

FADE IN:

EXT. PORT OF LONG BEACH - DUSK

SUPER: LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

A rising SUN shines brightly over the calm waters of the harbor.

CLOSE - A HEAVY CARGO FREIGHTER

Navigates the busy port, moments from docking. "CHINA STAR LINE" written across its hull.

POV - BINOCULARS

Someone watches the ship closely, scanning one end of the vessel to the other. The BUSY CREW on board prepare to dock.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DUSK

The binoculars lower to reveal the face of HARRY PHAN (50s), Chinese-American, three thousand dollar suit and million dollar smile. He stands by a Mercedes stretch limo.

Out of the limo's backseat steps EDDIE STONE (50s), eyepatch, graying, bald, formidable. He speed dials a number on his cell.

EDDIE
(into cell)
Move it in.

EXT. SECURITY SHACK (PIER 13) - DUSK

Turning away from his favorite TV show, a heavy set GUARD pokes his head out a window. Sees a PRIMO'S PIZZA DELIVERY VAN approaches the gate.

GUARD
Can I get your name, please?

DRIVER
I got an order for twelve large pepperoni's.

The guard checks his clipboard. The driver plays it cool.

GUARD

I don't see you on the list.

DRIVER

Look, man. I just deliver the pies.
I was told to be here at exactly
five forty five, on the dot.

The Guard checks the wall clock 5:45 PM and spots the cargo ship approaching the docks. He gives the go ahead. The van enters.

INT. WAREHOUSE/HOLDING AREA - DUSK

The PIZZA VAN pulls in, parks in the middle of the busy warehouse. Driver steps out as he's instantly approached by an unamused WAREHOUSE MANAGER.

MANAGER

Hey! The hell you think you're
doing? This is a restricted area.

The Driver is really TERREL "T-BONE" STIGGS (20s), thin, black, creepy red eyes. He pulls a .45 and holds it to the man's head.

STIGGS

To the back of the van. Make a
sound and I blow your brains all
over your shitty shoes.

Stiggs walks his hostage to the rear of the van.

STIGGS (CONT'D)

Open it.

The manager opens the rear two doors of the van. Several ARMED MEN dressed as dock workers file out and charge the room. All brandishing HIGH TECH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

The Armed Men split in pairs of two, covering every corner. They are quick and concise, professional.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- DOCK WORKERS are pulled from forklifts at gunpoint.

-- TWO ARMED GUNMEN pass a large window and see an OFFICE WORKER behind his desk.

They riddle the window with GUNFIRE as the clerk dives for cover.

E./I. FRONT GATE - (PIER 13) - DUSK

Stiggs slowly walks up on the rear door of the security cubicle as he charges in, draws down on the guard.

STIGGS
Shut your eyes.

The guard squeezes them shut, like a scared child. Stiggs strikes him over the head.

EXT. FRONT GATE - (PIER 13) - DUSK

A large U.S. CUSTOMS SERVICE truck stops at the security window. Stiggs, now dressed as a security guard, pokes his head through the open hole.

The CUSTOMS AGENT greets him.

CUSTOMS AGENT
Afternoon. How're you today?

STIGGS
Better than you.

Stiggs jams an MP5 ASSAULT WEAPON into the driver's window -- UNLOADS! Covers the interior with fresh blood and tissue.

Stiggs cracks a toothy grin.

EXT. CARGO SHIP - (PIER 13) - DUSK

A long STICK CRANE removes a steel shipping container from the ship, slowly lowers it to the pier. Watching from the ground is Harry Phan, Eddie Stone, and several of Harry's men.

Harry slowly puffs away at a cigarette with a satisfied grin.

Just as the ship container touches the docks, Eddie gives a heads up to four of the men. All armed and toting heavy backpacks.

The men hump it up the gangway and into the vessel.

INT. WAREHOUSE/HOLDING AREA - DUSK

A flat nosed TOWING RIG hauls in the steel shipping container taken from the ship. It parks with the rear end facing Harry and his gunmen.

INT. CARGO SHIP/ENGINE ROOM - DUSK

Harry's men strategically place their backpacks on the oil and scum ridden floor. Fuel gauges, switches and meters cover the room from ground to ceiling.

INT. WAREHOUSE/HOLDING AREA - DUSK

Harry, Eddie and the others watch as one of the gunmen unhooks the locking mechanism from the rear of the container -- swings open the doors.

Pry open a wooden crate with tire irons to REVEAL: Dozens of boxes marked in Chinese writing are stacked one on top of the other.

Harry pops off the lid off a cereal box, dumps its contents. Clear pouches of HEROIN drop from the can. Each is stamped with a distinctive skull & crossbones logo.

EXT. WAREHOUSE/RECEIVING DECK - DUSK

A large semi truck and trailer backs into the open dock.

INT. WAREHOUSE/RECEIVING DECK - DUSK

A forklift finishes loading the last of the wooden crates into the back of the trailer.

Harry watches as his men hook and lock the back of the semi's trailer. They are fast, precise.

EXT. CARGO SHIP/PIER 13 - DUSK

Eddie, standing by the limo, gives the order into the radio.

INT. CARGO SHIP/ENGINE ROOM - SAME

 EDDIE (V.O.)
 (over mic)
 It's time.

Hearing the order, Harry's men go into action. Magnetize hockey puck-sized discs to metal surfaces. Start their digital timers as they quickly retreat. 10:59, 10:58, 10:57...

EXT. CARGO SHIP/PIER 13 - DUSK

Harry joins Eddie in the back of the limo. It pulls away, leaving the pizza delivery van on the dock.

INT. CARGO SHIP/MID DECK - DUSK

The hostages are lined up like ducks in a row. All with their hands on their heads. Five gunmen draw down on them with automatic weapons, watching them like hawks.

Stiggs unhooks an empty shipping container as the hostages are forced inside, one at a time.

He shoves the last of the hostages inside and quickly locks them up. Stiggs and the rest of Harry's team retreat.

EXT. CARGO SHIP/PIER 13 - NIGHT

Stiggs and the last of his team load into the back of the pizza delivery van.

The ENGINE ROARS as it races from the docks and out the front gate.

KABOOM!!! The cargo ship erupts with a massive explosion. Flames and smoke shoot two hundred feet into the air.

EXT. HARRY PHAN'S ESTATE - DAY

A black Hummer pulls through a parting wrought iron fence. Winds up a steep driveway surrounded by pricey landscaping.

It circles a giant water fountain, parks next to other exotic vehicles in front of Harry's sprawling estate.

Out steps Eddie Stone, DIEGO RIVIERA (30s), Cuban-American, sharply dressed, trim beard, and his partner HAL BENSON (40s), aged, world weary, dark, tired eyes, sloppy.

Benson and Diego stare take in the place, impressed. They are both reluctant to follow Stone's lead.

EXT. TERRACE/HARRY'S GAME ROOM - DAY

Harry, Benson and Diego hover over the balcony rail, stare down at a hopping pool party with several 20-somethings, young men and women, swimming, sunbathing, drinking.

HARRY

They were street urchins when I found them. Lost, angry souls. No family, no job. Nothing to live for. Disposed of by society.

(beat)

You find someone like this. Feed them. Cloth them. Give them shelter. Provide them with means beyond their wildest imagination. Along with a steady supply of whatever poison they're polluting their bodies with...and they become loyal as lapdogs.

Diego observes the crowd - unimpressed.

DIEGO

They don't look so dangerous to me.

Harry smiles.

HARRY

Come. I have something to show you.

Harry leads the men back inside - as they pass a heated game of pool between two hot bikinis, one of which is smoking meth from a glass pipe.

EXT. HARRY'S SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

About a dozen of Harry's strays are firing pistols and automatic weapons at paper targets. Young men and women.

Harry walks Diego and Benson down the line.

HARRY

As you can see, it's not all fun and games. There's a small price to pay for sitting in the lap of luxury. I keep my soldiers sharp. All highly trained, highly skilled in whatever mission I see fit.

Benson peeks through some venetian blinds at a whole couch full of YOUNG WOMEN in thousand dollar gowns, lined up in a row, taking turns going down on one of Harry's goons. A special kind of training.

Harry leads the two men onto a --

LOUNGING DECK

with full bar and stone fire pit, leather chairs, swank couches.

He pours the men a shot of scotch.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm building an empire. Soldiers loyal to me. Ready to carry out my vision.

He hands Benson and Diego their drinks.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Tell me where you can find that kind of loyalty in your police department.

Benson cracks a grin, nods with appreciation.

HARRY (CONT'D)
That's where you gentlemen come in. As I said, I've been spoiling them far too much. The problem with kids, you spoil them and they get greedy. And then sloppy. Go into business for themselves. Then they get caught. I can't have my name mentioned every time my people get busted slinging a dime bag to ninth graders.

BENSON
Cut the shit, Phan. What do you want from us?

Harry grabs two manila files from the bar's surface, hands them to Diego and Benson.

HARRY
I need certain people off the street. Mister Stone tells me you're the men for the job.

Diego peeks into a rear window and watches as one of the ladies of the evening drops her evening gown to the carpet and unbuttons her bra.

Harry steps closer to Diego, grabs his attention.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I've compiled some lists for you men. The names on these lists have become a serious problem for me. I need you to dig up their records.
(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Find any means necessary to make
the charges stick.

Diego opens his file and takes a look.

DIEGO

You want us to frame up every name
on this list?

HARRY

You don't understand, Detective.
I'm not asking you to arrest them.

Diego checks with his partner, who is just as unsure. Benson
flips over a few pages and spots the arrest jacket of one
DETECTIVE CHARLIE HUFF (55), gray, sloppy beard, tired eyes.

BENSON

What the hell is this?

Harry and Diego both turn to him.

BENSON (CONT'D)

You didn't say nothing about
burning cops.

HARRY

He's not just any cop, Detective
Benson. He's a corrupt cop with
inside knowledge of some of my most
profitable operations. Ever since
his expulsion from the force,
I can't help but notice that we've
taken considerable losses. That
means somebody's talking.

Diego flips through his files and spots a large photo and
work history of one BOBBY DEELE (30s), black, boyishly
handsome but sort of funny looking.

DIEGO

Maybe he wants back on the force.

BENSON

Could be that fuck face Kershaw.
IAD puts the pressure on and
promises his badge if he plays
ball.

HARRY

Very good, Detective. Then you know
what has to be done.

Diego flips over Deelee's profile and spots the arrest jacket and work history of one RYAN KERSHAW, IAD (30s), tall, awkward, wire rimmed glasses, a studious face.

DIEGO

Whoa! You want us to rub out Internal Affairs? You're crazy.

HARRY

I haven't come this far playing it safe, Detective Diego. If I were you, I'd be more concerned with what Internal Affairs has on the two of you.

Benson and Diego share a look. Harry slowly approaches Diego.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I can't afford any more loose ends. I want Huff and Lieutenant Kershaw dead by week's end. If you fail me...I'll have no choice but to assume that you've also talked. And then...well...fill in the blanks, Detective.

Harry walks to the bar, opens a bottom cabinet and grabs two FULL BAGS OF MONEY and rests them on a glass table.

HARRY (CONT'D)

A little down payment while you think over my proposition. You'll get the rest when the job is complete.

Benson and Diego stand frozen, unsure. They catch eyes, waiting for the other to make a move.

HARRY (CONT'D)

The clock's ticking, gentlemen. If I were you, I'd stop wasting time.

Benson moves for the bag of money. Diego follows behind. They grab their bags and head out. Harry smiles.

EXT. STORE FRONT - VENICE BOULEVARD - DAY

A young thug in black tank-top, wild swim trunks and jailhouse tats, wanders back and forth at a corner stop sign. This is TONY (22). He uses an ipod to pass the time.

Just a few feet from him, parked at a curb, is his black PORSCHE BOXSTER. He greets another young SURFER TYPE and his GIRL with a quick hand shake and a hug. A dope deal.

Tony plays an air drum solo just as Harry's limousine creeps up from behind. Tony spots it, books it up the sidewalk.

Eddie Stone and Stiggs step from the backseat. They chase after Tony, who is caught by two more of Harry's soldiers.

SOLDIER #1 forces him to the ground and pulls CAR KEYS from his pants pocket, throws them to Stone. Stone and SOLDIER #2 head for Anthony's PORSCHE while Stiggs and SOLDIER #1 escort Tony to the limo, toss him in the back.

INT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Stiggs and Harry's Soldier on each side of Tony, watching him like a hawk.

Tony scared for his life as he spots the barely visible face of Harry Phan across from him.

Harry leans in closer, holds a cigar in one hand, a scotch in the other.

HARRY

Hello, Anthony. How's business?

Tony stalls, sweats guilt like a stuck pig.

TONY

Great, Mister Phan. I've just been out here, generating some business for you. You know how it is.

HARRY

So... on top of stealing from me, you're insulting my intelligence.

TONY

(begs)

It's not like that. Harry, please.

Stiggs flips open a switchblade, rubs it up and down Tony's neck.

HARRY

We had a deal. I gave you everything. A roof, money, pleasures well beyond your means. All I've asked for in return is your loyalty.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

When I trust you with my business,
I trust you with my life.

TONY

Please, Harry. You can trust me. I
just lost my head for a minute. I'm
sorry.

HARRY

I'm afraid your word isn't good
enough. If I'm to trust you with my
life...I'll need reassurance.

Stiggs cracks an evil grin. Tony notices.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I hear you and Lisa are quite the
item.

TONY

Hey, man. Don't hurt her. Please.

HARRY

Your associate Mister Degrassi has
refused a sit down. On top of this,
you've been using my product to
help your goomba friends bankroll
their filth. You're involvement
with this man has all but painted a
target on my back for the police.

(dead serious)

I told you what would happen if you
crossed me. Didn't I?

Tony's chest heaves, sweats like crazy, beyond scared.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You took what was most important to
me. The way I see it, Anthony,
there's only one way to make things
right between us.

TONY

I'll do whatever you want me to do.

INT. CASTING COUCH PRODUCTIONS - DAY

NICK DEGRASSI (30s), a real grease ball with slicked back
hair and a silk shirt with palm trees, leans in his swivel
chair, feet kicked up on his desk, balances a pencil on his
nose.

In walks his busty secretary TIFFANY (20s)

TIFFANY

Excuse me, Nick. A Lisa Huber is here for you.

Nick doesn't budge from his relaxed position.

NICK

Tell her I'm busy.

TIFFANY

She says she's a friend of Tony's. That you're expecting her.

Nick quickly sits up, the pencil spills to the floor.

NICK

She's one of Tony's girls, huh? Send her in.

Nick squirts some breath spray as Tiffany steps out and shuts the door behind her.

In walks LISA HUBER (20s), thin, malnourished, pale, but all dolled up for her audition. She's the girl next door type with

a pair of legs that go all the way up.

NICK (CONT'D)

So. Tony tells me you're very talented.

Lisa awkwardly crosses her arms, covering her exposed cleavage.

NICK (CONT'D)

So tell me something, Teresa. Just how talented are you?

LISA

Actually, it's Lisa. And I'm not real sure I know what you mean.

NICK

Yeah, I just bet you don't. But I'm hip. You like to play the clueless schoolgirl routine, twirling your little hair, acting all helpless.

Nick bounces in his chair, nodding, biting his bottom lip with a look of pure lust across his face.

NICK (CONT'D)

I bet you do that to all the boys,
don't you?

Lisa looks increasingly uncomfortable as Nick's creepy stare burns a hole in her chest.

LISA

Isn't there a script or something?

Nick smiles as he pushes away from his desk, wheels his chair into the open and unbuttons his fly.

NICK

Nah. Consider this more of an oral
interview.

Lisa's eyes twitch, lips quiver with hate.

She clumsily pulls a silenced TWENTY-TWO from her purse and FIRES THREE SHOTS into Nick's chest.

I./E. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Lisa quickly exits, anxious, sweating. The outside waiting area is wall to wall with nubile young women, all dressed to kill, putting on makeup and doing their hair.

INT. STAIRWELL/CASTING COUCH PRODUCTIONS - DAY

Lisa storms into the staircase with her purse dangling from her arm, breathing hard, running for her life. She almost runs over TWO HOTTIES coming up the steps.

She pushes straight through them. They turn and stare, pissed off, ready to scrap.

HOTTIE #1

Check the fucking yield sign!

EXT. CASTING COUCH PRODUCTIONS/OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Lisa runs into the street, cell phone in hand, still breathing hard, staring in both directions.

LISA

Tony, where the hell are you?!

Lisa spots Tony's familiar PORSCHE BOXSTER creeping around a corner as she smiles in relief.

And all of a sudden...

The Porsche SQUEALS ITS TIRES, barrels toward Lisa at a crazy speed as her smile turns to sheer panic.

POW! The force of the collision sends Lisa tumbling over the roof of the car, crashing onto the asphalt.

EXT. LOA CHEN'S ASIAN FUSION - DAY

The Porsche Boxster rushes into the busy parking lot of this posh, high class eatery, stops near a young VALET.

Out of the Porsche steps Eddie Stone and one of Harry's men, back from their mission.

Stone hands the CAR KEYS to the VALET, who quickly parks the Porsche in an empty spot near the front.

INT. LOA CHEN'S ASIAN FUSION - DAY

Tony hovers over Harry as he sits in a private, reserved spot near the kitchen, finishes his meal with a swig of Saki.

Stiggs and some of Harry's crew have joined him for lunch as they sip beers and watch a sniveling Tony beg, grovel for forgiveness.

TONY

So, that's it? We're square?

Harry wipes his mouth with a linen napkin.

HARRY

For now.

Tony checks with Stiggs, who is ear to ear smiles. He's a bit unsure as he slowly backs toward the door.

TONY

Thank you. Like I said, I'll make it up to you. Whatever you need, I'm yours.

HARRY

Of course. Because without trust, what do we have? Wouldn't you agree?

TONY

Of course.

Tony finally turns, hurries for the front door. Harry, Stiggs and the other men share a smile. They know a little something Tony doesn't.

EXT. LAO CHEN'S ASIAN FUSION - DAY

Tony waits by the door as the VALET pulls his Porsche to the front.

