

C R I T I C A L

by

Danny Katz

917.499.0051
DanKatz920@gmail.com

INT. OFFICE OF LITERARY AGENT, MANHATTAN - DAY

Pristine office, white carpets, stainless steel appliances.
Framed literary magazines and awards hang on the walls.

JAY TROPPER, mid 20s, black guy with a confident smile, wears
a nice suit that he doesn't quite feel comfortable in.

He takes a seat across the desk from BART CONNERS, an old
Richard Dreyfuss-looking dude.

CONNERS

Mr. Tropper--

TROPPER

Please, call me Jay.

CONNERS

Jay. Hope it wasn't too much trouble
getting down here.

TROPPER

Not at all, thanks for agreeing to
meet with me.

Connors' phone rings. He lifts an open palm to Tropper,
checks the caller, declines it.

CONNERS

Let's get right to it. I read your
transcript. Liked some things, didn't
like some things.

TROPPER

Okay.

CONNERS

I like your main character - Jared.
Young guy, wants to write books cause
that's how he bonded with his dad.

TROPPER

Right, well--

CONNERS

Please, don't interrupt my thought
process.

TROPPER

Sorry.

CONNERS

The aspiring writer thing. *Unoriginal*.
Though I suppose, enough of our
readers pretend they're writers, so
they can probably get behind the
protagonist.

Tropper tries to speak; Connors silences him with a gesture.

CONNERS (CONTINUED)

The dialogue's fun, if not entirely
authentic.

TROPPER

It's mostly based on--

CONNERS

Jay, please.

TROPPER

Sorry.

CONNERS

The thing about the dad's murder.

TROPPER

Yeah?

CONNERS

Heavy. Not to mention, if the father
is some tough hoodlum type, I don't
exactly see the realism in him bonding
with his young son through *literature*.

TROPPER

Look, the whole thing is based on--

CONNERS

And another thing I was thinking, what
if we...altered the main character?

TROPPER

Altered him how?

CONNERS

Lighten him up a bit. Make him more
relatable, easier to root for.

TROPPER

Lighten him up?

CONNERS

Look, I'm just being honest. I know what sells. You see my wall? Look.

Connors points to a large framed picture on the wall. It's a collage of book covers with the stamp, "Best Seller."

Tropper stands up, snatches his manuscript from Connors, heads for the door - when he gets there, he stops.

CONNERS

That's right, better think twice. I'd sit your ghetto ass back down in that chair, if I were you.

Tropper turns and snatches the framed collage off the wall.

CONNERS

What the do you think your--

Tropper smashes the collage over Connors' head.

EXT. FILM SET, ATLANTA - DAY

Cameras film TWO ACTORS on a bench.

The DIRECTOR, middle-aged white man in cargo shorts, watches from behind a monitor, barks orders at various CREW MEMBERS.

HIPSTER PAs roam around, look frantic.

The Director screams at anyone and everyone in his radius.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE SET - SAME TIME

SLATER DUNKIN, mid-30s, hipster with a pointy nose, thick pair of glasses, watches from the distance, records some of the production with his smart phone.

He jots notes into a notepad, when he gets a phone call.

SLATER (ON PHONE)

Yo.

INT. OFFICES OF ATLANTA JOURNAL - SAME TIME

PAT is on the other end of the line, stands in his cubicle.

PAT (ON PHONE)

You missed your deadline, where the fuck are you?

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE SET - SAME TIME

Slater checks the time on his digital watch.

SLATER (ON PHONE)

I'm on set right now, I need an extension. Just a few hours, working on something juicy.

PAT (O.S.)

You've got 'til Noon, no later. And Slater, I just read your review of that new detective show on HBO.

SLATER (ON PHONE)

Yeah, what'd you think?

INT. OFFICES OF ATLANTA JOURNAL - SAME TIME

Pat takes a seat at his desk.

PAT (ON PHONE)

It's Absolutely scathing.

SLATER (O.S.)

Well I figured writing, *it's fine*, didn't sound quite so compelling.

The phone line goes silent, Slater hung up on him.

PAT (ON PHONE)

Prick.

EXT. FILM SET - SAME TIME

The Director sees Slater in the distance.

DIRECTOR

Who let that asshole on my set?

The director looks around. The crew all avoid making eye contact with him.

DIRECTOR

Am I talking to myself here? You, you and you, come here.

PA1, PA2, and PA3 approach the Director.

PA1

Sir?

DIRECTOR

That jack ass with the note pad and the hipster haircut. Remove him from the premise.

PA2

Remove him?

DIRECTOR

Drag his ass off my set!

The director watches as the three production assistants walk over to Slater, ask him to leave. Slater protests briefly, gesticulates dramatically, eventually walks off.

The Director pulls his cell phone out, makes a call.

DIRECTOR (ON PHONE)

Hey it's me...the director of your fucking film, that's who.

INT. BILLIARDS PUB - SAME TIME

DANNY, late 50s, grey-haired, hard-jawed white man in a jumpsuit, shoots stick with a group of LEATHER CLAD GUYS.

Red lightbulbs illuminate the bar with hellish-vibes.

DANNY (ON PHONE)

Jesus, relax would you? I know who it is. What's got you all worked up, now?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

It's that fuck-faced film critic, Slater Dunkin. From the Journal.

DANNY (ON PHONE)

What about him?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

He's on set, Danny. He's on *my* set. I hit on his girlfriend *one time*, like four fucking years ago, and he's had a vendetta ever since.

The leather clad pool players are short on patience.

Danny holds a hand up to them, apologetically.

DANNY (ON PHONE)

So talk to Paul--

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Paul said this is a *Danny Problem*.

