaps on board as Tad starts the engine. As they pull away from the house we hear machine gun fire in the background.

BARBO
I got one.

TAD
Sounds like them boys come loaded
for bear.

Jonathan looks back but can't see past the fan.

JONATHAN
I can't get a shot.

MARION
Why'd they stop shooting?

Tad turns the boat slightly and they see the pursuing boat slow as it passes his house then speeds up again. Once the chasers are away, the house on stilts explodes.

JONATHAN
Jesus.

Marion produces the Desert Eagle.

MARION
These bastards are beyond the
Lord's help I'm afraid.

Marion begins firing slow deliberate shots, Boudreux is firing as fast as he can chamber a round. One of the boat passengers is prone the other starts firing again.

(CONTINUED)

TAD

They got a faster boat and we can't go head-to-head with that uzi without taking some hits.

Tad turns the boat in the opposite direction and accelerates away.

JONATHAN

Can you get them to follow us closely?

TAD

Oh that's about to be the case.

Jonathan grabs a fillet knife from Barbo's waist, takes off his robe and cuts it into large pieces. Then he punctures a spare fuel container.

MARION

I'm out.

Jonathan hands Marion the FN. The other boat is getting closer. Tad has the boat up to speed, Marion is leaning over the side firing the FN, Barbo is holding his belt.

JONATHAN

Okay I'm ready.

TAD

Ready for what?

JONATHAN

Swing to port on three, two, one!

Tad swings the boat around, Jonathan hurls the fuel container into the air and fires a flare gun at it. The other boat drives through the explosion.

MARION

God-a-mighty.

The four men watch as the boat with two flaming, flailing, figures passes them and disappears among the cypress trees. A long silence follows.

JONATHAN

Sorry about your house Mr. Crochette.

MARION

Marion, just Marion from here on.

(CONTINUED)

Marion tosses the FN and the Desert Eagle into the swamp.
Boudreaux tosses the rifle after them.

TAD

Sorry about all your clothes Mr.
Ruby.

JONATHAN

Fuck!

BARBO

There's a Walmart not far. We can
get you outfitted...Ovenator.

MARION

Bot-bo.

BARBO

Okay, too soon. I thought it was
clever though.

38 EXT. - MARINA PIER - DAY

Jonathan, Marion, Tad and Bot-bo walk abreast down the pier.
Other people stop and stare.

39 INT. - POLICE STATION - DAY

Ruby is looking at a computer, Tad is leaning against a
wall, smoking. Officers occasionally walk by and pat
Jonathan on the back. The station is still busy.

TAD

You generated quite a sum for the
policemen's benefit.

JONATHAN

Yeah but I also got myself in debt
to the man I suspect orchestrated
this caper. And then there's the
other.

TAD

T'aint no other Mr. Ruby, nor was
there ever and it shall never be
given voice again.

MARLENE (cute, black, pregnant officer) stops and puts a cup
of coffee on Jonathan's desk.

JONATHAN

Oh, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

MARLENE

I wasn't sure how you took it but I figured you could handle black.

She winks and walks away. Once she's out of earshot Jonathan looks at Tad.

JONATHAN

The fuck?

TAD

Like I said, a great deal of money.

JONATHAN

Yeah but, even if I was single, I mean, she's gotta be twelve months pregnant.

TAD

Actually a doctor told me once that a woman can remain sexually active for the entire...

JONATHAN

Oh God please stop.

TAD

Alright, and I wouldn't worry myself none about owing Mr. Crochette, he's actually a pretty generous soul.

JONATHAN

How much money?

TAD

What?

JONATHAN

How much money did you guys, the cops, get?

TAD

Somewhere between one-hundred and three-hundred thousand.

JONATHAN

I cost the goodfellas three-hundred grand and Marion has it?

In the background there's a gunshot. Someone shouts:

(CONTINUED)

OFF CAMERA

Oh lawd!

The place goes silent for a minute. Tad rests his hand on his pistol. Jonathan looks at Tad who holds up his hand to signal 'sit still'.

OFF CAMERA

Clear! Just a rattler!

The place instantly resumes the previous noise level and Tad picks up the conversation as if nothing happened.

TAD

After the first fight the odds went a little crazy. But Mr. Crochette is handling all that. And nobody forced them boys to bet against ya.

JONATHAN

A known felon is handling police funds that came from mob gambling?

In the background we see an officer showing a large dead snake to other officers. Another officer pulls out a tape measurer.

TAD

Well they're not exactly police funds until he hands over the check. You see he founded the charity after he got out, being reformed and all.

JONATHAN

That is the most insane...

Jonathan's cell phone rings and he looks at the ID.

JONATHAN

I gotta take this.

Jonathan walks to the peripheral. We hear:

JONATHAN

Yeah I know baby...I'm working on it...Hold on, you're breaking up.

TAD

Towers are still mostly down Mr. Ruby but you can get real good reception over by the shitter!

(CONTINUED)

Jonathan moves closer to the men's restroom door. A reservist exits and bumps into him.

JONATHAN

If I was there I couldn't earn what we need...Yeah, I love you too...Okay, bye.

Ruby returns to the desk. Tad adjusts his Bluetooth.

TAD

Everything okay Mr. Ruby?

JONATHAN

You got kids?

TAD

Two and a third on the way.

JONATHAN

Then you'll understand. My kid...my daughter, she has a condition.

TAD

Real sorry to hear that. Treatable?

JONATHAN

Yeah, if I had chosen the right options when I enrolled.

TAD

But you work for the insurance companies.

JONATHAN

Yeah. Stolen cars, my people are all over it, health, not so much.

TAD

Certainly am sorry to hear that Mr. Ruby. You hungry?

JONATHAN

What?

TAD

Sustenance can help a man think when he needs to.

JONATHAN

Fuck it, let's go. I'll treat but keep it reasonable, Great Lakes can be stingy.

TAD
Understood. I got the perfect thing
for your problems.

40 EXT - AN ALLEY - EARLY EVENING

Tad and Jonathan walk along a city street and enter a dark alley.

TAD
Where are we going?

JONATHAN
Someplace quiet where you'll be
taken care of. You ever had
yard-food?

TAD
No, do I need my epi-pen?

JONATHAN
Not at all Mr. Ruby. Matter of fact
you may feel a sudden increase in
vitality after you had some real
gumbo.

TAD
That's a powerful endorsement.

JONATHAN
This here food will make a
cockroach pull a boxcar.

TAD
I've no idea what that means but
the science behind it intrigues me.

41 EXT. - NIGHT - ALLEY OPENS INTO SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD.

Jonathan and Tad enter the back yard of a house. People are seated at picnic benches eating out of bowls. Christmas lights are everywhere and a hand-painted sign reads: \$5 a bowl.

JONATHAN
The fuck are we?

TAD
This is a little place I go where
I can just be...

MS. IRMA - a rotund, older black woman, wearing an apron steps out of the house and shouts across the crowded yard.

(CONTINUED)

MS. IRMA
Tad! Where you been?

Ms. Irma approaches Tad and Jonathan.

TAD
Ms. Irma you know I been out doin'
the lords work.

MS. IRMA
You mean being fruitful and
multiplying? I seen yo' missus the
other day lookin' ripe as a Georgia
melon. Don't you two have cable?

Jonathan chuckles. Ms. Irma turns to Jonathan.

MS. IRMA
You look like up north. What's your
claim to fame?

JONATHAN
Just visiting.

MS. IRMA
Well visitor you in for a treat, I
put my foot in it this time.

JONATHAN
Uh...

TAD
He's still adjusting to the climate
Ms. Irma.

MS. IRMA
Well, sit the boy down. I'll make
you a coupl'a bowls.

TAD
Yes ma'am.

42 EXT. NIGHT - MS. IRMA'S BACK YARD

Tad and Jonathan are sitting at a picnic table. Two empty
bowls and several empty beer bottles are between them.

JONATHAN
Do these people have a license?

TAD
For what?

Tad takes a sip of his beer.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Never mind. It's an all cash business, don't they worry about getting robbed?

TAD

Nope, law enforcement eats free so there's badges here almost 'round the clock.

JONATHAN

Christ, it's like you people have your own legal eco-system down here.