The Valet jumps out as an anxious Anthony crawls in and shuts the door.

INT. PORSCHE BOXSTER - DAY

Tony notices his glove box is open and a LOADED GUN rests inside.

TONY
What the hell...?

Tony grabs the weapon, gives it a once over.

Before he knows what's going on --

BENSON and DIEGO draw down on him with TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUNS.

BENSON
Police! Turn off the engine and
step out of the car!

TONY
Oh, shit.

Diego covers the passenger side as Benson moves for the driver's window.

DIEGO
Drop it!

Tony panics and fires through the passenger window.

BLAM! BLAM! The shots miss Diego by a mile as he and Benson unload round after round from their SHOTGUNS.

Benson and Diego empty their weapons into the Porsche, BLOWING SHARDS OF GLASS ALL OVER THE PAVEMENT.

They observe Tony's body, and then each other. There's a look of shame and regret on their faces as a THICK SMOKE still looms in the air.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

A very long line stretches from the front register around an endcap and down a tight aisle.

SUPER: WEST LOS ANGELES - TWO WEEKS AGO

Bringing up the tail end of the line is none other than CHARLIE HUFF, silver mirror shades, three day beard and a beat up sport coat slung over a dirty grey t shirt.

Huff knaws on a toothpick, unamused, annoyed by the slow line he's found himself in.

Standing at the corner of one of the aisles, pretending to look at candy bars and sneaking quick peeks at Huff is none other than BOBBY DEELE, P.I., ski cap, sweatshirt, undercover.

Huff can't help but notice the black man stealing peeks at him from the candy aisle as the two catch eyes. Deele quickly faces forward.

STANDING AT THE REGISTER

is a stocky MEXICAN MAN, flannel shirt and torn jeans, nervous and fidgety as he rocks on his heels and stares back and forth

between the front door and the back of the line.

CASHIER

Yes? Can I help you?

The Mexican Man ignores the cashier, all eyes on the back of the line.

Huff notices his strange and erratic behavior, follows his look to a second Mexican Man standing at a magazine rack near the back of the store. The Man flips through a Hot Rod, stares at cars and girls, and then to his partner at the register.

Huff stares dead at him. The Man notices and pretends to go back to his magazine.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Sir? May I help you?

MEXICAN #1

Yeah, uh, gimme...

The Mexican Man scratches his beard as he stares through the looking glass at an array of scratch offs and quick picks.

MEXICAN #1 (CONT'D)
I'll take two of them.

He points at some five dollar scratch offs. Just as the cashier finds the right ones, he's pointing out a few more.

MEXICAN #1 (CONT'D)
One of these here...

Huff notices a third man, more WHITE TRASH THUG, hovering near the front door. Before anyone notices, he locks the front two doors together, turns back to his boy at the register.

MEXICAN #1 (CONT'D)
Yeah, uh, let me have those cherry blunts. And...

The Mexican turns to his boy at the door as the two catch eyes and give each other a nod.

The Cashier is busy pulling out one item after the next, bagging all of it as the long line grows anxious.

CASHIER
Will that be all for you today?

MEXICAN #1
Yeah, uh...ummm...

The Mexican very coolly unzips his jacket almost all the way down as he once again eyes the scratch offs.

Huffs finds this peculiar.

MEXICAN #1 (CONT'D)
I'll take one more of these here.

HUFF
Hey!

The Mexican Man and his two partners turn to Huff.

HUFF (CONT'D)
Why didn't you buy your scratch offs this morning when the rest of us were at work, Paco!

The Mexican Man can hardly believe his ears as he slowly turns away from the register and stares dead at Huff.

MEXICAN MAN

Fuck you say to me, white boy?

HUFF

Careful. Your forty five is poking out of your jacket there.

The Mexican Man stares down at his coat. His partner near the back of the store loses his cool.

MEXICAN MAN #2

Shhhhit.

White Thug #3, at the front door, pulls out a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN and keeps the crowd at bay.

WHITE THUG #3

Everybody taste the floor! Asses on the ground! NOW!

The long line puts hands on their head as they squat on the floor. All but Huff.

WHITE THUG #3 (CONT'D)

Come on, man! Just get the money and let's get the fuck out of here!

Deele quietly holds up his cell phone and gets the exchange on video as he hides his arm and hand behind a potato chip rack.

Huff reaches his hand inside his sport coat, around the armpit as the Mexican Man stops in his tracks.

HUFF

Uh oh. It appears I've stumbled upon a robbery. Good thing I brought my gun.

WHITE THUG #3

He's bluffing, man! Just waste his ass and let's go!

Mexican Man #2 quietly reaches for a revolver in his belt.

HUFF

Tell you what's gonna happen. You're gonna tell your boy at the magazine rack to quit tickling that thirty eight with his pussy finger or I'm gonna blow it off his hand.

(beat)

And just in case he don't habla ingles...

(MORE)

HUFF (CONT'D)

tell him I'm only gonna say it once
or I shoot him in the dick.

(beat)

DO IT! While I'm still in a good
mood!

Mexican Man #2 starts to sweat and takes his hand off his
piece as he slowly backs away from the magazine rack.

MEXICAN MAN

(to #2)

Back off!

WHITE THUG #3

What're you doing, man! Just shoot
him!

MEXICAN MAN

You got some balls, man. Too bad
you're about to lose them.

Huff uses his second hand to pull a back up piece from the
rear of his trousers, draws down on the Mexican Man before he
knows what hit him.

POW-POW-POW! All three shots hit him center mass as he's
flung across the cold tile floor.

White Thug #3 takes aim and fires. BOOM! Hits some popcorn on
an endcap, missing Huff by a mile.

Huff fires THREE MORE SHOTS into White Thug #3 as he's thrust
OUT A FRONT WINDOW and onto the pavement outside.

Mexican Man #2 holds a thirty eight on Huff's back but Huff
swiftly swings around, fires a single round into his chest as
he's flung into a slurpee machine. His dead body slowly
slides to the floor.

Deele now cowering on the floor like a scared kid, still
recording.

DEELE

Holy shhhit.

All the customers are still on the floor, some with their
hands on their ears, others crying and whimpering.

Huff walks to the register and empties his spent shells onto
the countertop. He turns and catches eyes with Deele who is
holding his cell in the air, ZOOMING IN on his face.

Deele freaks out, storms out the front door like a track
star.

Huff just calmly watches from the register as he chews on his toothpick.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERT DEELE INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Deele sits at his modest desk, across from RACHEL HUFF (30s), ex model and hot tempered wife of Charlie Huff. Rachel is a creamy white skinned natural beauty with ice blue eyes and jet black hair. She and Deele watch some recorded footage of her husband in several nefarious activities.

ON THE TV

Huff is seated at an outside beach area restaurant. A young white kid with crazy hair and a tank top across from him. The kid hands him a thick envelope under the table as a camera ZOOMS IN on their hands.

DEELE

This is the Taco Shack near Venice Beach. About three times a week he'd meet here with either this kid or one of his dealer friends. Sometimes for drugs, other times for cash.

Rachel is a mix between livid and sad. A single tear shoots down her face as she laughs with disgust.

DEELE (CONT'D)

The blonde kid's name is Logan Bodeen. They call him Lobo. He cribs at a condo near the Venice canals. Shares the place with four other kids. All late teens, early twenties. All dealers.

Rachel hyperventilates. She tries to pull herself together but the words just don't come out.

RACHEL

Wha-wha-what the hell are you showing me exactly?

DEELE

Look. Mrs Huff.

RACHEL

Van De Meer. Mizz.

DEELE

Mz Van De Meer. You found a bag of money in your husband's closet. Anyone who watches this is gonna know where he got it.

RACHEL

I don't understand. What's he doing?

DEELE

My guess? Probably got wind of something going down at the beach and decided he'd tax them a little.

RACHEL

He's taking bribes?

DEELE

Bribes, hush money. Police protection. Whatever you wanna call it.

RACHEL

Okay. So...what do you think we should do now?

Deele stands, walks around and takes a seat on the edge of his desk, very matter of factly with Rachel.

DEELE

I think your husband's dealing with some real nasty characters. The kind that could very well follow him home one day looking to cut him out. Except maybe he's not home. And you are. Or your kids.

This hits home with Rachel.

DEELE (CONT'D)

I guess what you do all depends on what you're willing to live with.

Rachel's eyes dance with a flurry of conflicted emotions.

RACHEL

What would you do?

DEELE

The way I see it, there's two ways of going about this. Ask him to stop. Tell him to stop. If that doesn't work, show him the video.

(MORE)

DEELE (CONT'D)

Maybe by threatening to go to the authorities is the only way he'll listen.

Rachel shakes her head "no".

RACHEL

That won't work. He knows I'd never turn him in.

Deele turns his attention back to the television.

DEELE

Look. I know this is all very difficult and sudden. But there is one more thing you should know about your husband.

MINUTES LATER

Rachel watches in shock as WE LISTEN to groaning sounds of sheer ecstasy coming from the television.

Deele stares back and forth between the TV and Rachel like a curious penguin watching a tennis match.

She's so fuming mad, she can no longer take it and furiously hits the pause button.

RACHEL

How many women are in this video?

Deele leans in closer to the screen. His eyes squint.

DEELE

It's hard to tell without my glasses. But I'd say at least three.

Rachel breaks down sobbing.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Three distinguished looking men in suits rest in Italian leather chairs, have coffee, watch footage of the liquor store shooting on a gigantic flatscreen television.

Behind a mahogany desk is MAYOR THOMAS GREEN (40s), tailored blue jacket and a perfect windsor knot. He shakes his head in utter disgust as he shares a look with --

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (60s), suave, flash suit, giant quaff of silver grey hair, blow-dried to perfection. Kershaw checks with --

Police CHIEF RUSSELL (60s), rough complexion, hard jaw and a no nonsense look about him as he seems almost proud of Huff's performance.

Mayor Green has seen all he can take and presses pause on the DVD. A freeze frame image of Huff shooting his man at the register.

DEELE (O.S.)

As you can see, gentlemen, your robbery suspect was, in fact, unarmed when Detective Huff unloaded. Legally speaking, he's a murderer.

The three men all turn to Deele, standing just behind all of them and wearing a cheap suit.

CHIEF RUSSELL

I don't see it that way.

DEELE

No, sir, I'm sure you don't. But what matters is, the public will. Gentlemen, what we have here is the biggest civil rights violation at the hands of the LAPD since Rodney King.

DEELE (CONT'D)

I know you might be saying he's just one bad cop out of a thousand. But as history has proven, all it takes is one bad cop to stub his toe. Next thing you know every civil rights lawyer in the country is crawling up your ass with a microscope.

Mayor Green and Commissioner Kershaw steel a look.

DEELE (CONT'D)

You can forget Ferguson. This little video breaks online you're looking at a national shitstorm. The LAPD once again under fire. I don't have to remind you gentlemen what happened the last time your boys lost their temper, now do I?

MAYOR GREEN

Forgive me, Mister Deelee. I'm a little confused. What is it that you want from us again?

Deelee swaggers his way to the office window, stares down at the city streets with a gleam in his eye.

DEELE

I can see it now. Reverend Jackson and Mister Sharpton, hand in hand, leading the march down Crenshaw Boulevard.

Deelee turns to the others.

DEELE (CONT'D)

All under the guise of a peaceful protest of course. And if a few buildings get burned up here and there. Hey. Accidents happen. It doesn't matter to them because you guys are the ones who get stuck holding the bag. Itemize the damage to city property, you're easily looking at a couple hundred million. Give or take.

CHIEF RUSSELL

Cut the bullshit. What do you want?

DEELE

Not what I want. But what you want. And what the city of Los Angeles can't afford.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW

Meaning?

DEELE

Meaning, I would suggest you gentlemen very carefully weigh the pros and cons of purchasing this video for a modest fee as opposed to what could easily happen if you don't.

CHIEF RUSSELL

Meaning?

DEELE

Let's face it. Sometime very soon this footage could end up in the wrong hands. Or the right hands.

(MORE)

DEELE (CONT'D)

Depends on how you look at it, I suppose.

Chief Russell moves for Deelee.

CHIEF RUSSELL

You little piece of shh...

Mayor Green blocks his path. Holds out his hand.

MAYOR GREEN

Hold that thought.

Chief Russell backs down, but not before shooting Deelee an ugly stare.

MAYOR GREEN (CONT'D)

You've given us a lot to think about. Why don't you give us all a few minutes alone to talk over your proposition.

DEELE

Of course. You gentlemen take your time.

Deelee excuses himself from the office.

CHIEF RUSSELL

Who does that little fuckin' monkey think he is?

MAYOR GREEN

I don't wanna hear that kind of talk. Not in my department. Understood?

CHIEF RUSSELL

Yes, sir. Excuse me.

Chief Russell rolls his eyes and shares a smile with Commissioner Kershaw.

MAYOR GREEN

You wanna know who he is? Someone who's got us all by the ass.

CHIEF RUSSELL

You're not seriously considering paying this guy off?

Mayor Green paces the carpet, thinks it over. He stops, turns to Commissioner Kershaw.

MAYOR GREEN

What do you think?

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW

I think it's a set-up. We play ball and buy the video from this guy. Nothing says he hasn't made a dozen copies. Copies that he sends to every news station and news outlet in the city. Now they not only have Charlie Huff by the ass but all of us trying to cover up a bad shooting.

MAYOR GREEN

So it's a lose lose situation no matter how you look at it.

CHIEF RUSSELL

We could kill him.

MAYOR GREEN

I think there's been enough violence already, don't you?

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW

May I make another suggestion?

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Deele looks pitiful, defeated as he stuffs his hands in his pocket near the center of the cell. A CORRECTIONS OFFICER shuts the gate in his face.

DEELE

Shhhhhhit.

EXT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - CITY HALL - DAY

Waiting anxiously in a chair is RYAN KERSHAW, IAD. Kershaw is in a sharply tailored but professional suit. He taps his shoe in a nervous fashion as a busty SECRETARY watches him from her desk.

Her PHONE RINGS. She answers:

SECRETARY

Yes?

(listens)

Of course. I'll send him right in.

She hangs up, smiles at Kershaw.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
The Commissioner will see you now.

Kershaw stands, adjusts his tie and pats his hair as he heads for the door.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Good luck.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Enter Kershaw. He instantly spots his father, Commissioner Kershaw, near the center of the room, speaking with a young woman holding a pad and pen.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW
Ryan. I have someone for you to meet.

Kershaw catches eyes with the young beauty.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)
This is Sarah Goldstein with The Times. You've probably read her work from time to time.

KERSHAW
Yes, of course. How do you do?

GOLDSTEIN
Fine, thank you.

Kershaw just nods with a goofy smile.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW
So, anyways. How are things in Internal Affairs?

KERSHAW
Yeah, well, you know. A little slow but good.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW
Yeah, well, some might call a slow month in Internal Affairs a good thing.

KERSHAW
Yes, of course.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW
Tell me, Ryan. Have you heard of a vice officer named Charlie Huff?

KERSHAW

Who hasn't? He's kind of required reading for IAD.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW

Well, some footage has surfaced featuring our Detective Huff in some various illegal activities. All the way from taking bribes to shooting an unarmed suspect.

Commissioner Kershaw grabs a cased DVD from his desk and hands it to his son.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)

Don't ask me where we got it. It's not important. What's important now is what we do with it.

KERSHAW

Sir?

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW

Just recently our Detective Huff was involved in foiling a liquor store robbery off of Washington Boulevard. In the process killing three suspects. One of which was unarmed.

Kershaw stares down at Goldstein, jotting down a few notes.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)

Following the shooting, the security camera footage inside the store mysteriously disappears. Most likely at the hands of Charlie Huff. Probably paid off the owner to kill the footage before we could get our hands on it.

Kershaw turns back to his father.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)

Ryan, as you know, if this footage were to be released to the public by anyone other than the department, the repercussions would be disastrous. It's a risk the department is unwilling to take.

KERSHAW

I'm not following, sir.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW
We're releasing the video to the press. Along with a message. That police corruption will no longer be tolerated within this department.

KERSHAW
I see.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW
I know, I know. You're thinking... What does this have to do with me? I'm getting there.

Kershaw smiles.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)
Charlie Huff is a cancer. A true physical reflection of the more darker days of the LAPD. The days of Rodney King and the Watts riots.

Kershaw watches Goldstein jot down every word from his father's mouth.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)
Out of touch with the new ways of doing things. When Huff's video airs, The Mayor wants a fresh young face representing the department. Someone to counter act the bad taste left by Charlie Huff. Someone to represent the new LAPD.

Kershaw slowly comes around and nods.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)
First things first. I want you to review this video. Find out who Huff's been doing business with. Not just faces but names. I don't care if you have to talk to every CI and snitch in the PDA database. I don't just want Huff's badge. I want him publicly crucified.

Kershaw feels Goldstein's disapproving eyes on him.

KERSHAW
May I ask why me, sir?

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW
This is a very special, very sensitive sort of investigation.
(MORE)

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)

The kind that requires a certain personality type. As you know, there won't be a whole lot of volunteers interested in taking down a decorated cop. I need someone willing to go places the others won't. I need someone who'd sell their own grandmother down the river if needed.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW (CONT'D)

What can I say? Your name just happened to be at the top of that list.

Kershaw notices Goldstein cracking a goofy grin.

KERSHAW

I see.

COMMISSIONER KERSHAW

Can we count on you, son?

KERSHAW

Of course. Consider Charlie Huff toast, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL - (DEELE'S CELL) - NIGHT

Deele paces the floor like a nervous wreck, punches his fist in his other hand and mumbles various profanities.

Suddenly, the iron gate opens. In walks Kershaw, files in hand and sporting his trademark suit.

KERSHAW

Bobby Deele?

DEELE

Yeah, lucky guess. Who the hell are you?

Kershaw opens his manila file, pays Deele no mind.

KERSHAW

Won't you have a seat, please?

DEELE

I've been sitting for twelve hours now. My ass hurts, man. When are ya'll gonna get me outta here?

KERSHAW

I have some questions for you concerning Charlie Huff.