DANNY (ON PHONE)
Alright, alright, gimme till the end
of the day tomorrow. I'll send some
guys down to get the message across.

Danny hangs up.

DANNY
Sorry boys.

He picks up the pool stick, shanks the cue ball. The leather
clad gentlemen snicker.

EXT. FILM SET, ATLANTA - DAY

CRASH, early 30s, several lifetimes worth of marks, scars and
bruises cover his body, pops a mouth-guard in.

MAX, the stunt coordinator, approaches him.

MAX
Minor glitch, dude. The wiring we've
got isn't long enough for the jump.
The director wants you to just land
right on top of the windshield,
instead.

The Director's screams explode out of the walkie talkie.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
What's the fucking hold up?

MAX
Everything else is set up, we're all
systems go. You good?

Crash speaks through the mouthguard.

CRASH
Nuh uh, nuh uh.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
We ready?

MAX (INTO WALKIE)
Ready.

Max points at a light bulb on the ceiling.

MAX

When that red bulb flashes, it's your cue.

Max disappears. Crash lets out a deep breath.

The red bulb lights up, Crash breaks out into a full sprint across the street. At the same time, A CAR COMES RACING DOWN THE BLOCK.

Right before he's T-boned by the car, Crash leaps in the air, lands on the windshield, it splinters. The car comes to a screeching halt; Crash rolls off the windshield violently.

MAX

How'd it look?

DIRECTOR

Perfect! We got it.

Crash spits his mouth guard out.

MAX

Nicely done guy. You need anything? An ice pack? Ibuprofen?

CRASH

Nah, I'm alright.

Crash rises, takes his cell out, limps off set.

CRASH (ON THE PHONE)

Bernie, you home? Gonna come through.

INT. BERNIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

BERNIE, 40 y.o., wickedness in his eyes, beard as thick as his chest hair. His apartment has a Japanese-fetish theme, samurai swords above the TV, Tokyo posters on the wall.

BEATRICE and MAY lay on his couch, smoke weed in silk robes.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)

I'm home, Crash. But you owe me forty-fifty still, so don't even think about coming through empty handed.

CRASH (O.S.)

I'm light at the moment, check comes in next week. I'm sure we can work something out.

Bernie shakes his head.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
You're always so sure of things.

He hangs up the phone, looks over at Beatrice.

BERNIE
Are you wearing my kimono?

INT. SMALL APARTMENT, NYC - NIGHT

JULIE, Asian American, mid-30s, exits bathroom in a robe, takes a seat at her desk in front of her laptop. Apartment is modern but bare in amenities.

She lights a cigarette, clicks through a real estate website, lands on the bio-page of a man named KEN ROGERS. The bio includes a headshot of Ken, as well as an office address and phone number. Julie dials the office number.

JULIE (ON PHONE)
Hello, I'm looking for Ken Rogers please...ah I see. The reason for my call is that Ken recently ordered a new set of golf clubs from our website, and there seems to be a misprint on his home address...Yes...yes that'd be great...OK, ah I see...Thank you.

She scribbles down the address, hangs up.

She types "Ken Rogers Realtor" into google. Among a number of articles is a link that reads:

"REAL ESTATE TYCOON'S BUILDING BURNS; ARSON NOT RULED OUT."

Suddenly, smoke fills Julie's room. Her heart beats loud and fast as panic ensues. As quickly as Julie can close her eyes tight and reopen them, everything is back to normal. The smoke is gone.

She leans back, puts her left foot up on the desk. The robe drops down on her leg, reveals a pattern of burn marks that decorate her inner thigh. Julie takes another deep drag of the cigarette, holds the smoke in.

She presses the lit end of the cigarette hard into the skin on her inner thigh, exhales the smoke slowly.

INT. CHAMPS DINER, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

DEX, 30s, looks like Pete Davidson's less-stoned brother, sits in a booth next to Tropper.

Tropper wolfs down a cheese burger and fries. Dex pokes around at a Caesar salad, not so interested in it. The front door of the diner open, Danny enters. He wears a blue jump suit, holds a silver brief case, joins them at the booth.

DANNY

How'd the meeting with that rep go?

TROPPER

Notsogreat--

DANNY

Chew and swallow, Jay. Chew and swallow. Christ.

Tropper finishes the bite...wipes his mouth...sips water.

TROPPER

The meeting didn't go so well.

DANNY

I'm sorry to hear that. What about you Dex, Jay here been showing you the ropes?

TROPPER

I have, he's got the hang of things.

DANNY

You gonna let him talk for himself?

DEX

Yeah. Tropper's been showing me the ropes, Danny.

DANNY

Good. I need you two to drive down to Atlanta, first thing in the morning.

TROPPER

Yeah?

DANNY

Yeah, but before that, you're gonna go visit our friends in the Bronx.

Danny uses his foot to slide the brief case across the floor toward Tropper.

DANNY

Pick up the stuff, drop it off at the warehouse. Take this briefcase with you to Atlanta. It's for the two-bit art school drop-out making our movie. Understood?

TROPPER

Understood.

DANNY

Good. There's more. I need you two to rough up this film critic while you're down there.

TROPPER

A film critic?

DANNY

Guy's trying to tank our movie before it even gets off the ground.

DEX

What's his problem?

DANNY

He thinks the director fucked his wife or something, I don't know.

TROPPER

You want him fully gone, or--

DANNY

No. Just silence him. Effectively.

TROPPER

Got it.

TROPPER

You talk to the director about me doing the re-write yet?

DANNY

Yeah, I told 'em. Thing is, original script was written by some hotshot's kid. So if they redo it, it's gotta be someone with a little weight behind their name. You understand, right?

