

DOWN THE DEVIL'S ROAD

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL CENTER LOBBY - DAY

JACK, 50s, smartly dressed but world-weary, shakes a DOCTOR's hand and crosses the atrium to the front desk.

A female receptionist, SAL, late-40s, flashes him a smile.

SAL
I'm going to miss you, Jack, but
try not to come back.

She leads him to a tatty suitcase by the main entrance.

JACK
Had my fill of this place.

She presses a new WATCH into his palm.

SAL
Something to remember me by.

JACK
You shouldn't.

She goes to kiss him but Jack steps back.

SAL
Can I call you sometime?

JACK
Sure, Sal.

EXT. JACK'S CAR, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Jack climbs into a battered convertible in the parking lot and inserts the ignition key. The car splutters to life.

He turns on the radio and opens the glove compartment to select a tape but he doesn't notice a note fall into the passenger footwell.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
In world news, Argentinean forces
are being overrun in the Falkland
Islands and the British are
approaching Port Stanley.

Jack inserts a tape into the deck and cranks up the volume. Country music blares from the speakers.

He accelerates past a sign saying: "BETTY FORD CENTER, RANCHO MIRAGE, CALIFORNIA."

SERIES OF SHOTS - JACK DRIVES TO LOS ANGELES

Jack crosses the desert to the city's eastern suburbs.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Jack eventually pulls up opposite a beautiful house in landscaped gardens.

A convertible sports car and a 4x4 sparkle on the driveway. The mailbox is stencilled with the name "MEAD".

Jack checks himself in the rear-view mirror and smooths his hair back before rubbing his stubble. He glances at his new watch: "8.30AM".

He sees MALCOLM MEAD, 50, and LINDA, 55, exit the house and kiss on the porch. Malcolm then climbs into the sports car and leaves.

Jack waits until the car is out of sight before he climbs out, crosses the road and knocks on the door.

LINDA (O.S.)
Forget your house key, Honey?

The front door opens.

LINDA (CONT'D)
You always wait till he leaves.

JACK
I don't like confrontation, Linda.

She eventually allows him inside.

INT. LINDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack follows her through the hallway into a modern kitchen. She points to a chair at the table and sits opposite.

JACK
No coffee?

LINDA
I don't want you sticking around.
(eyeing his hand)
Still wearing your wedding ring?

JACK
Reminds me of happier times.

LINDA
And ever since then you've been in
prison or rehab. Which was it?

JACK
I only did time when I trusted
someone who hadn't earned it.

LINDA
You don't know the meaning of the
word.

JACK
I'm not here for an argument.

LINDA
So it's money.

JACK
Just until I find work.

LINDA
You promised to put the kids
through college but left that to
me. And you know what it costs to
pay for a wedding, right?

JACK
Didn't know they'd set a date.

LINDA
Two months tomorrow.

Jack glances at a photo of Linda and Malcolm on the side.

JACK
The lawyer can afford it.

LINDA
Ally's not his daughter, Jack.

JACK
I'll get it to you.

LINDA
By doing another job?

JACK
This is a new me.

Linda leans across the table.

LINDA
Same shit, different day.

She walks to the door and holds it open.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I stopped trusting you when you ran
out on me and the kids. Don't show
your face until you have her money.

EXT. JACK'S CAR, SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Jack climbs back in and swaps the tape for another in the
glove box. He then spots the note and reads it.

JACK
Son of a bitch.

Jack starts the car and accelerates into the distance.

EXT./INT. ZANE'S BAR - DAY

The sign outside says "CLOSED" but Jack enters a seedy
backstreet bar with neon lights and sports memorabilia on the
walls. There are several pool tables in one corner. Classic
rock music plays quietly in the background.

Jack approaches a barman, ZANE, 40, jeans, t-shirt, unkempt
hair, who's sweeping the floor.

JACK
Got your message, Zane.

Zane turns, drops a cigarette on the floor and crushes it
with his boot, then holds his arms out wide.

ZANE
Thought I took the trash out
earlier. You wanna beer?

JACK
Ha-very-fucking-funny-ha.

As the men shake hands, Zane glances at a clock by the bar.

ZANE
You've normally had a few by nine.

JACK
Get me a coffee.

Zane pours two mugs from a pot behind the bar.

He carries them to a table and rights a pair of chairs.

ZANE
How was it?

JACK
Dry. I need a job so I can pay for
my daughter's wedding.

ZANE
A job as in work?

JACK
Bar work if necessary.

ZANE
She's gonna have a long fucking
wait on four bucks an hour.

JACK
Pull your dick out of my ass. I've
looked after you before.

Zane lights another cigarette and seems embarrassed.

ZANE
There's a score going down.

JACK
Not a chance.

ZANE
Then why did you come?

JACK
To talk you out of it.

ZANE
Got a good crew. Just need you.

JACK
I want honest work.

Zane finishes his coffee and hands Jack the broom.

JACK (CONT'D)
You're kidding, right?

An attractive woman, AMBER, 30, glides into the bar. She
grabs a cloth and starts wiping the counter.

AMBER
Mornin', Zane.

ZANE

(to Jack)

This is Amber. She works for me.
You work for her.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Jack unlocks the front door, sets his case on the ground and empties a crammed mailbox.

He drops all the bills and junk-mail in a trash can, but places a FLORAL LETTER in his pocket.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack enters a grubby basement studio. Empty whiskey bottles are scattered on the floor and dirty glasses cover a smoke-scarred wooden table.

He drops his suitcase next to the sofa and crosses to the kitchen area. A stack of unwashed plates lies in the sink and maggots crawl from a fast-food container.

He opens the fridge and clears out several beer cans and a bottle of vodka into the trash.

He re-enters the living area and notices his answerphone flashing. He presses 'play' on the machine.

ALLY (V.O.)

Hey, Dad, it's me. Stephen and I
have set a date. August fourteen.
Can't wait for the big day. Please
call so we can discuss the
arrangements. Stephen's parents
insist on paying half. Love you.

Jack collapses onto the sofa as the second message plays.

ALLY (V.O.)

Hey, it's me again. Did you get my
message? Please call.

Jack checks his watch, then picks up the phone and dials a number.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Hello?

JACK

Steve, it's Jack. Is Ally home?

STEPHEN (V.O.)
Yeah, she's right here.

INTERCUT - JACK'S APARTMENT/ALLY'S HOME

JACK
Hi, Baby.

ALLY, early 30s, is pretty but plain. Her suburban home is spotless and well furnished.

ALLY
Dad, it's late. Where've you been?

JACK
Working outta town. I didn't think you were getting married till next year.

ALLY
We brought it forward.

JACK
I can't afford to give you the wedding you deserve right now.

ALLY
But you just said you've been working.

JACK
Look, it shouldn't be a problem.

ALLY
Thanks, Dad. We can discuss it over dinner this Sunday.

JACK
Okay, Baby. Night.

Jack hangs up and reaches for a cupboard under the TV, but he stops himself and collapses onto the couch.

INT./EXT. ZANE'S BAR - NIGHT

Zane wipes down the last table and places the chairs on top. He turns the music off, grabs his keys, and opens the door.

Two heavysset MEN, 40s, in dark clothes approach the bar.

ZANE
Sorry, fellas, we're closed.

The two men grab Zane and force him back into the bar. One kicks the door closed while the other pushes Zane into a booth and draws a gun.

FIRST HEAVY
Schaeffer wants a progress report.

ZANE
Jack's not playing ball.

SECOND HEAVY
Who the fuck's Jack?

ZANE
My partner. Does the details.

The first thug walks to the bar and empties a bottle of vodka into the sink.

ZANE (CONT'D)
Come on, guys, don't clean me out.
I'll talk to him again.

FIRST HEAVY
Otherwise you'll have to find
another way to pay what you owe.

ZANE
The bar is all I have.

FIRST HEAVY
You should have thought about that
before you ripped Schaeffer off.
The debt's been accruing interest.

SECOND HEAVY
You got twenty-four hours.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack finishes the washing up and enters the living area. The place is clean and he's made a bed on the couch.

He opens and reads the floral WEDDING INVITATION.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A police car pulls up to the curb.

A plain-clothes detective, VINCE, 40, climbs out and shakes hands with a uniformed sheriff, MIKE, 55, as he comes down the courthouse steps.

MIKE

My faith in the law wears ever
thinner, Vince.

VINCE

The case was airtight, Mike.

MIKE

Pity the jury didn't agree.

Vince's face falls and he pulls out a pack of cigarettes, but the pack is empty.

VINCE

At least in a couple of years you
can retire to the houseboat.

Both men climb into the squad car. Vince takes the wheel.

INT. SQUAD CAR, CITY STREETS - DAY

Vince eases the car away from the curb and joins slow-moving traffic in the city.

VINCE

Where to?

MIKE

Hospital.

VINCE

How long has she got?

MIKE

Couple of weeks tops.

VINCE

Does she know about you?

Mike shakes his head.

INT. QUINTON SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

QUINTON SCHAEFFER, 70s, smartly dressed with slicked-back silver hair, sits at his desk. The office overlooks the floor of an illegal gambling house.

He spits a piece of gum into a bin under the desk and opens a letter with a "MEAD & WHITE" logo on the front.

The letter suggests divorce proceedings have been initiated in the case of "SCHAEFFER VS SCHAEFFER".

Schaeffer bangs his hand on the desk as he reads.

SCHAEFFER
Money-grabbing bitch!

He drops the letter and presses an intercom switch.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)
Send them in.

The two heavies enter and glance nervously at one another.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)
If Zane won't do the job, you
should have wasted him.

FIRST HEAVY
We gave him twenty-four hours to
talk his partner into it.

SCHAEFFER
You find this guy, twist his
fuckin' arms off and beat him
within an inch of his life. If he
still won't play ball, hunt down
everyone he holds dear. Now get the
fuck outta my sight.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Zane pulls up in a Dodge Charger and honks the horn. Jack
leaves the building and climbs into the passenger seat.

INT. ZANE'S CAR, CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Zane pulls away from the curb.

ZANE
I've taken the job.

JACK
You don't have the experience or
patience. Stick to bar work.

ZANE
Bullshit. I'm meeting my guys
tomorrow night.

Zane parks outside a convenience store.

ZANE (CONT'D)
You wanna bite before your shift?

JACK
Your bar food that bad? Just get me
a soda.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Zane enters and selects two cans of soda from a fridge.

INT. ZANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack notices a MAN in his 20s cross the street and stop outside the store. The man surreptitiously removes a small handgun from his waistband and enters the store.

JACK
Shit.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Zane grabs a sandwich and a bag of chips to go with the sodas and heads for the counter.

The gunman enters the store and pulls his weapon on the CLERK. He then hands the terrified clerk a paper bag.

GUNMAN
Empty the fuckin' register!

Zane ducks behind a shelf but knocks a tin onto the floor. He quietly places his groceries on the ground but keeps hold of one can of soda.

The gunman steps into the aisle and levels the gun at Zane.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)
My lucky day. Gimme your wallet.

The clerk stuffs bills into the bag.

CLERK
Do what he says, pal.

GUNMAN
(to Zane)
Don't be a hero.

Zane stands and walks slowly towards the gunman.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)
Back up, Superman. And throw me
your fuckin' wallet.

Zane takes another few paces until he's only a couple of feet from the twitchy gunman.

INT./EXT. ZANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack notices what's happening through the window so he climbs out of the car and approaches the store.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Vince and Mike cruise up to the convenience store.

VINCE

I'm just gonna run in for some cigarettes.

MIKE

About time you quit.

VINCE

Yes, Dad. You want anything?

MIKE

Get me an ice cream.

Vince climbs out and closes the door.

Mike turns on the car's civilian radio and cranks up the volume. He pulls a magazine from the dash and begins to read.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jack spots Vince climb out of the squad car and approach the store so he re-crosses the street and climbs back into the driver's side of Zane's Charger.

INT. ZANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack drums his fingers on the steering wheel and checks the keys are in the ignition.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

The gunman glances at the clerk.

GUNMAN

Are you done?

The clerk finishes stuffing the bag with bills.

CLERK
Just leave, please.

GUNMAN
When I get his wallet.

Zane gradually removes his wallet from his pocket. He then throws the can of soda at the gunman and leaps for the gun at the same time, using his arm to knock it to one side.

A shot rings out but it flies harmlessly into the wall. Zane and the gunman wrestle for the pistol and it goes off again, wounding the gunman.

Zane leaps to his feet and sprints past the counter. He then spots the bag of money, grabs the cash, and dashes for the exit, crashing into Vince in the doorway.

Vince sprawls across the floor while Zane keeps his balance and charges outside.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Zane slips the robber's pistol into his jacket pocket, then races across the street and leaps into his car.

ZANE
Get us the fuck outta here.

Jack crams the car into gear and burns rubber.

EXT./INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Vince piles into the patrol car where Mike is still buried in the magazine.

VINCE
Man down. Call an ambulance. Then
ask for back-up.

Mike drops the magazine on the floor, turns off the radio and grabs the CB handset.

MIKE
The clerk?

VINCE
He's okay. Did you get the license
plate?

MIKE
Of which vehicle?

Vince reverses out of the parking bay, flicks on the lights and siren, and chases Zane's car up the street.

VINCE
The one burning rubber.

MIKE
Sorry, buddy, I didn't see shit.

INT./EXT. ZANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The two vehicles race through the city, tires squealing amidst panicked shoppers. Horns honk, PEDESTRIANS scream.

Jack drifts the Charger sideways through a corner and accelerates hard.

JACK
What the hell happened?

ZANE
Some chancer ran out of luck.

JACK
So now I'm an accessory.

Jack nods at the paper bag.

JACK (CONT'D)
That had better be breakfast.

ZANE
(opening the bag)
Not exactly.

Jack weaves the Charger in and out of slower vehicles as the police car closes on their tail.