A few more people come and go. Ms. Irma is delivering bowls and collecting used ones.

TAD

It is a might different from most places I guess.

Ms. Irma approaches the table.

MS. IRMA

You boys okay?

TAD

Yes ma'am.

JONATHAN

It was delicious. Thank you.

MS. IRMA

Damn scraight. You the one after them cars?

JONATHAN

Uh...yes.

MS. IRMA

Boy them cars done come and gone. I bet they in France by now.

Ms. Irma collects their bowls and leaves. Tad adjusts his Bluetooth.

TAD

I don't mean to pry but I was thinking about what you said about kids. They're your heart on two legs ain't they?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

That's the truest thing ever said.

TAD

What's she need, medicine, an operation, what?

JONATHAN

The procedure is doable, it's brain related, but it's not covered, too high a risk. My house is mortgaged to the max just for her hospital stay and I still gotta come up with a couple hundred grand for...

TAD

Mr. Ruby?

JONATHAN

I got less than two weeks before no doctor is willing to get involved. She's dying right before my fucking eyes and I'm not even there. My little girl...

TAD

I don't know if you're a believer Mr. Ruby, but faith has gotten many a person across rougher seas.

There is a moment where Jonathan considers this.

JONATHAN

Yeah, I have faith. I have faith I'm gonna find those fucking Cadillacs. I have faith I'm going to collect that reward and I have faith... I have faith that my little girl is going to make it.

TAD

That's what I'm talkin bout!

Tad raises his beer. Jonathan toasts with him.

TAD

You should set up a tip line, offer some sort of reward.

JONATHAN

You know that's gonna bring out every whacko and con-artist south of I-10 right?

(CONTINUED)

TAD

Sure, but what if out of all those calls we get that one?

JONATHAN

Alright, I'll do it in the morning before we go see the insurance agent that sold the policy.

43 INT. - MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Jonathan and Tad enter an office. A large picture of MARCUS (MAC) AURELIUS CROCHETTE (30+, Af-Am) hangs on the wall next to his insurance license.

TAD

How is this fella involved?

JONATHAN

He's the agent that wrote the policy for the dealership. May know something, may not. Just fishing a bit.

TAD

Okay. Something smells good. You go by the Picayune and advertise that reward?

Jonathan looks at the picture.

JONATHAN

First thing and so much for familial relations.

Tad looks at the picture and shrugs.

TAD

Could be an Ethiopian in the fuel supply.

JONATHAN

Fuck's that mean?

Mac enters from the rear office.

MAC

Morning gentlemen. Can I help you?

JONATHAN

Jonathan Ruby, Great Lakes, this is Tad.

They shake.

(CONTINUED)

MAC

Pleasure gentlemen. Come on back.

Mac gestures for them to follow him into the rear office.

44

INT.- MAC'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Desk, chairs, maps of the city above, cb equipment, sat-phone on charger, a couple of monitors showing weather reports and a police scanner on a table against a wall.

MAC

You fellas like some etouffee?

JONATHAN

No thank you, I feel like I've been eating since I got here.

MAC

How bout a drink? I got coffee and Pappy Van.

JONATHAN

None for me, thanks though.

TAD

I'll accept that bourbon.

Mac fixes drinks and a bowl for himself, Jonathan takes a seat while Tad walks around looking at pictures on the wall.

JONATHAN

Where were you when she hit?

MAC

I nearly waited too long, but I got north just before they cleared the causeway.

JONATHAN

Lucky.

MAC

Well it definitely wasn't smart.

JONATHAN

I think a local guy by the same surname was involved.

MAC

You mean Marion?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Yeah, you know him?

MAC

Everybody kinda knows everybody by way of a relation here and there. The Landry's, Crochette's, Thibideaux's, Hebert's, you name 'em, if you got a French or Creole surname somebody knows you through somebody. What you looking into that old crook for?

JONATHAN

The Cadillacs.

MAC

Alright I sent that claim up already but I got a copy...

JONATHAN

Thanks but I got one before I left. It would have taken at least twenty or so drivers to move those cars and with his Teamster ties...

MAC

It's a little fuzzy but if I squint I can see it.

JONATHAN

I don't guess you'd know anything about his current pursuits through the grapevine would you?

MAC

I believe he became a florist. Not a very masculine pursuit in my humble, but it is what it is. Between you and I, word is the cops took those cars.

Tad turns to look at Mac.

MAC

No offense.

Mac sits down with a bowl.

TAD

None taken.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

That seems to be the consensus but in truth I'm not as concerned with who took them as with where they are presently.

MAC

You not trying to prosecute?

TAD

It's true, he just want the cars. Don't care one whit bout the thieves.

MAC

Well that's interesting. But regarding Marion, he must be in his mid to late sixties by now.

JONATHAN

Yeah, but now what's bothering me is this florist business.

MAC

Explain.

JONATHAN

Next to bars and a coin operated business like a carwash or arcade, a flower shop is one of the best places to launder money.

TAD

In my years on the force I ain't never heard that.

JONATHAN

It has to do with the refrigeration.

TAD

They got refrigerators?

JONATHAN

They're referred to as chillers or coolers but they keep the more expensive flowers cold which keeps them fresh longer.

MAC

So?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Those business accept lots of cash and a florist can report that his chiller died and he took a loss of several thousand dollars' worth of flowers, then sell the flowers to another florist at a discount, get the tax break for the total loss, and make a tidy profit.

TAD

Flower shops. Mr. Ruby, that's some devious...

Tads pager beeps.

TAD

Good lord! We got a bite Mr. Ruby!

JONATHAN

The tip line? I just posted that ad online an hour ago.

TAD

Yeah, we gotta roll. Thanks for the drink.

Tad exits and Jonathan follows.

MAC

Anytime gentlemen.

45 INT. - ESCALADE - DAY

Jonathan and Tad in the Escalade.

JONATHAN

I'm not gonna believe anything until I see it.

TAD

Faith Mr. Ruby. Faith.

46 EXT. - DAY - A LARGE WAREHOUSE BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE POLICE STATION.

Twenty or so SWAT, Sheriff's deputies and NOLA PD outside gearing up. The Escalade arrives and parks in the middle of the gathered police vehicles.

JONATHAN

Shit, they bring enough guys?

(CONTINUED)

TAD

No idea who's inside. You mind waiting until you hear from me?

JONATHAN

Not at all.

Tad parks, gets out, and speaks to the SWAT commanding officer. Jonathan produces binoculars and watches as Tad puts on a Kevlar vest and checks his sidearm.

JONATHAN

Stay sharp Tad.

SWAT does a tactical breach of the door then the other officers and deputies follow inside the warehouse. Jonathan watches then his phone rings .

JONATHAN

Yeah?...On my way.

47

INT. - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Twenty-five new corvettes neatly lined up in rows are in the center of the place. Law enforcement has established a perimeter around the cars. Ruby looks in awe.

TAD

See, this is what I'm talking about Mr. Ruby, faith.

JONATHAN

Tad.

TAD

Yes sir?

JONATHAN

Pick a place, drinks are on me tonight.

A 'hot damn' and a 'hallelujah' are heard from the cops. Jonathan calls his office as he walks among the vettes. Tad is close behind.

JONATHAN

Ed this is...

An alligator lunges from beneath one of the cars, a shot is heard, then the alligator stops moving. Tad looks up towards a catwalk where a SWAT sniper is reloading.

(CONTINUED)

TAD

Clear! Jus-a-gator!

The SWAT sniper gives a two finger salute and continues scanning the area.

JONATHAN

...no Ed just an alligator...
Whatever, listen I'm looking at
twenty something new vettes with
Sewell dealer plates on them...
Yeah, I'll send the VINS. What I
need right now is for you to direct
deposit my check as soon as you
confirm those numbers...Thanks.

Ruby hangs up.

48 INT. - NIGHT - COP BAR

Tad, Jonathan and all the cops from the raid are drinking and toasting, laughing and talking loud. Everyone is celebrating.

TAD

It's about three a. m. and I got a
couple of good ol boys pulled over
on some back road. The driver's got
the window down and I can smell the
booze from ten feet away. So I put
on my serious cop voice and I say
fellas NOLa PD is lookin' for a
coupla' rapists. The driver
raises his window and starts
arguing with the passenger. Now I
got my hand on my sidearm, I'm
thinking about my wife, my kids,
and everything that can go wrong in
the next few seconds and, hand to
God, he rolls down the window and
says, okay officer, we'll do it.