TROPPER

I guess.

DANNY

Smart man. What's your deal tonight?

TROPPER

I'ma head over to my mom's place,
crash on her couch.

DANNY

You'd buy a damn crib in the city, you
wouldn't have to be staying at your
mother's all the time, ya cheap
bastard.

TROPPER

I ain't cheap - I'm frugal.

Danny laughs. He takes an E-hookah vape from his pocket,
inhales a long puff, blows out a big cloud of vapor that
spreads through the small diner.

The OWNER of the diner takes offense.

OWNER

Hey! You can't smoke that in here.

DANNY

It's not smoke, it's vapor. Would you
relax? It's not hurting anybody.

OWNER

You don't know that. Those chemicals
might make your face fall off.

DANNY

Alright, I'm done, I'm done. Time to
get outta here, boys.

Tropper reaches for his wallet in his back pocket.

DANNY

I got the bill, ya frugal fucker.

INT. BASEMENT OF BODEGA, BRONX NY - NIGHT

BRENNER, handsome, untrustworthy eyes, sits at a poker table.

FELIX, looks like Fred Armisen, sits next to him.

JOEY's there too, with a stereotypical guido vibe.

FOLEY, a bald guy with wide nostrils sits there as well.

Instead of poker chips, each player has an assortment of pills and various drugs in front of them.

Felix crushes up a pill with the side of his knife, snorts it, checks the cards he's been dealt. Foley, dealer for the hand, lays down the River. Felix pushes a pile of drugs into the center of the table.

FELIX

Raise three percs, two Xanax, three Ambien and a Molly.

FOLEY

Fold.

Foley flicks his cards to the center of the table.

Brenner tries to hide the confused look on his face, pushes an equal amount of drugs to the center.

BRENNER

Call.

JOEY

Call.

Joey pushes his drugs in. They flip their cards.

Brenner's face lights up. He goes to pull the pile of drugs closer to him, but Felix stops him.

FELIX

How fucking high are you, Brenner?
Royal flush beats a full house.

BRENNER

Wait, really?

FELIX

Why do you insist on sitting down to play? You don't even know the rules.

JOEY

You're wasting everyone's time.

BRENNER

Doin' better'n you, ya Italian prick.

JOEY

Watch it.

FOLEY

No need to make it personal, Brenner. Joey's just salty he lost to someone who never played cards before.

JOEY

Fuck the both of you.

BRENNER

I played before. I play a lot, I just forget some of the rules is all.

Tropper and Dex make their way down the basement steps.

FELIX

Ah, our friends from Brooklyn have arrived.

JOEY

Took you long enough.

FELIX

Who's your friend, Tropper? You know how I feel about meeting new people.

TROPPER

This is Dex. Danny wanted me to bring 'em. Show him the ropes.

DEX

Dexter Freeman.

Dex reaches his hand over toward Felix, who doesn't shake it.

FELIX

Dexter Freeman.

FOLEY

Wait a minute, I know that name. Any relation to Roland?

DEX

He's my pop.

FELIX

No kidding? Roland Freeman's son, didn't know he had a kid.

BRENNER

Yeah Dex Freeman, I heard of you.
Thought you got pinched boosting cars
in Delaware a while back?

DEX

Not me, never been to Delaware.

TROPPER

Plus, Dex couldn't boost a car if the
doors were unlocked.

DEX

Fuck you Jay, I could boost a car.

BRENNER

Maybe if you googled the instructions
first.

FOLEY

Whips these days are all computerized,
anyhow. Try and make off with a car
made in the last ten years, you got
some bitch from OnStar in your ear.

TROPPER

Y'all got something for us?

FELIX

Jay Tropper, strictly business.

TROPPER

Hate to keep Danny waiting.

Tropper takes out an E-cig, puffs on it.

JOEY

Does anyone take you seriously with
that robo-dick in your mouth?

FOLEY

Why's it always the gay shit with you?
You try'na tell us something, Joey?

BRENNER

Can we get back to the game please?

FOLEY

Fuck the game, I'm over it.

FELIX

Cards have gone stale, anyhow.

JOEY

Whatever *that* means.

Felix shoots Joey a nasty look.

FELIX

Joey, why don't you get up, make us some drinks. Let one of our friends here take your seat and talk business.

Joey is clearly unhappy, but he gives in. Tropper gets ready to take Joey's seat.

FELIX

Why don't ya let the new guy sit down.

Tropper nods at Dex, who takes the open seat. Foley reaches down into a duffle bag by his feet, comes up with a brick of cocaine. He tosses it onto the table.

FELIX

Forgot to mention when I spoke to Danny, price has gone up ten percent.

TROPPER

Since when?

FELIX

Since the Powers that Be honed in on border-security as the latest hot button issue. Things've gotten tight.

TROPPER

I'm gonna have to talk to Danny first.

JOEY

So talk to Danny, ya fuckin' queer.

FELIX

How them drinks coming, Joey? We're getting thirsty over here.

Joey carries several drinks over, puts them on the table, stands behind Felix with his arms crossed.

BRENNER

No ice?

JOEY
Ice machine's broke.

FOLEY
Everything's going to shit around
here.

Tropper takes his cell out, steps away to make the call.

Dex fishes a pack of smokes out of his jacket pocket.

Felix uses his switch blade to slice open the brick of cocaine. White powder falls out onto the table.

FELIX
Freeman, have a taste.

DEX
I'm good, thanks.

FELIX
Oh, *you're good?*

FOLEY
Your father used to love cocaine.

DEX
That he did. Unlike dad, I try not to
get high during the work day.