JACK
Fuckwit.

ZANE
Keep bitchin' and you won't get half.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Mike removes his gun and checks it's loaded.

MIKE
What the hell happened?

Vince wrenches the steering wheel to one side and almost loses control as he rounds a slower car.

He cuts back into his lane as a truck pulls out in front. He narrowly avoids a collision and resumes the chase.

VINCE

Holdup. One perp got away.

The cars race through the suburbs and eventually leave the city. The squad car drops back on the country roads.

The radio in the dash crackles to life.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Car fourteen, be advised that the suspect at the convenience store is deceased, over.

MIKE

Dispatch, we are in pursuit of a second suspect heading east on Canyon Road.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Roger, fourteen. Back-up is on its way.

The patrol car rounds a slight bend as dust settles above a track leading off the highway.

Vince turns onto the track and drives up to a dilapidated farm. The Charger is parked behind an outbuilding.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Vince climb out of the patrol car.

MIKE

Take the house. I'll search the car and barns.

VINCE

We should stick together, Mike.

MIKE

There's only one of them.

Vince draws his gun and creeps up the steps to the front door of the house while Mike crosses the yard to the barn.

Vince pushes the front door and it squeaks open.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vince enters and slips across the hallway. He then methodically checks the downstairs.

Perspiration drips into his eyes. He wipes it away with his sleeve and starts up the stairs. The bottom step creaks loudly. He stops and waits.

EXT. FARMYARD - CONTINUOUS

Mike slips round the end of the outbuildings and pans his pistol across the Charger. He places his hand on the hood, then checks the interior: it's empty.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vince reaches the top of the stairs and checks the bathroom. Then he slips down a corridor towards the bedrooms. The first two are empty. Only one remains.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Mike enters through enormous doors. The barn is stacked with rusting machinery and littered with discarded tools.

He slips between rows of farm vehicles.

Jack suddenly ducks out from behind a large tractor tire and presses a bolt from one of the toolboxes into the back of Mike's head.

JACK
Give it to me.

Mike reaches over his shoulder and hands Jack the gun.

JACK (CONT'D)
Two paces forward, hands on your
head, and turn around slowly.

As Mike turns, the shock of recognition floods over both men.

MIKE
How long has it been, Jack?

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vince cautiously approaches the last bedroom. The door is open. He treads on a floorboard that creaks. He freezes.

He peers into the room. At first he sees nothing but then he spots a reflection in a broken mirror on the wall opposite. A man is hiding behind the door.

Vince gives the door an almighty kick and it crashes into Zane, sending him sprawling across the room.

Vince rushes in and kicks Zane's gun to one side. It slides under a bed.

Zane swipes a bedside lamp into Vince's face. Vince raises his arms to protect himself and Zane uses the opportunity to go for Vince's gun. The two men then fall across the bed.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Jack still has Mike at gunpoint.

MIKE
Maybe we can help each other.

A distant shot pierces the silence.

MIKE (CONT'D)
My partner's in the house. Do we have a deal?

JACK
I'll think about it.

Jack returns Mike's gun and Mike hurries out of the barn.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mike charges upstairs and finds Vince in the bedroom handcuffing Zane.

VINCE
About time, partner.

MIKE
You hit?

VINCE
Nope. You see anyone else?

MIKE
Place is deserted.

Mike and Zane briefly make eye contact but the look goes unnoticed by Vince.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vince marches Zane across the yard as two more patrol cars pull up in a cloud of dust. He helps Zane into the back of one of the cars as several COPS climb out.

VINCE

(to one of the cops)
Book him for the shooting at the store. And the robbery.

COP #1

Sure thing.

ZANE

It was self-defense.

Vince holds up the gun from the convenience store in a plastic evidence bag.

VINCE

How about the attempted murder of a police officer?

(to Mike)

I'm gonna check the Charger.

MIKE

It's clean.

VINCE

He didn't have the cash on him.

Vince crosses the yard to the Charger. The passenger side of the car is only a couple of feet from the wall of the outbuilding. The grass by the passenger door is flattened.

Vince slips into the gap and examines the car door. Tiny scratches in the paint line up with a mark on the wall.

Vince circles the car and climbs into the driver's seat.

INT. ZANE'S CAR - DAY

There are boot prints in the passenger footwell.

EXT. FARMYARD - CONTINUOUS

Vince climbs out of the car and rejoins Mike in the yard.

VINCE

You sure he was alone?

MIKE

There's only busted machinery in the barns and I'd have seen anyone making a break across the fields.

VINCE

We need to get you to the hospital.
(to the other cops)
These guys can help forensics.

COP #1

Always cleaning up your mess.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Jack hands the DRIVER of a car a few bills from the bag of cash. He then enters the building.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The squad car pulls up and parks in a reserved bay. Mike and Vince enter the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Vince take an elevator to a separate wing and eventually arrive at a private room.

VINCE

I'll wait here.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike enters and pulls up a chair next to a WOMAN, 60, lying in the bed. She's pale and drawn, and her eyes are closed. She's hooked up to life-support machines.

Mike takes her hand and touches their identical wedding rings together. Her eyes flicker open and she smiles thinly. Then she runs her other hand through his hair.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Mike and Vince head back to the main entrance when BOB, 40s, suit and tie, notices them and jogs over.

BOB

Mr Logan?

MIKE

Hi, Bob.

BOB

How's Jayne?

MIKE

Just about hanging in there.

BOB

I know it's a bad time but your medical insurer is about to withdraw funding. The policy doesn't cover your illness too.

MIKE

Give me a couple of weeks to find the cash.

Bob places a hand on Mike's shoulder.

BOB

I'll notify the insurer. I'm sorry but the trust is giving me hell over its accounts.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Vince cross the parking lot to the squad car.

VINCE

How the hell are you going to pay for treatment?

MIKE

I just remortgaged our place.

VINCE

(lights a cigarette)
Then you must have lied when filling out the health questions on the application.

MIKE

So book me. I'll probably have to sell the houseboat too.

VINCE

I'm sorry, partner. Let me know if I can help.

Mike suddenly stops and clutches his right side under his ribs. He takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.

MIKE

I can't bankrupt you too.

Vince puts an arm around Mike to support him.

VINCE

You wanna go back inside?

MIKE

It'll pass.

INT. QUINTON SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The heavies enter. One hands Schaeffer a piece of paper.

FIRST HEAVY

Here are the names and addresses of
Zane's acquaintances.

Schaeffer glances at the list.

SCHAEFFER

You know what to do.

The two heavies leave and Schaeffer drops the sheet in the
drawer of his desk.

INT. ZANE'S BAR - NIGHT

Jack wipes down the bar, then locks up and leaves.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack enters and notices the answer machine flashing with a
message. He presses 'play'.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

Dad, it's me. Have you released the
funds from my trust? It's only two
weeks till my birthday and I need a
new car. See you Sunday.

Jack opens a drawer in the table and pulls out a bank
statement. The bottom line reads: "AVAILABLE FUNDS: \$0".

Jack holds his head in his hands, then opens the cupboard
under the TV and removes a bottle of whiskey.

He pours a shot, swirls the liquid in the glass, fights back
tears.

He eventually picks up the phone and dials a number.

JACK
Sal, it's Jack.

SAL (V.O.)
You struggling?

JACK
Can I see you?

SAL (V.O.)
It's late, Jack.

JACK
Sorry.

SAL (V.O.)
You got any friends or family?

JACK
My friends don't wanna stick around
and the family's half the problem.

There's a long pause.

JACK (CONT'D)
You still there, Sal?

SAL (V.O.)
I'm free Wednesday night.

JACK
Sounds good.

Jack hangs up and holds the shot glass to his lips. He then closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

A black panel van pulls up and parks opposite.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack empties the shot glass and the rest of the bottle into the kitchen sink. He then clears out more bottles from the cupboard under the TV and drops them in a box.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Jack leaves his apartment with the box.

He flicks on the light in the corridor, then heads for the double doors leading outside.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

As Jack crosses the parking lot, he notices two shadowy figures in the panel van opposite.

Jack disposes of the bottles and returns to the main entrance but the van is now empty. He hurries across the courtyard and enters the building.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks past a man checking his mailbox in the entrance hall. He flicks the light to the corridor leading to his apartment in the basement. The light doesn't come on. The corridor remains pitch black.

Jack heads down the passageway to his apartment but he's only taken a few paces when the light in the entrance also goes out, throwing the basement into total darkness.

Footsteps thud towards him from the entrance and from further down the corridor. He can just see the light coming from under the door to his apartment when the two men jump him.

Jack is beaten to the ground and a gag is stuffed in his mouth. A bag is tied over his head and his hands are secured behind his back.

One of the thugs tears his watch off his wrist. Jack is then dragged back down the corridor.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Jack is thrown into the back of the van and it speeds off.

INT. QUINTON SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Schaeffer looks out across the floor of his unlicensed casino at rows of gaming machines. Only a few PEOPLE are playing and the card tables are also quiet.

He watches as DAVID, 25, plays his final spin on one of the machines. David loses and checks his wallet. He can't conceal his pain as he walks to the counter with his credit card.

Schaeffer returns to his desk and opens a file containing the "ACCOUNT LEDGER". The bottom line reads: "\$-122,000".

He opens a drawer in his desk and removes a bottle. He pours a large shot of whiskey into a tumbler, downs it and pours another. Schaeffer then presses the intercom.

SCHAEFFER

Draw up a list of debtors.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Jack is manhandled out of the van and dragged across the scrub by the two thugs.

The men prop him on his knees and remove the gag but not the bag over his head. Jack can only make out vague shapes through the bag.

Insects chatter in the background, and a full moon casts eerie shadows across the desert floor.

FIRST HEAVY

Good evening, Mr Taylor. Listen carefully. Zane owes my superior a small debt, which he's calling in.

JACK

Then you'd better speak to Zane.

FIRST HEAVY

We both know that's not possible. You've inherited his debt because you were responsible for him when he was arrested. The debt is now non-negotiable.

JACK

Seems fair.

FIRST HEAVY

I'm very glad you think so.

JACK

Sarcasm not your forte?
 (after an uncomfortable
 silence)
 Zane's a liability. He'd pick a
 fight in an empty bar. And lose.

FIRST HEAVY

We need something from inside the
 Bank of America on Main Street, and
 you're going to get it for us. Are
 you following me so far?

JACK
I don't need to be Columbo.

The second heavy draws a gun and points it at Jack's eye.

FIRST HEAVY
With Zane indisposed, you'll choose
your team. I believe he already had
a crew lined up.

JACK
And if I refuse?

SECOND HEAVY
Ally's a pretty girl. Be a shame to
miss her wedding.

JACK
Come within a mile of her and I'll
kill you.

FIRST HEAVY
You're not in a position to be
making threats, Mr Taylor.

JACK
The name's Jack, asshole.

SECOND HEAVY
Unusual surname.

FIRST HEAVY
I prefer to keep things formal.

JACK
Sorry. Fuck you... Sir.

The second thug clubs Jack round the side of the head and
knocks him to the ground.

Jack rolls over and gasps in pain, then struggles back to his
knees. Blood seeps through the bag and stains his shirt.

SECOND HEAVY
I'll gladly kill you now.

JACK
Thought you needed me.

SECOND HEAVY
There's always afterwards.

Jack inches forward and presses his forehead into the barrel.

JACK
I'm an alcoholic working in a bar.

FIRST HEAVY
If you come good, we disappear. But
if you fuck up, she'll never pull
on that dress.

The thug then hangs a key on a chain around Jack's neck.

FIRST HEAVY (CONT'D)
Safety deposit box two-nine-nine.
Bring the contents to me and the
slate's clean.

SECOND HEAVY
Don't forget to return the key.

JACK
That watch was a gift.

SECOND HEAVY
You'll have to pry it off my
lifeless wrist.

JACK
You know, I might just do that.

EXT. QUINTON'S ILLEGAL GAMBLING HOUSE - NIGHT

BUTCH, 40s, hard as nails and dressed in black, watches
Quinton lock the casino door and drive off past a couple of
TEENAGERS smoking dope on the street corner.

Butch crosses the street and ducks into the shadows below a
second-floor window. He pockets a stone lying on the ground.

Butch climbs onto the roof of a parked car and jumps for the
retracted fire-escape ladder. He then swings his feet up onto
the walkway.

He climbs another flight of steps and inches along a ledge
until he reaches the window.

He checks the street below is empty before carefully smashing
the window and letting himself into Schaeffer's office.

INT. QUINTON SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Butch searches the desk and pulls out several papers.

EXT. QUINTON'S CAR - NIGHT

Quinton bangs the steering wheel and does a U-turn.

INT. QUINTON SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Butch makes photocopies of the papers and stuffs the sheets into a pocket.

He then hears a car pull up outside. A moment later, the door downstairs opens and the lights come on.

Butch drops the stone on the floor by the window, lets himself out and closes the window.

EXT. ILLEGAL GAMBLING HOUSE - NIGHT

Butch inches along the ledge and down the fire escape.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Butch grabs a couple of stones from the alley and approaches the teenagers.

He then removes a bill from his pocket and points to the office windows as the lights come on.

BUTCH

Five bucks to hit the windows.

FIRST TEENAGER

Piece of piss.

The teenagers take the stones and the bill.

They let fly as Butch slips around the corner and disappears into the night.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

The panel van screeches to a halt and Jack is thrown onto the sidewalk. The van then vanishes into the night.

Jack picks himself up and dusts himself down.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Police tape seals the door. A couple of spent shell casings are circled on the floor next to a bloodstain.

Vince interviews the clerk while FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS examine the store. One probes the bullet hole in the wall, while two others check where the gunman fell.

VINCE

You say the guy who came in before the gunman refused to hand over his wallet. Then he disarmed and shot the robber before taking the cash.

CLERK

Think he took his gun, too.

VINCE

Was he alone?

CLERK

I guess so.