The table explodes with laughter. Jonathan gets up to get more drinks. At the bar Mac approaches him.

MAC

Heard you found a few, can I buy
you one?

JONATHAN

Absolutely.

49 INT. - NIGHT - COP BAR

Ruby and Mac are sitting in a corner booth. Most of the cops have left and the bar is nearly empty. Tad approaches the two.

TAD

Mr. Ruby my wife thinks I raided Pablo Escobar's compound and is wanting to see me in the flesh something fierce.

MAC

I'll get him to his hotel.

TAD

Mr. Ruby is that okay with you?

JONATHAN

Yeah sure and thanks again that was some damn good police work suggesting that tip line.

TAD

Thanks. Night Mr. Ruby, night Mac.

Tad exits. Jonathan turns to Mac.

JONATHAN

I have been in the same room where someone was shooting twice in one day. Twice.

MAC

Can't be that much different from Detroit, according to the EPA the air up there is thirty percent bullets.

JONATHAN

Fair enough, but in Detroit we have designated areas for shooting at people.

Both men look at each other and start to laugh.

JONATHAN

I think the owner knows something.

MAC

Who, Ms. Kelly? That requires a stretch beyond my grasp and far above my paygrade. Plus she's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAC (CONT'D)
already rich what she need to get
involved in crime for?

JONATHAN
The NSD payout.

MAC
Huh, I had almost forgot about the
Named Storm Deductible. That little
clause has caused a lot a people a
world of headache down here, I'll
tell you that. You hear about the
boat shop?

JONATHAN
Yeah, one guy with the means to
handle high water.

MAC
It's a bit ironic.

JONATHAN
That drive during evacuation must
have been insane.

MAC
I'll tell you a story about a fella
I wrote a policy for, model
citizen, him and his boyfriend they
got trapped. No car between 'em, so
they go to the nearest parking
garage, hotwire a car and get on
the road.

JONATHAN
Really? Just stole a random car?

MAC
Here's the crunch. They get to the
Texas border and tell a state
trooper that they are driving a
stolen car.

JONATHAN
Get the fuck outa here!

MAC
I kid you not my friend. And guess
what the trooper told 'em?

JONATHAN

Get out and put your hands behind your head?

MAC

Nope. He tells 'em, turn it in when you get to Houston.

JONATHAN

Are you fucking kidding me!?

MAC

Nope. They get to Houston park it at the police station, then call the cops to let them know a stolen vehicle is in their lot.

JONATHAN

Holy shit!

MAC

This parish was a flooded asylum in full flight that morning. I saw a homeless man fighting a gator in the street.

JONATHAN

What?!

MAC

Just fucking with you.

JONATHAN

I'd've believed you.

MAC

In all honesty, it's not that farfetched. You know what the weirdest thing was?

JONATHAN

Educate me.

MAC

The darkness. Wind, rain, water in the streets, all copable but it was ten in the morning and them storm clouds completely blocked out the sun. No streetlights, no building lights not even a neon sign. That combined with the wind and rain...I'm talking End of Days weather.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Who could have put together an operation like that under those circumstances?

MAC

You given up on Marion Crochette?

JONATHAN

You think he's a viable suspect?

MAC

Granted, that old man is slick, you won't see him coming 'til he's gone. On the other hand he is getting up in years.

JONATHAN

Yeah, it's like he had someone out there acting on his behalf like a...

MAC

...Holy Ghost?

JONATHAN

Wow. I was thinking surrogate thief but okay. Anyway I gotta go listen to the rest of those tip-line calls. I wonder who owns that warehouse?

MAC

Where you found the vettes? No tellin'. I'll get you there though let me just pay the...

JONATHAN

No, no it's only a block or so and the walk will do me good.

MAC

Suit yourself. See you around.

50

EXT. - JONATHAN WALKING ALONG STREET - NIGHT

A panel van slows alongside Jonathan and a high-beam light hits him in the face. Jonathan stops and shields his eyes but he can't see into the vehicle.

JONATHAN

You looking for anyone in particular?

(CONTINUED)

(VOICE FROM THE VAN)
You should take more care walking
these streets at night Detroit.
Anything can happen to a person.

JONATHAN
I'm not worried.

(VOICE FROM THE VAN)
Yeah, try being clever with busted
kneecaps.

The van stops, Jonathan assumes a fight stance. We hear the buzz of a tazer and see Jonathan collapse. A shadowy figure stands over him and two shot gun blasts are heard.

51 INT - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jonathan is asleep on a couch. In the background cops are beating four guys that are strapped down on gurneys. Jonathan wakes up, looks around and sees Marlene

JONATHAN
The fuck?

MARLENE
Sweetie what you doin' walking
alone at night on these streets?

JONATHAN
Being not smart apparently. My
first time south of the
Manson-Nixon line and I get tazed
twice in twenty-four hours.

MARLENE
Yeah they sparked you up, but if we
hadn't been there...

JONATHAN
Thanks for being around. I thought
I heard shotgun blasts.

MARLENE
Bean-bag rounds. Non-lethal but
they hurt. You gots to be more
careful.

We hear the sound of grown men crying in the background.

JONATHAN
Definitely will do. Who's being
seen to?

(CONTINUED)

MARLENE

The boys are just given directions to some track suits from Chicago. You want to cuff them about the head and shoulders some?

Marlene extends her nightstick to him.

JONATHAN

No, thanks though. And not to sound ungrateful but I don't wish those guys dead.

MARLENE

Ain't you sweet? Don't worry we just touchin 'em up around the edges a little. If you would be more comfortable not here one of the boys can give you a ride.

JONATHAN

I would appreciate that.

52 INT. - JONATHANS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan takes a shower then calls the front desk.

JONATHAN

Could I get a fresh pot of coffee sent up?...The kind with chicory. Thanks.

The coffee arrives shortly and Jonathan turns on the television to check the local news.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

The President is scheduled to make a return visit to the area and the White House has released a statement regarding the embattled Director of FEMA...

Jonathan takes some aspirin, plugs a pair of earbuds into an MP3 player and hits play.

CALLER #1

I seent 'em. They was like them space movies with the flying cars just floating...

Jonathan hits the delete button.

(CONTINUED)

CALLER #2

I got an old caddy I'll sell ya
for...

Jonathan hits the delete button.

CALLER #3

I know what happened to them
cars...yo momma took 'em! (howling
laughter)

Jonathan hits the delete button.

CALLER #4

Take yo yankee ass back to Canada
people are dying down here!

Jonathan hits the delete button.

CALLER #5

You ain't gon find shit!

Jonathan hits the delete button.

CALLER #6

Do you need all of the cars of just
the parts? Holla back my nigga!

Jonathan hits the delete button.

CALLER #7

Bring the reward money in a brown
paper bag to...

JONATHAN

Yeah, cuz I want to get murdered.

Jonathan hits the delete button.

CALLER #8

Them cars at the bottom of Lake
Pontchartrain, that's why they
closed the causeway.

Jonathan hits the delete button, then dozes off. But keeps
hearing the words 'closed the causeway' in different voices.

53 INT.-PARISH CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jonathan and Tad approach the counter at the Parish Clerk's office. HEATHER (30, WHITE) stands behind the window.

HEATHER
May I help you?

JONATHAN
Yeah...I'm looking for some property records for a local guy, name of Marion Crochette. And the owner of the warehouse at this address.

Jonathan hands her a piece of paper. Heather studies it for a moment. Tad adjusts his Bluetooth.

HEATHER
Alright anything else?

JONATHAN
Well if you happen to know a good place to stash two-hundred and fifty cars...

HEATHER
What, them Cadillacs? You think old man Crochette got something to do with that?

JONATHAN
Just looking into possible connections. You know him?

HEATHER
Sugar them cars are probably in southern California right now being driven around by pornography people and other deviants.

Tad and Jonathan stop to look at Heather.

HEATHER
Don't look at me like that. Everyone knows LA is a cereal bowl, made of nothin' but fruits, flakes, and nuts.