DEELE

What else do ya'll wanna know, man? Just another dirty ass cop caught on camera. What else is new?

KERSHAW

Tell me something. What exactly is your relationship to Charlie Huff?

DEELE

Who says we have a relationship?

KERSHAW

You came forward with some pretty incriminating footage against Huff. You obviously have first hand knowledge of his criminal activities. I can't help but find that interesting.

DEELE

Look, man. His old lady comes to me. Tells me she finds a bag full of money and drugs in her husband's closet. Wants me to find out where he got it. All I did was follow him for a few hours on a Saturday and snapped a few shots. That's it.

KERSHAW

Why do I think you know more than you're letting on?

DEELE

Yeah, well. Maybe I do, maybe I don't.

Kershaw snaps the clicker on his pen and smiles as he observes Deele's face.

KERSHAW

Extortion of three major city officials. Not just anyone. Three of the most powerful men in the city. You're looking at some tall time my friend. If you'll excuse the pun.

Deele shoots him a nasty stare.

DEELE

Yeah, so what?

KERSHAW

If I were you, I'd be catching every line thrown to me.

Kershaw awaits an answer. Deele finally comes around.

DEELE

Look. You wanna know more about Huff, get me outta here, man. You do that and we'll talk. I'll tell you everything I know.

Kershaw smiles.

KERSHAW

Deal.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Deele exits the front gates of county lock-up with girlfriend and secretary SHARLEEN (20s), ghetto fabulous, rockin bod and tight jeans.

SHARLEEN

What the hell's going on, Bobby? First I catch you with a bag full of money. I've barely seen you all week. When I do, you hanging all over this white girl with drool hangin' from your lip. Now I find out you got busted haggling for money. You got something going on with this girl I should know about?

DEELE

Look. I know this shit don't look right. But it's not what you think. It's a case, baby. This shit took a turn I didn't see coming. Caught a little snag. I'm just coming at it from a different angle. That's all. I know none of this makes sense right now but it will when it's all over. Trust me.

SHARLEEN

Yeah, well, speaking of cases. Kenan Marcus called again, asking about his daughter.

DEELE

Shhhit. I was supposed to call him back tonight.

SHARLEEN

And some other dude named Rudy. Said something about meeting up tomorrow if it was cool with you.

DEELE

Cool. Thanks, baby.

Deele pulls out his cell, dials. Sharleen stops. Deele keeps walking.

SHARLEEN

Did you fuck her?

Deele stops in his tracks, turns back to Sharleen. A pitiful and almost sad look in his eyes.

DEELE

Baby, what's happened to us, dog? I know we haven't spent much time together lately. All I been doing is working. I'm sorry.

Sharleen isn't buying this rap as she rests her hands on her hips and gives him the stink eye.

DEELE (CONT'D)

But you need to believe me, whatever I'm doing is for us. For our future. The two of us. As far as all this shit tonight, I promise I won't keep anything from you again. That was wrong. You're my partner and you should know about what's going on. That's my fault. But, baby, I'm gonna need you to trust me on this one. Okay?

SHARLEEN

Don't lie to me again.

She greets him with a hug as the two smile and head out of the small lot.

CUT TO:

INT. VICE SQUAD - LAPD - DAY

Huff swiftly unbuckles his gun from a shoulder holster, drops it on his Captain's desk. Followed by his badge. He flips him and Kershaw both the bird on his way out.

Huff's Captain sighs with exhaustion.

CAPTAIN
Will that be all? Lieutenant?

Kershaw stands, buttons his sport coat and quietly heads out.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Lousy cocksucker.

INT. STAIRCASE - LAPD - DAY

Kershaw heads down a second set of steps and notices Huff leaning against the side railing, waiting on him.

HUFF
Congratulations, Cole Slaw. You finally nailed you a dirty cop. You're just practically one step closer to the Mayor's office.

Kershaw tries to head down but Huff blocks his path.

HUFF (CONT'D)
What's the matter, Lieutenant? You in a hurry? I know things can get pretty busy behind that desk. All those bad cops out there ruining your shot at City Hall. After all, you have Daddy's legacy to uphold, now don't you?

KERSHAW
Get out of the way. Right now.

HUFF
Stop it, Lieutenant.

Huff walks up the stairs, in Kershaw's face.

HUFF (CONT'D)
You're scaring me.

Huff heads down the steps. Kershaw looks as if he's ready to kill him. But also shaken up a bit.

EXT. IMPERIAL HIGHWAY - COMPTON, CA - NIGHT

An Oldsmobile Cutlass convertible cruises the highway with the top down. Behind the wheel is Deelee, black pimp suit with white stripes, matching hat and dark shades.

Deelee rests an arm on the side of his door as he cruises the run down streets of Compton.

SUPER: COMPTON, CA - PRESENT DAY

-- A DRUNK on the street.

-- KIDS on a basketball court. One body checks the other and a fight ensues.

-- A HOOKER at the point, making a date. She pulls out a tight wedgy from her mini-skirt, pokes her head in a car window.

EXT. TITO BROWN'S POOL AND BAR - NIGHT

Deelee's car pulls a quick u-turn, parks against a curb outside of this dingy, sketchy looking joint. Out steps Deelee in his slick but flashy pimp get-up.

As he struts his way to the door George Jefferson style, a crew of hooligans swarm around his ride, one with a basketball under his arm, fresh off the court.

HOOLIGAN #1 quickly stretches a tape measure across his front left RIM.

INT. TITO BROWN'S POOL AND BAR - NIGHT

In walks Deelee, as the unimpressed, dressed down crowd turn and stare at the clown suit by the door. "Ohio Players" blasts on the juke. A thick SMOKE lingers in the air.

Deelee twirls a tooth pick in his mouth, observes a smoke filled room of thugs low-lives and hookers. The girls, gathered at the bar, painted up, weaves and wigs, texting, chewing gum, bored.

Other locals shoot stick, play cards, swill beers.

Deelee feels their contempt as he makes his way through the tables and to a corner booth where he meets with --

RUDY VALENTINE (40s), wannabe thug, hooded jump suit, smoking a Philly blunt, a chubby heart attack waiting to happen.

Rudy nearly jumps from his seat as Deelee approaches, clumsy, too anxious. He shakes his hand, throws him a hug.

RUDY
Yo, Boogie Ray, what's up, brother?
Lookin' good.

Deelee jerks away.

DEELE
First of all...don't touch the
suit! Second, where the girls at?!

RUDY
Be cool, brother. They just runnin'
a little late, that's all. Have a
seat and relax.

DEELE
I ain't got time to relax. I'll
relax when I get home. Right now,
I'm workin'. I'm doin' business,
and from where I'm standin', you
ain't ready for business and you're
wastin' my fuckin' time. So fuck
you and good night.

Deelee turns to leave. Rudy chases him down.

RUDY
I can get em here in five minutes.
They just a phone call away.

DEELE
Hey, man. I see bitches at the bar,
bitches playin' pool. I even see
bitches hittin' on other bitches.
And here you are in the corner like
you sittin' in the no pussy
section. Time is money and you
costin' me money. I'm outta here.

RUDY
Look, I said they'll be here, okay,
now settle down and have a seat. I
got you a Hennessy and coke.

Deelee stares down at Rudy's hand on his arm. Rudy backs off.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Now sit down and shut up for a
second. Alright? Damn.

Deelee heads to the booth. Rudy takes a seat across from him.

RUDY (CONT'D)

I can get her here in five minutes.
Just cool out.

DEELE

What's this her, bullshit? I said girls! As in two very specific girls! A redhead and a mulatto! The word on the street was you were the man to talk to! So you either the man, or you not the man, negro, so wassup?!

RUDY

Okay, it's like this. The redhead's down. She's a pro, been workin' the street for five years, ready for business. But her friend, she's new to the life. She's a little unsure, but said if the money's right, she's ready to talk.

Deele gives him an unsure look. A slight grin.

DEELE

Cut the bullshit. What do you want?

RUDY

So it's like this, brother. Money talks and bullshit walks. You show me the green and I'll make the call. I can get em here in ten minutes.

DEELE

Ten minutes? What happened to five?

RUDY

Look, you wanna do business or not?

Deele pulls a brown envelope from his suit pocket, hands it under the table to Rudy, who fans it out, gives it a look.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Sit tight. I'll be back.

Rudy jumps for the table, heads for the door as Deele makes for the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM/TITO BROWN'S - NIGHT

Deele locks himself in a stall, speed dials a number on his droid as he nervously peeks through the cracks.

DEELE

Hey, it's me. Are you sitting down?

INT. KENAN MARCUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Deele's client KENAN MARCUS (50s), black, ex con, a strikingly large, but tired looking man slowly takes a seat on his couch.

A very worried look shoots across his face.

KENAN

I am now. What is it?

DEELE (O.S.)

I found her.

Kenan shuts his eyes in peaceful relief.

KENAN

Don't mess with me, Bobby. Not now.

Kenan grips an old family photo of him, his blonde wife and gorgeous daughter LOLA MARCUS (14), big green eyes, perfect smile, mulatto.

INT. MEN'S ROOM/TITO BROWN'S - NIGHT

Deele still in the bathroom stall as he peeks through the thin cracks of the door.

DEELE

I'm not. My guy on the street says she's cribbing with a girlfriend at this guy Rudy Valentine's house.

(beat)

Rudy just confirmed it about two minutes ago. She's on her way.

KENAN (O.S.)

So, what, she's meeting you there?

DEELE

Now, look. I don't want you coming down here and scaring them off. You can see her soon enough, but I'm gonna need at least a couple hours.

KENAN (O.S.)

She's in trouble, isn't she? Forget it. I'm comin' down there.

DEELE

Look. Didn't I say you need to trust me on this? Trust me. You comin down here is a real bad idea. Sit tight and you guys will be together soon enough. Right now, I need a couple hours to get this deal done. Alright?

INT. KENAN MARCUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Kenan, still staring at the photo, wanders back and forth on his living room carpet, a tear in his eye.

KENAN

Yeah, alright. But nothing...I mean nothing better happen to her, Bobby. Or I will snatch your fuckin soul.

CUT TO:

INT. TITO BROWN'S POOL AND BAR - NIGHT

Deele comes back from his trip to the men's room and spots LOLA MARCUS (21), all grown up, beautiful, and friend REENA O'BRIEN (20s), redhead, big hair, covered in freckles and tats.

The two friends remove their coats and take a seat at the same table where Rudy and Roper were sitting. Rudy is nowhere to be found.

Deele surveys the room. He checks the front door and spots Rudy quickly making his way out just as --

TWO MASKED MEN

-- enter and pull two silenced UZIS from their trench coats and aim straight for Deele.

Deele runs, leaps behind the bar, just as the Masked Men unload round after round in his direction.

The bottles behind the bar EXPLODE as bullets rip them to shreds and patrons dive for cover.

MASKED MAN #1 hurries over to LOLA and REENA, cowering in their seats, hands over their heads.

The shooter removes his mask. It's none other than TERREL T BONE STIGGS. Lola stares up at him just as Stiggs drops and reloads a magazine.

MASKED MAN #2
Come on, man! Hurry up!

Lola and Reena make a run for the door.

Deele pops up from behind the bar and takes a few shots at Stiggs as he tips over a table, uses it as cover.

Masked Man #2 returns Deele's fire as he cowers behind the bar.

Stiggs spots Lola and Reena making for the door. He cocks his weapon, riddles them both with bullets.

The two girls fall to the floor. A bloody mess. Stiggs and his partner retreat out the door. Deele's head pops up from behind the bar, takes aim and fires -- POW!

Masked Man #2 is struck in the back and falls. Dead.

Deele leaps over the railing, runs to the two girls on the floor, bleeding, dying. Lola's dead eyes stare back at him.

EXT. TITO BROWN'S POOL AND BAR - NIGHT

Deele leans against his Cutlass, holds a rag against his bloody head as he watches the CORONER load Lola into a meat wagon.

UNIFORM COPS question several patrons looming around outside as the lead investigator, DETECTIVE MORRIS (40s) curly hair, short and pudgy, takes a statement from a HOOKER with orange hair and a leopard dress.

He obnoxiously snaps at his gum as he approaches Roper.

MORRIS
You know, Bobby, I thought we were
all done with you for good. Guess I
should know better by now.

DEELE
Yeah, I guess you should.

MORRIS
So who were those two girls? No,
wait.

Let me guess. New business associates

of yours?

DEELE

My head's fine. Thanks for asking.

MORRIS

Oh, yeah? Well I got some news for you, smartass. We got two workin' girls here. And whoever hit em went after you first. Judging by the way you're dressed, one might get the wrong idea.

DEELE

The black girl's Lola Marcus. Her old man just finished a ten year stint at Jackson for armed robbery. After a few hundred phone calls and letters to his daughter go unanswered, he hired me to find her.

Morris shakes his head with disgust.

MORRIS

This Lola finds out her old man is getting out of the joint and goes into hiding. Next thing you know someone tries to burn all three of you. Pretty wild coincidence don't you think?

DEELE

I know what you're thinking and you're wrong.

MORRIS

Am I? He was an ex con, right?

DEELE

I know this guy. There's no way he had anything to do with it. All he wanted for the last ten years was a chance to see his baby girl again.

Deele watches with sincere sadness and regret as the coroner's van pulls away from the curb.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Now he gets to identify her at the morgue.

MORRIS

Okay, so who was it then?

Deele faces him.

DEELE

Rudy Valentine.

(beat)

A couple weeks back, Lola hooks up with the redhead and the two of them move in with redhead's sister at her boyfriend's house. That's Rudy. I put the word out I was lookin' for a couple of girls and cut a deal with him.

MORRIS

Is that it?

DEELE

What do you mean... 'is that it'? What else do you need? It's obvious whoever wanted Lola dead knew I was lookin' for her. They pay Rudy to turn the other cheek and set all three of us up.

MORRIS

That's great, but it doesn't answer the million dollar question. Why did they want you?

DEELE

Who knows? I've been doin' some asking around about Lola. Maybe they fingered me as a cop.

MORRIS

Yeah? Well I got news for you, Roper. You're not a cop. So do us all a favor and stay out of this one.

Deele just smiles and walks off. Morris follows behind.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

If you're thinking about goin' after Valentine, you can forget it.

DEELE

Oh, yeah? Why's that?

MORRIS

Cos he's dead.

Deele stops in his tracks, faces Morris.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Cops just found him at a stoplight with his engine running and his throat slit. This Lola girl sounds like she was running with a real nice crowd, huh?

DEELE

Look, this girl's father is a friend of mine. Whatever she was into, he needs to hear it from me first.

Morris observes Deele's face. An unsure look.

MORRIS

Stay out of this case.

DEELE

Look, he trusted me to find out what was goin on with his daughter and to bring her home. I don't know if you noticed, but she died on my watch.

Morris stalls. He finally cracks.

MORRIS

Okay, Bobby. Fine. It's not like we have much to go on.

Morris opens up a file on Lola Marcus.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

(reads)

Lola Marcus, twenty-one. Last known address, 426 Connelly Drive, Compton. It looks like the last six months are clean. September of last year, she's busted on a possession charge in West Hollywood. It appears your girl spent some time out there. Between April and September, she racked up over four thousand bucks in parking and traffic citations.

(looks up)

Like I said, after September she went off the grid. We got nothing on her.

Morris shuts the file.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

There. Now you know as much as we do.

Deele nods and heads to his car.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Hey, Deele! Stay outta this one!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The surrounding palm trees stand tall and proud as they ruffle in the cool, midday breeze. OFFICERS and CITY WORKERS file in and out of the building as a lone figure is seen racing up the tall front steps. This is --

LT. RYAN KERSHAW I.A.D. (30s), tuxedo, unbuttoned collar and loose bow tie. He's toting a heavy stack of files as he rushes inside.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

A visibly annoyed Detective BENSON sits before a small Internal Affairs review board committee, headed by Kershaw and followed by --

LT. WEINBERG (40s), a short, elfish man, with black wire-rimmed glasses too large for his thin face, and --

SGT. VAUGHN (40s), an intense looking woman in a black business suit and jet black hair pulled in a tight bun.

WEINBERG

According to your report, Detective, you first noticed the suspect reach for his weapon upon entering the parking lot of Lao Chen's restaurant.

(beat)

But your partner maintains that your suspect didn't make a move for his gun until after you approached the vehicle.

BENSON

Yeah, well, that's what I meant. As we were pulling in, I saw what looked like him popping the glove box, and when my partner and I stepped out... that's when he went for his piece.

Weinberg checks with Vaughn who nods with approval.

WEINBERG

Thank you, Detective. That'll be all.

Weinberg offers an insincere smile as Kershaw looks ready to jump out of his seat with impatience.

KERSHAW

That's not all.

WEINBERG

You have something else for Detective Benson?

KERSHAW

I was just curious about something, Benson.

BENSON

Shoot.

Lt. Vaughn is put off by Benson's flippant attitude.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Sorry. Poor choice of words.

KERSHAW

Well, I was wondering whether it was you or Riveira who decided on that particular parking lot to detain your suspect.

BENSON

What're you getting at?

KERSHAW

It's a simple question.

BENSON

Neither. We ran the tag and hit the lights. The suspect pulled into the lot and we followed.

KERSHAW

That's interesting. I guess you didn't know that Anthony LaRussa worked at Lao Chen's as a full time waiter?

BENSON

No, I guess I didn't. It's my first time hearing of it. Is there a point to any of this?

Weinberg looks increasingly annoyed by this line of questions.

He huffs under his breath.

WEINBERG

If there aren't any more questions for the Detective, I think this would be a good place to end.

Kershaw holds up his hand. Weinberg huffs in exhaustion.

KERSHAW

Just one more question.

Weinberg and Vaughn roll their eyes.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of Phan Enterprises?

This catches Benson's attention. He stays strangely quiet as he avoids eye contact.

WEINBERG

Okay. I think that's enough for today. Thanks for coming in, Detective.

Benson just smiles at Kershaw as he slowly stands.

BENSON

Yeah. No problem. Let's do it again sometime.