VINCE

Was anyone waiting for him in the vehicle across the street?

CLERK

Waiting for who?

Vince pulls out a cigarette.

CLERK (CONT'D)

No smoking, buddy.

Vince lights the cigarette.

VINCE

For the man who took the cash.

CLERK

I was more concerned about the dead guy on my floor. Could you get your people out of here so I can reopen?

VINCE

Let me do my job first. Did you see which side of the car he got in?

CLERK

(shaking his head)
Did you?

There's a prolonged silence as Vince stares at the clerk.

CLERK (CONT'D)

If I had to say, I guess he got in the right side.

VINCE
The passenger's side.

CLERK
Right. The passenger's side.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jack waits across the street in his car. He watches Mike climb into a squad car and leave the parking lot.

Jack grabs a briefcase and jogs across to the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack heads for the DUTY OFFICER at the front desk.

JACK
I'm here to see Zane Whitaker.

DUTY OFFICER
Are you his lawyer?

JACK
Yeah.

The duty officer looks him up and down. Jack's wearing normal clothes and barely passes as a lawyer.

DUTY OFFICER
Day off?

JACK
Just doing the rounds.

The duty officer leads Jack into the building and peers through a door to an interview room.

DUTY OFFICER
The arresting officer's on his way.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters, places his briefcase on a small table and sits opposite Zane.

The air conditioning is fighting a losing battle and Zane's clothes are stained with sweat.

JACK
You okay?

ZANE
I owed some people, Jack.

JACK
Do I know these people?

ZANE
(shaking his head)
Sorry.

JACK
Bullshit. You never think, never
take responsibility.

ZANE
What the fuck do you know about
responsibility? You can't even take
care of your family.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Vince pulls up in his patrol car and parks.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zane lights a cigarette.

JACK
I need everything you've got on the
job.

ZANE
They'll kill you afterwards.

JACK
It's not like I got a choice.

ZANE
Amber's boyfriend Will works at the
bank. He's joining my boys at the
bar tonight. Look after the place
for me.

JACK
You'll get off on self-defense for
the shooting, but taking the cash
was reckless. Assaulting a police
officer was plain fucking stupid.
Get yourself a decent lawyer.

ZANE
You're still an accessory.

Jack leans across the table until his face is only inches from Zane's.

JACK
(whispers)
Mention my name, I'll kill you.

Jack collects his briefcase and leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack passes Vince in the corridor. Vince looks over his shoulder at Jack as he skirts the front desk.

Vince returns to the front desk as a smartly dressed Malcolm Mead enters the police station and approaches the duty officer.

VINCE
(to the duty officer)
Who was the guy who just left?

DUTY OFFICER
Whitaker's lawyer.

Malcolm joins them at the desk.

MALCOLM
Good morning, gentlemen. Malcolm Mead of Mead & White. I'm here to see Zane Whitaker.

Vince and the duty officer exchange uneasy glances.

DUTY OFFICER
May I see some I-D, Mr Mead?

Mead produces his identification, so Vince races outside.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Vince charges across the parking lot as Jack's car roars into the distance.

VINCE
You got big hairy balls, Pal.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Vince approaches the duty officer at the front desk.

VINCE
Expect disciplinary action.

DUTY OFFICER
Yes, Sir.

Vince hurries to the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vince sits next to Malcolm as the lawyer opens his case.

VINCE
(to Zane)
It's time we had a chat.

EXT. GUN STORE - DAY

Jack climbs into his car and opens his briefcase. He places a gun and two boxes of ammunition inside. He then removes a dictaphone, rewinds the tape and presses play.

ZANE (V.O.)
You're still an accessory.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vince, Zane and Malcolm sit round the table, which now holds a microphone, tape recorder and jug of iced water.

VINCE
I can't help you if you won't talk.
Who has the cash from the store?

ZANE
I ain't no grass.

VINCE
You're looking at a long stretch
for the shooting.

MALCOLM
It was clearly self-defense,
Detective. My client will plead
guilty to the opportunist theft and
will get a slap on the wrist.

Vince pours himself a glass of water but doesn't offer one to Mead or Zane.

VINCE
Assaulting a police officer?

MALCOLM
Your word against his. You might be
the heavy-handed type. We could
check your record.

VINCE
Knock yourself out. I take protect
and serve seriously.
(to Zane)
You could walk if you give me the
name of the driver.

ZANE
What driver?

VINCE
The man who just tried to leave the
station. We're sweating him next
door.

ZANE
He won't talk.

Vince finishes his water and cracks a broad smile.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

David crosses the parking lot to his beat-up sedan next to
the black panel van.

He's about to climb in when the two heavies pin him to the
car door.

FIRST HEAVY
Mr Taylor?

DAVID
Who the fuck's asking?

SECOND HEAVY
Like father like son.

DAVID
What?

FIRST HEAVY
Are you Mr David Taylor?

SECOND HEAVY
Tick tock, tick tock.

David glances at the men nervously.

DAVID
Yeah, that's me.

The first heavy removes a sheet of paper from his pocket.

FIRST HEAVY
Your account is eleven thousand
dollars in the red. You have until
the weekend to find the cash.

DAVID
Fuck you.

The second heavy grabs David's hand and slams it onto the hood. Then he drives his elbow into the back of David's hand.

David cries out in pain and slumps to his knees. The second heavy then grabs him by the throat.

SECOND HEAVY
You don't wanna be in a wheelchair
for your sister's wedding.

INT. ZANE'S BAR - NIGHT

Jack and Amber are working. The bar is busy with a mix of YOUNG ADULTS shooting pool and OLDER MEN at the bar.

There's a booth by the pool tables with a "RESERVED" sign on the table. Rock music blares from the speakers.

As Jack collects a tray of glasses, he sees WILL, 35, enter and place a coin on one of the pool tables.

Will then heads for the bar. He leans over and kisses Amber. She pours him a beer.

Jack drops the tray on the end of the bar and collects another. While he's doing his rounds, two Mexicans, ROCCO and FERNANDO, 50s, and Butch enter the bar and join Will.

Jack loads a washer behind the bar and pours himself a Coke.

JACK
Join me in the booth, fellas?

ROCCO
Where's Zane?

JACK
Unavailable.

AMBER
 It's okay, Rocco. He's cool.
 (to Jack)
 I'll hold the fort.

Jack cocks his head at Rocco and winks at Amber.

JACK
 They invading or something?

ROCCO
 Don't confuse us with Indians.

JACK
 It's called humor.

Jack, Will, Rocco, Fernando and Butch sit at the spare booth.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Names, gentlemen.

ROCCO
 Rocco. Who put you in charge?

JACK
 Zane. That a problem?

ROCCO
 Not yet. This is my brother,
 Fernando.

FERNANDO
 And Mr Cheerful here is Butch.

JACK
 Zane got careless yesterday so he
 won't be joining us.

WILL
 (to the others)
 He says Jack's the nuts.

FERNANDO
 Well the plan's simple enough.

Jack finishes his Coke.

JACK
 (to a waitress)
 Can I get another soda and four
 beers on my tab?

WAITRESS
 Sure thing, Jack.

Jack waits until she's out of earshot.

JACK

Even simple plans have to be executed. I go in first as a customer. If anything's out of place, we abort.

BUTCH

But when the time's right, you'll give us a signal, yeah?

JACK

Deal with the security guard first.

BUTCH

Leave him to me.

JACK

Our guns are for show.

BUTCH

Unless absolutely necessary, right?

JACK

You instil fear through the threat of force. Fernando will disconnect the phones and panic button. Lock the staff and any customers in the manager's office and take me as a hostage. We then bolt the main doors so no one gets in or out.

ROCCO

I'll be waiting outside.

BUTCH

How much is in the registers?

WILL

Couple of grand. Maybe five hundred thousand in the vault.

JACK

The registers are a waste of time. We hit the vault when the bank is under our control. Police response is approximately five minutes.

BUTCH

We'll be out in three.

JACK

If we do our jobs.

A YOUNG MAN wanders over from the pool tables.

YOUNG MAN
Will, you're up next. Expect an ass-whupping.

Will stands and grabs his beer from the waitress.

WILL
This won't take long.

Jack also leaves the table.

JACK
I should collect some glasses.

INT. HOTEL FOYER - NIGHT

A well-dressed couple, PAUL GOLDMAN and his partner DIANE SCHAEFFER, cross the posh entrance hall to the front desk.

GOLDMAN
Room one-nineteen.

The RECEPTIONIST hands him a key along with a letter.

RECEPTIONIST
This came for you earlier, Mr Goldman.

Goldman leads Diane towards the elevators.

DIANE
Butch?

GOLDMAN
Better be. Book him a room here.

INT. ZANE'S BAR - NIGHT

Jack places another tray of dirty glasses on the bar. Will catches his eye from the pool table and waves a five-dollar bill in the air. Jack joins him.

WILL
Easy money.

JACK
Who's up next?

WILL
We should rejoin the others.

Jack glances across the busy bar at the booth. The Mexicans and Butch are deep in conversation.

JACK
Give me a shot at the title first.

WILL
I don't want your money.

JACK
Humor me.

INT. ZANE'S BAR - NIGHT

As Jack and Will rejoin the others in the booth, Jack pockets a ten-dollar bill.

BUTCH
(laughing at Will)
You got hustled.

JACK
Easy money.

BUTCH
(standing)
We're done for tonight, boys.

Rocco, Fernando and Butch leave the bar.

JACK
Gotta take a piss out back.

WILL
Soda overdose? See you at the bar.

Jack waits for Will to leave the table and then reaches underneath to remove the dictaphone. He heads to an office behind the bar and rewinds the tape.

INT. ZANE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

As Jack heads for the counter, a YOUNG MAN slaps a bill on the pool table.

YOUNG MAN
You want a game, old man?

JACK
I don't take money from kids.

Jack approaches Will and Amber at the bar.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (to Will)
 A word?

WILL
 Sure.

JACK
 Outside.

EXT. ZANE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks Will round the corner into a side street and pulls out the dictaphone.

JACK
 I guess you didn't know these guys
 as well as you thought.

Jack plays the recording from the bar. It's a little indistinct but the voices are unmistakable.

BUTCH (V.O.)
 I like half a million three ways.

ROCCO (V.O.)
 We can't pull it off without them.

BUTCH (V.O.)
 We don't need to, Rocco. We use
 them, then ditch them in the bank.

FERNANDO (V.O.)
 How?

BUTCH (V.O.)
 Fuck the Brothers Grimm, you must
 be the Brothers Dumb. We waste Will
 and leave Jack inside to take the
 heat.

Jack stops the tape.

WILL
 What the fuck do we do now?

JACK
 Nada.

WILL
 Forgive me for sounding like a
 pussy, but I have an aversion to
 being killed.

JACK
(clapping him on the back)
That's too bad.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack lets Sal in and offers her a seat on the sofa.

JACK
Can I get you anything?

SAL
I wouldn't drink in front of you.

JACK
I work in a bar.

SAL
I'm okay.

She removes a box from her pocket and hands it to him.

He opens it and takes out an ornate crucifix attached to a chain.

JACK
I can't accept this, Sal.

SAL
You don't have to be religious.

She tries to hang it round his neck but he refuses.

JACK
It's just not me.

SAL
What's up, Jack?

JACK
My daughter's wedding is in a couple of months and my son's twenty-fifth birthday is round the corner. He wants me to release his trust so he can buy a new car.

SAL
Slow down, Jack. Talk to Ally. She'll understand. What about the trust fund?

JACK
I blew it before I checked in.

SAL
(taking his hand)
Oh, Jack.

JACK
Some people want me to do another
job.

Sal rolls up his sleeve.

SAL
What happened to your watch?

JACK
I'm getting it engraved.

SAL
You can't go back to your old ways.

Jack stands and walks to the window.

JACK
They'll kill my family.

Sal joins him and puts her arm around his waist.

SAL
I can't be a part of this, Jack.

He takes out the crucifix and hangs it around her neck.

SAL (CONT'D)
(caressing his cheek)
You've got it all to give.

JACK
And no one to give it to.

SAL
Because you're living in a
dangerous past. Please don't call
me again.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Sal leaves and crosses the street to her car.

The black panel van is parked opposite. Sal climbs into her car and leaves. The van follows her at a discreet distance.

A few seconds later, Will pulls up and parks in one of the empty spaces.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Will knocks on the door and Jack lets him in.

WILL
You got any beer?

JACK
Water or soda.

Will spreads a floor plan of the bank across the table.

WILL
Coffee?

Jack switches on a kettle in the kitchen, then rejoins Will.

JACK
The cops will search everyone
leaving the bank so I need a
different way out.

Will circles a vent on the plan with a pen.

WILL
The air conditioning vent is big
enough. It leads from the vault in
the basement to the staff restroom
on the first floor.

JACK
How the hell do I climb two floors
inside the vent?

WILL
Wedge your body between the walls,
but wait until the alarm's set and
everyone's out or the whole goddamn
world will hear you.

The kettle boils so Jack re-enters the kitchen.

JACK (O.S.)
How do I know when the system has
been armed?

WILL
A red light'll flash on the panel
by the vault door. You'll need
tools as there's a grate halfway
along the vent.

JACK (O.S.)
What about the restroom?

WILL

There's no motion sensors so it
isn't wired up to the system.

Jack returns with two cups of coffee.

WILL (CONT'D)

There's a small window above the
stalls. It's your only way out.

Jack makes a note on the plans.

JACK

It's twenty feet up.

WILL

I usually park next to the dumpster
in the alley. I'll leave it under
the window. It'll be stacked with
trash.

JACK

I'd almost rather be you.

EXT. GUN STORE - DAY

Jack leaves the store with a holdall and climbs into his car.

INT. ZANE'S BAR - DAY

Jack rights the stools and sets ashtrays on the tables when
Butch, Rocco and Fernando enter.