TAD
Mr. Ruby, are you familiar with the 'views expressed here' disclaimer?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN
Yeah, I get it.

HEATHER
What's that mean!?

TAD
Not a thing ma'am.

HEATHER
Well what makes you think you gon'
find anything here? All we got is
some old waterlogged files.

Mac emerges from a side office carrying a box.

JONATHAN
Small parish. You handling claims?

MAC
They coming in fast. I'm busier
than a one-armed paper hanger.

JONATHAN
Well good luck.

MAC
Thanks and if you're going to be in
town for a bit call my office I
know where to get some great
courtbouillon. Have a good one.

Mac leaves.

HEATHER
Did you see the way he ignored me?
I hate how some of them get once
they get a degree.

JONATHAN
Well...

HEATHER
Uppity. They get uppity. I bet
Detroit is just teaming with 'em.

JONATHAN
How'd you know I'm from Detroit?

HEATHER
Ain't that where cars come from?

JONATHAN

Yes, yes it is. About those records...

HEATHER

Yeah, what was the name again?

JONATHAN

Marion Crochette.

HEATHER

Oh yeah, but I gotta tell ya the older records were kinda spotty *before* she hit, either way that's gonna be some interesting reading.

JONATHAN

Yeah? How so?

Heather leans in and speaks in a whisper.

HEATHER

Well according to rumor he has a cabin in the swamp where he...deals with folks, if you know what I mean.

Tad studies the ceiling and shuffles his feet.

JONATHAN

Really?

HEATHER

When he went to prison it was in all the papers. But that's nothing new around here. This whole parish is full'a crooks, grifters and other unsavory elements. Come on back you're gon need the microfiche machine cause almost everything else we got is soaked.

Heather points him to the side door Mac just exited.

JONATHAN

Okay thanks. By the way, fuck is courtbouillon?

54 INT. - ESCALADE - DAY

Tad driving, Jonathan watching the misery out of the window. A house is on fire and a light rain has started.

TAD

You find anything in them records
Mr. Ruby?

JONATHAN

Nah, there are years missing or
files so damaged I couldn't read
them and the guy that owned the
warehouse died two years ago.

TAD

Well it was worth a look. What
next?

Tad adjusts his Bluetooth.

JONATHAN

This was a pro crew. It wasn't just
some guys who knew how to steal
cars. These guys would have to
know each other, trust each other,
worked together before this.

TAD

Yeah, but there ain't never been a
robbery like this before. Plus I
thought you weren't after them.

JONATHAN

I'm not but if I know who they are
and how they did it, I can offer
them their freedom in exchange for
the cars.

TAD

Isn't that blackmail?

JONATHAN

It may even be extortion but
criminals understand how the game
is played. Live to steal another
day, know what I mean?

TAD

If you say so Mr. Ruby.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

The PD got any cold case robberies
on file?

TAD

Maybe, never thought to look.

JONATHAN

Let's get back to the station.

55 INT.- POLICE BASEMENT FILE ROOM - DAY

Jonathan is standing in several inches of water looking in a
file cabinet, holding a flashlight in his mouth. Tad is on
the stairs.

JONATHAN

...and that's how my night went.

TAD

Bean-bag rounds?

JONATHAN

Yeah.

TAD

You clearly got more than just me
looking out for you.

JONATHAN

Yeah. Any word on the lights?

A rat drops onto the cabinet.

TAD

Sorry, it's a no-go on power down
there and watch the rats, they
pretty bold.

JONATHAN

No problem. Those east coast fellas
must have left a contract open on
their way home.

TAD

Would explain you being menaced.
Real sorry to have left you on your
own like that.

JONATHAN

No worries.

Jonathan produces a trash bag and puts the files in it.

56 INT. - RUBY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A stack of files from the clerk's office are on his bed. Jonathan calls the front desk and orders some coffee then makes another call. He opens a random file.

JONATHAN

Hey baby, can I talk to her? Hey sweetheart...Yeah I'm working but I will be back real soon okay?...Are you eating your veggies? That's my girl...really? Well when I get back...

Jonathan glances at the open file.

What the fuck?! No sweetheart Daddy didn't mean to use an adult word at you...I would never do that. Love you too. Now I need to talk to mommy...Yes sorry, I just got some news, did the direct deposit go through?...Yeah I know, love you too. Bye.

Jonathan searches through another file and puts the two open files next to each other.

JONATHAN

No, no, no...

57 EXT. - NEW ORLEAN AIRPORT RENTAL CAR LOT - DAY

Jonathan is on the phone talking as he walks.

JONATHAN

Ed, listen the guy I suspect is responsible used to be a foster father...Yeah it's complicated but I need to go to Baton Rouge...the records here are shit and I may have a connection to this and a whole bunch of other shit... No! Do not send that fucking check to her Ed, she may be involved! I need a day or two more...I'm renting a car...I'll be back in New Orleans tonight. Can you wait until the morning at least?...One more thing can you find out if Marion Crochette flew out a few days before Katrina hit? Thanks.

Jonathan hangs up, gets in a car and drives away.

58 INT. - RUBY'S HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Tad knocks on the door and gets no answer. He knocks again.

TAD
Mr. Ruby?

Tad uses a hotel master key to open the door. Inside he sees the files on the bed and taps his Bluetooth.

TAD
Sherlock is AWOL with a file full
of family history...I guess now is
as good a time as any...on my way.

59 INT. - EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH CLERK'S OFFICE

Jonathan approaches the clerks window. SALLY (older, female, really big hair) is behind the glass.

SALLY
May I help you?

JONATHAN
I'm looking for some records for
Orleans Parish adoptions.

SALLY
Most of those records are sealed.
You got a warrant or you with CPS?

JONATHAN
No, neither.

SALLY
Well I don't think I can help you
sweetie.

JONATHAN
Is there someone I can speak to
then? It's really important.

SALLY
Hold on.

Sally picks up the phone and dials.

SALLY
Got a boy out here says he needs
some records real bad...looks like
he's from up north...hold on...

Sally muffles the phone.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY(CONT.)

Where you from son?

JONATHAN

Detroit, fuck's that got to do with...?

SALLY

Language, there are women and children present. Goodness.

Sally talks into the phone again.

SALLY(CONT.)

He says he's from Detroit...Okay.

Sally hangs up the phone.

SALLY(CONT.)

Wait right here Mr. Haversham will be with you in a minute.

MR. HAVERSHAM (older black, balding) arrives at the window.

MR. HAVERSHAM

Sally this the one you called me about?

SALLY

Yes sir, he seems real eager to talk to somebody about something.

JONATHAN

Yeah, I just need to see some records from...

MR. HAVERSHAM

Whoa, whoa now. Let's adjourn to my office where we can speak on the subject comfortably.

60 INT. - MR. HAVERSHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Haversham is seated behind his desk. The office is extremely almost richly appointed. Jonathan is looking at an ivory figurine on a marble topped credenza.

MR. HAVERSHAM

So's I understand, you think some shady character is or was adopting youngsters and schooling them in the ways of criminality culminating in your car theft.

(CONTINUED)

Jonathan stops and points at the figurine.

JONATHAN

This is a really nice space you got. Is this from Asia?

MR. HAVERSHAM

That particular piece originated in what used to be Burma.

JONATHAN

I bet that cost a pretty penny.

Jonathan points another piece of eclectic art hanging on the wall.

JONATHAN

That one over there looks like it's Aztec or something.

MR. HAVERSHAM

Mayan to be exact.

Mr. Haversham takes a moment to study Jonathan.

MR. HAVERSHAM

My dilemma is two-fold, first I would be risking jail time for giving you access to sealed records, second once you see the records it's quite possible the information you want won't be there.

JONATHAN

I wouldn't hold you accountable for the contents. I'm just interested in a look, and as to jail time well, I guess you would need a good reason to take a risk like that. What if I told you it's the right thing to do?

MR. HAVERSHAM

It would still take at least five-hundred...reasons.

JONATHAN

Are you fucking kidding...!? Sorry, I'm not used to how things work down here yet.

(CONTINUED)

MR. HAVERSHAM

I understand..do you need time to deliberate?

JONATHAN

No. Is there an ATM nearby?