Benson heads out. Kershaw shakes his head with contempt for the officer as he watches him leave.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION/HALLWAY - DAY

Kershaw and Weinberg walk side by side toward an elevator as neither look very happy with one another.

WEINBERG

That was great, Kershaw. Very subtle. Ryan Kershaw, caped crusader of all things corrupt. Vice cops running a ring of homeless dealers and prostitutes?

Weinberg chuckles.

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

I thought I heard it all before.

KERSHAW

The eyes never lie.

WEINBERG

What?

KERSHAW

His eyes. You see how he reacted when I mentioned Phan's name?

WEINBERG

Probably because he didn't know what the hell you were talking about. For weeks you been after this Harry Phan character, and for what? All you got is the word of one cracked up hooker lookin' to get over on a cop.

KERSHAW

A hooker who disappeared.

The two men enter an elevator. The doors shut behind them.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kershaw, now super annoyed, stares straight ahead, ignoring his pestering co-worker.

WEINBERG

So what now? You gonna take on the whole force every time a bust goes sideways and some punk dealer turns up dead?

KERSHAW

If I have to.

WEINBERG

Right. And are you gonna sleep with their wives too?

Kershaw is taken aback as he shoots Weinberg a nasty stare.

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

What? You don't think I heard about you and Charlie Huff's wife? The whole department knows.

Kershaw clears his throat. Embarrassed.

KERSHAW

Yeah, well. That was an accident.

WEINBERG

Yeah, right. It wasn't bad enough you took his badge, you had to throw a shot into his woman too?

Kershaw stares Weinberg down.

KERSHAW

Watch your mouth.

WEINBERG

The word is out about you kiddo. Watch Commander at Thirty. Lieutenant by thirty five. The Commissioner's golden ticket. Just you and your father cleaning up the department like Batman and Robin.

Kershaw fights the urge to slug him.

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

Well let me tell you something. Contrary to popular opinion, we're not in the game of ruining careers and destroying lives. And I'm sure as hell not looking to land my name in the paper or make headlines.

(beat)

And the next time I'm questioning an officer and I say we're done, we're done. No matter what you or your daddy have to say about it.

(beat)

Got that, bucko? You damn well better.

The doors open, off steps Weinberg, leaving a pitiful looking Kershaw to ponder it all.

INT. CHURCH/WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

A big crowd is making their way in as a couple of GROOMSMEN in tuxes stand at the doors and greet friends and family. A large picture frame rests on an easel.

The names KYLE HUFF and JORDAN KERSHAW are featured elegantly behind the glass.

INT. CHOIR ROOM - DAY

The groom stands before a sliding mirror door, fixes his tie and runs a couple fingers through his hair.

This is KYLE HUFF (20s), shaggy, strawberry blonde, handsome, and strikes a similar resemblance to his old man, if not for a neatly trimmed goatee.

Huff stands near the back of the room, watches his son prepare with a not so excited look on his face.

HUFF

So today's the big day. My kid walks down the aisle. I tell you, this month is just full of surprises, isn't it?

(beat)

Interesting choice in brides by the way. Of all the girls in this world, you had to choose his sister. Imagine the odds of that happening twice.

Kyle turns to his father as he fixes his bowtie.

KYLE

Let me tell you something, Dad. I don't want you two getting into it. Not today. Things are already awkward enough for Jordan. Let's not make it worse.

HUFF

Son, I don't think you could possibly make today any more awkward.

KERSHAW

Hey. Sorry to interrupt.

HUFF

I stand corrected.

KERSHAW

We got less than ten minutes and we're still missing a best man.

KYLE

Are you kidding? Well go find him.

KERSHAW

He's in the bathroom. I think he's sick or something. He went in there ten minutes ago and won't come out.

This scares Kyle as he races for the door.

INT. CHURCH MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Behind a bathroom stall, smoking crystal meth from a glass pipe, is RICKY JARVIS (20s), sweaty, anxious, a real mess. His face, forehead and unbuttoned shirt are soaked.

Ricky takes another monster hit and COUGHS out loud. He leans his head against the stall door, squeezes his eyes shut.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

In runs a worried Kyle as he pushes in each of the stall doors in search of Ricky.

He finds him - pulls him from the stall by his shirt collar and throws him against the door.

KYLE

What the hell are you doing? You can't stop for a few hours?

Kyle feels a strange bulge behind Ricky's tux jacket and yanks out a thirty eight special.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You're packing? What's the matter with you? Bringing a gun to my wedding?

RICKY

They know, man! They know! That broad at The Pit Stop! The one I told you about! She knew it was me!

KYLE

You're being paranoid. It's all that shit you're smokin'.

RICKY

Nah, man! It's that guy! It's that fuckin' guy with the eyes! He's been following me! I seen him all week! They know! They know, man!

Kyle clasps his hand over Ricky's mouth, keeps him quiet as he keeps a close eye on the door.

KYLE

You're gonna pull yourself together and get through the next couple of hours without embarrassing me. You got it?

Kyle lets go of his mouth, opens the chamber on the thirty eight and empties the shells.

Kyle observes what a mess his buddy is. His tie loose, shirt undone and soaked with sweat.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Clean yourself up, man. Everyone's waiting.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

Jordan's arm around husband Kyle as she swipes a handful of wedding cake frosting and smears his face. The crowd erupts with laughter.

Huff rolls his eyes and turns to a bartender.

HUFF

Another seven and seven.

BARTENDER

You got it.

Rachel, Huff's ex wife, taps him on the shoulder. He turns to her with a very cold stare.

RACHEL

I'm proud of you. You made it two whole hours without killing Ryan. You've been a good boy. For once.

HUFF

Oh, you're welcome. By the way, Rachel, I appreciate the invitation. Ya know, it's every father's dream finding out

(MORE)

HUFF (CONT'D)
 about his kid's wedding in the
 newspaper.

RACHEL
 He was embarrassed, Charlie. And
 hurt. Just like me. I don't know if
 you've noticed or not, but you're
 big news right now. And not in a
 good way.

HUFF
 Yeah. I guess we have your
 boyfriend to thank for that, don't
 we?

Rachel looks away, a sore subject.

HUFF (CONT'D)
 How many nights has it been now?
 Five? Six? He must've gotten a
 taste of something he liked.

RACHEL
 (getting mad)
 Maybe I got a taste of something I
 liked. Maybe just once I wanted to
 wake up next to a man who doesn't
 stink like booze and dirty money.

HUFF
 Careful now, Rachel, we don't wanna
 make a scene at the wedding, now do
 we?

RACHEL
 Why haven't you signed the papers?
 If you think after what you pulled,
 I'm gonna run back to you...

HUFF
 He's using you, Rachel. He's using
 you to get to me. Because he's got
 nothing on me. If it weren't for
 his daddy dropping my case in his
 lap, he'd still be shining a chair
 with his ass. And he knows it.

Rachel fights the urge to slap his face.

RACHEL
 Sign the papers. The sooner you're
 out of my life, the better.

She storms off. Huff just rolls his eyes and sucks down his drink. As he looks up from his glass, the first thing he sees is --

DEELE

waits by the double doors. He gives Huff a quick nod toward the exit and heads out.

Huff can hardly believe it. He scoffs under his breathe and quickly heads after Deele.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - OUTER ROOM - DAY

Huff steps into the hallway and spots Deele standing side by side with Kershaw.

HUFF

Well. Isn't this cozy. To what do I owe this surprise visit?

DEELE

Look, man, I know being out here with the two of us is the last place you wanna be right now. I get it. But the three of us got some business to discuss.

HUFF

Whatever business you're involved in, I'm not interested. Now you and your boyfriend here do yourselves a favor and walk out of here while you still have two working legs. Consider this your official warning.

Huff turns to leave. Deele pulls a white folded paper from his pocket.

DEELE

I got something here you're gonna wanna take a look at.

Deele holds the paper out for Huff.

Huff slowly turns back, a forced smile, now furious. He steps in Deele's face.

HUFF

Alright, now listen to me, you fat little cockroach.

(MORE)

HUFF (CONT'D)

If you're not out of here in five seconds, I'm gonna get mad. You remember the last time I got mad?

KERSHAW

He's right. You'll wanna see this.

Huff jerks the paper out of Deelee's hand and takes a look. It's a long list of names. The two names at the top, Reena O'Brien and Lola Marcus, are crossed out. The names Ryan Kershaw, Charlie Huff and Bobby Deelee at the bottom. Deelee's name is also crossed out.

DEELE

You recognize any of the names on this list?

HUFF

What the hell is this?

DEELE

A few days ago, I got a lead on a missing person's case. A girl named Lola Marcus.

Her father just happens to be a long time friend of mine.

HUFF

Okay. And what's that have to do with me?

DEELE

Last night, I meet with a contact of mine named Rudy Valentine. Said he had a couple working girls interested in going into business with me.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Lola Marcus was one of them. About five minutes after I get there, a couple of shooters storm in and take out Lola and tried taking me out along with her. But not before I could nail one of them first.

Deelee points at the paper in Huff's hand.

DEELE (CONT'D)

I pulled that same list out of my dead guy's pocket before the cops showed.

KERSHAW

All three of our names on the same list, Huff. Pretty wild coincidence, don't you think?

HUFF

Who was he? The shooter?

KERSHAW

His name was Logan Bodeen. Street name LoBo. Ring any bells? I'll give you a hint. You were extorting drug money from him and his dealer friends for five weeks.

DEELE

My guy on the street says he was shacking up with Lola around a month or two before she disappears. I figure it's more than just coincidence.

A sudden realization hits Huff like a brick. He gives Deele a nasty stare and gets back in his face.

HUFF

You weren't following me. You were following Bodeen. You just happened to catch me in the act.

(beat)

My wife didn't go to you. You went to her. Didn't you?

Kershaw watches Deele with suspicion.

HUFF (CONT'D)

(to Kershaw)

The little bastard was after the cash the whole time. Thinking Rachel would get so hoppin mad she'd just hand it all over.

Deele starts to sweat.

DEELE

You don't know what you're talking about, man.

HUFF

Yeah, I think I do.

Deele has trouble staring him in the eye. He avoids Huff's stare and looks to Kershaw to throw him a life line.

KERSHAW

Look. It's obvious whoever Bodeen was working for is responsible for making this list. That means they're afraid of you. Afraid of what you know. Otherwise my name wouldn't be on this list along with yours. So you tell me right now who Bodeen was working for and no more bullshit.

Huff is reluctant. He's unsure as he stares back and forth between Kershaw and Deelee.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

The banging of a knife on a champagne flute grabs everyone's attention. Huff and Kershaw watch as Ricky grabs a mic and steps to the center of the floor.

RICKY

It's about that time. Time for me to say something nice about the bride and groom. As both Kyle and Jordan already know...I've never been very good in front of crowds. But because of them... and their love and support ...I'm alive today. So God bless you guys. You guys rock. Woo-hoo!

Ricky is obviously high as Kyle and Jordan can barely watch his toast. They sport a fake smile for the crowd.

HUFF

(whispers)

What was he doin' in that bathroom anyways?

An embarrassed Kershaw shushes him.

RICKY

I don't wanna take up too much time away from you guys. After all, this is your show. But I just wanna say one more thing.

Ricky is distracted by Terrel T-Bone Stiggs standing at the front door. A slick grin on his mug.

Deelee follows his look to the door, but Stiggs is now gone. The crowd observes Ricky's unusual behavior.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I just wanna say that...

Ricky checks the other side of the room for Stiggs. His face moves through a crowd gathered near the punch table.

Huff and Kershaw follow his look toward the punch table as Deelee recognizes the evil, familiar face of Stiggs smiling at Ricky.

DEELE
Oh, shit.

Huff squints in confusion.

HUFF
What?

RICKY
(to crowd)
Excuse me.

Ricky drops the mic to the floor and books it for the front door as the crowd erupts with chatter.

Kyle quickly stands - surveys the room for Stiggs.

Deelee watches on as Stiggs races out the opposite door in pursuit of Ricky.

DEELE
(to Huff)
Excuse me.

Deelee takes off after him.

HUFF
What the hell's going on?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH/WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

Ricky bursts through the front doors of this massive church as he charges down the steps with a purpose. He stops dead in his tracks as he spots --

A green BOSS 302 tears around the corner with a MACHINE GUN dangling from the passenger window.

Ricky leaps behind some bushes to avoid being shot by the gunman just as Deelee runs out a side door.

The BOSS 302 brakes in front of the church steps.

The GUNMAN open fires in Ricky's direction as a bullet passes through the shrubs and strikes him in the left arm.

Both Kyle and Jordan run out the front door as Jordan almost trips on her dress. A stray bullet tears through her sleeve as Kyle tackles her to the ground.

Deele charges down a glassy slope and stops on a sidewalk just behind the car's rear windshield. He takes aim:

POW-POW-POW! Three shots SHATTER THE REAR WINDSHIELD as the flashy car speeds off.

Deele runs up the church steps just as Stiggs hovers over Ricky, still hiding behind the shrubbery.

Stiggs smiles and takes aim. Ricky squeezes his eyes shut.

Deele takes aim.

Stiggs aims and fires just as Deele dives for cover behind the cement wall. Stiggs turns back to Ricky - but he's long gone.

Deele peeks around the corner of the wall - notices both Stiggs and Ricky are gone.

CHURCH STEPS - LATER

The FLASHING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS of SQUAD CARS are parked at the base of the steps as Kershaw and his father give their statement to an on-scene DETECTIVE.

Deele and Huff rest on the top step as they watch the hopping mad bride pace back and forth, give Kyle crap.

JORDAN

What did I say about him being in the wedding?!

Kyle rolls his eyes and rubs his sore temples.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's because of this shit! Once a junky always a junky! He's supposed to be your friend and he can't give you just one day?!

KYLE

Look, there's more to it than that, okay? You don't know the whole story.

Huff quickly turns, faces his son.

JORDAN

There's always a story with Ricky! I don't wanna hear it! Not today!

(beat)

This wasn't supposed to be like this! We're supposed to look back on today as the greatest day of our life! Now every time we look at our wedding pictures, they'll say 'hey... that's a real beautiful dress! Besides that huge fucking bullet hole in the sleeve!

KYLE

This wasn't his fault!

Huff quickly stands - interrupts their shouting match.

HUFF

What're you talking about?

Kyle hugs his hips and turns his back on his dad.

HUFF (CONT'D)

You know something about this? If you know something, you better tell me.

KYLE

It's complicated. It wasn't supposed to go down like this.

JORDAN

What wasn't supposed to go down like this?

Deele joins them.

DEELE

If you know who those guys are, you need to say something.

KYLE

I don't know who they are. I just heard stories. Ricky won't tell me. He's scared to death of him.

HUFF
Him? Who's him?

Kershaw and The Commissioner join the conversation.

KYLE
Before Ricky got clean, he used to sling dope for this guy. He found him trying to boost his car, and instead of turning him in to the cops, he offers him a briefcase full of cash to go work for him.
(beat)
At least that's his story.

Kershaw and The Commissioner share an intrigued look.

KERSHAW
What's his name?

Kyle gives Kershaw a dirty look.

KYLE
I told you, I don't know!

HUFF
More importantly... what's this got to do with you?

Kyle remains strangely quiet as he paces back and forth.

HUFF (CONT'D)
Well...?

Rachel joins them. Arms folded, fired up.

RACHEL
Your father asked you a question.

KYLE
The Super Bowl, Dad. It cleaned me out. Jordan and my nest egg. Our down payment on the house, our honeymoon. Everything. Gone.

Jordan's jaw drops. Huff gives his son a look of true and utter disappointment.

JORDAN
Come again?! You're kidding, right?

KERSHAW
A son with a gambling problem. That explains a lot.

HUFF

(to Kershaw)
Stay out of this.

(to Kyle)
I thought you were done with that.

JORDAN

Yeah, so did I!

KYLE

Ricky came up with this idea to get it all back. I told him I wasn't interested, but you know when Ricky gets an idea in his head, you can't stop him --

HUFF

(interrupts)
It's too late for all that now. The damage is done. Keep talking.

KYLE

He said he was gonna hit this place they call 'The Pit Stop'.

KERSHAW

That club on Mulholland?

KYLE

Right. This guy he worked for. He uses it as a front to run drugs and whores. Takes in anywhere from ten to twenty grand a night. In cash.

Rachel is so disgusted she turns her back and walks off.

RACHEL

Oh my God.

KYLE

It's the kind of money nobody reports stolen.

HUFF

(angry)
Yeah, well, somebody noticed it was missing, didn't they?

Kyle hangs his head in shame. Deelee and Kershaw watch Huff burn with anger and disappointment.

EXT. LAX - FLIGHT DEPARTURES - DAY

A stretch limo with "Just Married" painted on the rear window is parked at the curb while --

Huff bids farewell to Kyle and his new bride, luggage and other personals by their side.

KYLE

Look, Dad. I don't know when I can pay you back.

HUFF

It's okay. I never really got you a real wedding present. And remember what I said. Don't come back until I tell you it's safe.

KYLE

What're you gonna do?

HUFF

We're gonna find Ricky and the rest of that money and straighten this thing out. But I don't want you two to worry about it. I know too many cops in this town. I'm not gonna let anything happen to any of you.

Kyle cracks a half-hearted smile.

KYLE

Thanks, pop.

HUFF

Now give me a hug.

Kyle throws an arm around Huff while Jordan watches and smiles.

INT. STRETCH LIMO - DAY

Kershaw and Deelee watch Huff and son from the backseat of the limo. The two sit across from one another. Kershaw having a nice scotch while Deelee sips a can of soda.

KERSHAW

You know, I've heard of Moms crying at weddings but never cos the bride got shot in the arm.

DEELE

Look at the bright side. They could have killed her and not the dress. One day they're gonna look back on this and laugh their asses off.

Kershaw isn't convinced.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Well, maybe not, but check this out.

Deele reaches in his coat, grabs a wrinkled photograph of TERREL T-BONE STIGGS and hands it to Kershaw.

KERSHAW

It's him. Where did you get this?

DEELE

His name's Terrel Stiggs. They call him T-Bone. Just happens to be the same shooter that hit Lola and her girlfriend.