JACK

We shouldn't be seen together.

BUTCH

Not easy to plan a heist
telepathically.

JACK

I've booked room twenty-nine at the
motel down the street. Meet me
there after my shift.

ROCCO

Why not your apartment?

JACK

You never know who's watching,
Rocco.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Butch spreads a floor plan of the bank across the bed.

Jack pours him a Scotch from a bottle on a table.

BUTCH

We go tomorrow so we've the weekend to disappear. They ship cash to local businesses at four P.M. for the weekly payroll so it'll be bagged and ready.

JACK

That's when they'll expect trouble. There'll also be more traffic. We go at two-thirty when the tellers and security guard are lethargic after lunch.

BUTCH

We'll be much longer inside.

JACK

Makes no odds if no-one raises the alarm. You look after the guard.

BUTCH

What about Will?

JACK

What about him?

BUTCH

I think he's playing us.

JACK

You got any proof?

BUTCH

Nah, but something ain't right.

Jack opens his jacket to reveal his gun.

JACK

A hundred and twenty-five each gives us a nice bonus.

BUTCH

'Our guns are for show', eh?

JACK

You can't be too careful if your own team's working against you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Rocco wanders among rows of cars outside a mall. He checks no-one's watching, then selects a beat-up blue Camaro and breaks in. Within seconds, he's accelerating onto the highway.

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO THE BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

Will parks his car, climbs out and pushes the full dumpster beneath a first-floor window. He then walks round the corner and enters the bank.

INT. QUINTON SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

The two heavies enter as Schaeffer leafs through his files.

A MAN repairs the broken windows behind his desk.

FIRST HEAVY

What happened?

SCHAEFFER

Just kids. Nothing's missing.

Schaeffer checks his watch.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

You should be at the bank.

The first heavy drops a photo of Jack on the desk.

FIRST HEAVY

Do you recognize him?

SCHAEFFER

(studying the mugshot)
Has he ripped me off?

FIRST HEAVY

This is Zane's partner.

SCHAEFFER

From way back?

Schaeffer's eyes narrow menacingly as he stares at the photo.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

About time I got even, Jack.

FIRST HEAVY

His son is one of your biggest
debtors. We're applying pressure.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Rocco, Fernando and Butch pull up in the stolen car next to Jack. Rocco climbs out so Jack can get in.

Jack carries a holdall.

JACK

What's this piece of shit?

ROCCO

Didn't think I'd use my own car.

JACK

It's hardly incon-fucking-spicious.
And what the hell are you wearing?

ROCCO

Better to look like a car salesman
than a bank robber, dickwad.

JACK

Fucking amateurs. No car salesman
would be seen dead in this.

EXT. STREET ADJACENT TO THE BANK - DAY

The two heavies park the black panel van.

EXT. STREET OPPOSITE THE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Rocco pulls over and lets Jack out.

JACK

When I run my hand through my hair,
that's your cue.

Jack crosses the street with his bag and enters the bank.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Jack looks for the SECURITY GUARD, then catches Will's eye. Will closes his teller's position and disappears behind the counter into another room.

A line of CUSTOMERS waits in front of the other CLERKS.

INT./EXT. STOLEN CAMARO OPPOSITE THE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Butch hands Rocco and Fernando walkie-talkies.

The three men then check their guns.

BUTCH
When everything's under control,
I'll lock Jack in the vault.

Rocco drops the walkie-talkie in his top pocket and checks the bank. He sees Jack run his hand through his hair.

ROCCO
Showtime.

Butch and Fernando climb out and jog across to the bank.

Butch notices the panel van but pays it no attention.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Butch and Fernando run inside the bank with guns drawn.

FERNANDO
Everybody on the ground with your
hands behind your head!

Most of the customers do as they're told but a COUPLE run for the door.

Butch fires a shot into the ceiling and the remaining customers - including Jack - hit the floor.

The security guard reaches for his gun but Butch steps over and clubs him to the ground. He grabs the guard's gun and points it at his head.

BUTCH
Don't let your brains be the last
thing you see.

Butch slips one gun into his waistband but then spots the MANAGER sidling along the counter towards a panic button.

He runs and jumps onto the counter and kicks the manager in the face. The manager stumbles backwards over a desk.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Anyone else feeling lucky?

Unnoticed, the security guard reaches down to his ankle and removes a small pistol.

JACK
(whispers to the guard)
Don't do it.

Will slips back into the main part of the bank. Butch levels his pistol at Will's head.

BUTCH

Keys to the vault. Now.

Will nods nervously and glances at the manager. The manager groggily rubs his jaw, then pulls out a set of keys and tosses them to Will.

FERNANDO

Everyone else, in the office.

The staff and customers do as instructed.

The security guard suddenly draws his spare weapon and aims at Butch.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Butch!

The security guard fires but Butch dives to the floor and the round ricochets harmlessly off the wall.

Butch then rolls over and returns fire, striking the guard in the head.

Unnoticed, Jack bangs his fist on the floor.

Butch leaps to his feet and stands over the dead guard.

BUTCH

I fucking warned you!

Staff and customers scream in panic but Butch and Fernando force them into the office. Fernando herds them into a corner and rips out the telephone.

FERNANDO

I need a hostage. Any volunteers?

Everyone cowers away.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

(turning to Jack)

You'll do.

Jack makes a show of resisting but Fernando jams his gun into Jack's neck.

The two men leave the office and Fernando locks the heavy wooden door. They then cross the atrium.

BUTCH
Lock the main doors.

Fernando pulls down a security shutter, then bolts the doors and rejoins Butch, Will and Jack.

Jack removes his gun from the holdall and slips it into his waistband.

JACK
(to Butch)
You should have checked the guard
for a concealed weapon.

BUTCH
I didn't see you stopping him.
We're the ones taking all the risk.
You're expendable, remember?

The two men square up to one another but Fernando steps in.

FERNANDO
You're wasting time.

Jack grabs the spent cartridges and drops them in his pocket.

JACK
(to Will)
Take us to the vault.
(to Fernando)
Watch the staff and the main door.

Will unlocks a door leading downstairs to the vault.

INT. BANK VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Will takes Jack and Butch to the vault. He opens the heavy steel door and they all step inside.

Shelves are stacked with bills, while banks of safety deposit boxes occupy one wall.

Butch removes two folded holdalls from his jacket and starts loading them with bills. Jack and Will follow suit, loading more bags from Jack's holdall.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

A patrol car pulls up opposite. Rocco grabs his radio.

ROCCO
I got cops outside.

INTERCUT - ROCCO'S GETAWAY CAR/INSIDE THE BANK

BUTCH
Did you hear the shots?

ROCCO
No.

BUTCH
Are they coming in?

ROCCO
They're just sitting in the car.

BUTCH
Are any alarms sounding?

ROCCO
No.

BUTCH
Don't interrupt again unless
they're breaking the fucking door
down.

INT. BANK VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Butch replaces his walkie-talkie in his pocket and the three men finish loading the bags with cash. Butch then shoulders two of the bags.

BUTCH
We're out of time.

Will suddenly removes a gun and points it at Butch.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
I fucking knew you were dirty.

Before either Butch or Will can react, Jack draws his gun and shoots Will twice, once in the arm and once in the chest. Will crumples to the ground.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
And you think I'm trigger happy.

Jack pockets his gun and shoulders the remaining two bags.

JACK
Go.

Butch grabs the vault keys from Will's body, then draws his own gun and points it at Jack's head.

BUTCH
Toss me the cash and drop your gun
on the floor.

JACK
Triple-cross, huh?

BUTCH
You should have listened to your
instincts.

Jack drops the bags on the floor and kicks them over.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
And the gun.

Jack slowly removes the gun and hands it to Butch.

JACK
Are you gonna shoot me?

Butch ejects the magazine and pockets the rounds. He then
throws the gun on the floor and cocks his head at Will.

BUTCH
No need. Enjoy the chair.

Butch leaves and locks the vault door.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Butch struggles upstairs to the atrium with all the cash.

FERNANDO
They give you any trouble?

BUTCH
Jack took care of Will.

Butch gives Fernando two holdalls and they unlock the front
door to the bank.

The two men open the shutter and slip outside past a couple
of curious PASSERSBY.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Butch and Fernando walk casually across the street and climb
into the getaway car.

ROCCO
Are we cool?

BUTCH

Ice. Go.

Rocco pulls away and joins traffic heading out of the city.

EXT. BANK - DAY

A patrol car screeches to a halt outside. Mike and Vince leap out, draw their guns and run into the bank.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Aside from the guard's body, the floor of the bank is deserted.

MIKE

(under his breath)

Shit.

(to Vince)

Check the office. I'll take the vault.

VINCE

We stick together this time.

MIKE

Find the staff first.

They head for the office on one side of the atrium.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

An ambulance pulls up and TWO ORDERLIES approach the bank.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Vince unlock the office and release everyone.

MIKE

Everyone okay?

BANK MANAGER

We're fine. How's Woodie?

MIKE

The security guard?

BANK MANAGER

He had a wife and two young kids.

VINCE
I'm really sorry.

BANK MANAGER
They took a hostage.

MIKE
Everyone wait here until the
building is secure. Keys?

The manager hands them spare keys from a drawer in a desk.
The two police officers then cross the atrium to the stairs
leading down to the vault.

Two BEAT COPS cross the floor and join them.

VINCE
(to the cops)
Don't let anyone out until they've
been searched.

The two emergency medical technicians kneel beside the body
of the security guard but he's clearly dead. They then join
Mike and Vince by the stairs leading to the vault.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(to the orderlies)
The staff said they heard shots so
stay back.

The four men descend to the vault and Mike selects a key.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(to the orderlies)
Wait for the all clear.

INT. BANK VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Vince enter and pan their weapons around. Will lies
motionless on the floor but there's no one else in the vault.

VINCE
Man down.

MIKE
Clear.

The officers holster their guns as the orderlies rush in.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Several patrol cars seal off the streets around the bank.

Mike takes a statement from the bank manager.

Will is bundled into the back of an ambulance on a gurney.
The ambulance is waved through the police cordon.

Vince climbs into his patrol car.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Vince grabs the radio.

VINCE

Set up roadblocks at five miles.
Three suspects are in a beat-up
blue Camaro. We got a white male.
Six feet. Two hundred pounds.
Second guy could be Mexican. Five-
ten. One-eighty.

INT./EXT. GETAWAY CAR - DAY

Rocco keeps pace with the traffic heading out of town.

Butch glances in the wing mirror and notices the panel van
following them at a discreet distance.

As they approach a junction, two squad cars screech to a halt
and stop the traffic ahead of them.

BUTCH

Take the next right.

Rocco turns into a side street and then takes a left onto
another main street at the end. Butch notices the panel van
make the same turns.

As they approach another junction, more patrol cars appear.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Fuck getting out of town.

Rocco turns the Camaro round and they head back to the city.
The panel van also does a U-turn.

EXT. BANK - DAY

A pair of WORKMEN drive their truck into the alley next to
the bank and find the dumpster blocking their way. One climbs
out and shunts the dumpster up the alley into an alcove. He
then climbs back into truck.

INT. AIR VENT - DAY

Jack peers through the grate into the vault. The light on the control panel changes from green to red.

EXT. BACKSTREET GARAGE - DAY

Butch, Fernando and Rocco close a shutter to hide the car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Butch holds out his hand to hail a cab, the panel van passes them on the opposite side of the road.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Butch, Fernando and Rocco enter with the holdalls. They empty the cash onto a bed and start counting it.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Vince pours Mike a coffee and hands it to him. He then sits on the edge of his desk and opens a file.

VINCE

Something ain't right. The manager said they took a hostage but no witnesses saw him leave and he wasn't in the bank when we arrived.

MIKE

It's getting late, Vince.

VINCE

I'm thinking accomplice. I want another look around.

MIKE

The evidence ain't going anywhere. And the bank's closed tomorrow.

Vince turns a page in the file.

VINCE

The staff said there were five shots, but we can only account for four. One in the ceiling. One fired by the security guard that missed. One that killed the guard.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

And one in the teller's arm. There were no shell casings anywhere.

Mike finishes his coffee, then holds the door open.

VINCE (CONT'D)

The witnesses also said that one of the robbers called the other Butch. Have you checked our files?

MIKE

I've asked Detective Johnson to look into it. Now please go home and get some rest.

Vince pulls on a jacket and removes his car keys.

VINCE

You too, huh?

MIKE

After I've written it up.

INT. AIR VENT, BANK - NIGHT

Jack removes a small flashlight from his holdall and slides along the vent until he reaches a vertical section.

The vent is narrow and he makes plenty of noise as he wedges his body between the walls of the shaft and inches towards another grate at the top.

He slips twice but uses the edges between the seams to take his weight.

He ties the holdall around his waist and eventually reaches the grate.

The screws are on the other side so he removes a battery-powered screwdriver with a flexible head. He inserts it through the grate and undoes the four screws.

Jack then climbs the last few feet and slides along a short horizontal section to a third grate.

The screws are again on the other side so he uses his tool once more. The screws fall onto the restroom floor.

EXT. BANK MANAGER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vince pulls up and parks his car. He climbs out and knocks on the door to a smart urban home.

The bank manager eventually opens it.

VINCE

I think we missed something earlier. May I have a key?

MANAGER

I can't let you go in alone.

VINCE

Then you're coming with me.

MANAGER

It's the dead of night, Detective.

Vince takes him by the arm.

VINCE

I insist.

INT. BANK RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moonlight streams in through a tiny window as Jack climbs out of the air-conditioning vent into one of the stalls.

He reaches back into the vent to grab the holdall and unties it from his waist.

He grabs a paper towel and wipes the perspiration from his forehead.

He then replaces the grate but he can only find three of the screws. He doesn't bother looking for the last one.

Jack climbs onto the sill and unlocks the window. He eases it open and leans out: the dumpster is further up the alley.