Felix lets out a chuckle.

FELIX
You're funny kid. Isn't he funny?

FOLEY
He's funny.

BRENNER
Funny guy.

FELIX
See I like funny, Dexter. But I don't
know if I can *trust* funny. Joey's
kinda funny - and I'm pretty sure he's
fucking my eldest daughter.

Joey goes ghost white.

Dex rips the filter off his cigarette, flicks it at Joey. He
dips the end of the cigarette into the pile of cocaine.

DEX

Work day's almost over, anyhow.

Dex puts the cigarette to his lips, picks a lighter up off the table, ignites the cocaine-tipped cancer stick, inhales hard.

FOLEY

Shit, you really are Roland's son.

Dex exhales, leans back in his chair. Felix slides one of the beverages across the table to Dex, who picks it up.

FELIX

To new friends.

FOLEY

To good business.

They all clink glasses and down the liquor.

DEX

Shit, that's delicious. What are we drinking?

FELIX

Single malt, distilled in *Japan*.

DEX

No kidding?

FELIX

None. I swear they do it better than the Scotts, these days.

JOEY

I don't know about *that*.

FELIX

Oh, you don't know about that?

Joey puts his hands up in an innocent gesture.

JOEY

That's all I'm saying, I don't know about it.

FELIX

He doesn't know about it. He's saying, he doesn't know about it.

Felix laughs as he looks around the table. Foley laughs too. Then Brenner gets in on the laughter.

FELIX

He doesn't fucking know about it!

Felix gets up, walks over to the bar, fills his glass up again. He takes a sip, walks back over to the table.

FELIX

That's good shit, isn't it?

DEX

Sure is.

FELIX

But Joey here, he's not so sure.

JOEY

Look, all I was sayin--

Felix slices Joey's throat open with the switch blade.

Joey stumbles about, tries to apply pressure to the wound.

Felix interferes, lowers Joey's hand each time he raises it up to his throat. Eventually, Joey collapses to the floor.

Felix sits back down at the table, face speckled with blood. He wipes the switch blade clean with a handkerchief.

FELIX

Cunt fucking Italian.

Tropper walks back over to the table, visibly shaken.

TROPPER

D-D-Danny says it's fine. Ten percent bump.

FELIX

Had a feeling he would. My new buddy, Dex Freeman here, has just had a sample of the product. If you think you need to taste it for yourself--

TROPPER

Your word's good enough for me, Felix.

FELIX

Excellent. Foley, if you would?

Foley picks up the duffle bag, hands it off to Tropper. Dex downs the rest of the whiskey in his glass, rises.

DEX

It was...a pleasure meeting you.

Felix laughs.

FELIX

Wasn't it? Remember this moment boys, next time you see me, I'm gonna be a big-time film producer.

Dex and Tropper turn to walk back toward the staircase.

FELIX

Oh hold on, there's one more thing.

TROPPER

Yeah?

FELIX

I'm gonna need you two to take out the trash.

Tropper and Dex shoot each other a puzzled look.

EXT. JUNK YARD, QUEENS - NIGHT

The walls of the junk yard are lined with broken down cars. Tropper takes his turns digging a large hole in the ground.

Dex plays with a matchbook like a bored child. He lights matches, watches them burn, flicks them away as far as he can in every direction.

TROPPER

This is fucked, man.

DEX

Turned into a long day, didn't it?

TROPPER

True story.

DEX

Danny and Felix been working together a while?

Tropper huffs and puffs, exhausted.

TROPPER

Since way before I came on board.

DEX

Sort of an odd mixture of guys there.
Italian, Black, Jewish--

TROPPER

How can you tell someone's Jewish?

DEX

Don't you know man? Jews can spot
other Jews a mile away.

TROPPER

Hah, I gotta write that down.

DEX

So is the production company legit? Or
they just make the occasional film to
clean the drug money?

TROPPER

You ask too many questions, Dex. What
are you, building a case?

DEX

It's the coke, got my mind going.

TROPPER

You'll figure things as they come.
Just keep your head down and your
mouth shut.

DEX

And dig?

Tropper gets out of the hole, hands the shovel to Dex.

TROPPER

Yeah, and dig. Gotta say, that was a
nifty move with the cigarette filter
you pulled.

Dex smiles, begins his turn digging.

TROPPER (CONTINUED)

Yeah I saw that. Very suave, even
Felix was impressed.

Tropper takes a sip from his bottle of water.

DEX

You ever see him do something like that before?

TROPPER

Felix? *Shit* - I wouldn't be surprised if there's already a corpse buried where we're aiming to leave this one.

DEX

Jesus. You ever been to ATL before?

TROPPER

Never even left New York. You?

DEX

Once, when I was a kid.

TROPPER

My cousin, he's in the rap scene down there. He'll show us a good time.

DEX

This look deep enough to you?

TROPPER

Eh. Probably.

They walk over to the car, an old Chevy Blazer, pop the trunk. Joey's dead body is wrapped up in a shower curtain. They pull him out onto the ground, struggle as they drag the body into the ditch they've dug.

TROPPER

Fuck dude, are you pulling at all?

DEX

I'm pulling, I'm pulling.

They drop Joey into the hole, shovel dirt on top of him, complete the shallow grave. Tropper hangs the shovel over his shoulder, walks back to the car.

TROPPER

Let's do it man.

DEX

One sec, lemme call my girl quick.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER - MOMENTS LATER

Tropper takes a small notebook out of the glove box, writes in it. After a moment, Dex climbs into the shotgun seat.

DEX

You're always jotting shit down in that notebook. What are you writing?