KERSHAW

You're kidding.

DEELE

Nope. He just walked in. Guns blazing. Just like today.

KERSHAW

Kyle mentioned this guy was running prostitutes.

DEELE

Bingo. The only problem is, other than a possession charge, I got nothin' on her. Ever since her bust last year, her record's clean.

Kershaw's eyes dance, in deep thought.

KERSHAW

Just like she was protected.

(beat)

I got a feeling I know who Ricky was working for.

In steps Huff who pops a long Cuban in his mouth and lights up.

HUFF

Okay, Cole Slaw. So now what?

The LIMO DRIVER reaches over his seat, stares back at the three friends in the back.

LIMO DRIVER
Where to, gentlemen?

DEELE
Well. The way I see it, we're all after the same man. There's a good chance none of us will make it out of this alive on our own. Probably end up getting our asses blown off by day's end, so there's no real use in arguing anymore.

Huff sighs with exhaustion and boredom. Kershaw also not hip to the idea of joining efforts.

DEELE (CONT'D)
I suppose the best thing we could do now is...consider some sort of...temporary work relationship.

Huff gives Deele an are you kidding me look.

DEELE (CONT'D)
But if we do this, I need you two to play nice. If we're not together, on the same side, all for one, one for all, then we're on their side. We might as well bust caps in each other's asses and be done with it. So what's it gonna be?

KERSHAW
Ask him?

Huff shakes his head.

HUFF
Partners, huh? Be still my heart.

Kershaw turns to the driver.

KERSHAW
Police Plaza. Downtown.

LIMO DRIVER
Yes, sir.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION - NIGHT

It's after hours and most of the office lights are off. A small spotlight burns over Kershaw's desk as he sits at his computer and searches an IAD database.

Deele and Huff hover over him.

DEELE

So this is what IAD looks like?
Guess it's all familiar territory
to you, huh?

HUFF

Blow yourself.

A full page report appears on Kershaw's computer, along with a color photograph of a familiar redhead REENA O'BRIEN -- Lola's friend. Deele instantly recognizes the image.

DEELE

Yo, that's her! That's the redhead
who got hit with Lola! The pro!

KERSHAW

A few weeks back, this Reena comes
in to file an official complaint
about a vice officer named Eddie
Stone.

HUFF

Yeah, I know Stone. Crazy bastard.
Spent more time in IAD than he did
on the street.

KERSHAW

According to her, Stone busts her
one night, but instead of taking
her to county they go see this guy.
This rich Chinaman up in the Hills
they call 'The Maestro'. That ring
any bells?

HUFF

No.

KERSHAW

Anyways, he gives her an envelope
full of cash and says "you work for
me now". That same night, they go
to her place, pack her things and
move her into this mansion.

(beat)

(MORE)

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

Now this Reena said she wasn't the only one. There's at least thirty to forty other girls living in this house.

HUFF

Picking them up off the street. Just like they did Ricky.

KERSHAW

Right.

DEELE

So who is he? The Chinaman?

KERSHAW

That's just it. Before she can finish giving her statement she flips out and splits. I guess she decided against at the last minute. Never gave his name.

HUFF

(impatient)

So what you're saying is...you still have no idea who this guy is?

Kershaw cracks a knowing smile.

KERSHAW

I didn't say that.

DEELE

So you do know him?

KERSHAW

I ran the name 'Maestro' as an alias through Interpol. I got a match with a guy named Harry Phan.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

He's been linked to everything from smuggling in drugs from China to trafficking young women. It also turns out he's been buying up real estate all over Los Angeles.

(beat)

Hotels, restaurants, a Chinese grocery, a whole foods distributor. You name it, he's got it.

Deele and Kershaw wave away the nasty cigar smoke.

HUFF

Bought and paid for with drug money.

KERSHAW

That's what it looks like.

DEELE

So Reena wanted out, came to IAD to rat out some cops and got cold feet. Decides it was easier just to split town and go into hiding. But what's this gotta do with Lola?

HUFF

Maybe her and Logan's break-up was nastier than we thought and she threatened to drop his name to the cops.

Kershaw spins in his chair, stares up at Huff with a disgusted look.

KERSHAW

Maybe she knew about a certain cop who was taking bribes from her boyfriend. And said cop decided it was a lot cheaper just to take her out.

DEELE

Oops.

Deele feels the tension and steps aside.

HUFF

Excuse me.

KERSHAW

You heard me. Last I checked, you were caught holding a bag of drug money and shacked up in a hotel room with three whores.

HUFF

That's what you see, huh?

KERSHAW

Yeah. That's what I see.

HUFF

Maybe that's what you see cos that's what you wanna see.

(MORE)

HUFF (CONT'D)

You ever stop to think about asking me why I was holding all that money?

KERSHAW

From the looks of things on that video, living pretty good.

HUFF

Yeah. That's one explanation. Another is I was an undercover cop trying to get on Phan's payroll.

KERSHAW

What the hell are you talking about?

Huff shoves Deelee out of his way, stares down at Kershaw with utter contempt.

HUFF

I'm talking about getting close to a string of dirty cops you've been obsessing over for the last four weeks. I'm talking about if it weren't for you and Arnold from Different Strokes here, I'd still be on the street, one step closer to nailing Eddie Stone's ass to the wall.

Deelee looks pissed but backs down.

KERSHAW

Bullshit.

Huff laughs as he turns to Deelee.

HUFF

But you see, he was never interested in getting his hands dirty. It was too easy just to pin the whole operation on me and get his name in the paper.

Kershaw, now fed up, rises from his chair, in Huff's face.

KERSHAW

I see all I need to see. A dirty cop holding a bag of drug money and a kid with a gambling debt.

HUFF

Yeah that's right! A bag of money I was planning on handing back to Bodeen to guarantee me a sit down with Phan!

KERSHAW

What're you talking about?

HUFF

I'm talking about buying my way into Phan's operation! I'm talking about gaining their trust and getting on his payroll like Eddie Stone! But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?! Because you don't have the guts or the balls or the smarts to see the truth! Too busy shining daddy's dick on your way up the steps of city hall!

DEELE

Whoa, whoa. Wait a minute. Hold on a sec. I just thought of something.

HUFF

What?!

DEELE

You said you were planning on handing back the money.

KERSHAW

Yeah? So?

DEELE

I got an idea. Come on.

Deele heads for the door. Kershaw and Huff follow behind.

KERSHAW

You wanna tell me where we're going?

Deele keeps walking.

DEELE

Ricky still has that money, right?

Huff and Kershaw stare at each other, both lost.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Time to make a Pit Stop, gentlemen.

They head out as Kershaw locks the door behind them.

EXT. "THE PIT STOP" A FULL SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Deele, Huff and Kershaw drive up in Kershaw's Lexus as the three curious partners observe this spectacular joint.

This is no ordinary service station, from the structure's post modernistic design to the glowing NEON LIGHTS streamlining the building, and the gorgeous female VALET, with fake breasts and a form fitting mini-skirt, parking cars for dinner.

At every gas pump is a drop dead gorgeous woman filling tanks and taking orders for a full car detail.

Deele laughs as he stares through the car wash's large window, watches a crew of silver bikinis detail a FERRARI. A wild STROBE LIGHT illuminates the room as LOUD MUSIC blares.

It's a regular dance party.

INT. KERSHAW'S CAR - NIGHT

The three men stare at the club in amazement.

DEELE

Look at that shit, man. A full service station. They don't even try to hide that shit.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Tell you what. I might be in here awhile. Why don't you guys go get us some food. I don't know about you guys, but my belly's growlin'. It's gonna be a long night and even longer on an empty stomach.

KERSHAW

Yeah, right. We're just gonna let you walk out of here with fifteen k while we're getting takeout. Nice try.

DEELE

What? You think I'm just gonna take the money?

HUFF

Sure sounds like that's what he's suggesting.

DEELE

What is this, man? Is this some black shit again? I'm a black man so I'm automatically gonna take the money?

HUFF

Yeah, really, Kershaw. Is the new face of the LAPD suggesting that all young African Americans steal? What would Daddy think?

Kershaw loses his patience and reaches over the seat as he talks with Huff.

KERSHAW

Oh, okay. Are you telling me you feel completely comfortable handing him fifteen thousand dollars?

HUFF

I'm completely comfortable with it.

KERSHAW

Yeah? Why's that?

Huff pulls his three fifty seven and wraps both hands around Deele's headrest as Deele spots the gun on his shoulder.

HUFF

(to Deele)

Because he knows if he tries to run I'll bust the first cap between his eyes so fast he won't have time to shit his pants. Isn't that right, Bobby?

Deele turns to Kershaw, a smile.

DEELE

You see? You got nothing to worry about, man.

Kershaw reluctantly hands him the fifteen grand.

HUFF

Remember what I said. This plan of your better work. Kyle's life depends on it.

DEELE

It's a good thing my shit always works, then isn't it?

Huff laughs.

HUFF

Good. Then we understand each other.

Huff pulls the gun away from his head as Deelee ducks out.

INT. THE PIT STOP - NIGHT

Deelee steps inside and takes it in. A full grocery center with a fine wine and liquors section and cigar shop on one side and a posh SUSHI BAR and restaurant on the other.

A shifty looking character in a flash vest and goofy bow tie is standing behind a mahogany desk marked "Reservations".

Deelee watches as the young DESK CLERK sniffs from a small nasal spray bottle. His eyes wide and dancing.

Deelee laughs as he approaches the desk.

The Desk Clerk spots him coming and fumbles with his tie.

Deelee plays nervous as he puts on a pair of shades and carefully watches his back.

DEELE

(thug voice)

Hey, my man. Someone call a plumber? Cos I'm here to snake the drain.

DESK CLERK

Excuse me?

DEELE

You know? Unclog the pipes?

The Desk Clerk is still clueless.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Okay, this still ain't sinkin' in.

Deelee plays nervous as he watches his back and leans on the desk's surface.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Let's say, hypothetically, I gotta use the restroom, okay? But the shit's busted.

(MORE)

DEELE (CONT'D)

There's a sign on the door sayin' I
can only go number one. Number
one's cool. I
gotta go number one real bad.

The Desk Clerk just shakes his head in confusion, not following along at all.

DEELE (CONT'D)

But let's say I'm in there awhile.
All the sudden, I decide I wanna
sit down and stay for awhile. Maybe
go number two. Now, do I gotta
decide before I go in there if I'm
doin' a number one or number two?
...Or can I wait and see if the
mood hits?

Deele nervously rubs the back of his neck as the Desk Clerk slowly cracks a smile.

DEELE (CONT'D)

You see what I'm sayin' to you now?

DESK CLERK

Yes, sir. I believe so.

INT. PIT STOP/1ST FLOOR/VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Deele makes it past the front desk and heads for an elevator but spots a slew of YOUNG LADIES in evening gowns and well-dressed BUSINESSMEN bellied up at a bar, drinking martinis.

Deele swipes a GOLD CARD into a slit near the elevator doors as the shiny gold doors open. He steps inside.

INT. PIT STOP/2ND FLOOR/VIP ROOM - NIGHT

Deele steps off the elevator and is greeted by a long couch full of beautiful YOUNG LADIES in slinky lingerie. They all stand in unison, greet him with a phoney smile.

DEELE

Yes. This could definitely be a
long night.

INT. KERSHAW'S CAR - NIGHT

Kershaw and Huff watch the building, bored, as Kershaw feels Huff's eyes on the back of his neck and grows uncomfortable.

HUFF

So when's the wedding, Cole Slaw?
You two pick a date yet?

Kershaw huffs out loud. Shakes his head.

HUFF (CONT'D)

I think it's only fitting we keep
it all in the family, don't you? My
kid and your baby sister. You and
my wife. That way you can keep an
eye on all of us at once. Keep the
whole brood in line.

KERSHAW

She broke it off.

Huff laughs.

HUFF

I'm sorry to hear that.

KERSHAW

With the wedding, your
investigation. All of it was too
much for her.

HUFF

Can't imagine why.

Kershaw stares at him through the rearview mirror.

KERSHAW

Look, it's over with, okay? Let's
just let it go.

HUFF

Let it go. I lose my job, my
family. But let's let it go. We got
more important things to do like
get your name back in the papers,
right?

Kershaw rubs his sore eyes, exhausted.

HUFF (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Am I making you
uncomfortable?

INT. VIP ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deele is escorted into a perfectly lit, ultra high-tech bedroom with king sized bed, silk sheets and mirrored ceiling. A video camera is set up on a tripod while a FLATSCREEN TV hangs on the wall.

Deele's paid escort SKYLER (20), great build, but a real phoney product of too much plastic surgery, sprawls out on the bed, poses on it seductively as Deele watches and holds the envelope of money behind his back.

SKYLER

Are you gonna stand there all night? Or are you gonna get comfortable?

DEELE

I'm comfortable, thanks.

SKYLER

So what's your name?

DEELE

Does it really matter?

SKYLER

So you're one of those guys who likes to get right to it. That's cool.

She pats the bedsheets, invites him over.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Why don't you get a little closer?

Deele tosses the envelope of money onto the sheets in front of his date. She flips through the cash.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Wow. I've got my work cut out for me, don't I?

DEELE

That money's not for you. It's for your boss. I got a message for him. Inside the envelope he'll find the name and address of where I want the money delivered. Then I want him to send a message along with it. Fifteen thousand, compliments of Kyle Huff. His debt's officially paid off.

SKYLER

I don't understand.

DEELE

You don't need to understand. You just need to send the message. And tell your boss if he doesn't do it ...there's some cops who might be interested in his little operation.

SKYLER

So you're just gonna leave me this money?

DEELE

I figured you would ask me that, so let's you and me be clear.

DEELE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be calling to see if he got that money. If he doesn't have it come morning...and if I think you ran off with it, stole it or whatever... I'm gonna let your boss know all about it. And then I'm gonna drop his name, along with you and all your girlfriends names to the cops.

Skyler gazes down at the envelope, sick to her stomach.

DEELE (CONT'D)

That's it. Have a good night.

Deele heads for the door.

DEELE (CONT'D)

You're doing a very good job here.

Skyler stares at his pants, smiles.

SKYLER

Yeah, I can see that.

Deele bashfully covers himself on his way out.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Come on back now!

INT. KERSHAW'S CAR - EARLY DAWN

Deele, Kershaw and Huff watch the front door closely, waiting patiently as Huff rubs his sore eyes and Kershaw struggles to keep his head up.

HUFF

Okay, now what?

The sound of Huff's voice startles Kershaw out of his sleep.

DEELE

Be cool, man. Now all we gotta do is follow the money.

KERSHAW

I still don't get it.

DEELE

What's there to get? It's very simple. We're giving Kyle's share of the money back, and still paying off his football debt. Meanwhile we can get this Eddie Stone by the ass all at the same time when we catch him with the money.

Kershaw rubs his temples, a nervous habit.

KERSHAW

Blackmailing cops? This...this is not good. At all.

DEELE

What're you getting all worked up about? I thought you wanted to bust this guy?

KERSHAW

By handing him a bag of stolen cash? It's not exactly what I had in mind. I could lose my job.

HUFF

(furious)

Your job? What about Kyle? He's got a little more than his job on the line.

DEELE

Would you guys relax? You're not gonna lose your job and nothing's gonna happen to Kyle. We got this.

Kershaw spots the familiar face of Eddie Stone heading out the front door with the envelope of cash.

KERSHAW
Hey. It's him.

Huff quickly sits up. Deele uses binoculars to watch Stone as he heads to his Mercedes.

DEELE
Where did he come from?

KERSHAW
He's leaving. He must've been in there the whole night.

DEELE
He took the bait.

KERSHAW
Now what?

He lowers the binoculars, smiles at the others.

DEELE
Now we go to breakfast. Fuck do you think? Now we tail him and follow the money.

Kershaw waits until Stone pulls out of the lot and slowly follows behind, staying safely out of view.

Watching them from an unmarked squad car on the other side of the parking lot are --

Benson and Diego. They wear rubber gloves and load a couple twelve-gauge shotguns.

BENSON
Alright. Let's nail these assholes and be done with it.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - MORNING

As Kershaw's Lexus enters Mulholland Drive, a whole swarm of black and white patrol cars, lights flashing, box them in, force them to the curb.

INT. BENSON AND DIEGO'S CAR - MORNING

Benson and Diego quickly brake, staying a good distance behind all the surprise commotion.

DIEGO
What the hell is this, man?

TWO OFFICERS leap from the car in front of them, guns drawn and moving in.

INT. KERSHAW'S CAR - MORNING

Huff, Deelee and Kershaw watch in awe as they are surrounded by heavily armed police officers.

KERSHAW
What the hell is this?

DEELE
Looks like your boy Stone made us.

KERSHAW
They're stalling us.

HUFF
(sarcastic)
Ya think?

KERSHAW
It's okay.

Kershaw turns to the others.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)
You guys are with me. Just keep quiet and let me do the talking.

OFFICER #1 draws down on Kershaw from the driver's side.

OFFICER #1
Out of the car! Keep your hands where I can see them!

KERSHAW
(to Officer)
It's okay! I'm a cop! I'm just gonna reach for my badge!

Kershaw reaches in his coat as the Officer breaks his pistol through the window, shards flying onto his lap.

OFFICER #1
Hands...on the dash!

HUFF
(to Kershaw)
I feel safer already.

With a goofy expression, Kershaw slowly raises his hands up as Huff does likewise. Deelee places his hands on the dash.

DEELE
(frustrated)
Ffffuck.

INT. BENSON AND DIEGO'S CAR - MORNING

Benson and Diego shake their heads, confused as they hide their weapons on their laps.

BENSON
Fffffuck.

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - DAY

Deelee and Huff rest on a steel slab bench as Kershaw paces on the dirty floor, shakes his head, mumbles. There's a DRAG QUEEN in skirt and pumps sitting next to Deelee and watching Kershaw's nervous fit.

HUFF
Quit it, would ya?

KERSHAW
Quit what?

HUFF
That thing you're doing.

KERSHAW
What thing?