JACK

(mutters)

Jesus Christ, Will.

Jack squeezes through the window onto a narrow ledge.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Jack inches along the ledge but it ends before he reaches the dumpster. He swings the holdall and lets fly. It lands in the dumpster with a thud.

Vince and the bank manager suddenly pull up in Vince's patrol car and park in the alley below the window.

VINCE (O.S.)

Wait here.

On the ledge above them, Jack freezes. He then inches back along the ledge to the restroom window.

He slips inside but unwittingly snags his shirt on the catch and a small piece tears off.

IN THE ALLEY

Vince climbs out of the car. He notices the window isn't fully closed and heads for the main entrance of the bank.

INT. BANK RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack jumps onto the floor, drinks from the faucet and peers into the corridor outside. A red light blinks on a panel on the wall opposite. The light suddenly turns green.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Jack pads softly along the corridor to the stairs leading to the floor of the bank. He starts down the stairs but stops when he spots a flashlight pan across the atrium.

The light approaches so he backs up the stairs and ducks into an office. He eases the door closed and crouches behind a desk. The flashlight reflects in the office window. The office door then opens.

Jack holds his breath while the flashlight pans across the room. Then the door closes and the unseen figure heads towards the restroom.

Jack creeps towards the door and slips into the corridor. He then starts down the stairs to the floor of the bank.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks up to the main entrance and pulls out a key. He unlocks the door and notices a green light on the alarm panel next to the shutter.

Mike frowns, draws his gun and enters the building. He locks the door behind him but leaves the key in the lock.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Mike crosses the lobby by the moonlight in a skylight.

He spots a pool of blood where the security guard was shot.

Jack pads down the stairs opposite and suddenly notices another shadowy figure coming towards him. He ducks into an alcove as Mike starts up the stairs.

Jack waits until Mike reaches the top of the stairs before he darts across the foyer and unlocks the door. Then he slips out into the night.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs into the alley and skirts the patrol car with the bank manager in the passenger seat.

He climbs onto the dumpster in the shadows, reaches inside and pulls out the holdall. He removes a bulletproof vest and a bloodied shirt and drops them back in the trash.

INT. BANK RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vince enters and spots the ripped piece of shirt on the windowsill. He climbs onto the sill and opens the window.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Jack hears the window above him open and slips unnoticed through the shadows past the patrol car into the street.

INT. BANK RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vince studies the ripped piece of shirt and then spots the open dumpster.

He climbs down from the sill and checks the air vent. One of the screws is missing but he finds it with his flashlight.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Vince jogs down the corridor towards the stairs. Mike suddenly appears behind him, his gun leveled at Vince's head.

MIKE

What the fuck are you doing, Vince?

Vince slowly turns but keeps both hands visible.

VINCE

I said something don't add up.

MIKE
You're making me nervous, Vince.

VINCE
Likewise, Sheriff.

MIKE
What were you doing in the
restroom?

VINCE
Taking a shit. What do you think?

The two men walk downstairs and Mike ushers Vince towards the door. It's unlocked so Vince removes the key.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Anyone could have walked in.

MIKE
I must be getting old.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Mike sets the alarm and locks the main door but his gun is still trained on Vince.

MIKE
I need to know I can trust you.

VINCE
Trust has to be earned.

MIKE
We'll talk tomorrow.

Mike holsters his gun, climbs into his car and leaves.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Vince walks past his patrol car and searches the alley. There's nothing but the dumpster.

He climbs onto the dumpster and shines his flashlight inside. He reaches in and removes the bulletproof vest and the bloodstained shirt.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Will rolls over and gets to his feet. Blood drips from the flesh-wound in his arm.

WILL.
Fuck. That hurts.

Jack removes a shirt from his holdall. It has a single bullet hole in the arm.

JACK
The cops will be here any minute.

Will removes his distinctive teller's shirt and reveals a bulletproof vest underneath. He unhooks the vest and drops it and the bloodstained shirt into Jack's holdall.

Jack removes a key from his pocket and opens deposit box 299. He empties the tray with its unseen contents into the holdall, then replaces it and locks the box.

He also drops his gun in the bag along with the two spent shell casings.

Will begins stuffing bills into the holdall.

JACK (CONT'D)
Leave the cash, Will.

WILL
What?

JACK
This was never about the money.

WILL
There's still a couple of hundred grand here.

JACK
You can't go down for this.

Jack removes a pocket screwdriver from his holdall and begins unscrewing the grate covering the air vent.

Jack climbs into the air vent with the holdall.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hurry, Will.

Will replaces the grate and Jack holds it in place.

Will inserts the four screws and tightens them with his good arm. He then slips the screwdriver into his boot.

JACK (CONT'D)
Do it now.

Will leans against the wall and throws his head back. It makes a dull thud and he crumples to the floor.

Jack slides deeper into the vent as the vault door opens.

Mike and Vince enter and pan their weapons around the vault.

VINCE

Man down.

MIKE

Clear.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Vince runs back down the alley and jumps into his car. He slaps a red light on the roof and floors it.

MANAGER

What the hell's going on?

VINCE

We're being played.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Butch, Rocco and Fernando finish counting the cash and stack it in neat piles on the bed. The TV is on in the background.

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Police confirmed that the thieves murdered a security guard before escaping with more than three hundred thousand dollars in cash, and diamonds worth nearly two million. One of the tellers was hospitalized with minor injuries.

BUTCH

What the fuck.

ROCCO

We got fucked in the ass.

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

No one was apprehended at the scene but descriptions of the gang have been circulated and police are said to be closing in.

FERNANDO

They've even got good likenesses.

Butch switches the TV off and paces the room.

BUTCH
(to Fernando)
Find out why Will ain't dead.

ROCCO
We can't let him talk to the cops.

Fernando pulls on a jacket, pockets his gun and leaves.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
What about Jack?

BUTCH
Leave him to me.

INT. HOSPITAL TRAUMA UNIT - NIGHT

A casually dressed Vince approaches a TRAUMA RECEPTIONIST and flashes his badge.

VINCE
I need to see the bank teller.

TRAUMA RECEPTIONIST
It's a bit late for an interview.

VINCE
He's the only witness from the vault.

The receptionist checks a log.

TRAUMA RECEPTIONIST
William Turner. Age thirty. Room two down the hall. Don't be long.

VINCE
Is he badly hurt?

TRAUMA RECEPTIONIST
Minor gunshot wound to his left arm but we patched that up. Superficial bruising to the sternum and back of the head. We've given him a morphine shot but he'll be fine.

VINCE
Did he give a home address?

The receptionist checks the file once more, then writes the address on a SLIP OF PAPER and hands it to Vince.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will pulls on his trousers and checks the gauze on his arm. He finishes dressing and peers into the corridor.

He spots Vince approaching and ducks back into the room. He then runs to the window and opens it.

EXT. TRAUMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will climbs out of the window, pulls the curtains closed behind him, and leaps to the ground one floor below.

He rolls over on the grass before scrambling to his feet and darting into the parking lot.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vince knocks on the door and enters. There's no one in the bed so he searches the room. He's about to leave when the breeze parts the curtains and reveals the open window.

Vince peers into the parking lot but sees nothing unusual. He then notices a cab pull up. He watches as Fernando climbs out and pays the driver.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Fernando waits until the cab has left before slipping into the shadows by the entrance. He removes a gun from his waistband and checks the magazine.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vince watches Fernando enter the hospital. He then pulls out an artist's impression of one of the robbers from his pocket.

VINCE (V.O.)

Mexican. Five-ten. One-eighty.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Fernando checks a plan on the wall and heads down a corridor. He eventually arrives at the trauma unit and approaches the reception desk.

FERNANDO
I'm here to see William Turner.

TRAUMA RECEPTIONIST
Relatives only, Sir, unless you're
another cop.

FERNANDO
Brother-in-law.

TRAUMA RECEPTIONIST
Room two. Down the hall.

Fernando hurries down the corridor and subtly draws his gun.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fernando slips in and points his gun at the form lying in the bed. He slowly draws back the covers to find the bed stuffed with pillows.

Vince steps out from behind the curtains with his gun drawn. Fernando has his back to him.

VINCE
Put it down.

Fernando places his weapon on the bed and slowly turns to face Vince.

FERNANDO
Little fucker stitched us all up.

Vince snorts and removes his cuffs.

VINCE
He's working for you.

Fernando laughs and holds out his hands.

FERNANDO
So I thought.

As Vince claps one of the cuffs on Fernando's wrist, Fernando knocks Vince's gun to one side and elbows him in the face.

Vince crashes to the floor so Fernando grabs his gun from the bed.

Vince comes to his senses and fires. The round strikes Fernando in the shoulder, spraying blood across the wall behind him.

Fernando cries out in pain and fires back but he misses.
Vince shoots him again in the throat.

Fernando staggers forward and crumples to the floor.

Vince wrenches open the door.

VINCE

Medic!

Two DOCTORS are already rushing over from the reception area.

Vince kneels next to Fernando as blood gushes from the wound
in his throat.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Who are you working for?

FERNANDO

(gasps)

Fuck you.

The two doctors enter the room.

FIRST DOCTOR

Move aside, Sir.

VINCE

(to Fernando)

Who?

FERNANDO

(splutters)

Find Jack.

FIRST DOCTOR

I said move!

Vince stands aside.

SECOND DOCTOR

Who the hell's this?

VINCE

No idea.

Despite the two doctors administering immediate aid,
Fernando's eyes roll back in his head.

INT./EXT. MIKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Mike drives into a quiet alley in the city and waits in his
car. He continuously checks his watch.

A moment later, a shadowy figure slips into the alley. Mike leans across and opens the passenger door and Jack climbs in next to him.

MIKE

Where's the money?

JACK

Turns out I couldn't trust my team.

MIKE

Shit the bed, Jack. How the fuck are you going to pay for the wedding?

Jack opens the holdall and shows Mike the diamonds.

MIKE (CONT'D)

They know you took them because it's been on the news.

JACK

Everyone's fucking everyone else.

MIKE

How did I let you talk me into this?

JACK

Because you need the money for your op.

MIKE

And now Butch has it. This is all so fucked up.

JACK

Then we'd better get it back.

MIKE

It's way beyond that, Jack. You had your chance to break the spiral but you're still dragging everyone else down with you.

Jack rubs his wedding ring.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I fucking knew it. This is definitely not the way to impress the ex-wife.

JACK

She's got nothing to do with this.

MIKE

Bullshit. The only reason you're trying to help your kids is to win her back. Take the hint and walk the fuck away.

JACK

I don't need the cash if I pay off Zane's debt and clear the slate with the stones.

MIKE

He's a fucking liability.

JACK

You're still gonna help me.

MIKE

And why the fuck would I do that?

EXT. QUINTON'S ILLEGAL GAMBLING HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack and Zane are twenty years younger. They race out of the side door into an alley and run for their car.

They throw two holdalls into the rear seat and are about to climb in when a patrol car pulls up and blocks the alley.

Zane draws his gun and fires at the squad car.

JACK

Get in the fucking car, Zane.

ZANE

After I waste the cops.

IN THE PATROL CAR

The COP driving the car removes his gun and leaps out. He then ducks behind a dumpster by the entrance to the alley.

A young Mike opens the passenger door and scrambles out as gunfire peppers the vehicle. He reaches for a shotgun but more gunfire has him ducking behind the front wheel so he draws his revolver instead.

Mike rises above the hood, spots his partner by the dumpster and they both return fire into the alley.

IN THE ALLEY

Zane fires again but only hits the car.

BY THE PATROL CAR

Mike crouches down to reload. He then rises above the hood once more and fires blindly into the alley. Too late, he spots his partner break for cover.

Mike's second shot strikes his partner in the back and the cop crumples to the ground.

MIKE

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Mike fires into the alley again, then races round the car to reach his partner. The other cop is already dead.

Gunfire peppers the ground around him and ricochets off the walls above his head.

IN THE ALLEY

Zane sees Mike run back to the car. He takes careful aim, pulls the trigger and strikes Mike in the leg.

JACK (O.S.)

Leave him, Zane.

Mike stumbles, falls, drops his gun, and tries to drag himself to safety.

Zane squeezes the trigger once more but he's out of ammo. He reloads as he walks towards a stricken Mike.

He eventually takes aim again and pulls the trigger.

Jack suddenly smashes the gun to one side and the round strikes the building.

Jack pins Zane against the wall.

JACK (CONT'D)

We're not fucking cop killers.

ZANE

(nodding at the dead cop)
Someone is.

Jack and Zane turn and run back to their car.

BY THE PATROL CAR

Mike drags himself behind the hood and reaches inside for the shotgun. He then stands and levels the weapon at Zane.

IN THE ALLEY

Jack glances over his shoulder and pushes Zane out of the way as Mike fires. The round grazes Jack's shoulder but he's not seriously wounded.

Jack and Zane then leap into their car. Zane crams it into reverse and barrels back down the alley.

Mike continues to fire at them, his rounds ricocheting off the bodywork and whirring into the air.

Two THUGS then exit the illegal gambling house and open fire on the car reversing towards them.

Zane mashes the accelerator to the floor and the thugs scramble to safety just in time. They then continue firing at the car as it disappears down the alley.

IN ZANE'S CAR

Jack is struck again, this time in the arm. Blood stains his shirt. His head lolls forward and he gasps in pain.

IN THE ALLEY

Mike limps towards the thugs from the gambling house and raises the shotgun.

MIKE

Drop the guns, fellas. You're going to fry for killing my partner.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Mike pulls up alone in his car. He climbs out and jumps onto his houseboat. An assortment of fishing gear is stacked on the rear deck. He retrieves a key from the ledge above the door and lets himself in.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Mike removes a floorboard and hides a small pouch in the cavity underneath.

INT. HOTEL FOYER - NIGHT

Butch strolls across a plush atrium and joins Goldman and Diane at a corner table in the bar.