TROPPER

That line about how Jews can spot other Jews.

DEX

For your memoirs?

TROPPER

I wanna be a crime writer. Dialogue's the trickiest part, so I try and take as much I can from real conversations.

DEX

No shit?

TROPPER

None. Online, they say not do to that, cause by the time you're on your fifth draft the dialogue's changed dramatically, anyway.

DEX

Yeah, well the people online don't know where the bodies are buried. I better get a shoutout in your acknowledgements page, Jay. I'm providing top notch material here.

Tropper puts the car in drive, hits the gas.

INT. HOME OF SLATER DUNKIN, ATLANTA - NIGHT

Slater sits at his kitchen table, smokes a cigarette. He types away on his laptop, allows the ash on the end of his cig to form a long curving extension.

MONICA, 30s, spunky, but has been beaten down by life, walks into the kitchen, wears a t-shirt with no pants.

MONICA

Never gonna sell this apartment if it smells like stale cigarettes.

SLATER
Yeah, totally.

He keeps typing.

MONICA
You hear me? Slater.

SLATER
What's up? Would you put some pants on? Your muff is distracting me.

MONICA
You never listen to anything I say.

SLATER
Cause you never shut the fuck up. I'm working on a new review, I've got a deadline. Jesus fucking Christ.

MONICA
It's a God damned film write up, Slater. You aren't investigating corruption for the New York Times.

SLATER
Right and you're out here changing the world. One beginner's yoga class at a time. Amazing work you're doing. Truly.

He golf claps for her obnoxiously. Monica grabs an ash tray off the counter, hurls it at him. He ducks, the ash tray smashes into the wall behind him.

SLATER
What the fuck, Monica? I got that in Amsterdam!

EXT. JUNKYARD IN QUEENS - NIGHT

KIRA, 35 y.o. black woman, all business, no bullshit, lets her FBI credentials hang from her neck. She wades through a junk yard with Julie.

Julie wears a windbreaker, the letters "FBI" across the back.

JULIE
Let's call it a night, head back. This is pointless.

KIRA

He said to look for the matches and we'll know that we're close.

JULIE

Burnt matches in a junk yard?
Literally, it's like trying to find a needle in a haystack.

KIRA

No, *literally* it's burnt matches in a junk yard. *Figuratively*, needle in a haystack.

JULIE

First of all, fuck you. And B, you get the point, the idiom applies.

KIRA

Well, it applied that time on the Canadian border. Counterfeit currency at a cash-only market?

JULIE

Hardly.

KIRA

Now you're just being difficult.

JULIE

That was different, my C.I. took care of us at the border. We don't even know if we can trust this cowboy.

Kira bends down, picks up straw scraps, flicks them away.

KIRA

Guess we'll find out...Hey, ever been down to the 'A' before?

JULIE

Nah, this'll be my first time. You?

KIRA

Yeah, my mom managed musicians around Georgia.

JULIE

Really? I didn't know that.

KIRA

Well I don't know shit about your upbringing, and how long we been doing this?

JULIE

Way too long - which I declared shortly after your father started sending me holiday cards.

Kira laughs.

KIRA

He's too much sometimes, most of the time. What's your pops like?

JULIE

He's an asshole. Like most white men I know, takes himself too seriously.

KIRA

Wait, you're adopted?

JULIE

Astute observation, partner.

KIRA

What makes him such an asshole?

JULIE

Kinda guy who's impossible to please. Keeps people around only if he considers them an asset. Even family. Always pitting me against my sister--

KIRA

Oh fuck, matches.

They each squat down, study the ground. Used-matches are scattered about in a fifteen foot radius.

KIRA

Got 'em. Let's grab the shovels.

Kira jogs back to the car.

JULIE

How do we know these aren't just random matches?

KIRA

We don't!

Julie takes her pack of smokes out, lights one up. Kira comes back with the shovels. She hands one to Julie.

JULIE

Where do we even start?

KIRA

Where's the ground look uneven?

JULIE

It's a fucking junk yard, the whole place is uneven.

KIRA

You're such a curmudgeon. We came all this way, work with me.

Kira studies the ground, settles on a slightly hilly spot.

KIRA

Here, c'mon.

She digs. Julie takes a long drag from her smoke, gives in, digs. After a minute, a grey hand is exposed in the dirt.

JULIE

Oh shit.

KIRA

Looks like the NYPD's got a legit operation going.

JULIE

We'll have to get an I.D. first.

KIRA

You think he's giving us the run-around? Sent us to a random corpse?

Kira kneels down to study the grey hand.

JULIE

Can't rule anything out with these Vice guys. You see that shit with the massage parlors in Brooklyn?

KIRA

I did, I did.

JULIE

Buncha crooks with badges.

KIRA

Not all of 'em. I know some good cops
in New York. Good Vice guys, even.

JULIE

Don't get preachy on me. I was a beat
cop in East Harlem before Quantico.

KIRA

As I've been reminded by you, time and
time again.

Julie takes her cell out.

JULIE

I'll call in the DB, see if we can get
forensics to fast track it.

KIRA

Wait, don't.

Kira pops up from her crouch.

JULIE

What's up?

KIRA

We call it in, we might burn the mole.

JULIE

We should confirm he isn't playing us.
You wanna go to Atlanta on shaky
intel, wind up getting ambushed?

Kira takes her shovel, stabs it into the wrist of the
partially exposed dead body. She repeats this motion until
the hand of the corpse is completely dislodged from the arm.

JULIE

Jesus Christ.

Kira scoops the hand up in the shovel. She takes a plastic
bag out of her coat pocket, hands it to Julie.