MR. HAVERSHAM

Right down the hall on the left.
You can leave whatever you need to
with Sally. I take my lunch on the
bench out front.

61 EXT.- PARK BENCH- DAY

Jonathan is using his phone to take pictures of the pages from a file. Mr. Haversham is sitting next to him eating a sandwich.

62 INT. - SMALL CHURCH - DAY

ON SCREEN: OUTSIDE OF BOGALUSA - WASHINGTON PARISH

Jonathan is looking around at the stained glass windows and SISTER VALE (old white nun) approaches him. The sun is shining brightly.

SISTER VALE

Hello, may I help you?

JONATHAN

Perhaps, I wanted to speak to
someone about three boys and Marian
Crochette.

Sister Vale's knees buckle and she catches herself on a pew. Jonathan reaches for her but she waves him off.

SISTER VALE

I knew that bull-shit would come
back to haunt me. You a cop? You
here to arrest me?

JONATHAN

No sister, insurance investigator.
Looking for some stolen Cadillacs.

SISTER VALE

How'd you find me and what use I
got for stolen cars?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Court records about the adoption had your name on them and when I went by the orphanage they told me where to find you.

SISTER VALE

Well sit down, I guess confessing my sins this late in life couldn't hurt. What stolen Cadillacs?

JONATHAN

Two-hundred and fifty brand new ones stolen from a NOLA dealership before Katrina.

SISTER VALE

Yeah, he and his boys could have done it but I don't know a thing about it. I'll tell you what they did to me though.

JONATHAN

Okay I would be interested to hear that.

63 EXT. - ORLEANS PARISH ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

ON SCREEN: 20 YEARS AGO

(Black and White) Thunder and lightning frame Frankenstein's castle, Goth style, building.

64 INT. - ORLEANS PARISH ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

(Black and White) A much younger Sister Vale is looking on as three priests paddle three young pantless boys (one black, two white). The boys are screaming in agony.

SISTER VALE

Tell me what you bastards did with my money...

She holds up her hand and the priests stop.

SISTER VALE(CONT.)

...and this stops now.

The boys look at each other then back at her.

SISTER VALE(CONT.)

Very well then...

(CONTINUED)

A door bursts open as thunder booms and a younger Marion is standing inside the room accompanied by a younger Bot-Bo. (should look impossible)

MARION

Sister Vale! I have come for your soul...and the Negro child! (over the top thundering echoing voice)

Sister Vale shrieks and cowers in a corner holding up a crucifix in defense.

MARION (CONT.)

Barbo, harm those priests.

Flying monkey music plays as Barbo beats the priests in the background. The boys dance around tossing money in the air. Marion laughs maniacally as it thunders.

65 INT. - DAY - SMALL CHURCH

Jonathan and the Sister Vale are sharing a pew. The sun is setting outside.

JONATHAN

The fuck?

Sister Vale produces a ruler from thin air and wraps Jonathan across the knuckles with lightning speed.

JONATHAN

Ow!

Sister Vale calmly sheaths the ruler into her sleeve like a katana.

SISTER VALE

That colored boy was quite a caution.

JONATHAN

The col...black kid and his friends, they stole money from the orphanage?

SISTER VALE

No, from *me*.

JONATHAN

I haven't been to church in a while so forgive me, but, aren't you supposed to be *poor*?

(CONTINUED)

SISTER VALE

You just shut it young man! That was my money! I took it first! It was mine!

Jonathan recoils a little. Sister Vale stops and starts to look around as if she is lost.

JONATHAN

Sister...?

SISTER VALE

Oh, did I have a moment?

JONATHAN

Yeah, just a little.

SISTER VALE

You see I had put a sizable sum away, almost ten thousand dollars, and they took it.

JONATHAN

Where did you get it?

SISTER VALE

There were administrative fees for placing children in homes and other fees for taking children in.

JONATHAN

You were charging people to give up their children and others to adopt them?

SISTER VALE

I was helping those wretched yard-apes find good homes!

JONATHAN

And these three boys, children, managed to steal your shake-down money?

SISTER VALE

The audacity of it galls me to this day. I still don't know how they did it but they did. Then that bastard had the Archdiocese send me to this God-forsaken province in the middle of nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

The bastard in question being...?

SISTER VALE

Marion Crochette you imbecile!

Sister Vale hangs her head in shame.

SISTER VALE(CONT.)

So sorry, I got early Al's Hammer and dementia. My memory isn't really to be trusted and I am so short-tempered these days.

JONATHAN

Sister, this part is important okay?

SISTER VALE

Okay.

JONATHAN

What were the boys names?

SISTER VALE

Well I'm not for certain. It was so many years ago, who can remember? It was just a couple of white trash boys had a colored boy as their ringleader if you can believe that.

JONATHAN

Well do you remember them calling each other by nicknames maybe?

SISTER VALE

I am so sorry young man but it's all so long ago and there were so many children through the years.

Jonathan stands to leave.

JONATHAN

Well thank you for your time anyway sister. I have to get back now.

SISTER VALE

Okay, goodbye young man.

Sister Vale looks around as Jonathan makes his way to the exit.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER VALE(CONT.)
Would you like to look at their
newspaper story? I kept it these
years, not sure why.

Jonathan stops in his tracks and turns around.

JONATHAN
Yes I would.

SISTER VALE
Okay you sit down and I'll be right
back.

Jonathan returns to the pew and Sister Vale leaves to
return seconds later with a prayer book. She takes a seat
next to Jonathan and carefully opens the book.

SISTER VALE(CONT.)
This is the story about when they
went to college. It says they were
home schooled.

It's a tattered, faded, article without any pictures, just a
two inch column of text about three local boys that got into
college on full scholarships.

JONATHAN
This is interesting, the boys were
smart then?

SISTER VALE
They had that uppity quadron tutor
to thank for that. I tell you, the
lighter they are...

JONATHAN
Do you remember the *tutors* name?

Long pause as the Sister Vale looks around at the stained
glass windows.

SISTER VALE
I think it was Annette or Angela
maybe?

JONATHAN
Annabelle?

SISTER VALE
Yes, I think it was...Annabelle
Kelly! I wonder what ever became of
her?

JONATHAN

Oh, she's doing fine.

SISTER VALE

Well good for her. Do you know what struck me odd about the whole thing?

JONATHAN

It wasn't the soul-taking part?

SISTER VALE

What really stuck in my craw was that the little monkey refused to leave unless Marion agreed to take the other two.

SISTER VALE

Yes, quite odd.

66 INT- JONATHAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The nightstand clock shows eleven-forty-five PM. Jonathan drops onto the bed and falls asleep immediately.

67 INT. NOLA-LIS FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Jonathan enters and finds the FORMER CHIEF behind the counter wearing an apron.

FORMER CHIEF

Morning Mr. Ruby, looking for some flora?

JONATHAN

Fuck are you doing here?

FORMER CHIEF

Haven't you heard? Marion retired, I bought him out. I'm the new owner of this here chain of flower shops.

JONATHAN

Won't that raise some eyebrows? I mean even on a Chief's salary a purchase like that would be a stretch.

Former Chief, places a few flowers in a vase and looks at it critically.

(CONTINUED)

FORMER CHIEF

I have some investors or partners rather.

JONATHAN

Really? Who would invest money in anything you were running?

FORMER CHIEF

Some fellas I met recently from Chicago, New York and...

JONATHAN

...and New Jersey. Jesus. Any idea where he would be about now?

FORMER CHIEF

Who Marion? He recently bought himself a little pirogue, you may find him at the marina or his place out in the boonies. You know where that is?

The Chief chuckles as Jonathan heads for the door.

FORMER CHIEF(CONT.)

Have a good one now.

JONATHAN

Fuck you florist.

Jonathan exits and the Chief can be heard laughing.

68

INT. - DAY POLICE HQ

Jonathan enters and stops the FIRST OFFICER he sees.

JONATHAN

You seen Tad?

FIRST OFFICER

Sorry brotha, he resigned.

JONATHAN

What!?

FIRST OFFICER

Yeah he and another one quit yesterday.

A SECOND OFFICER approaches him.

(CONTINUED)

SECOND OFFICER
Mr. Ruby, Tad left your rig parked
out front, keys are in it.