Two GUESTS enjoy nightcaps but they're not within earshot.

Butch grabs a beer from an ice bucket and pops the top.

BUTCH
Why didn't you mention the
diamonds, Diane?

DIANE
Quint said he sold them years ago.

Goldman produces the photocopied DOCUMENTS from Quinton Schaeffer's office.

GOLDMAN
His business is fucked and we're
screwing him for a settlement. The
diamonds are his safety net.

BUTCH
Can he make an insurance claim?

GOLDMAN
Genius to steal from himself. As
well as selling the stones, he
takes the cash and insurance.
Problems solved.

BUTCH
I have the cash.

GOLDMAN
Quinton obviously pressured Zane
into doing the job, but Zane used
Will and Jack to do his dirty work.

Butch holds up one of the pieces of paper.

BUTCH
I have all the names and addresses
I need.

DIANE
Quint's going to be so pissed if we
recover the diamonds too.

Butch drains his beer and helps himself to another.

GOLDMAN
What about Rocco and Fernando?

BUTCH
They're more use to us alive.

GOLDMAN
Then you'll just have to waste them
after.

BUTCH
I'm gonna need a little extra.

GOLDMAN
We had a deal.

BUTCH
You just raised the stakes.

DIANE
Twenty-five grand.

BUTCH
(to Diane)
I always knew you did the finances.
Fifty.

GOLDMAN
Don't get greedy. Forty.

Butch drops his second empty bottle on the table, grabs another and stands.

BUTCH
I'll even pick up the tab.

Butch leaves them and walks to the bar.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Can I settle up?

The BARMAN writes a RECEIPT.

BARMAN
On your room?

BUTCH
Cash.

Butch pays for the drinks, pockets the receipt and leaves.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike parks in the driveway of a tasteful suburban home.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike enters the spacious and well-appointed home and pours himself a fruit juice from the fridge in the kitchen.

He then enters the living room and slumps onto a couch.

He places his drink on a table next to a picture of him and his wife. He takes the picture and holds it to his chest.

The phone rings so he picks up.

MIKE

Hello?

SHEILA (V.O.)

Mike, it's Sheila. We've been trying to reach you.

MIKE

Is she okay?

SHEILA (V.O.)

I'm afraid her condition deteriorated suddenly and she passed away earlier this evening.

Tears well in Mike's eyes.

MIKE

May I see her?

SHEILA (V.O.)

We needed the bed so she's been taken to the mortuary. I'm so sorry, Mike.

Mike hangs up and sinks deeper into the couch.

INT./EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Vince glances at the SLIP OF PAPER given to him by the hospital receptionist and pulls over to the curb.

EXT. WILL'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Vince holds his gun behind him and knocks on the front door of a small townhouse in a quiet residential street. There's no answer so he bangs harder.

A neighbor's window opens and an OLD MAN leans out.

OLD MAN

That you, Amber?

VINCE

Detective Vince O'Brien. Does Will Turner live here?

OLD MAN

On and off. Try his girlfriend's place on Francis Avenue.

VINCE

Number?

OLD MAN

Not sure. It's in the block by the gas station. Surname's Willis.

VINCE

Thank you, Sir.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Will crosses the quiet concourse to a bank of storage lockers. He checks to make sure no one is watching and removes a KEY from his pocket. He then places a LITTLE BOX in the locker, secures it and leaves.

INT. AMBER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will hurries in and kicks the door shut.

WILL

Are you packed, Sweetheart?

He switches on the light and suddenly notices Butch and Rocco in the shadows. Amber's hands are secured behind her back and Butch has a knife to her throat.

BUTCH

Come the fuck in.

WILL

Please don't hurt her.

Butch presses the knife into Amber's neck and a trickle of blood stains her collar. She stifles a scream.

WILL (CONT'D)

Butch!

AMBER

Give them what they want, Will.

EXT. AMBER'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Vince parks next to the gas station and walks round the corner to the main entrance.

INT. AMBER'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Vince crosses the foyer to a bank of mailboxes. He notices "MISS A. WILLIS" lives at "Number 32".

Vince jogs up the stairs to the third floor and draws his gun. He approaches number 32 and listens at the door.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Tell us where the diamonds are or
he'll slit her throat.

INT. JACK'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As soon as Jack opens the door, he's clubbed to the ground and beaten by the two heavies.

Jack rolls over and gasps in agony. He then spots David tied to a chair. His son is gagged. Blood from cuts on his face mingles with his tears.

FIRST HEAVY
It was a bit foolish to think you
could run. Hand the stones over.

SECOND HEAVY
And the deposit box key.

Jack removes the key from his pocket and hands it over.

JACK
I don't have the stones.

The heavies drag Jack to his feet and push him onto the couch. One draws a gun and holds it to David's head.

JACK (CONT'D)
How did you find him?

SECOND HEAVY
He's quite the gambler. Ran up a
little debt to Mr Schaeffer.

Jack fights back the tears.

JACK
They're at the station.

The men wrench Jack to his feet and force him to the door.

SECOND HEAVY
(to David)
Don't go anywhere now.

The second heavy then locks the door and pockets the key.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The heavies march Jack to the panel van.

The wind picks up and the sky crackles with tension.

The heavies open the side door and push Jack inside.

SECOND HEAVY

We took out extra insurance.

Jack spots a terrified Sal lying on the floor of the van. She's gagged and tied and has clearly been beaten.

Jack swings round and lunges for the first heavy but he's clubbed on the back of the neck by the second thug. He collapses to the floor.

The heavies close the side door, climb into the van and speed into the night.

INT. AMBER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rocco draws his gun and crosses the living room to Will. He forces Will back into a chair and jams the gun barrel into his mouth.

ROCCO

The only way to save her is by taking us to them.

WILL

(mumbles)

They're at the station.

ROCCO

Give me the key.

Will fumbles in his pocket and removes a locker key. Rocco tosses the key to Butch.

BUTCH

(to Will)

You're coming with me. If I'm not back by two A.M., Rocco'll chop her up into little pieces.

ROCCO

I might enjoy myself first.

Will glances at a clock on the mantelpiece. It's just gone midnight.

Rocco removes his gun from Will's mouth and rejoins Butch. He then takes the knife and forces Amber into another chair.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Don't keep me waiting.

Butch shoves Will into the corridor outside the apartment.

INT. AMBER'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Vince slips round the corner of the stairwell and then quietly follows Butch and Will.

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

The dark panel van parks in the lot opposite the entrance.

The wind picks up and rain begins to fall.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

One of the heavies hands the other a walkie-talkie.

FIRST HEAVY

I call for help, you come running.

The second thug cocks his head to the rear of the van.

SECOND HEAVY

What about her?

FIRST HEAVY

Do I look like I give a shit?

EXT. VAN, STATION - NIGHT

The first heavy climbs out and checks there's no-one around. He then opens the sliding door and drags Jack out.

Jack briefly catches Sal's eye and smiles thinly.

FIRST HEAVY

Take me to the locker.

JACK

Sal comes too.

The thug draws a gun and jams it into Jack's kidneys.

FIRST HEAVY
She's in good hands.

JACK
I need to know she'll be safe.

FIRST HEAVY
Then make sure you don't fuck up.

Jack and the thug cross the street and enter the station.

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

A few people have just arrived on a late train but the concourse soon empties.

FIRST HEAVY
Where are the lockers?

JACK
Platform three.

EXT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Butch and Will pull up in Butch's car and climb out. Will glances at the clock above the main entrance. It's 12.20AM.

The wind is stronger but the rain has abated. Lightning pierces the sky in the distance and thunder reverberates around the station.

The men cross the parking lot towards the entrance but Butch stops when he spots the panel van.

WILL
Problem?

BUTCH
Let's find out.

Butch glances at the license plate and draws his gun.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Once is chance. Twice, coincidence.
Three times is nuclear fucking war.
Must be Schaeffer's men.

WILL
Who the fuck's Schaeffer?

BUTCH

The guy you've been working for.
Now don't make a fucking sound.

Butch darts across the lot and sneaks up behind the van.

He waits a few seconds for a distant roll of thunder, then runs to the driver's window and pumps two shots into the second heavy.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

Sal tries to stifle a scream but can't help whimpering.

OUTSIDE THE VAN

Butch opens the rear doors to find Sal cowering on the floor.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

My lucky night.

EXT. STATION - NIGHT

Vince arrives and sees Butch and Will enter the building. He parks out of sight, draws his gun and shadows them.

INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack and the first thug arrive at platform three. It's deserted. Rows of lockers run alongside the track.

The wind picks up and blows detritus along the concourse.

FIRST HEAVY

Number?

JACK

Six-twenty-six.

The thug prods Jack with his gun and the pair eventually reach the locker.

FIRST HEAVY

Open it.

JACK

I s'pose this ain't the time to
tell you I don't have the key.

The thug presses the gun into the back of Jack's head.

Butch and Will suddenly appear from behind a pillar.

The thug and Butch immediately train their guns on one another.

Will glances at Jack but Jack gives him an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

BUTCH
(to Jack)
Quadruple cross.

JACK
You never can tell who to trust.

FIRST HEAVY
(to Jack)
Who the fuck's this?

Unseen by the others, Vince creeps along the row of lockers and ducks into a doorway.

JACK
You tailed him from the bank,
dipshit. He's an angry son-of-a-
bitch. You should be crapping
yourself about now.

The thug holds up the walkie-talkie.

FIRST HEAVY
I got back-up.

BUTCH
You mean the chump in the van?

Jack throws a panicked look at Will, who appears crestfallen.

The first heavy slowly raises the walkie-talkie to his mouth.

FIRST HEAVY
Marlon? You there?

There's no reply save for the wind of the approaching storm.

WILL
(to Jack)
Rocco's got Amber.

BUTCH
She's only got an hour, so chop
fucking chop.

JACK
You already have the money. No need
to get greedy.

BUTCH
Call it habit.

FIRST HEAVY
The stones belong to my boss. One
of these fuckers has the key.
You've got till the count of three
to decide who opens the locker or
it gets redecorated.

BUTCH
Don't take your gun off me.

Vince then slips out from behind a second row of lockers and
levels his gun at Butch.

VINCE
I got it.

BUTCH
Fuck-a-doodle-doo.

The first heavy points his gun at Jack's head.

Thunder echoes around the station.

The thug wipes beads of perspiration from his brow with his
sleeve and shifts his gaze nervously around the group.

WILL
Wait. I'll open it.

Butch tosses Will the key and he opens the locker. He takes
out the box and throws it on the ground in front of the men.

The thug now re-trains his gun on Vince.

FIRST HEAVY
And who might you be?

VINCE
The law.

BUTCH
Mexican standoff, gentlemen. First
to fire dies with his target.
Second shooter wins.

VINCE
Put your guns down, fellas. Back-
up's on its way.

JACK
Would that be Mike?

VINCE
You know Sheriff Logan?

JACK
We go way back.

The wind picks up once more.

VINCE
It was you I saw at the police station. I'll bet you ran from the farm, too. That Zane's a piece of work. I thought he'd squeal but he never gave us you.

Another crack of thunder rumbles around the station.

The thug squeezes his trigger but stops himself.

JACK
Mike's not dirty, y'know.

VINCE
He's still an accessory.

BUTCH
Save the tearful reunion for later, fellas. As I see it, you're all fucking bent.

VINCE
Whatever you say, Butch.

BUTCH
You're fishing.

VINCE
Your reputation precedes you. I hope you're more cooperative than Fernando. He choked on a bullet.

The wind suddenly intensifies and slams the locker door with a sound like a gunshot.

The thug panics and fires at Vince, striking him under the ribs on his right side. The detective staggers backwards and ducks inside the station.

Butch returns fire and kills the thug with a double-tap. He then whirls to confront Vince but the detective has vanished.

Jack and Will waste no time in bolting. Butch fires twice more but misses them. Then he scoops up the box with the diamonds.

EXT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Will charge across the parking lot to the panel van.

WILL
I need to tell you something.

JACK
Save it. I'm still deciding if I
should kick the crap out of you for
forgetting the dumpster.

WILL
I swear I left it below the window.

They arrive at the van and Jack throws open the rear doors
but Sal's no longer inside.

WILL (CONT'D)
Butch took her.

Butch exits the station and sprints towards them. He fires at
the van and bullets strike the bodywork.

Jack ducks round to the front of the van and wrenches the
dead thug into the parking lot. He then retrieves his watch
from the guy's wrist and leaps into the driver's seat.

Will grabs the thug's gun, climbs into the passenger seat and
returns fire, sending Butch diving for cover.

INT./EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Jack crams the vehicle into gear and blasts out of the
parking lot.

WILL
She's in the trunk of his car.

Jack stomps on the brakes.

JACK
We can't leave her.

Will glances at the clock above the station entrance. It's
1.30AM.

WILL
Please, Jack.

Butch charges into the road and fires at the van. His shots
thud into the rear doors.

Jack floors the accelerator, makes a couple of quick turns and rejoins the highway.

JACK
He'll kill her when he finds out
the diamonds are fake.

WILL
She's his only bargaining chip.

JACK
You'd better be right. We gotta
stop on the way.

WILL
She's running out of time, Jack.

JACK
They have my son.

WILL
I'm begging you. Please get Amber
first. Fuck knows what Rocco's
doing to her.

Jack eventually makes a sharp turn.

JACK
I hold you responsible if anything
happens to David.

INT. BACKSTREET PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

Mike enters and removes a pouch from his pocket. He pours the real diamonds onto the counter in front of the JEWELER.

MIKE
I'd like a valuation.

JEWELER
As long as it's not the glass I
gave you yesterday.

The owner picks up an eyepiece and examines the stones.

MIKE
Well?

JEWELER
How many do you have?

MIKE
Two hundred.

JEWELER

If they're all near-colorless and internally flawless, a thousand dollars a carat.

MIKE

You can do better than that.