HUFF
Pacing and mumbling. I hate it when you do that. You don't have to whisper, ya know? It's no secret you're pissed off.

KERSHAW
When I get nervous I talk to myself.

HUFF
You're nervous? You're making me nervous.

KERSHAW
You're not the one about to lose your job.

HUFF
 Your job? What about losing the
 money? We don't even know where it
 is.

DRAG QUEEN
 (to Deelee)
 What're you in for?

DEELE
 I'm about to be in here for killin'
 a couple cops.

DRAG QUEEN
 You too?

Deelee nonchalantly shifts in his seat, faces away from the
 drag queen and watches Huff and Kershaw.

DEELE
 How much longer we gotta be in
 here?

KERSHAW
 I don't know. They impounded my car
 so I got us a ride. She'll be here
 in an hour, maybe less.

DEELE
 She?

HUFF
 I got an idea. Why don't you flash
 your badge. That'll scare their
 pants off.

Deelee laughs. Kershaw hangs his head in shame. A CORRECTIONS
 OFFICER opens up their cell. Deelee, Kershaw, Huff and the
 drag queen stand. He fixes his skirt.

C.O.
 You got a visitor.

Deelee, Kershaw and Huff head out. The C.O. points at Kershaw.

C.O. (CONT'D)
 Just you, Lieutenant.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kershaw is escorted inside by the Corrections Officer where
 he is greeted by IAD Inspector Weinberg.

Kershaw huffs with exhaustion and frustration. He shakes his head at Weinberg who is ear to ear smiles.

KERSHAW

They send you to give me my walking papers, Weinberg?

WEINBERG

I should be so lucky. Sit down, Lieutenant.

Kershaw sits down in protest. Weinberg stands.

KERSHAW

So you wanna know about the money? Where it came from?

WEINBERG

That won't be necessary.

Kershaw is visibly confused.

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

I know all about Huff and his kid. I also know that your friend Deelee is helping you break open this Harry Phan investigation. I'm here to tell you to stop.

KERSHAW

Who sent you?

WEINBERG

I've been working in conjunction with federal agents who've been tracking Phan's activities for the last seven months. Including his involvement with several officers in this department.

KERSHAW

You knew about Phan this whole time?

WEINBERG

I've got a number of undercover officers in the field trying to get on Phan's payroll. Eddie Stone included. You and your friends almost blew his cover with that little stunt you pulled. If Phan or
(MORE)

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

any of his associates find out a police officer is blackmailing Stone, he'll have him killed just to be on the safe side.

Kershaw seems disappointed in himself.

WEINBERG (CONT'D)

You know, the feds want your job for compromising their guy. Thanks to me, I made them a better offer.

KERSHAW

What?

WEINBERG

I told them I'd make you a deal. We use the money to take care of Huff's kid's football debt and you walk away. Leave Harry Phan alone.

Kershaw halfheartedly scoffs under his breath.

KERSHAW

Why didn't you tell me? I mean...this whole time?

WEINBERG

Because I knew you wouldn't let it go. You'd insist on getting involved in the investigation. I'm here to tell you that if you don't let this go, word will leak about Huff's kid and that money, and your involvement in attempting to bribe an undercover officer.

KERSHAW

Don't beat around the bush, Weinberg.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

Tell me how you really feel.

Weinberg sits on the edge of the desk, stares Kershaw down with a dead serious look.

WEINBERG

It's up to you, Kershaw. What's it gonna be?

INT. WAITING ROOM - COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Deele, Kershaw and Huff drag ass as they wait behind a white iron gate. A BUZZER sounds and the door swings open as a CORRECTIONS OFFICER escorts the three buddies out.

Rachel awaits them in chairs. She stands, gives a coy smile as she folds her arms and observes this motley crew.

RACHEL

Well well. The three stooges. You boys have some explaining to do.

Kershaw rolls his eyes and checks with Huff.

HUFF

Hey. That's your problem now.

Huff pats him on the shoulder on his way out.

EXT. SEA HORSE MOTEL - (VENICE, CA) - DAY

This modest motel was once a beautiful beachfront inn, but has been beaten down by its hard partying guests as LOUD RAP MUSIC blares from the parking lot and SCANTILY CLAD HOOKERS walk in and out of the many rooms.

Thugged out cars and low-rider trucks sit parked in front of the several motel room doors with their engines running and stereos blasting. One HOOKER counts her money as she is getting picked up by her ride, waiting in the lot.

INT. SEA HORSE MOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

Detectives BENSON and DIEGO await in a back room near the front desk as the motel's owner --

CARL (40s), three day beard, stressed out and tired, frantically searches for his smokes under a stack of unpaid bills. He finds one and sparks up.

CARL

You guys think you're walking out of here with thirty percent of my take for the month, then you're wrong!

BENSON

Is that right? Officer Stone's gonna be real disappointed.

CARL

These fuckin' kids are savages!
Drug deals, hookers, guns! Your
little operation's destroyed my
business! They're supposed to keep
things nice and quiet! That was the
deal!

DIEGO

Hey. You're making money. What's
the problem?

Carl gets in his face.

CARL

Every couple hours, I got vice in
here threatening to shut me down if
I don't start cleaning house!

(beat)

You tell Stone this wasn't part of
the deal! I was supposed to get
protection!

BENSON

Is that all?

CARL

No! It's not all! You tell him if
he doesn't start beefing up
security around here, I'll be the
first one to drop a dime to the
cops! And if he still wants his
cut, he knows what to do! You tell
him that! Now get lost!

DIEGO

I'll be sure he gets the message.

Diego and Benson head out as Carl watches them leave and
gulps down his double shot of crown royal.

EXT. EDDIE STONE'S HOUSE - POOL DECK - DUSK

Benson and Diego follow Stone, in his swim trunks and an open
robe, out a sliding glass door and onto a pool deck as he sip
a gin and tonic.

Stone heads for a wet bar near the deep end to get a refresh
on his glass.

DIEGO

Your boy at the motel's ready to crack. I think he's ready for a sit down.

STONE

You collect the money?

BENSON

No. Not yet.

STONE

Good. Don't. Let him think he's in charge. We got him right where we want him.

Stone grabs a pitcher of gin and tonic, pours another glass.

STONE (CONT'D)

Now onto other business. This shit stick cop Kershaw is starting to really irritate me.

Stone pours an extra glass. Diego and Benson turn and stare at one another.

STONE (CONT'D)

Him and his buddy Deelee got a lead on our operation at The Pit Stop. One plus one equals a rat.

DIEGO

You got any leads on who it is?

STONE

Oh. I have a pretty good idea.

Stone reaches under a magazine and grabs a silenced TWENTY-TWO pistol, swiftly turns, fires at Diego's head.

POW! -- as the bullet blows Diego's face apart and his body is FLUNG INTO THE DEEP END.

Benson is in shock as he watches his dead partner's body fill up the pool with blood.

Stone isn't phased in the least as he removes the silencer.

STONE (CONT'D)

I figure since Kershaw and company are still breathing, against Mister Phan's instructions, that Kershaw got to one of you.

(MORE)

STONE (CONT'D)

If I was wrong about him, that means you're the rat.

Stone nods to Diego.

STONE (CONT'D)

Take a good look. If you don't want that to happen to you, then you're gonna take care of this Kershaw. Once and for all. Show me that I didn't make a mistake by bringing you in on this.

BENSON

What about Huff and Deelee?

STONE

You're a real smart cop, Benson. You figure it out.

Stone sips his drink and heads for the door. Benson just stands in awe of this shocking turn of events.

STONE (CONT'D)

Get this cleaned up. I have company coming over.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DUSK

It's the eighteenth floor of this half-way constructed five star hotel in the making. No walls or windows, just brick, cement and foundation.

A cool breeze blows a swift wind through the hollow passages of this unfinished building.

Harry Phan, Stiggs, a few of Harry's goons, and NICKY BATTS (50s), balding, spiked hair, arms dealer, stroll the floor.

HARRY

We're still months away from a completion date and now they're threatening to shut down construction until I can cover the remaining costs.

Batts nods with appreciation as he observes the impressive building.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I can only move so much money before the IRS starts asking too many questions.

BATTS

And that's where I come in, right?
That's why you invited me up here.
And here I thought it was for the
pretty view.

Batts smiles as he steps closer to the edge and stares out into the bright orange sunset. The Santa Monica pier ferris wheel lights glowing in the distance.

HARRY

I'm your most loyal customer,
Mister Batts. As you are mine. What
I'm proposing is taking our
partnership a step further.

Batts turns, bored with the conversation.

BATTS

Don't jerk me off, Phan. I jerked
off enough in prison. What do you
want?

HARRY

You put up the rest of the money
and I'll guarantee major purchases
on your next five shipments.

BATTS

From the sounds of things, you'll
be in jail long before that.
Besides. I don't believe in
guarantees. I believe in money.

HARRY

My empire is continuing to grow at
an unprecedented rate. And...

(beat)

...I have protection. The kind of
protection a man in your position
can only dream of.

Batts can feel Stiggs watching him like a creep in the corner. An evil scowl on his face.

BATTS

Yeah, your men are making me feel
warm all over. I got butterflies.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Carl, our nervous manager from the Sea Horse Motel, drags from a cigarette and runs his hand across the pier's railing, waits not so patiently as he checks his watch every few seconds.

He turns, stunned to see Harry Phan waiting some ten feet away and puffing his own cigarette.

A couple of his delinquent SOLDIERS cover Carl from both ends of the pier, boxing him in.

CARL

Shit, man. You scared me.

HARRY

Please excuse the time. I hope we haven't kept you waiting.

Carl watches the two soldiers on either side of him, making him nervous and unsure.

CARL

I said I wanted to meet alone. No guns and no goons. Just us.

HARRY

Now that wouldn't be very safe this time of night. Carrying around all this money myself.

Carl notices that one of the soldiers is carrying a backpack of some sort on his shoulder.

CARL

Money? What're you talking about?

HARRY

I hear you're not happy with your current role. Officer Stone tells me the police have caught wind of our operation and made life difficult for you. Because of this you're being pressured to come forward.

Carl grows even more nervous as the two soldiers step closer to him, looking very angry.

CARL

Yeah, well, they're not leaving me much choice. They're gonna shut me down if I don't do something.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Stone gave me a guarantee this wouldn't be a problem. Now, all of a sudden, I got cops all over my ass.

HARRY

I understand. The police can be very stubborn in their pursuits. They get wind of something...they just don't let up until they get their man. It's the cost of doing this kind of business, Mister Dunn. A business that you just aren't cut out for. Unfortunately, your involvement in this has made the officers in my charge uncomfortable to say the least.

Soldier #1 with the backpack steps forward, causes Carl stress as he steps back.

CARL

What's he doing?

HARRY

This is your early retirement, Mister Dunn. All you have to do now is hand over control of the motel to me. You let me and Mister Stone worry about keeping the police in check.

Soldier #1 unzips the bag and throws it on the pavement in front of Carl.

CARL

I see what this is. Whadd'ya think, I'm stupid, Phan? You and your hoods running me out of my own motel. I bet those same cops are in your pocket too. Well forget it. I want back in. Fifty percent.

HARRY

I'm afraid that's not an option. Our offer is more than sufficient, Mister Dunn. If I were you I'd take it and not utter one more fucking word about it.

Carl notices Soldier #2 going for a gun and pulls his own piece from inside his coat. He draws down on Harry.

CARL

Back off!

Harry motions to Soldier #2 to lay off his gun. He slowly pulls his hand out of his pocket.

HARRY

That won't be necessary. You will take this money and we will not speak of this again.

(beat)

This is a war you cannot win. Don't be foolish.

CARL

Yeah, well, I'm gonna have to think this over. In the meantime, you're gonna sweeten the deal. I want another hundred.

CARL (CONT'D)

Payable by the week's end. If you don't have it by then, I'm going to the police. We'll see how loyal your cop friends are after they're brought in for questioning.

Harry thinks it over. Gives an insincere smile.

HARRY

I'll have to take it to my people. You're a very shrewd businessman, Mister Dunn. And also very stubborn. We'll be in touch.

Carl grabs the bag of cash, makes his way off the pier.

EXT. PARKING LOT/BEACH - NIGHT

Carl carries his bag of cash over his shoulder as he leaves the beach and cuts across a small parking lot. He spots a shaggy looking SURFER GIRL leaning on his car and smoking a joint.

She stumbles toward him, playing the role.

SURFER GIRL

Say, buddy. You wanna buy some shit?

CARL

No, I don't. Get the hell away from my car.

The Surfer Girl almost trips on her own feet as she steps even closer.

SURFER GIRL

Come on, man. Just a bag. You should mellow out. Maybe we can go somewhere, make you feel good.

She reaches for his face, strokes the side of his cheek with her fingers.

CARL

Get out of my way you dirty bitch.

SURFER GIRL

What's your problem, man?

SURFER GIRL (CONT'D)

Come on, man. Show me some money.

Carl gets fed up, drops his bag of money and pulls his gun as he sticks it in her face.

CARL

I said get out of here!

Before he knows what's happening, Carl is grabbed from behind as an arm is wrapped around his throat and he drops his weapon.

The Surfer Girl takes off, into the night as a couple more THUGS appear and take turns throwing Carl a beating.

THUG #1 knees him in the crotch as Carl falls to his knees. The man behind him releases his throat as THUG #2 kicks him in the chest and knocks him to the asphalt.

All three men, all dressed like pot-head beach bums, take turns kicking and beating Carl to a pulp.

THUG #1 wraps a long wire around Carl's throat and finishes the job as the other two watch.

Carl finally gives as Thug #1 releases him, lets him fall to the ground. Dead.

EXT. RICKY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rachel's BMW convertible parks in a guests spot in front of the high-priced complex. Several palm trees and a colorful flower garden circle a sign that reads "BEVERLY TERRACE"

INT. RACHEL'S BMW - NIGHT

Rachel behind the wheel, Kershaw shotgun and Huff and Deelee in the back seat, looking whipped.

RACHEL

Okay. I thought we were going for a nice after dinner drink. Anyone wanna tell me what's going on?

KERSHAW

Look at this place. Hard to believe

Ricky living in a place like this.

RACHEL

One more time. What're we doing?

DEELE

I guess it would be asking too much if you waited in the car.

RACHEL

Why? Where are we?

DEELE

We'll just be a minute or two, tops.

HUFF

Yeah. Kershaw here can keep you company. Give you lovebirds a chance to get reacquainted.

Kershaw doesn't seem keen on the idea as he shuts his eyes and mumbles under his breath. Huff watches him, all smiles.

Rachel is just about as enthused.

RACHEL

Wonderful.

HUFF

Kershaw?

KERSHAW

Wonderful.

Deelee notices Rachel and Kershaw giving each other a dirty look and shares an exchange with Huff, who also senses some hostility in the air.

DEELE HUFF

Wonderful. Wonderful.

Kershaw buries his eyes with his hand as he pretends to nod off.

Rachel stares out the opposite window, rolls her eyes.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Deele and Huff push open the already busted open door as Deele does a quick sweep of the front room, gun drawn.

The place is a disaster. The cushions of the couch flipped, and the back of a leather recliner ripped to shreds as white foam stuffing covers the carpet.

Huff checks the messy kitchen.

KITCHEN

Every cabinet door and drawer have been flung open or dropped on the floor, leaving a mess of kitchen utensils, tools and other silverware.

Also on the ground are various pots and pans and other cookware.

A round kitchen table rests in the corner with a full can of coffee dumped onto the surface.

Several bags of potato chips and crackers have also been poured onto the table.

HUFF

Call me obvious...but I think
someone was having a hard time
finding that money.

LIVING ROOM

On the carpet, Deele picks up a busted picture frame as he avoids being cut by the glass. It's a picture of Ricky having a drink at a club with a hot waitress on his shoulder, both smiling.

A look of surprise on Deele as he slowly figures out that the girl is SKYLER, his paid escort at The Pit Stop.

DEELE

Hey, Charlie.

Huff slowly shuffles his way into the living room.

HUFF

What is it?

DEELE

This girl with Ricky. It's the same chick I saw at The Pit Stop.

Huff grabs the photo, takes a look for himself.

HUFF

What was she? A waitress?

DEELE

This girl does a whole lot more than bussing tables.

HUFF

I wonder if Ricky's aware of that.

DEELE

My guess is he is.

Deele squints, confused.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Those girls are charging two grand a head and the place was crawlin' with suits. They take in a whole helluva lot more than twenty 'k' a night.

HUFF

What're you saying? That Johnny was lying about the fifteen grand?

DEELE

I'm saying if Ricky ripped this place off, he took a lot more than fifteen thousand, whether Kyle's aware of it or not.

HUFF

A place like that, you can't just run in with a ski mask and stick up the place.

DEELE

Exactly. Ricky says he worked for this guy Phan. Maybe he was the bag man. He gets the money from point A to point B, only --

HUFF

-- It never gets to point B.

Huff ponders it all. A moment of realization hits him like a sack of bricks.

HUFF (CONT'D)
I'm gonna check the bedroom.

Huff hurries to a corner bedroom as Deelee follows behind.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Huff flips on the lights and notices a perfectly made bed in the center of the room. The drawers of a large oak armoire have been pulled and dumped to the carpet, only they are empty.

Huff bites his lip, in deep thought. He opens up a closet door and finds it completely empty. No clothes, hangers, nothing.

HUFF
Yo, Deelee!

INT. RICKY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Huff notices the sink is spotless with an empty toothbrush stand on top. He opens up a medicine cabinet and finds it also empty. Deelee ducks his head in.

DEELE
Yeah?

HUFF
You notice anything strange?

DEELE
Yeah. Doesn't look like anyone lives here.

HUFF
Ricky didn't come runnin' back here after the wedding. It would be the first place they'd look for that cash. He packed his shit long before that.

DEELE
Ready to skip town.

HUFF
No wonder he was so nervous at the wedding.

DEELE

He knew they were lookin' for him.

HUFF

Which probably means he worked for them as a courier. When the shit turns up missing, they don't exactly have to narrow down the list to find out who did it.