JONATHAN
Damn it!

SECOND OFFICER
Not to worry, who's gonna steal a
luxury SUV from in front'a police
headquarters?

Jonathan takes out his phone and makes a call.

JONATHAN
Hey Ed listen I figured it out, I
know the who, just working on the
where...yeah I know but...What do
you mean you already sent the
check!?!...FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

Ruby bolts out of the HQ and into the Escalade.

69 INT. - JONATHAN IN ESCALADE - DAY

Jonathan speeds toward the marina and tries to make a call
but has no bars.

70 EXT. - DAY - NEW ORLEANS MARINA PIER

Marion is walking toward a Mega-yacht when he is intercepted
by Jonathan pointing a pistol at him.

MARION
Lands of Goshen this is abrupt.

JONATHAN
Yeah well you can make it brief.

MARION
There are pivotal moments in a
man's life that determine who he is
going to be for the rest of it.

JONATHAN
You a life coach *and* grand
larcenist?

MARION
This is such a moment and for the
record, I haven't liberated any
goods since I got out.

(CONTINUED)

Barbo appears on the deck of the boat and points a rifle at Jonathan. Marion holds up his hand to stop him from taking the shot.

JONATHAN

Rehabilitated, reformed, model citizen I get it. Listen, I don't have time to explain everything...

MARION

She got the payout this morning and I'm sincere when I say, those cars are long gone.

JONATHAN

How do you know either of those things?

MARION

Word travels.

JONATHAN

The Catacomb robbery in 1999 where three atm's dropped through the floor of three different grocery stores and into the catacombs beneath - all at once mind you - netting the robbers close to ninety-six kay. No one saw or heard a thing until the next morning.

71 INT - CATACOMBS - DAY

Tad, Mac, and Andrew are in three different locations wearing miner's hats and watch as an ATM falls from the ceiling above them.

72 EXT. - NEW ORLEANS MARINA PIER - DAY

MARION

I recall reading about that, yeah.

JONATHAN

The riverboat robbery in 2000 where three robbers waited until the boat was in the ocean and dove overboard with the loot in full scuba gear netting around eighty-six kay. Not a shot fired and no ID's on the perpetrators.

73 EXT. - NIGHT - A GAMBLING BOAT

Three men in scuba gear diving overboard with backpacks on.

74 EXT- NEW ORLEANS MARINA PIER

Jonathan holding a gun on Marion.

JONATHAN

Then there was a look-and-switch
caper in 2001 where several
thousand diamond rings at local
jewelry stores were swapped out for
fake ones over a one week period in
2001 netting around one-hundred
kay. No one realized what had
happened for almost two weeks. Then
you went away and all was quiet for
a while.

MARION

If you say so. Do you really need
to keep that gun on me?

JONATHAN

If I don't, you're gone and my
little... never mind. Your crew!
This has your name all over it!

MARION

No amount of speculation is gon'
bring back them cars back son. They
gone. The fat lady done sung.

JONATHAN

Listen to me! I'm not after you but
I will knee-cap your ass if you
don't tell me what I need to know!

We hear the double-whoop of a police siren. We see the
reflections of the red and blue lights on the water.
Jonathan tosses the gun in the bay.

MARION

It seems our time together has come
to an end. You're a good man
Jonathan Ruby. Take care now.

Marion walks away down the pier and boards the yacht as a
PATROLMAN approaches Jonathan.

(CONTINUED)

PATROLMAN

Mr. Ruby?

Jonathan stares at the yacht as it moves out into the bay. "NAMED STORM" is painted on the back.

PATROLMAN(CONT.)

Jonathan Ruby?

Jonathan doesn't turn around.

JONATHAN

What?

PATROLMAN

Meant to give you this at the station.

Jonathan turns and accepts a large brown envelope from the patrolman. He opens it to find a sat-phone and a note that reads: "Call your wife." He dials quickly.

JONATHAN

Honey what's going on? - Yeah I told you most of the towers are still down - Oh my God! How is she? - What? But... I thought... When did...?

Jonathan falls to his knees holding his head in his hands. It's not clear if he is crying or not.

75 INT. - BOOK STORE - DAY

On Screen: DETROIT 18 Months later.

Jonathan is signing books. A large display behind him has his picture and the words 'A Named Storm' Meet the Author' above it. People are lined up for autographs.

76 INT.- BOOK STORE - DAY

Jonathan picks up a book from the pile next to him to sign and when he opens it he sees an envelope with his name on it. An OLDER WOMAN is in line next.

JONATHAN

The fuck?

OLDER WOMAN

I beg your pardon?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Not you ma'am. Give me a second.

Jonathan opens it and there is a card inside. He opens it but we don't see the message. Jonathan stands up and looks around confused.

77 INT. - BOOK STORE - EVENING

The place is nearly empty. Jonathan is sitting at the signing table looking at the card. HOLLYWOOD DOUCHE approaches.

HOLLYWOOD DOUCHE

Loved the book.

Jonathan is focused on the card and not paying attention.

JONATHAN

Thanks, I think we're out of copies but..

Jonathan barely acknowledges the man talking to him.

HOLLYWOOD DOUCHE

Mr. Ruby I'm with Day Job Studios. We're interested in the rights to your story. We see an entertaining motion picture to be made.

Jonathan looks at the card even more puzzled.

JONATHAN

How the fuck...?

HOLLYWOOD DOUCHE

Mr. Ruby? That something important? You look like you've seen a ghost. Want to get a drink?

Jonathan puts the card in his pocket and smiles.

JONATHAN

Huh? I mean, yes, I would love to talk about that. You buying?

78 EXT. - DAY - LARGE VILLA IN A SEMI-TROPICAL SETTING

On Screen: A coastal town in Mexico. Three weeks later.

Barbo is sitting on the porch in a rocking chair wearing a Cubavera, Panama hat, slacks, and, carrying a H & K MP7 slung over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

BARBO

Aw hell! It's
Jason-Born-to-beat-ass! Come here
boy! Bring it in. They all gon' be
real glad to see you, yes sir.
Ha-haaaaa. Good to see you fo sho'.

Boudreaux gives him a bear-hug.

JONATHAN

Strangely good to see you too
Barbo. Can I just walk in? You said
they.

Jonathan holds up the card.

BARBO

Did I? Must be this heat making my
brain tired. But it's cool inside,
yeah yeah go 'head on! Big doin's
afoot.

79

INT. - SOLARIUM OF MARION'S VILLA - DAY

Marion is reading a book with his reading glasses propped on
his nose. Jonathan enters and Marion greets him with a hug.

MARION

Now this party is complete. Glad
you could make it Jonathan. Come on
in have a seat.

Jonathan sits opposite of Marion.

JONATHAN

Thanks for the invite. The fuck am
I doing here? I mean seriously,
what?

MARION

In all honesty we don't keep with
outsiders much but folks got fond
of you while you were visiting so
we thought top have you down.

JONATHAN

Smooth delivery by the way.
Outsiders huh? I guess I feel
special about it then.

Marion stands up and heads to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

MARION

What can I make you? I've become
fond of Moscow Mules here of late.

Marion starts to rummage behind the bar and produces two
glasses.

JONATHAN

Sure, sounds good. So you planning
to live out your days in Mexico?

MARION

We'll probably be here for another
three years and five months, give
or take.

JONATHAN

Long enough for the statute of
limitations to run out.

MARION

Is that the limit? Either way,
real glad you were able to make it.

Marion hands Jonathan the drink.

JONATHAN

Thanks. You said we.

MARION

Yes I believe I did and you asked
why you were here.

JONATHAN

I'm not after the same thing I was
a year and a half ago.

MARION

Ah yes, I believe that day on the
pier you mentioned something
about missing cars.

JONATHAN

Yeah, those cars.

MARION

I heard the police recovered a few
but that in the confusion the Chief
ended up resigning.

JONATHAN

Confusion doesn't begin to describe
it. The Chief said they were using
some of them as patrol cars.

(CONTINUED)

Marion laughs.

MARION

Sorry, I know it's not funny but
it's funny.

Jonathan stands up and starts looking around at pictures on
the wall.

JONATHAN

He said their squad cars were
flooded and they recovered those
cars while trying to prevent them
being stolen by someone else.