JEWELER

These must be the stones everybody's talking about so I'm taking all the risk.

MIKE

Make a few calls. I know the people you deal with.

JEWELER

You put some of them away. Fifteen hundred. Final offer.

Mike scoops up the stones and slowly drops them in the pouch.

JEWELER (CONT'D)

Two grand.

MIKE

A million for the lot.

The jeweler shakes his head and exhales slowly, then holds out his hand.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Cash.

JEWELER

You're joking, right?

Mike simply stares at the jeweler.

JEWELER (CONT'D)

Give me twenty-four hours.

Mike shakes his hand, pockets the pouch and leaves.

INT. GOLDMAN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Goldman opens the door and lets Butch in.

Butch crosses the suite, opens the box and pours the diamonds onto a table.

Goldman pulls out an eyepiece and studies the stones.

He eventually frowns and whips Butch's gun out of his waistband. He smashes the stones with the butt of the weapon and then points the gun at Butch.

Butch ignores him, picks up the phone and dials a number.

EXT. VAN, CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Jack and Will race back to Amber's apartment. Jack slides the van to a stop in the parking lot and they charge into the apartment block.

INT. AMBER'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

As Jack and Will run up to the third floor, Jack checks his watch: 2AM.

A scream pierces the night.

Will removes the gun from his waistband and kicks the door in to Amber's apartment.

INT. AMBER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Will charges in with gun in hand.

Rocco has stripped Amber and is forcing himself on her.

She's frantically trying to escape.

WILL

Time to join your brother.

Rocco glances at his gun on a coffee table but it's out of reach. He stands back and shoves Amber to the floor.

Rocco suddenly dives for the gun but Will shoots him in the chest and the Mexican crumples to the ground.

Will then frees Amber and helps her dress.

WILL (CONT'D)

We need to leave before Butch figures it out.

The telephone in the apartment rings suddenly. Will picks up the receiver and holds it so they can all hear.

BUTCH (V.O.)

Waste her, Rocco. We've been fucked again.

JACK
 (whispers)
 Hang up.

There's an uncomfortable silence.

BUTCH (V.O.)
 That you, Will? I'm coming for you.
 Jack too.

Jack grabs the receiver from Will.

JACK
 You'll never see those diamonds
 unless Sal's safe, you piece of
 shit.

BUTCH (V.O.)
 So you do care about someone other
 than yourself... Well, Jack, what
 if she's already dead?

JACK
 You fucking psycho. I'll fucking
 kill you.

BUTCH
 I also found a motel room key on
 the chump in the van. Any idea what
 I'll find there?

Jack slams the receiver down and runs from the apartment.

INT. GOLDMAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Butch bangs the receiver down and toys with the jewelry box.
 He suddenly notices a label on the underside: "SACHS & SONS".

INT. MORGUE, EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mike enters and joins a MORTUARY ATTENDANT.

MIKE
 May I see the body of the security
 guard from the bank?

MORTUARY ATTENDANT
 (glancing at his watch)
 It's my wife's birthday, Mike.

Mike struggles to contain his emotions.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 Jesus, I'm so sorry, buddy. It's
 been a long day.

MIKE
 Hey, no problem. I'll lock up.

The attendant hands him a bunch of keys.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT
 Leave them in the box at reception.

The attendant leads Mike into a

COLD-STORAGE ROOM

and checks a list of names from a file.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 Locker four. It's not pretty.

MIKE
 What about the guy from the
 hospital that my partner shot?

The attendant checks his list again and then drops the file
 on a metal table.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT
 Six. Enjoy.

Mike waits for the attendant to leave and checks his list.

He goes to the locker marked "9" and pulls out a body covered
 in a sheet. He peels back the sheet and a tear rolls down his
 cheeks. He then leans forward and kisses his wife's forehead.

INT. GOLDMAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Goldman pours himself and Diane drinks from the minibar. Then
 he sits at a table by the window and picks up the phone. He
 dials a number and waits.

INTERCUT - GOLDMAN'S HOTEL ROOM/SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE

GOLDMAN
 Quinton, it's Paul.

SCHAEFFER
 What the fuck do you want?

GOLDMAN
 To help you out.

SCHAEFFER

I'm above taking charity from the man who stole my money-grabbing bitch of a wife. I'd watch my back if I was you.

GOLDMAN

Likewise. Your people are screwing each other over. Let me have your business and we'll call it even.

Schaeffer pours a drink and sits on the edge of his desk.

SCHAEFFER

I worked for years to build up my empire. It's not for sale and I'm fucked if I'm just giving it away to you.

GOLDMAN

Take the goddamn blinkers off, Quinton. In terms of empire, it's about as relevant as the fucking Romans today. It needs investment. You don't have the money or the diamonds so I suggest you swallow your ego and take the only way out.

SCHAEFFER

Well that's where you're wrong.

GOLDMAN

Quint, Butch works for me.

SCHAEFFER

You've got some fucking nerve, Paul. Take my wife and my money, and now you want my business?

GOLDMAN

It's the only way to settle this.

SCHAEFFER

Tell Butch he's a dead man.

Schaeffer then hangs up and downs his drink.

IN THE HOTEL ROOM

Goldman hangs up and shakes his head at Diane.

DIANE

He's a fucking idiot. Let's clean the son-of-a-bitch out.

EXT. AMBER'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Jack races from the building and jumps into the van. The van then burns rubber and roars into the distance.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack crashes through the door and waves his gun across the room. David is still tied to the chair.

Jack rushes over and frees him. As they embrace, David breaks down in tears.

DAVID

I'm sorry I lied to you.

JACK

Me too, Son. Me too.

DAVID

I'll never place another bet.

Jack puts an arm around his shoulder.

JACK

We gotta go. You okay?

David nods and the pair leave.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jack and David climb into the panel van. They've barely left the parking lot when Butch's car careers in from the opposite direction.

Butch leaps out and runs into the motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Butch notices the door has been kicked in so he quickly searches the place but comes up empty-handed.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Vince enters the CHIEF's office wearing his bloodstained jacket and holding his side.

CHIEF

For Christ's sake, go home.

VINCE
It only grazed a rib.

CHIEF
What's this about Mike being involved?

VINCE
He can't afford to pay for his wife's treatment.

CHIEF
She died last night, Vince.

Vince pours them both coffee from a pot on the side.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
You'd better not be mixed up in this shit.

VINCE
You accusing me of something?

CHIEF
Wouldn't be the first time you looked the other way.

VINCE
I paid for that years ago. My record since has been spotless. Lord help you if you ever have to show a moment of compassion.

CHIEF
Compassion doesn't mean withholding evidence.

VINCE
Well Mike's still waiting for a transplant and the medication's costing him a fortune.

CHIEF
Not my problem. Send a car to bring him in.

VINCE
I'll do it myself.

CHIEF
No fucking way. I want your report from the shit-storm at the station on my desk in twenty minutes.
(drinks his coffee)

(MORE)

CHIEF (CONT'D)

By the way, the bank's posted a reward. Ten percent.

VINCE

Like I need an incentive.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

A patrol car pulls up and the same two cops from the farm climb out.

COP #1

Check the garden.

The first cop knocks on the front door while the other lets himself through a gate into the backyard.

There's no answer at the door so the first cop looks through the windows into the house.

The second cop soon rejoins him.

COP #2

Nada.

The two cops head back to their car.

They then spot Mike's vehicle approaching so one holds up a hand to flag him down.

Mike's car stops before it reaches them and makes a hasty U-turn. It then burns rubber in the opposite direction.

The two cops leap into their patrol car, hit the lights and siren and give chase.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The patrol car roars away but Mike's car has a healthy lead.

The cops only just keep it in sight as it barrels across an intersection and passes a sign saying: "DEVIL'S ROAD".

Mike's car hurtles along a twisting canyon road beyond the city limits.

Both vehicles fishtail several times as the drivers fight for control on the treacherous highway.

The cars race around a tight turn and pass a wooden cross with flowers at its base. The crash barrier is crumpled flat, but both cars manage to stay on the road.

The canyon then broadens out and gives way to woodland with a river meandering through it.

COP #1

Call for back-up. And tell them to bring a can opener.

Mike's car begins to leave the squad car behind.

EXT. WILL'S PLACE - DAY

Will and Amber climb out of Will's car and approach the front door to his townhouse.

AMBER

You remind me to pack and then forget your own passport.

Will nervously checks the street but everything seems normal. He then notices his neighbor's window is open.

WILL

You there, Lance?

The old man eventually appears at the window.

LANCE

You two okay?

WILL

We're cool. Anyone been asking after us?

LANCE

(mouths without speaking)

Run.

Will glances at Amber.

A shot rings out and Lance slumps over the windowsill.

Butch then appears from the darkness behind Lance and levels his gun at Will and Amber.

BUTCH

Only me.

Will and Amber turn to run but another shot echoes around the street. Amber grabs her leg and sags to the ground.

Will tries to help her to her feet but he ends up dragging her across the road towards his car. Blood seeps from the wound in her leg and she whimpers in pain.

The front door of the neighbor's house is thrown open and Butch sidles after them: slowly, deliberately, menacingly.

WILL

I beg you.

BUTCH

I don't know if you've noticed but I don't do sentiment.

AMBER

Please, Butch.

BUTCH

Jack took a big fucking gamble luring everyone to the station. I know you were hoping the cops would waste me but that backfired big time. Say your fucking prayers.

Will tries to shield Amber but Butch blasts away at them both and eventually pockets his gun.

Butch then removes a sheet of paper from his pocket and runs his finger down to an address.

He crosses the road to his car and pops the trunk. Sal is curled up inside, barely alive.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Enjoying the ride?

Butch then slams the trunk.

EXT. DEVIL'S ROAD - DAY

Vince's patrol car slides to a stop on the isolated dirt road next to two other squad cars and a fire truck.

He climbs out and approaches the burnt-out wreck of Mike's car, which is wedged against a tree in a ditch.

Several COPS mill around while the FIREMEN pack their equipment back into their truck.

One of the cops from the chase and one of the firemen join Vince as he climbs into the ditch.

COP #1

I'm sorry, buddy. They just took off. Must have misjudged the last corner. We arrived after they hit the tree. It was already on fire.

VINCE

They?

Vince reaches the car and checks inside. The remains of two bodies are strapped into the front seats, but identification is impossible due to their horrific burns.

FIREMAN

When the car hit the tree, the fuel lines ruptured and sprayed gas throughout the engine compartment.

VINCE

Why didn't they get out?

FIREMAN

Must have hit their heads.

Vince suddenly spots Mike's wedding ring on the driver's left hand. He removes a pen from his top pocket, leans inside the vehicle and prizes it off.

He studies the ring, his eyes betraying his sadness.

VINCE

(mumbles)

Why the hell did you run?
(to the second corpse)
That you, Will?

INT. MORGUE, EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Vince enters and approaches the mortuary attendant. Several bodies lie under sheets on slabs.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT

Do you guys always double up?

VINCE

What do you mean?

MORTUARY ATTENDANT

Mike was in last night.

VINCE

What did he want?

MORTUARY ATTENDANT

To see the body of the security guard from the bank and the guy shot in the hospital.

Vince points to the file on the attendant's desk.

VINCE
Mind if I take a look?

MORTUARY ATTENDANT
Sure.

Vince takes the file, runs his finger down the page and stops at "JAYNE LOGAN".

VINCE
I need to get in the cold room.

The attendant leads Vince into the

COLD-STORAGE ROOM

and consults his list.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT
Which locker?

VINCE
Nine.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT
That's not one of the bodies
brought in after the robbery.

VINCE
Just do it.

The attendant shrugs and pulls out the body.

Vince peels back the sheet to expose Jayne's face. He then feels under the sheet for her left hand. There's no wedding ring on her finger.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Open the other two lockers.

Vince removes the ring he took from the body in the car and places it on Jayne's finger.

The attendant opens lockers four and six and he and Vince pull out the slabs. The bodies have disappeared.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT
We completed the autopsies
yesterday but these bodies
shouldn't have been released yet.

VINCE
Who locked up last night?

MORTUARY ATTENDANT

It was my wife's birthday so I gave
Mike the keys.

Vince bangs his hand on the slab.

VINCE

And people wonder why I do things
by the book. Have the bodies from
the car wreck come in?

The attendant closes the lockers and leads him back to the

EXAMINATION ROOM

MORTUARY ATTENDANT

They're with the guy from the
shootout at the station.

Vince lifts the sheet covering a body from the car.

VINCE

Check their dental records to see
if they match the missing bodies.

As Vince turns to leave, another two body bags are brought in
by MORTUARY STAFF.

VINCE (CONT'D)

It's a fucking war zone.

MORTUARY ATTENDANT

Put them on the slab.

The technicians place the bodies on the examination table and
leave. The attendant then unzips the bags.

Vince can't conceal his confusion when he sees Will's face.

VINCE

(mutters)

Jesus, Will.

(to the attendant)

Call me.

EXT. ALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack pulls up outside a modest suburban home. He's had a
shave and a haircut and is wearing smart casual clothes.

He looks at himself in the rear-view mirror but his eyes
betray his sadness.

He climbs out of the car, grabs a present from the passenger's seat and knocks on the front door.

Ally opens it and gives him a warm hug. She exudes vibrancy and happiness. He hands her the present.

ALLY
You shouldn't have.

JACK
I must be allowed to buy my
daughter a gift occasionally.

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack and Ally enter the kitchen. She places the parcel on the side and tends to the dinner.

Jack shakes Stephen's hand and then gives his son a hug. David's face is still heavily marked but the cuts and bruises have been treated.

JACK
You lose a fight with a bear?

DAVID
Something like that.

ALLY (O.S.)
What kind of dork walks into his
own patio door? How hungry are you?

JACK
What's cooking?

ALLY (O.S.)
Roast chicken?

JACK
Starving.