KIRA

Hold this open for me.

Julie complies. Kira drops the hand into the plastic bag.

Kira shovels dirt back on top of the exposed corpse, covers up the shallow grave.

KIRA

We'll bring this to the lab, then grab some lunch?

JULIE

You're psychotic, you know that?

Kira shrugs.

KIRA

I'm suddenly in the mood for red-meat.
LEt's do it.

Kira heads for their car.

JULIE

Give me a quick minute, need to make call.

Julie takes her phone out.

KIRA

Fine, don't keep me waiting all night.

INT. BEDROOM, DANNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danny sits up in bed, takes a puff of his E-hookah Vape, dials a number on his cell.

DANNY (ON PHONE)

Yo Bernie, it's me. I got a problem.

INT. BEDROOM, BERNIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Bernie holds his cell to his ear with his left hand, samurai sword in his right hand.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)

What kind of problem?

DANNY (O.S.)

Two of my guys are gonna be in Atlanta tomorrow. I need an exterminator. Also need this pesky film critic dealt with.

Bernie slices upward with the sword, pretends to do battle.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
 Can't you just handle it before they
 leave New York?

DANNY (O.S.)
 Way too much heat on me right now.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
 I wanna help you Danny, I do. But
 every time I send a guy to deal with
 one of your problems, he winds up dead
 or in prison.

DANNY (O.S.)
 So send better guys.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
 You pay for what you get. You think I
 gotta closet full of ex-military
 contractors? This isn't Beirut.

INT. BATHROOM, DANNY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Danny's on the toilet now, takes a dump.

DANNY (ON PHONE)
 What about that guy, with the boots.
 What'd they call 'em? The Cowboy?

INT. BEDROOM, BERNIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Bernie returns the samurai sword to its place above the
 television.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
 Cowboy's in the clink.

DANNY (O.S.)
 Well, what about that Native American
 guy? Or are they going by something
 else these days?

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
 They're members of the First Nations,
 now. And he was killed during that ATM
 Solutions heist a few years back. Look
 don't you have an Atlanta-based
 partner to deal with this movie crap?

INT. BATHROOM, DANNY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Danny holds the phone between his ear and his shoulder while he wipes his ass.

DANNY (ON PHONE)
Yeah I'm using that guy Paul Greenblatt, he's soft as tissue paper, wants no part of the gritty stuff.

BERNIE (O.C.)
Paul effin' Greenblatt, you kidding me? That mother fucker owes me a few grand - last I heard he disappeared.

DANNY (ON PHONE)
Well he's back, and his address hasn't changed, far as I know. Been sending the paperwork for our production to his same place.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BERNIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Bernie takes a seat on the couch next to Beatrice and May.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
Text me his address, would ya?

DANNY (O.S.)
You sending someone to deal with my problem?

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
Danny, I get enough Jewish guilt from my mother. You're killing me.

DANNY (O.S.)
Bernie, how long we been doing this? There's got to be someone.

There's a knock at the door.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
Look--

Bernie signals to the ladies to get the door, they ignore him.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)
Hold that thought.

Bernie rises from the couch, approaches the door, looks through the peep hole, opens it.

BERNIE (ON PHONE)

Ya know what, I got someone. Text me the info...Yes I know I am...Yeah, yeah OK. And Danny...you owe me.

Bernie hangs up the phone. Crash enters Bernie's apartment.

INT. BLACK JEEP, STATEN ISLAND - NIGHT

Julie sits parked in the driver's seat of her jeep. She's got her eyes glued to the entrance of a red brick walk up.

Growing bored, Julie takes the zippo lighter off of her dash, plays with it.

She flicks it on, begins to experiment with how close she can hold her palm to the flames, before it burns.

Julie quickly becomes entranced with this game - until pain from the burn cuts through her trance.

She snaps the lighter off, shakes her hand out.

Finally, Julie sees the man she's been waiting for approach the red brick walk up. She jumps out of the car.

EXT. RED BRICK BUILDING, STATEN ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Julie jogs up to the entrance of the building.

KEN ROGERS, a grey-haired dingo of a man, the same guy Julie was researching earlier on the web, walks into the lobby, without noticing her.

Julie catches the front door before it closes, enters quietly.

INT. STAIR CASE, RED BRICK WALK UP - MOMENTS LATER

Julie watches as Ken enters the stair case.

She waits a couple seconds, walks in after him. She follows him up several flights.

Ken exits the stairwell on the fourth floor. Julie peers out of the stairwell, takes note of which apartment he enters.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALL, RED BRICK WALK UP - MOMENTS LATER

Julie exits the stairwell, approaches Ken's front door. She tries to enter - it's locked.

Julie removes a lock-pick set from her jacket pocket, takes a knee, picks the lock.

INT. KEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Once inside, Julie can hear the shower running. She proceeds to snoop around the drab apartment.

After combing the small layout, she flips through the files at Ken's desk. Unsatisfied by what she finds, her attention moves over to the man's laptop. She opens it - it isn't password protected. She rolls her eyes. BUT THEN--

KEN

Who the fuck are you?

Ken stands behind her, towel wrapped around his waste. He's got one hand hidden behind his back.

KEN

I've got a gun. I don't want trouble.
Just leave and I won't have to use it.

JULIE

I looked over every inch of your
apartment.

KEN

And?

JULIE

I didn't find a gun.

Ken lowers his hand from behind his back - it is in fact empty. He looks over at his wooden baseball bat, propped up against the wall.

KEN

You broke in here, I'm calling the
police.

JULIE

No need to do that.

Julie flashes her F.B.I. badge.

JULIE

I just want to ask you a few questions, about a fire at one of your properties. Back in '85.