DEELE

If they know he's the last one to touch the cash, why risk taking it? It doesn't make sense.

HUFF

A kid like Ricky grew up with nothing and spent half his life living on the streets. He probably got sick at starin' at all that cash and lost his head.

DEELE

Okay, so where is he?

Huff stares down at the broken photo of Ricky and Skyler.

HUFF

I don't know. Maybe we should ask Skyler and find out.

INT. RACHEL'S BMW - NIGHT

Kershaw in the front seat with Rachel. They are strangely quiet, avoiding each other as Kershaw sneaks a few peeks here and there.

KERSHAW

I never thanked you for coming to get us.

RACHEL

Forget it.

Kershaw obviously bites his tongue and fights hard to restrain from responding.

KERSHAW

Look, I never said I was sorry for...

RACHEL
Yeah, well, look, it wasn't all
just you.

KERSHAW
Well I'm sorry anyway.

RACHEL
We were an unnatural act. A case of
mistaking wild coincidence as fate.

Kershaw reflects. A growing smile.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I was lonely, depressed, hurt. And
we just happened to be in the same
supermarket at the exact same time
waiting in the exact same line.

KERSHAW
(smiles)
Lane three.

RACHEL
I let things move way too fast
because I was angry. Angry at him.
I guess you could say I was looking
to get even and the opportunity
presented itself.

Kershaw is chomping at the bit to tell Rachel something but
he can't quite get there.

KERSHAW
Look. There's something else I
should probably tell you.

Rachel turns to him, confused.

RACHEL
What?

Kershaw spots Deele and Huff heading to the car. Rachel also
spots the two coming toward them.

KERSHAW
Later. I can tell you later.

In steps Huff and Deele.

HUFF
Well. How'd it go? Wonderful I
hope.

Rachel and Kershaw turn to each other.

RACHEL KERSHAW
Wonderful. Wonderful.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the front door walks Deelee, Rachel, Huff and Kershaw.

Huff and Deelee marvel at the high-priced digs.

An entire collection of eclectic artwork hangs from the wall. A pricey crystal chandelier dangles from the ceiling above the spiral staircase.

DEELE
Yo, man. It's lifestyles of the
rich and famous.
(to Huff)
Is this your house?

RACHEL
My plastic surgeon. He's letting me
crash here for a few days while
he's on vacation. What can I say?
Seeing my husband's name on a mob
hit list tends to make me a bit
paranoid.

Kershaw rolls his eyes as he strolls the living room with his hands in his pocket, disinterested and unimpressed.

KERSHAW
(smug)
Don't be so modest, Rachel. It's
her new boyfriend. The doctor.

Rachel bumps Kershaw out of the way as she follows Huff and Deelee into the kitchen.

KITCHEN
Huff grabs a plastic barbecue
lighter from a drawer, sparks
up a cigar.

Rachel yanks it right out of his mouth.

RACHEL
Don't even think of lighting that
tobacco asshole in this house.

HUFF

Yeah, we wouldn't wanna ruin the smell of new money.

Deele laughs.

KERSHAW

Yeah, no kidding.

RACHEL

Paul is bronchial. The faintest smell of cigar smoke and he'll kill me.

KERSHAW

We wouldn't wanna upset Paul, now would we?

DEELE

Ya know, I'm no cop but I'm sensing some tension in the air. Whatta you think, Huff?

HUFF

The air is a bit thick.

KERSHAW

Let's just say Rachel got a better offer. A bigger wall to hang all her pretty artwork.

Rachel gives up and heads to a liquor cabinet, pours all of them a nice double shot.

RACHEL

Well. On that note, I think I'll take a shower. Excuse me.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SWIMMING POOL DECK - NIGHT

Huff's pants are rolled up as he soaks his sore feet in a hot tub and puffs his cigar.

Kershaw sits at a laptop doing some research. Rachel sips on a gin and tonic and watches Huff from a lawn chair.

Out a sliding glass door with an answering machine in hand is Deele. He notices Rachel watching her ex-husband and heads over to say hello to Huff

DEELE

Yo, man. You got a minute? I just wanted to talk to you for a sec.

HUFF

Yeah, what is it?

Deele dips his feet in the hot water.

DEELE

Damn! Hot! You need to warn a brother before he burns himself up, man.

HUFF

The water's hot.

DEELE

Yeah, thanks.

Deele turns to Rachel, catches her looking as she pretends to be reading a book.

DEELE (CONT'D)

I know it's not my business and everything but... I've been noticing something about your woman.

HUFF

She's not my woman anymore, Deele.

DEELE

I know. But, man, don't you think it's kind of strange her jumping man to man right in front of you like this?

DEELE (CONT'D)

It's obvious she don't give a shit about Kershaw. Now she's supposed to be with this new dude, living the dream with pools and hot tubs and five thousand dollar art pieces hanging on the wall. And all she's worried about is you.

Huff pulls out his cigar, reads Deele's eyes.

HUFF

Let me ask you something. What do you care? If it weren't for you I wouldn't be in this mess. Why all the sudden you give a shit?

DEELE

Look, man. About fifteen years ago, I got into some seriously foul shit. Did a little time for it too. When I was on the inside, there was this guy who took me under his wing. Kept my ass alive for eight months when I was locked up.

HUFF

Yeah, so?

DEELE

So he was a good man. A good father and husband. Turns out he got framed up by this real nasty cop for some shit he had nothing to do with. You see, he found out his daughter was doing some dealing on the side for this older kid she was seeing. When he tried to put a stop to it, he found out there was some cops involved. Not just one, but a whole crew.

HUFF

This was Lola?

Deele nods.

DEELE

But look, man, anyone with two eyes and a brain can see you got nothing to do with any of this shit. You're just like me. Looking for answers.

DEELE (CONT'D)

I was wrong about you. When this shit's over a lot of people are gonna owe you a big apology. Me included.

Huff halfheartedly accepts his apology.

HUFF

So tell me, Deele. Who's the guy in the video?

Deele scratches his head, caught off guard and avoiding the question.

DEELE

Damn. You knew about that?

HUFF

What? You didn't think I was gonna find out? I'm surprised she bought it. Anyone can see I got that guy by a good six inches.

Deele turns to Rachel. She steals another peek at them.

DEELE

Look, man, if you want I'll go tell her the truth right now.

Huff laughs.

HUFF

Nah. Let's let her stew a little while longer. This is the most fun we've had in ten years.

Deele smiles and pats him on the leg.

DEELE

Good talk.

Deele heads back over to Kershaw on his laptop.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Kershaw. What're you reading?

KERSHAW

It's an IAD database. With my password, I can access it from any computer. This is everything we got on Harry Phan.

Kershaw scans through a digital file of crime scene photos, all unsolved homicides, stabbings, shootings, overdoses, all young men and women in their teens and twenties.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

There's been over two dozen juvenile deaths in the greater Los Angeles area in the last month. All of the victims have one thing in common. All John and Jane Does. No ID, no history, no next of kin. And all unsolved.

Deele takes the mouse and scans through a few more images of the unsolved homicide cases:

-- a young HOMELESS MAN is found dead under a bridge, surrounded by newspapers and other garbage.

-- a TEEN GIRL is face down in an alley. An overdose. A large line of people waiting to get into a club is seen in the near distance.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

These are just a few of em.
Stabbings, shootings, overdoses.

HUFF

This is LA, Kershaw. It's not
really that uncommon.

KERSHAW

I showed some photos around at the
local homeless shelters. They
identified over a third of the
deceased.

Huff and Deelee share an intrigued look. Rachel hears the doorbell, heads out.

DEELE

This guy Phan is recruiting them
straight out of the shelters.

KERSHAW

Makes them an offer they can't
refuse. A place to stay, a free
supply of junk. More money than
they've ever seen.

DEELE

And when the cops get too close...

KERSHAW

Or they become too big a problem to
handle, he bumps them off.

Through the sliding glass walks Rachel and her surprise guest KELLI VAN DER MEER(20s), Rachel's sister, short blonde hair, professional look with matching business suit, successful.

Deelee, Huff and Kershaw light up as she enters the pool deck. A big smile on all their faces.

DEELE

Well, hello there.

Kelli shoots a wink at Kershaw.

KELLI

Hey, big sexy.

Kelli leans in and gives Kershaw a hug around his neck, gives him a big wet kiss on the neck and mouth.

Rachel shakes her head in disgust. Deelee and Huff share a big confused smile.

KERSHAW

Hey, babe. How was your day?

KELLI

A lot better now.

Kelli gives him another wet one on the mouth. Rachel sticks her finger down her neck as Huff laughs.

HUFF

My. What a turn of events.

Rachel shoots him a nasty stare to back off. Kershaw covers up his face with his hand, avoids eye contact.

DEELE

Wait a minute. How did this happen?

KELLI

I guess you could say it was an accident. There I was waiting in line at the supermarket...

Rachel and Huff share a funny look. Huff can't help but smile as Kershaw bashfully looks away.

KELLI (CONT'D)

And out of nowhere comes Ryan. We hadn't talked in almost two years, and just like that. There he was. I guess you could call it fate.

RACHEL

Yeah. Fate. It's a funny thing.

Rachel takes another huge belt of her gin and tonic. Kershaw quickly changes the subject.

KERSHAW

So anyways. What did you find out today?

KELLI

So much for memory lane.

Kelli hands Kershaw a manila file full of paperwork. He takes a look at the thick set of papers.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Your friend Harry Phan's been a busy boy. He's being investigated in at least eight counts of insurance and tax fraud. He owes something in excess of four to five million in back taxes.

Huff is now intrigued as he crawls out of the hot tub, joins the others.

KELLI (CONT'D)

And that's just what we were able to find. God knows what else this guy's into.

KERSHAW

Anything else?

KELLI

My guy in the IRS says Phan's big thing now is targeting failing businesses that are struggling financially, offers a third of what the property is worth while the owner takes the money and runs.

Huff hangs on every word as he slowly takes a seat next to Rachel. She waves away his nasty cigar smoke.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, the seller keeps his name on the books while Phan stays in the clear. When the IRS gets wind of what's going on, Phan moves on to his next target. This guy's making millions under the table.

Deele seems focused. He hurries back to the laptop.

DEELE

Kershaw. Go back a few photos. I wanna check something.

Kershaw grabs the mouse, moves through the still images until he stops on the YOUNG GIRL in the back alley. A nightclub in the back ground.

Deele points at the long line of people in the distance. There's some chinese writing on the wall in bright glowing NEON LETTERS.

DEELE (CONT'D)

There. That club across the street.
Where is that?

KERSHAW

It's this club on Pico. The Dragon
Room. Why?

DEELE

Listen to this.

Deele sets down the answering machine, presses play.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Me and Huff grabbed this from
Ricky's apartment. See if you
recognize this voice.

BENSON (V.O.)

Times up, Ricky. The way I see it,
me and you got a problem. Stone
wants you and your friends dead and
I want that money. So I'll make you
a deal. If you ever wanna see that
sweet young thing of yours again,
you'll bring me the full ninety
thousand.

KERSHAW

Benson.

BENSON (V.O.)

I'll tell Stone your dead, and we
can all go our separate ways. Like
this never happened.

(beat)

Dragon Room. Midnight. If you're
one second late, the girl's dead.

Deele hits stop on the machine.

KERSHAW

What girl?

Deele pulls the photo of Skylar and Ricky from his pants
pocket.

DEELE

This girl. It's the same girl I saw
at The Pit Stop. My guess...her and
Ricky were both involved in
stealing that money.

HUFF

He said the full ninety. That means her and Ricky took over a hundred gees. No wonder they're so pissed off.

Deele stares at the still image of the dead young woman laying in the back alley.

DEELE

The bigger question is...who's this dead girl in the alley?

KERSHAW

She's an overdose. Her friends called in a 911 emergency. Supposedly, she just collapsed right there in the alley.

DEELE

What was the name of the girl who called this in?

KERSHAW

Lisa, Linda, Layla. Something.

DEELE

Lola?

Kershaw suddenly realizes who it is. He slumps in his chair with a surprised look on his face.

Deele seems annoyed as he quickly digs up Lola's photo.

He shoves it in Kershaw's face.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Is this her?

KERSHAW

I never talked to her. She disappeared before I could question her.

DEELE

Man, Lola was killed because she knew something. She was either involved in this girl's death or tried to blow the whistle. Either way, they killed her for it.

KERSHAW

The redhead. Reena!

DEELE

Lola was too scared to come forward about Stone, so she sends her friend Reena instead.

HUFF

Okay. I'm lost.

DEELE

Kershaw took a statement from a girl about a bad cop. That was Reena. My guess is she was either there that night with Lola or decided to come forward to keep her friend in the clear.

Kershaw checks his watch.

KERSHAW

It's after nine. We got less than three hours before Ricky meets with Benson.

INT. THE DRAGON ROOM CLUB - NIGHT

Deele, Kershaw and Huff move through a busy crowd, walk in on a Chinese Dragon Dance already in progress. The dragon zig-zags its way through an array of glass table tops where clubbers are seated.

At each table, a torch is lit.

The dancers move to the beat of the DRUMS as they glide across the floor.

INT. PHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry Phan and Stone watch Deele, Kershaw and Huff from his two-way office window.

HARRY

And here they are. Right on time.

STONE

Yeah. I wouldn't start celebrating just yet. It's quarter to and still no sign of the kid.

Harry turns to him. A growing smile.

HARRY

Don't worry. He'll be here.

INT. THE DRAGON ROOM CLUB - NIGHT

Deele, Kershaw and Huff take a seat at one of the glass table tops. Deele scans the floor for any signs of Ricky or Skylar as he spots --

SKYLAR picking up a drink order at the bar. She turns and spots Deele. A smile.

KERSHAW

Deele. Isn't that her?

DEELE

I see her. You guys hang back.

Deele pats Kershaw on the chest as he heads for the bar.

BAR

Deele hurries to catch up with Skylar, who carries her tray to a corner booth. He grabs her by the arm as she turns to him.

A smile.

SKYLAR

Look who it is. I guess you changed your mind.

Deele flashes the photo of her and Ricky together.

DEELE

You wanna explain this?

Skylar checks the photo. She doesn't follow.

SKYLAR

He's a friend. So what?

DEELE

So we need to find a place to talk. Like, right now.

Deele grabs her by the arm and drags her into a corner.

She puts up a good fight.

SKYLAR

Hey, you don't need to do that. You wanna talk, we'll talk.

Skylar turns her attention to a long, mirrored wall in the far corner of the room. She sets down her tray of drinks, grabs Deele by the arm and walks him toward the wall.

There's a small slit in the glass as Skylar uses an ID CARD that is chained to her skirt to open up the private room.

The mirrored wall opens up as Skylar and Deelee head inside.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Skylar shoves Deelee into a leather chair as she hops on his lap and starts an erotic lap dance.

SKYLAR

There. Now isn't that better?

DEELE

We don't have much time. He'll be here any second.

SKYLAR

Look man. There's cameras all over this place. If you don't want me to get in trouble, then act like you're enjoying this.

DEELE

Tell me what happened at The Pit Stop.

SKYLAR

I don't know what you're talking about.

Deelee grabs her, makes her stop.

DEELE

Then that must've been some other girl Benson was talkin' about killing if Ricky don't show with that money by midnight.

Skylar sits in shock.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Oh, do I have your attention now?

Skylar huffs in frustration. She comes around.

SKYLAR

Look, I let him crib at my place, but I'm not involved in any of this. I even told him and Ginny they were nuts for going through with it.

DEELE
Ginny. Who's Ginny?

An exit door in the far corner opens and in walks --

RICKY

with a back pack full of money. Ninety grand. He and Deelee catch eyes, both surprised to see each other.

A sudden realization hits Deelee.

EXT. MIRRORED WALL - NIGHT

Two GUNMEN lock and load their machine guns and take aim at the glass wall. One of them is Benson.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Deelee shoves Skylar and himself to the floor.

DEELE
(to Ricky)
Get down!

The glass wall is RIDDLED WITH AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE as Ricky is hit with several shots. He falls to the ground. Dead.

The bag of money also falls limp to the floor.

As the glass wall explodes and breaks into large shards on the carpet, Deelee raises his gun and FIRES MULTIPLE SHOTS.

One of the men is STRUCK IN THE SHOULDER and CHEST and falls to the floor. Benson escapes down the hall.

Deelee checks on Skylar.

DEELE (CONT'D)
You okay?

SKYLAR
No, are you crazy???

Deelee checks on Ricky. Now dead.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DRAGON ROOM - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

A waitress wearing a kimono carries a covered silver platter as she passes by Huff and Kershaw. She removes the lid and snags up an uzi sub machine gun.

Kershaw spots her.

KERSHAW

HUFF!!!

Before she can cock the weapon, Huff grabs her by the arm and throws her to the floor.

Huff spots a second ARMED WAITER coming up a small set of stairs just behind Kershaw.

He swings the weapon in Kershaw's direction:

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

SHIT!!!

Kershaw dives for cover, under the table.

Huff fires the weapon as the waiter is riddled with bullets and his bloody corpse stumbles down the steps.

INT. DRAGON ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Deele fights his way through a busy crowd as they gather near a back room bar and congregate on a tall staircase overlooking a dance floor.

Deele spots Benson at the top of the steps, making his way toward the roof.

Deele pushes and shoves his way up the steps.

EXT. DRAGON ROOM - ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Benson pushes a circle of friends having some wine out of his way - runs to a steel railing at the edge of the roof.

A full view of the street. He's run out of places to hide.

Deele makes his way onto the roof as Benson spots him. Benson raises his gun in the air and FIRES A FEW SHOTS.

The panicked crowd almost runs over Deele as they head for the stairs. They knock his gun to the ground.

One of the clubbers plays hero and attempts to grab Benson's gun from his raised arm.

During the scuffle, Benson drops his gun and punches the man in the mouth.

Deele jumps him as the two almost fall over the railing. Benson grabs his throat, chokes him as Deele gasps for air.

Onto the rooftop runs Huff, three fifty seven in hand. He holds his gun on Benson just as Benson manages to hold a gun to Deele's head.