Ally joins them to serve the meal and the four of them sit down to lunch.

Jack pours the wine but Ally puts a hand over her glass.

JACK (CONT'D)
You doing that for me?

Stephen pours Ally and Jack glasses of water.

ALLY
Dad, I'm pregnant.

EXT./INT. BUTCH'S CAR - DAY

Butch leaps in, places the LIST OF ADDRESSES on the seat next to him and accelerates down the street.

INT. ALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack finishes his water and pours another.

ALLY

I didn't want to show so we brought the wedding forward.

Jack loosens the top button on his shirt.

JACK

Christ, Baby.

ALLY

You should be happy for us.

JACK

It's a lot to take in.

ALLY

So much that you can't even congratulate us?

JACK

Of course I'm pleased for you. I promise you'll have the wedding you deserve, but I've a few things to take care of first.

ALLY

Are things really that bad? Let me speak to Mom.

JACK

No, Baby, it's my responsibility.

Jack finishes his dinner and pushes his chair back.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to David)

There's some paperwork to take care of and then the trust is all yours.

Jack starts stacking the plates.

DAVID

You need a hand?

JACK

I got it.

Jack clears the plates into the kitchen.

INT. ALLY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stephen joins Jack and slides a newspaper on the counter towards him. The headline reads: "POLICE CLOSE IN ON HEIST GANG".

STEPHEN

(quietly)

Orange jumpsuits aren't formal wedding attire.

JACK

Don't you worry about me.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Butch's car races through the city.

EXT. ALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack gives his daughter a hug and walks to his car. He's about to climb in when Butch pulls up and blocks him off.

Butch climbs out and marches purposefully to Jack.

JACK

(whispers)

Don't do it in front of my kids.

Butch turns and waves to Ally.

BUTCH

Hi Ally. Say hi to Stephen and your brother.

Butch appears the model of politeness as he holds out his hand. Jack shakes it but Butch's grip is relentless and he refuses to let go.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Long time no see, buddy. You wanna grab a beer?

Jack notices that Ally's been joined on the porch by Stephen and David.

JACK
A soda maybe.

BUTCH
One beer won't kill you.

Jack turns to his family.

JACK
Bye, guys. Love you.

Butch finally releases Jack's hand and opens the passenger door for him.

Butch climbs in and drives them down the street.

INT. BUTCH'S CAR - DAY

Jack shifts nervously in his seat.

JACK
Thank you.

Butch produces a gun and pistol-whips Jack, knocking him senseless.

BUTCH
My pleasure.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

The mortuary attendant covers one of the bodies from the car crash and slides it into a locker in the cold room. He then heads to the examination room and drops a file on the desk.

He compares the "DENTAL RECORDS" of the bodies from the bank and the hospital with those from the car wreck, then picks up a telephone and dials a number.

INT. TRUNK OF BUTCH'S CAR - DAY

Jack shakes his head and gradually comes to his senses. He's thrown around as Butch drives through the city.

When Butch brakes, the lights illuminate the trunk but there's no sign of Sal.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Vince pulls up in a squad car.

He jumps onto a houseboat that sits in a quiet waterway surrounded by farmland.

Fishing tackle is stacked on the deck and a couple of nets are in the water. The door's unlocked so he lets himself in.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Mike suddenly appears behind Vince. Vince draws his gun in a fluid motion and whirls round but Mike is unarmed.

There's an uncomfortable silence as the two men size each other up. Vince eventually holsters his gun.

Mike pours them both a drink and hands Vince a glass. He then sits on a couch in the living area.

Vince remains standing and fidgets with his handcuffs.

VINCE

I don't like being lied to, Mike,
and I can't ignore the body count.

Mike holds his hands out to be cuffed.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Don't lose yourself as well as
Jayne. You did this for her.

MIKE

Don't bend the rules for me.

Vince eventually pockets the handcuffs.

VINCE

You're my best friend, for Christ's
sake, but you're putting me in a
difficult position.

Vince sips from his drink and tops them both up.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Help me bring the others in.

MIKE

Jack spared my life. In return I
shot him. Twice.

VINCE

He was breaking the law at the
time. He's an accessory too.

MIKE
They threatened his family.

VINCE
Someone's gotta go down.

Mike removes the pouch of diamonds from under the floorboard.

MIKE
I got myself some bait.

VINCE
Call your jeweler.

EXT. BACKSTREET PAWNSHOP - DAY

Butch parks outside the jeweler's. The sign over the door says "SACHS & SONS".

INT. BACKSTREET PAWNSHOP - DAY

Butch enters and approaches the jeweler with a forced smile.

The jeweler glances at another customer but she doesn't notice his desperate look and leaves the store.

The jeweler steps back behind the counter, fear glistening on his forehead.

BUTCH
This is a once-in-a-lifetime offer.
You tell me who has the real stones
and I don't cut your hands off.

EXT. BACKSTREET PAWNSHOP - DAY

Butch hurries out and finds a payphone. He inserts a couple of coins and dials a number.

BUTCH
They're at the houseboat on Devil's
Road. Wait for me at the hotel.

Butch hangs up and leaps into his car.

INT. TRUNK OF BUTCH'S CAR - DAY

The car rolls to a halt. Jack hears the door open and close and then Butch's footsteps fade.

Jack looks for a way out of the trunk.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Butch slips through the woods out of sight of the houseboat. He draws his gun and cautiously approaches.

As he darts through the trees, he suddenly spots Vince and Mike in a makeshift hide. They're also watching the houseboat and have their backs to him.

INT. TRUNK OF BUTCH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack manages to swivel round and kick the rear seat. It gives a quarter of an inch and a shaft of daylight pierces the darkness.

He kicks again and the gap widens. The sliver of light illuminates Sal's necklace in the trunk.

Jack picks up the crucifix and clenches it in his fist. Then he kicks the rear seat once more.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Mike grabs a pair of binoculars and scans the houseboat.

MIKE

No sign of him yet.

Vince checks his watch.

VINCE

He won't be long.

Both men check their guns.

Butch suddenly leaps into the hide and clubs Vince over the back of the head. He then presses his gun into Mike's spine.

BUTCH

Sorry to ruin your ambush.

Mike hands Butch his gun and Butch also removes Vince's weapon. Butch tosses both firearms into the undergrowth.

Butch pats them both down, then drags a semi-conscious Vince to his feet and marches both men through the trees to the houseboat. He then forces them inside.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Butch pushes Mike to the floor, then grabs Vince and shoots through his left hand.

Vince hisses in agony and slumps to his knees.

BUTCH
Now that I have your attention. The diamonds, please.

VINCE
Psycho.

BUTCH
That's me. Kneecaps next.

MIKE
We don't have the stones.

Butch pistol-whips Mike.

BUTCH
Wrong answer.

Blood drips from Mike's mouth.

MIKE
(mumbles)
He's got them.

BUTCH
Who?

Mike points over Butch's shoulder and then passes out.

Butch turns and is struck in the face by a fishing rod.

He staggers backwards as Jack lashes out again. This time the reel catches Butch on the chin and he goes down. His gun clatters across the floor.

Butch recovers quickly, however. He kicks out at Jack and drops him. He then leaps on top of him and pulls a length of line off the fishing reel.

Vince dives for the gun but Butch spots him and elbows Jack in the face, knocking him senseless.

Butch leaps to his feet, smashes Vince over the back of the head with the fishing rod and drives him to the floor.

Butch then wraps the line around Vince's throat and begins to garrotte him.

Vince's eyes bulge in his head and he gasps for air. He thrashes wildly when a single gunshot reverberates around the houseboat.

Butch releases Vince and clutches his back. He's mortally wounded and crashes headfirst into a window.

Jack pockets the gun and helps Vince to his feet.

JACK

You okay?

VINCE

Never better.

Jack then rushes to Mike and helps him up. Blood drips from the injuries to his face but he's still breathing.

JACK

You in there?

MIKE

No.

JACK

Definitely partners.

Jack checks on Butch but he's barely alive.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where's Sal?

BUTCH

That's for me to know and you to find out.

Jack grabs him by the hair and yanks his head back. He then raises his fist.

JACK

Last chance.

BUTCH

Fuck you.

VINCE

And where's the goddamn money?

BUTCH

To be spent in the afterlife.

JACK

It burns where you're going.

Butch tenses up and the light vanishes from his eyes.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Jack half carries Mike outside as several patrol cars and an ambulance pull up. Jack helps him onto a gurney.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Vince's hand is wrapped in a bandage as he searches Butch. He finds the HOTEL BAR RECEIPT in his wallet.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Vince jogs outside, joins Jack and shows him the receipt. Jack shows him the crucifix so they climb into a squad car.

INT. HOTEL FOYER - DAY

Goldman and Diane head for an elevator.

A RECEPTIONIST hurries over with a LITTLE BOX.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr Goldman? This arrived for you
earlier.

Goldman takes the box and Diane links her arm through his.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Vince and Jack exit an elevator and cautiously approach the door to Butch's room. Vince draws his gun.

Vince waves for Jack to stay back and kicks in the door. Sal is face down on the bed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack rushes in and unties Sal. He then pulls off the tape covering her mouth. Tears stream down her cheeks and she buries her face in his shoulder.

She then notices the crucifix hanging round his neck and caresses it.

Vince slips back out into the corridor.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Goldman and Diane exit an elevator and head to their room.

INT. GOLDMAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Four holdalls crammed with money are on the bed.

Goldman places the little box on his desk. He opens it and tips the diamonds onto the surface. He checks them with his eyepiece and smiles.

Goldman pours them drinks from the minibar while Diane counts the stones.

DIANE
We're two short.

GOLDMAN
You're kidding.

Vince appears from the bathroom with his gun drawn.

VINCE
I'll take those.

DIANE
Who the hell are you?

Vince removes his badge from a clip on his waist.

INT. QUINTON SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

Quinton crosses the gaming floor and enters to find Vince and TWO DETECTIVES removing files from his desk and cabinets.

QUINTON
You'd better have a warrant.

Vince holds up a blank sheet of paper.

VINCE
I must have got it from the same
place you got your license.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Malcolm Mead and Zane sit opposite the JUDGE.

Vince sits alone at the back of the room.

JUDGE

Will the defendant please rise.

Zane does as he's asked.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Has the jury reached a verdict?

The FOREMAN stands.

FOREMAN

On the murder charge, we find the defendant not guilty.

Zane breathes a sigh of relief and clenches his fists.

JUDGE

And on the other charges?

FOREMAN

For robbery, resisting arrest, and assaulting a police officer, we find the defendant guilty.

Zane and Mead exchange uneasy looks.

JUDGE

This would normally warrant a prison sentence but the cash was returned and the arresting officer received no injuries so I've decided to impose a fine and a community-service order.

Zane claps Mead on the shoulder and shakes his hand. He then turns and leaves the courtroom.

On his way past Vince, Zane stops and smirks.

VINCE

Another fucking injustice.

ZANE

Amazing how I keep walking.

VINCE

Make the most of your freedom, Zane. When Mike's well enough, he's going to identify you as the shooter in the alley.

ZANE

You know I didn't kill that cop.

VINCE

No one's going to believe your word
over Mike.

ZANE

Whatever happened to protect and
serve, and upholding the law?

VINCE

I've been making a habit of bending
the rules recently.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jack and Vince enter. Mike is propped up in bed. His face is bruised but his wounds have been tended. There's no light in his eyes, however.

MIKE

Guess I owe you one.

JACK

No need to keep score.

Vince produces an envelope and hands it to Mike.

VINCE

Reward from the bank.

Mike opens the envelope and his eyes well up. He then pulls out half the bills and hands the cash to Jack.

MIKE

Clean slate?

Jack eventually nods and takes the money. Then he holds out his hand and the pair shake.

Vince squeezes Jack's shoulder and surreptitiously drops a tiny pouch into his jacket pocket. Then he turns to leave.

VINCE

(to Jack)

Don't let me see you again.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Mike has recovered from his injuries. He lays a wreath of flowers at a grave but keeps hold of a single rose.

INSERT - THE GRAVESTONE, which reads: "Sergeant Dean Saunders. Killed in the line of duty, June 6, 1963. May he rest in peace."

BACK TO SCENE

Mike walks to a second grave and lays the rose next to the headstone.

MIKE
Goodbye, my love.

Mike then heads round to the front of the church as wedding guests file inside.

David pulls up in a new car opposite. He climbs out and joins Jack at the main entrance.

DAVID
All set?

JACK
Never thought I'd see the day.

Mike approaches and holds out his hand. Jack gives him a hug, then ushers him into the church.

DAVID
And I never thought I'd see you as friends with the law.

JACK
He's retired, Son.

Sal then climbs the steps towards them. As she takes Jack's hand, she notices he's not wearing his wedding ring.

SAL
About time.

JACK
(showing her the watch)
You said it.

SAL
See you inside.

Sal then enters the church.

DAVID
Is that what I think it is?

JACK
It's just companionship.

David puts an arm around his father's shoulders.

DAVID
You can't hide your feelings from us. We always knew you still held a candle for Mom.

JACK
Not any more.

DAVID
I know.

JACK
And you also know I'd do anything for you.

DAVID
You already have.

JACK
That includes helping you avoid becoming me.

DAVID
I've joined gamblers anonymous.

A car pulls up and Ally climbs out wearing a beautiful white dress. Jack swells with pride.

David squeezes his father's shoulder and enters the church.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Sunlight streams through the windows and bathes the CONGREGATION in a glorious glow.

The PRIEST turns to the BEST MAN.

PRIEST
May I have the rings?

The best man opens a box and hands the first ring to the priest. The diamonds in its center radiate an ethereal light.

Ally and Stephen exchange delighted smiles.

Ally turns to Jack as tears roll down her face.

ALLY
(mouths)
Thank you.

Jack puts his arm around Sal's waist and winks. He then turns and nods politely to Linda and Malcolm.

FADE TO BLACK