KEN

The fire Marshall cleared me of everything--

JULIE

I'm not interested in you. I'm looking into the death of a young Asian couple that lived there.

KEN

I don't know who you're talking about, and if you want me to answer anymore questions, I can come down to your office some time with my attorney.

Ken glances at the baseball bat again. Julie takes note.

JULIE

You owned two properties in Queens in '85, and one of them went up in flames. I think you *do* know who I'm talking about. Especially since the couple who perished, were two of the only three people left in that building when it went up.

Ken takes a step toward the bat.

KEN

I'm going to ask you one more time--

JULIE

You won't.

Ken makes his move for the baseball bat. He's too slow.

Julie's collapsible baton slides down her sleeve into the palm of her hand. She flicks her wrist to extend it out.

By the time Ken gets a grip on his bat, Julie unleashes a swift crack to the back of his skull. He falls down unconscious - it's almost balletic.

Julie grabs his laptop, leaves the apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BERNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bernie melts an opiate onto a piece of tin foil. He heats the back side of the tinfoil with a zippo-lighter, until the melted pill begins to evaporate. May and Beatrice take turns inhaling the fumes through a hallow plastic tube.

Bernie takes out another pill, repeats the process.

BERNIE

Now.

Crash puts the hallowed-out tube to his lips, inhales the opiate-vapor. His eyes transform into pins.

CRASH

Thanks, man. Can always count on you.

BERNIE

Can't believe you never freebased this shit before. Ya know, swallowing all that acetaminophen can put a hole in your stomach lining.

CRASH

Makes sense, my ulcers have been terrible lately.

MAY

Roxys don't have acetaminophen.

BERNIE

Shut the fuck up.

May flips him the bird.

CRASH

Look, Bernie. I don't know if I can take care of that problem for you, man. I've been trying to put that shit in the past, know what I'm saying?

Crash scratches at his arms incessantly.

BERNIE

I'm not gonna make you do anything, Crash. You don't wanna do it, whatever - makes no difference to me. You know how many guys I got can handle this stuff? Besides, I'm sure you'll find another way to pay me back.

Bernie picks the prescription pill bottle up off the table. Crash's eyes follow the pill bottle until it disappears in Bernie's pocket.

BERNIE

How's that girlfriend of yours doing?

CRASH

She's good. Been getting a lot of auditions lately.

BERNIE

Must be tough paying the bills on a stunt man's salary. Or does she have a rich daddy that helps you guys out?

CRASH

Nah, it's just us.

BERNIE

Well, I'm sure you'll figure it out. Alright so what was your tab again? Four hundred fifty bucks? I'll let you go on that freebee you smoked, my treat. But you gotta understand Crash, no more pills till your tabs paid.

CRASH

Shit man. Hold on, hold on. Let's talk about this. What did you want me to do again? Would I just be intimidating some guys, collecting some payments?

BERNIE

No, no, no. You said you're not feeling it, so--

CRASH

Hold up, talk to me. I might be game for it, man. What would I need to do?

BERNIE

I've got three tasks for you.

CRASH

Three?

BERNIE

Three. And you can't accept any one of them separately. If you're in, you're all in.

CRASH

Shit.

BERNIE

Remember a couple years back when I had you deal with that prick from the Times?

CRASH

Guy who should'a wore a belt--

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, SIX STORY WALK-UP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A REPORTER frantically crawls out the window of his apartment onto the fire escape. Crash follows him out.

CRASH

Stop running, man. I'm tired as hell.

Crash punches the reporter in the back, smashes his head into the metal railing. Crash takes a moment to catch his breath, then lifts the reporter up, hangs him off the side of the fire escape.

REPORTER

I'll kill the story, I swear, I'll--

The front button pops off the reporter's trousers.

Crash tries to contain his grip on the man, but the reporter slides out of his pants, falls down six stories, lands on top of a car.

Crash looks down in confusion, still holding the man's pants.

INT. BERNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bernie smirks at the memory.

BERNIE

Yeah, that guy. I need you to rough up this film critic from the Journal. Similar situation, you could say.

CRASH

What's his name?

BERNIE

Slater Dunkin.

MAY

I read his reviews, guy's an asshole.

BERNIE

Exactly.

CRASH

You want me to drop him on his head?

BERNIE

Nah Crash, that punk from the Times wound up in a coma. Maybe just crack Slater's ribs, scare his wife a bit.

CRASH

Don't love the idea of scaring his wife. She probably hates him too.

BERNIE

Alright, alright fuck the wife, forget about her. Just rough up Slater, put the fear of God in him.

CRASH

Sounds doable. I suppose.

BERNIE

Right? OK but before that, I need you to drop by an old client's house. Dude ate fifteen hundred bucks worth of Roxys, split town.

CRASH

No shit?

BERNIE

None. Word on the street, he's back now, living the same place as before. Just kick his door in, take his cash. Shit, drive 'em to the God damn ATM if you got to. I'll text you his address.

CRASH

Okay, collect the fifteen hundred--

BERNIE

Best make it a flat 2 grand.

CRASH

Got it. Shake him down for two grand, then fuck up the movie critic.

BERNIE

So, the next one...See my guy up in New York, he already sent a couple of his boys to take care of the critic.

CRASH

Then what do you need me for, man?

BERNIE

Well, for whatever reason, New York doesn't think they're gonna come through. Thinks they might become a problem.

CRASH

A problem?

BERNIE

A problem. So you're gonna take them out.

CRASH

Bernie...take them out?

BERNIE

Take them out. *Quietly*, not like last year in Fort Lauderdale...