MARION

I don't suppose anyone was charged
or apprehended?

JONATHAN

Hell no. It was a shitty excuse but
it was the one he gave. Still left
me short about two-hundred
something Cadillacs.

MARION

That is quite a mystery.

JONATHAN

I didn't mention what I did over
there, in the desert.

MARION

No, you did not, but I respect a
man's right to keep what's his to
himself.

JONATHAN

Yeah, that's, how do you say,
mighty white of you. But for your
information I was a shitty linguist
and a great cryptographer. It takes
me a while to grasp languages but I
pick up patterns rather quickly.

MARION

Well now I am interested.

Marion returns to his seat and relaxes.

JONATHAN

It was all those responses from the
ad in the Picayune.

MARION

Yes, I recall hearing you offered a reward of some sort. I understand it was successful too.

JONATHAN

Yeah I was looking for someone to break pattern. But none of them did.

MARION

Not sure I follow but it was a good effort nonetheless.

JONATHAN

One thing that stood out among the hundreds of emails and voice-mails was the causeway. The one route north and out of the city was closed. Dozens of people said so.

MARION

Crossing Lake Pontchartrain with winds that high would have been extremely dangerous.

JONATHAN

Yeah, a car even a heavy sedan would have been blown right off and into the lake.

MARION

Yes.

JONATHAN

But not a semi towing ten other vehicles on its trailer.

MARION

Pardon?

JONATHAN

People who want something and can't get it talk about being denied, people who have something and won't share talk about access.

MARION

You are starting to sound a bit tetchy in the head. What in Hades are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

A pattern emerged among the would-be tipsters. Whenever they mentioned the causeway it was about it being closed.

MARION

It was.

JONATHAN

But both Tad and Mac said it was cleared.

MARION

Well, that's far from condemnatory.

JONATHAN

Far from condemnatory huh? Christ. I was on a ride all along wasn't I?

Anabelle emerges carrying a champagne glass.

ANNABELLE

Not so much a ride as an excursion really, one might go so far as to say a foray.

Jonathan is stunned for a moment. Anabelle sits on Marion's lap.

JONATHAN

Jesus Christ! I knew it!

MARION

What is it with people and language today? I mean there is a way to communicate in a civil manner.

Andrew enters the room dressed in a lightweight cream-colored suit and a golf shirt. Tropical business casual.

ANDREW

Afternoon Papa, Ms. Kelly, Mr. Ruby.

ANNABELLE

Hey Andrew.

MARION

Looking dapper son. Make yourself a mule.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Thanks I think I will.

Andrew heads behind the bar and starts making a drink.

JONATHAN

You were in a wheelchair! You were a fucking paraplegic!

ANDREW

You gon' paralyze me for sittin' in a wheelchair? Maybe you should ask yourself why you so susceptible to visual hyperbole.

JONATHAN

Visual hyperbole isn't even a term!

ANDREW

Papa is he questioning my linguistic verisimilitude?

MARION

Yes, sadly, I am catching a whiff of that notorious northern skepticism.

ANNABELLE

Was it your time over there that made you cynical sweetie?

Jonathan stands up and starts walking toward the bar.

JONATHAN

I'm gonna fix myself another if that's okay.

MARION

Sure, mi casa and whatnot.

JONATHAN

We work with the FAA, Homeland and a couple of other alphabets. I found out you were in New York days before landfall, no doubt making arrangements, so I knew you had to be involved somehow.

MARION

Well now I'm feeling profiled.

(CONTINUED)

ANABELLE

He took me to the Russian Tea Room.

JONATHAN

I-hear-it's-nice-never-been-I --
talked-to-a-nun.

Marion and Anabelle exchange a look. Andrew pauses in his drink preparation.

MARION

A nun you say? I admire your
diligence.

JONATHAN

Yeah-thanks-and-whatever. She had a
story.

Tad enters.

TAD

Afternoon everybody.

Jonathan drops his drink. The glass breaks, the liquid splashes.

MARION

Son, Jonathan here was just about
to share a story he heard from a
nun.

TAD

Good to see you again Mr. Ruby,
real glad you could make it. But
don't let me interrupt, I like a
story what's got strong Christian
overtones.

Jonathan continues to stare at Tad. A MAID materializes from thin air and cleans up the broken glass.

JONATHAN

Sorry, thank you.

MAID

No hay problema.

JONATHAN

It's about a nun that ran an
orphanage...

(CONTINUED)

ANABELLE

You mean an extortion racket?

JONATHAN

It would seem that three boys in her care took it upon themselves to relieve her of some funds. Those boys figured the money was already dirty so what the fu...heck.

MARION

Thank you.

ANNABELLE

Well I hope that nun has taken this time to think on her sins.

JONATHAN

Do you? Never mind because that was just the beginning. A benefactor snatched these boys from her clutches and set them and her on new paths in life.

MARION

That person probably didn't think of himself as a benefactor.

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INT. - SOLARIUM OF MARION'S VILLA - DAY

Jonathan, Anabelle, Tad, Andrew, sit listening intently. The maid enters with a large bowl on a platter surrounded by corn chips.

MARION

How are the book sales by the way?
And may I offer you some ceviche?

JONATHAN

No, thanks though. Heard about the book huh? I think I got a movie offer.

Marlene enters.

MARLENE

The boys can't stop talking about that book. And we really appreciate the part where you don't make any wild accusations.

81 INT. - POLICE STATION - DAY - FLASHBACK

Marlene winks and walks away.

82 INT. - SOLARIUM OF MARION'S VILLA - DAY

JONATHAN

Shit! Black coffee?!

MARLENE

I'm afraid we were never properly introduced. I'm Marlene, Tad's wife.

JONATHAN

You guys bought copies?

Everyone looks at each other then bursts out laughing.

JONATHAN

What am I saying. Of course you didn't pay for your copies.

TAD

Think of it as a royalty or something.

JONATHAN

The US has an extradition treaty with Mexico you know?

Marion looks at Tad.

TAD

I believe that is the case.

JONATHAN

But you know I can't go public because in the midst of all that was happening some doctor showed up, completed my daughter's operation without a hitch, and vanished back to wherever he came from.

TAD

Sounds to me like your faith paid off. I guess everybody made out then. How is your little girl doing by the way.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

She's good, real good, thanks for asking. During the investigation, I was moving pretty fast, how'd you all keep up with me? How did you know where I was going or doing in time to...

Tad points at his Bluetooth.

JONATHAN (CONT.)

The whole time?

TAD

Even then it took almost two days to find out what you wanted.

Mac and Heather enter and stand next to each other holding hands. Heather is clinging to Mac.

JONATHAN

Fuck!

HEATHER

Baby, I feel as if we have missed a major plot twist.

MAC

I suspect you're right love.

JONATHAN

Are you fucking kidding me!? Baby? You said he was uppity!

MAC

Heather, I am shocked! I mean ambitious, sure, focused, goal-oriented even, but uppity. I am inconsolable at this moment.

HEATHER

Baby I was just puttin' icin' on the cake...like we was taught. I promise to console you later.

TAD

Bayou women.

MARLENE

They really can't see us. (to Heather)

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

You got rid of all those records
didn't you?

HEATHER

You know, hurricane, flooding and
whatnot.

Mac is holding back a grin. Marion is now in on the fun.

MARION

I will not tolerate prejudism under
my roof young lady.

HEATHER

Yes Papa.

Jonathan slumps in his chair.

JONATHAN

What the fuck was it all for then?
Why the subterfuge? Why go through
all the...

MAC

I told you early on that those cars
were gone.

HEATHER

I believe I mentioned it too.

MARION

I stated - rather emphatically I
might add - that those cars were
gone.

TAD

I think we *all* - at one time or
another - said those cars were
gone.

JONATHAN

And the extra protection?

MAC

If something had happened to you
the Feds would have picked up your
investigation where you left off.

MARION

And in truth, we started to like
you, at least to the degree a
regular person can like a Yankee,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARION (CONT'D)
so we decided to wait and find out
what you wanted.

JONATHAN
I said the minute I got to New
Orleans, I wanted those cars.

MAC
That's what you said, but what you
wanted was your child healthy.