BENSON

Come on, badass! Let's see what you got!

Without hesitation, Deele elbows Benson in the mouth as the cop stumbles backward, followed by a swift knee to the groin and a hard punch to the face as Benson falls --

OVER THE RAILING and THROUGH A CHINESE ENGRAVED SKYLIGHT --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DRAGON ROOM - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CRASH! Benson falls through the glass and onto a lighted DANCE FLOOR where clubbers SCREAM and run for cover.

Deele stares over the railing and through the skylight at the mangled body of Benson on the dance floor.

DEELE

(shouts to Benson)
Does that work for you?!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rachel huffs in boredom and shakes her head as she incessantly checks the time on her watch. She catches the SHADOW

person passing by the rearview mirror.

RACHEL

It's about damn time.

The kimono wearing waitress appears at the driver's side window and holds a gun to Rachel.

WAITRESS

Stay where you are and keep your hands on the wheel.

The passenger door opens and in crawls Stiggs with a menacing look in his eyes as he scares the hell out of Rachel.

STIGGS

Let's you and me go for a ride.

EXT. DRAGON ROOM - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Deele, Huff and Kershaw walk an angry Skylar out a back door and into a filthy alley greeted by a black dumpster.

Huff grabs her by the arm and shoves her against the dumpster as he shoots her a deadly stare.

HUFF

You're awfully luck you didn't get us all killed.

SKYLAR

They were gonna kill me! What would you do?!

HUFF

They were gonna kill you anyways!

KERSHAW

You set us up.

DEELE

You said Ricky and Ginny took that money. Who's Ginny?

Deele grabs a photo of the dead girl in the alley from Kershaw.

Shoves it in Skylar's face.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Is this Ginny?

Skylar is quiet at first, but comes around.

SKYLAR

Ginny worked at The Dragon Room as a waitress.

HUFF

You mean an escort.

SKYLAR
Congratulations, cop.

Deele shows Skylar a photo of Lola Marcus.

DEELE
I was hired to find this girl by
her father. You know her, don't
you?

SKYLAR
Yes. She also worked at the club as
a dancer. Her name's Lola. I don't
know what happened to her. I
haven't seen her in weeks.

DEELE
Tell me what happened to Ginny. She
didn't die of natural causes. Phan
had her killed and I wanna know
why. Did they find out her and
Ricky stole that money?

SKYLAR
A few weeks back, Ricky tells me
this cop Eddie Stone was working
for Phan. He said this other cop
found out he was on Phan's payroll
and opened an investigation on him.

KERSHAW
What was his name? This cop?

SKYLAR
I don't know. All I know is Stone
supposedly sent Ginny to get her
hooks into this cop. Get him all
hot and bothered and bring him back
to The Pit Stop for a quick roll.

KERSHAW
Why?

Skylar is shocked by his stupidity.

SKYLAR
Whatta you mean why? They wanted to
catch him on tape. Use it as
blackmail.

HUFF
So they killed her to cover their
tracks?

SKYLAR

No. Ginny got greedy. Her and Ricky came up with this plan. They burned a copy of the blackmail video of her and this cop, then played both sides. Taking money from Stone and the other cop at the same time.

KERSHAW

Weinberg.

Huff and Deelee turn to him.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

No wonder he's been putting up so much resistance.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

He's been working under the table for Stone this whole time.

Kershaw paces the alley. Flustered. He's been played for a fool by Weinberg.

DEELE

(to Skylar)

How was Lola involved in all this?

SKYLAR

They sent Lola to spike Ginny's drink. She didn't know they were gonna kill her. She was supposed to just walk her to her car and drive her home. When she collapsed in the alley, Lola freaked out and called the cops.

KERSHAW

So that's why she split town. She was afraid the cops would find out she killed her.

SKYLAR

So what happens now? To me?

Deelee checks with Kershaw who is unsure.

Huff's PHONE RINGING changes the subject as they all turn to him and wait. He digs it out of his pocket, answers:

HUFF

Yeah, Rachel. What is it?

INT. RACHEL'S BMW - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rachel behind the wheel in tears as Stiggs holds a gun to her side with an evil grin on his face.

STIGGS
She can't come to the phone right
now, cop.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DRAGON ROOM - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Huff stares back at the others with a dead serious look. Deelee and Kershaw both know what's up as they share a look and walk closer to Huff.

Huff puts him on speaker phone and holds up his cell:

STIGGS (V.O.)
Not bad, Huff. Looks like you did
real well for yourself.

Deelee and Kershaw scared to death.

HUFF
Well well. It's been a long time. I
guess you've moved up in the world
since the last we talked. All the
way from the sewer to the gutter.

Stiggs laughs.

STIGGS (V.O.)
Your girl wants to say Hi.

INT. RACHEL'S BMW - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Stiggs holds the phone near Rachel's face.

RACHEL
Charlie?! You lousy sonofabitch!

INT. DRAGON ROOM - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Huff holds his hand over the speaker.

HUFF
(to Deelee and Kershaw)
It's definitely her.
(to Rachel)
(MORE)

HUFF (CONT'D)

Don't worry, baby. He doesn't want you. He wants her.

Skylar looks sick to her stomach.

STIGGS (V.O.)

Very good, cop.

STIGGS (V.O.)

I gotta nice wide open spot picked out for us to make the exchange. I get my girl, you get yours. No tricks. Everyone's happy.

Huff checks with the others. They shake their head "no" - not buying his rap.

HUFF

You? No tricks? Why am I not buying that, Terrel? Now here's my deal. You're gonna drop her off at the next stop light or Skylar here's paying a visit downtown. We'll all have a nice long chat about your boy Phan. Waddy'a think of that?

Stiggs hangs up.

HUFF (CONT'D)

Shhhhit! Bastard hung up!

KERSHAW

The fuck did you just do?! He's gonna kill her!

HUFF

No he's not. Not yet. Not as long as we have Skylar.

KERSHAW

Bullshit! You just killed her, Huff!

Huff charges toward him. Deele holds him back.

DEELE

Wait! Wait a minute!

Huff composes himself. Kershaw shakes his head in disgust.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Rachel drives a BMW, right?

HUFF
Yeah? So what?

Kershaw comes around.

KERSHAW
So we can report it stolen.

Deele smiles.

DEELE
Right.

INT. EDDIE STONE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Stone stares down at the back pack filled with ninety thousand dollars in cash sitting on a pricey glass dining table.

He is locked in on this money - focused. Stone rubs the stubble on his face in a nervous fit, paces the floor. Several pieces of luggage are packed and ready as they rest on the tile.

Stone is shocked to see --

WEINBERG

standing in a door frame, his gun aimed and ready to shoot.

WEINBERG
Going somewhere, Stone?

STONE
What the hell're you doing in my house?

WEINBERG
If you think I'm going down alone, you're crazier than I thought.

STONE
You have one other option. You can kill the girl, along with Kershaw and Huff.

WEINBERG
So, paint an even bigger target on my back while you're sitting on a beach with ninety grand? I don't think so.

STONE

So you came here to take the money?

WEINBERG

No. I came here to kill you and then take the money.

STONE

Not very smart. Killing a cop. You're in enough trouble as it is. The way I see it...you need me.

WEINBERG

I need you? How?

STONE

To get Kershaw and Huff out of the picture. For good. Tonight.

Stone cautiously steps closer to Weinberg, who gets nervous and backs out of the dining room, into the living room.

STONE (CONT'D)

Your only other option is to run. And you won't get far. Not as long as they're alive. You know this.

WEINBERG

Stay back.

Stone forces him further into the living room.

STONE

We're running out of time. If we're gonna do this, I need you to focus. No more games.

LIVING ROOM

Weinberg pulls back the hammer on his pistol.

WEINBERG

I said get back.

STONE

Don't be stupid. Without me, you're dead. Drop the gun.

And from behind a wall jumps STIGGS with a hypodermic needle in hand. Jams in into Stone's neck.

Stone stumbles. Then collapses to the tile floor as Weinberg lowers his weapon.

WEINBERG

There. You got him. Now give me the money.

Stiggs cracks an evil smile as he nods toward the dining room, gives Weinberg the signal to grab the cash.

Weinberg hurries back into --

THE DINING ROOM

and snags the bag of money from the glass table. He checks to see if Stiggs is watching him and bolts for the front door.

EXT. EDDIE STONE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Weinberg rushes to his car, jumps in with the bag of money.

INT. WEINBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Weinberg sticks in his key. Not a click. Nothing. The car is completely dead.

Weinberg spots Stiggs standing in front of his car. A MACHINE GUN aimed, locked and ready.

THE WINDSHIELD IS RIDDLED WITH AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE

- as Weinberg is quickly killed.

- Stiggs cracks a toothy grin as he heads for the passenger side door, grabs the money from the empty seat.

INT. EDDIE STONE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stone's unconscious body sits limp in an expensive recliner as Stiggs places a FORTY FIVE in his lifeless hand.

Stiggs is now wearing goggles and covered in a black trash bag material from head to toe. He holds the forty five to Stone's temple, pulls the trigger.

POW! -- A bright CRIMSON RED sprays across a white leather couch and a marble coffee table.

INT. RACHEL'S BMW - EDDIE'S REAR DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Rachel tries to rip free of a pair of handcuffs connected to a gear shifter. The looming presence of a MAN standing by the driver's door frightens her as she quickly looks up.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. EDDIE STONE'S POOL DECK - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Stiggs carries the ninety grand in a backpack as he heads back to the BMW and his hostage Rachel.

He approaches the driver's side. Rachel is now gone.

STIGGS
Mother-fucker.

HUFF (O.S.)
Missing something?

Stiggs turns and spots Huff, Deelee and Kershaw awaiting by one of several BLACK AND WHITE PATROL CARS with LIGHTS FLASHING.

Stiggs also spots Rachel resting in the back of one of the cars along with Skylar.

HUFF (CONT'D)
Drop the bag.

Stiggs smiles and drops the heavy bag to the asphalt. He rests his hands on his head.

STIGGS
Okay, cop. I'm ready. Take me in. I'm ready to take my deal. I got my hands in the pockets of every cop in town. How long you think it's gonna take before I'm back out on the street, ready to pay your girl another visit?

Huff slowly steps forward, out of the darkness and into the lighted pool area.

STIGGS (CONT'D)
You think this shit stops with me, pig?

Stiggs laughs out loud.

STIGGS (CONT'D)

You and your boys are so dead you don't even know it.

Huff steps closer and closer to him.

HUFF

You know, you got a big mouth. I've been waiting for the chance I'd run into you again.

STIGGS

Come on, cop. Lay a hand on me. You touch me and see if I'm not back on the street in an hour.

Stiggs spits in his direction, hits Huff in the side of the face as he quickly swipes it off.

Huff, with a burning hatred, slugs Stiggs dead in the face with the hardest punch you've ever seen.

Stiggs spits up a pool of blood onto the grass as he stares up at the dozen uniform cops with desperation.

STIGGS (CONT'D)

What are you waiting on?! Do something!

The entire crew of police officers all turn and stare at one another as they begin lowering their weapons in unison.

STIGGS (CONT'D)

Come on!

Huff kicks him in the chest as he rolls over and curls up in pain.

Deele and Kershaw move for the rear lawn as Huff takes his time beating the shit out of Stiggs.

DEELE

Bust his ass!

Stiggs leaps up from his curled up position and pops Huff in the eye with a swift left hook.

Huff stumbles back, a bit stunned.

KERSHAW

Watch out!

Stiggs kicks him in the groin and swats him with a combination of punches which knock him across the lawn.

As Huff stumbles to the grass he struggles to stand.

DEELE

Come on, man! Get up!

Stiggs gives him a few hard kicks to the stomach as he rolls closer and closer to the swimming pool.

STIGGS

Wassup! You like that shit?! How
bout this?!

Stiggs kicks him across the face as Huff SPEWS BLOOD all over the grass.

Deele, Kershaw and several of the other officers gather near the pool area as the fight continues.

KERSHAW

Come on, Huff!

Huff manages to grab Stiggs leg mid kick and socks him right in the balls a good three times.

And then -- Three punches to the face knock Stiggs almost unconscious as his bloody head wobbles in a broken limp.

Huff picks up Stiggs and throws him to the ground like a rag doll. As Stiggs stands upright, Huff tackles him into the deep end of the pool.

SPLASH! Deele and Kershaw hurry toward the side of the pool and watch as Huff and Stiggs battle underwater.

The two men rise to the top as Huff has his hands wrapped around Stiggs throat, choking him out.

DEELE

Choke that motherfucker!

As Stiggs loses his will to fight, Huff holds him completely underwater.

KERSHAW

Let him go, man!

Huff won't let up. A red hot intensity in his eyes as he watches Stiggs slowly die.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

HUFF!!!

Huff stares up at Kershaw.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)

Let him up.

Huff releases his grip on Stiggs as he pops up, out of the water choking and gasping for air.

HUFF

You're under arrest.

Huff smacks the side of Stiggs head on his way up the shallow end steps.

Stiggs catches his breathe and chases up the steps after Huff with a switchblade in hand.

STIGGS

Wassup, motherfucker???

KERSHAW

Huff!

Huff pulls his three fifty seven, turns and pops one clean shot between Stiggs eyes - POW! - as he's FLUNG INTO THE POOL.

Rachel pushes her way through the crowd of uniform cops, Deelee and Kershaw as she practically bear hugs her husband. The two have a long, overdue kiss.

EXT. BEVERLY DRIVE - DAY

Harry's limo casually cruises the palm tree dotted strip - back to the mansion.

INT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Harry sits in the back with a sour scowl on his face, sips on a scotch rocks as the week's events have spoiled his mood.

He peeks through the front windshield as the limo creeps over a steep hill and is surprised to see a POLICE ROADBLOCK sitting dead center of the posh street.

HARRY

Get us out of here!

EXT. HARRY PHAN'S ESTATE - DAY

Along with a couple dozen SQUAD CARS, marked and unmarked, stand several UNIFORMED COPS, DETECTIVES, Deelee, Kershaw and Huff.

Kershaw smiles as he spots the limo creeping to a stop. Deelee also smiles as he struts down the street toward them.

The limo cuts down a side street at high speed, SCREECHING THE TIRES on the asphalt.

EXT. SIDE STREET - BEVERLY DRIVE - DAY

Harry's limo tries its best to evade authorities but SCREECHES to a halt as FOUR SQUAD CARS block the street from both sides.

INT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Harry pulls his gun as he spots several UNIFORM COPS jumping out of their cars. He turns around, spots several more cars pulling up from behind.

EXT. SIDE STREET - BEVERLY DRIVE - DAY

Harry's limo is quickly surrounded with ARMED OFFICERS as they draw down on the rear windshield and back passenger windows.

Kershaw's Lexus arrives on the scene as Deelee and Huff step out with beaming smiles.

DEELE
I'll be back.

KERSHAW
Bobby, it's done. Let them handle it.

Deelee walks to the limousine and signals the officers to back off as he jumps in the back seat.

KERSHAW (CONT'D)
Okay. Never mind. Fuck it.

INT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Deelee sits across from a very upset Harry. The two are silent at first as Deelee sports a big, wide grin.

DEELE
So. Here we are. I never really had a chance to introduce myself. My name is Deelee. Bobby Deelee.

Deele pulls the photo of Lola from his coat pocket. Hands it to Harry.

DEELE (CONT'D)
And that is Lola. She's the reason
I got into this mess.

Harry looks at the photo.

HARRY
Pretty girl.

DEELE
She was. She got killed.

HARRY
That's too bad.

DEELE
Yeah, I can tell you're real broken
up about it.

HARRY
Lola was special. Fresh. Not yet
bruised by the ugliness of the
world and so full of life and
promise. I had high hopes for her.
But, like so many others, she chose
to throw it away. And for what?
Peace of mind?

Harry scoffs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Your police department pretends to
care, yet thousands of young women
just like her are still on the
street and they do nothing.

Harry leans in closer to Deele.

HARRY (CONT'D)
How long do you think the Lola's of
this world can last on their own?
I gave her a home. I made a place
for her. And for many like her.
And your friends in the police
chose to get her killed.

Harry laughs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
For what? So they can get the bad
guy.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

No matter who dies in the process.
You think I'm the problem? My
friend, you're the problem.

Deele plays interested as he slumps forward in his seat and rests his face in his hands in a mocking fashion.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You're the problem because you and all like you refuse to face your own greed. You see it as a cancer. Something dark and unholy. Lola knew who she was and what she wanted, and she went after it. And now she's dead for what?

HARRY (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Because she chose to do the right thing? Now don't you think if she had the chance to do it over again, she'd do things a bit differently?

(serious)

The hypocrisy of the police department is almost absurd.

Deele takes a moment to soak it all up.

DEELE

You know, in my business, I come up against some real nasty bastards, but you...you're something special.

Harry smiles and nods.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Anyways, I just wanted you to get a good look at my face. You know, so you can think of it every night when you're cryin' yourself to sleep in your prison cell and masturbating with your own tears and shit like that.

Harry is seconds from pulling his gun on Deele as he grips his pistol tighter and tighter.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Do me a favor though. Just when you're gettin' ready to finish, think 'Bobby Deele'.

(MORE)

DEELE (CONT'D)

Every day you're gonna be saying to yourself 'I'm in here playin' with my own shit and never gonna get pussy again cos of Bobby Deelee. That's what I want you to do.

Deelee stares outside at all the cops and commotion. Harry also gives them a look.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Anyways, I don't know if you noticed or not, but there's some cops outside waiting, so I'll leave them to it.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself.

Deelee steps out, but stops half way.

DEELE (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. One more thing.

Harry waits for it.

Deelee spits dead in his face. A smug smile on Harry's face as he slowly wipes it away.

DEELE (CONT'D)

That's for Lola.

Deelee steps all the way out, leaves Harry to himself.

EXT. HARRY'S LIMO - DAY

Deelee walks confidently away from the limo as a whole crew of police officers storm the limo and place Harry in custody.

A giant grin shoots across Deelee's face as he very coolly throws a pair of black shades on.

DEELE (V.O.)

And that's that.

FADE OUT.

THE END