ANABELLE
The cars were out of the equation,
but finding a Pediatric
Neurosurgeon with outstanding
student loans...

MARLENE
...that could be done.

MAC
Still took a few days though.

JONATHAN
Amazing, thank you, and not to look
a gift horse in the mouth...

ANABELLE
...but you want to hear the story.

JONATHAN
I *really* would.

83 EXT. - BACK YARD OF A MODEST HOUSE IN THE BURBS - DAY

On screen: Seven days before landfall.

TAD and ANDREW sit on opposite sides of bench press where
MAC is lifting. Tad has a beer and Andrew is smoking a
joint.

ANDREW
You hear bout that hurricane they
got in Florida?

TAD
Yeah, it's big. You think it's
coming here?

ANDREW
If it do, the whole damn parish
gonna drown.

(CONTINUED)

Mac stops lifting and sits up. Tad offers him a beer and Mac takes a drink. Andrew offers him the joint and Mac takes a puff.

TAD

What say you little brother?

MAC

Where is Papa right now?

TAD

He's meeting her at Felix's for lunch or early dinner I guess.

MAC

Alright, let me get showered.

ANDREW

Is it that big? Because finally!

Mac stands up but is lost in thought.

ANDREW(CONT.)

Seriously Mac is it that big?

TAD

It better be big if we gon interrupt his courtin'. In all honesty though I'm willing to risk his wrath just to get back to doin' what we do.

MAC

Yeah, it's that big. It's so big it's never been done before and now that I think about it, it can't be done twice.

ANDREW

I'm convinced. But on another note, how come dinner gets earlier the older you get?

TAD

I think it has to do with the time one has left.

ANDREW

That makes sense actually.

84 INT. FILET OF SOLE RESTAURANT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Annabelle and Marion are in a rear booth. They are gazing into each other's eyes, smiling, and whispering. Mac approaches the table but doesn't say anything.

ANNABELLE

Marian, we have a visitor.

Marian does not look away from Annabelle as he slips his hand inside his jacket.

MARION

Surely no one would interrupt at such an inopportune time.

ANNABELLE

It's your nephew and he looks quite insistent. I suspect time is a factor. I'll go powder my...

Annabelle starts to stand and Mac gestures with his hand for her to stay.

ANNABELLE

...oh.

Annabelle sits back down. Marian looks away from Annabelle and up at Mac. He is surprised and takes his hand out of his jacket.

MARION

I hope no one I like is dead.

85 INT. - SOLARIUM OF MARION'S VILLA - DAY

JONATHAN

Nephew?

MARION

He's my departed brothers son. His momma was in the wind from early on and I was awarded custody being next of kin and all.

Heather brings Jonathan another drink.

JONATHAN

Thank you. The nun never figured out the familial. A professional grifter raising a prodigy thief and his crew. Christ, what was dinner time like in that house? Never mind continue.

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86 INT. -MARION'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marion, Annabelle, Mac, Andrew, Tad, Heather, Marlene drinking in the study. A large map of the city on white board. Raining outside, thunder can be heard.

MARION

A weather report, five-hundred kay from me for drivers and rigs, and consent from Ms. Kelly.

ANNABELLE

If that storm comes here this could save me a world of headache Marion.

MARION

Would it now? I guess you knew that when you asked didn't you?

MAC

I admit, I did anticipate certain motivations.

Marion studies the map intently.

MARION

I swear you didn't get your brains from my brother no sir, not, at, all. And this has to be on deck and ready to go in seventy-two hours with the possibility of not happening at all?

MAC

That's the situation as it could be Papa. We've been quiet way too long. It's time.

ANABELLE

This has brass balls young man. I must say I am impressed.

MARION

Annabelle, language. Son you need to be careful of bayou women, they got a little fire to 'em.

Annabelle rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MAC

Yes sir they do and thank you
ma'am.

Heather to Marlene.

HEATHER

We are *right* here. Can he see us?

MARLENE

I don't think he can see us.

MAC

Any idea when I can start calling
you Aunt Anabelle?

Anabelle chuckles at this. Tad and Andrew are shocked. Mac
is holding back a grin.

MARION

You want to be intriguing about my
romance right now?

MAC

Sorry Papa. Didn't mean to
overstep.

Mac gives the thumbs up to Annabelle and winks.

MARION

Let me make some calls. This is
going to take some doing, but
God-a-mighty it can be done. We may
need to lay low for a while after.

TAD

Lay low like kings.

ANDREW

Bad luck to spend it before you get
it.

TAD

Just saying we won't be suffering.

MARLENE

We going down south then?

MARION

If it comes to that. But if she
hits it's going to be chaos for a
while. There may not even be an
investigation.

87 INT. - MARIONS VILLA - DAY

TAD

And everything was silk until you showed up with your air-horn.

ANABELLE

What air-horn?

TAD

This fella walked into HQ, mounted a desk, and let fly in front of God and everybody. Craziest thing I ever saw.

Everyone starts laughing.

MAC

How did you not get shot?

MARLENE

Now *that* was a miracle.

More laughter from the group.

88 EXT. - THE BEACH NEAR THE VILLA - DAY

It's a wedding. Marion and Annabelle are standing at the altar and a priest is speaking in the background. Mac is the best man, Tad and Andrew are groomsmen.

JONATHAN(V.O.)

Now *this* is happening. Apparently Annabelle and Marion have been seeing each other off and on for almost twenty years. Ever since she started tutoring the boys, maybe before, who knows.

Heather is the Maid of Honor, the formerly pregnant Marlene and the Escort are bridesmaids. Wedding march music is playing.

89 INT. SEWELL DEALERSHIP NIGHT OF THE FIGHTS - FLASHBACK

Escort dropping something into his beer.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

Remember the union receptionist slash escort? Well she was the one that put the swamp cocktail in my drink. I think she's an independent contractor or something.

90 EXT. - THE CAUSEWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Pouring rain almost totally dark. A very pregnant Marlene waving trucks through as they passed.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

My wife barely got out of bed her last few months pregnant. Tad and a very pregnant, Marlene cleared the causeway. Bayou women go hard, to use the vernacular.

91 INT. - UNION HALL - DAY

Andrew talking to a group of drivers at the local parole office.

JONATHAN (CONT.)

Andrew got the drivers and the vehicles from the Teamsters, and Marion with his friends from New York and New Jersey arranged the sale to some guys from the UAE. They're like Criminals Without Borders or something.

92 INT. - SEMI CAB - DAY

Mac waves to Tad and then Marlene as he passes them. Pouring rain, wipers going, high winds.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

Mac - the insurance agent and father of the caper - drove the lead truck, with Andrew, who is not a paraplegic, bringing up the rear.

Andrew waves to Tad and then Marlene as he passes them. Pouring rain, wipers going, high winds.

93 EXT. - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Mac, Andrew and twenty something other guys standing on the bridge, looking at the statue of liberty, eating franks.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

Those crazy Cajuns were at the New York Harbor nineteen hours and forty-five minutes after Katrina made landfall. That means they were in New York, before FEMA, got to New Orleans. Maybe we should make these guys First Responders. Christ.

94 INT. MAC'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Heather sitting at a desk with a headset on. Next to her is a sat-phone, police scanner, and a monitor showing Doppler radar display.

JONATHAN(V.O.)
Anywhosit, Heather handled
communications from Mac's office
and kept an eye on the hurricane,
the cops, and traffic.

95 EXT. AMTRAK STATION - DAY

Pouring rain, Tad is sheltering Marlene, Heather is dancing and spinning around like a child in the rain. She looks crazy and happy. They board a passenger train.

JONATHAN(V.O.)
Then, Tad, Marlene, and Heather,
caught the literal last train out
via Amtrak. Apparently the train
was just sitting there empty.

96 EXT. - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

A large tanker loaded with shipping containers passes beneath the bridge Marion, Annabelle, Mac and Andrew are standing on.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
And the cars? The fucking
Cadillac's were making their way
across the Atlantic before I even
got to New Orleans...

97 EXT. - THE BEACH NEAR THE VILLA - DAY

Marion and Annabelle kiss and the groomsmen and bridesmaids applaud.

...and to this day no one has ever
been charged. Like I said, not your
typical crime story.

FADE OUT