EXT. FRONT YARD OF HOUSE, FORT LAUDERDALE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

OLDER MAN, glowing orange from a spray tan, sprints out of his house in nothing but a bathrobe, screams bloody murder.

The robe falls off as he runs, reveals two bullet holes in his back and abdomen. Blood spurts from his wounds, but he just keeps running and screaming. Lights come on in neighboring homes.

Crash emerges from the Older Man's house, pistol in hand.

He stops at the edge of the front steps, aims, takes a long, deep breath, fires. Older Man collapses, finally stops screaming.

INT. BERNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crash runs his hands through his hair.

CRASH

Shit. Let's say for a second, that I do it. How am I gonna find these guys?

BERNIE

Well that's the thing, they're gonna be headed to the critic's place to fuck him up. You're gonna beat them there. Take care of the critic, then take the assholes out.

CRASH

Ahh shit, man.

BERNIE

Black guy and a white guy in a Chevy Blazer. I'll text you the critic's address too. I'm gonna send you over to my prop guy, get you situated.

CRASH

I take care of this for you, and you'll clear my debt?

Bernie takes the pill bottle out of his pocket, shakes it at Crash.

BERNIE

I'll clear your tab, Crash. Plus eight Roxys, on me. Half now, half after.

EXT. CAR LOT OUTSIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Tropper wades through a car lot, closes in on the entrance to the complex, notices a super-fly Cadillac parked outside.

He stops to admire it, approaches the front driver's side, peers in through the window.

He walks to the back of the car to get a peek at the model, nods, impressed. He continues on into the apartment complex.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tropper enters the dark one-bedroom unit.

DELILAH, 40s, beautiful black woman with pinned eyes, is in the kitchen.

DELILAH (O.S.)

That my boy?

TROPPER

Hey ma.

DELILAH (O.S.)
You take your shoes off?

TROPPER
Yes...how you doing?

Tropper backpedals, removes his shoes.

DELILAH (O.S.)
Good, how's work?

TROPPER
Uneventful. How you been, ma?

Tropper peeks his head into the kitchen, surprised to see his mother has company.

INT. KITCHEN, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

SAMPSON, 30s, stands there in his flashy button down shirt and leather jacket, holds a small black case.

Delilah snatches the case, sticks it in a kitchen cupboard.

SAMPSON
How you doing, boy?

TROPPER
The fuck are you?

SAMPSON
That anyway to speak to a friend of your mother's?

DELILAH
Hush now. Jay, this is Sampson, he's my guest.

TROPPER
That your Cadi out front?

SAMPSON
Sure is. You like?

TROPPER
It's aight, little unoriginal.

SAMPSON
And just what the fuck does that mean?

TROPPER

Means every wannabe-candyman I know
gotta Cadillac.

SAMPSON

Son, you better watch your mouth now.

TROPPER

I ain't your son and this ain't your
fucking house--

Tropper and Sampson take a step toward one another.

DELILAH

Boys! Enough.

Sampson glares at Tropper, gives Delilah a long, wet smooch.

SAMPSON

I'm gonna grab a six pack.

He walks out, bumps Tropper's shoulder on his way.

DELILAH

Was that really necessary?

TROPPER

Gonna take a shower.

DELILAH

Don't use up all the hot water.

INT. BATHROOM OF DELILAH'S CRIB - MOMENTS LATER

Tropper turns the shower on, places the briefcase on the
sink, opens it. Neat stacks of hundred dollar bills inside.

TROPPER

Jesus Christ.

He closes the case, stashes it in the cabinet under the
bathroom sink, undresses, gets in the shower.

EXT. CHINATOWN, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Dex walks up the stairs out of the subway.

Flowers in hand, he crosses the street, leans up against a
building, watches as pedestrians walk up the subway steps.

He studies the faces.

INT. BATHROOM TO KITCHEN, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tropper exits the bathroom, towel wrapped around his waste.

TROPPER

Ma, we got any food in the house?

He doesn't get a response.

He walks into the kitchen, opens the fridge up. He digs through the fridge for a moment before pulling out a tray of leftover lasagna.

TROPPER

Mind if I heat up this lasagna? Ma?

Lasagna in hand, Tropper meanders through the apartment.

INT. BEDROOM, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Tropper pushes her bed room door open.

TROPPER

Mah, can I heat up the rest of this--

Sampson and Delilah sit on her bed. Delilah leans against the headboard. Her right arm is tied off, Sampson shoots a syringe into it.

Tropper drops the tray of lasagna.

SAMPSON

Get the hell outta here, boy.

TROPPER

You gotta be kidding me.

Tropper approaches Sampson, his hands morphing to fists. Delilah's eyes roll backward as she melts into the headboard.

A moment before Tropper can get his hands around Sampson's throat, the drug dealer pulls out a Dirty Harry-Style Pistol. He pokes the barrel of the gun into Tropper's crotch.

SAMPSON

Son, I asked you to leave. This is *my* house now. Would be mighty disrespectful to make me ask thrice.

Tropper's eyes nearly burst out his skull. After a moment, he slowly retreats.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Tropper grabs his mother's cell phone off of the counter on his way out of the apartment.

INT. DUMPLING SPOT, CHINA TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Dex enters a restaurant, flowers in hand.

He passes a bunch of patrons eating dumplings, heads down a staircase in the back.

INT. BASEMENT OF DUMPLING SPOT, CHINA TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

In the back room of the restaurant's basement, a make-shift headquarters. The room has a small cot in it, as well as multiple laptops, a white board and a bulletin board.

Several headshots are pinned to the bulletin board, including the faces of Danny, Tropper, Felix, Brenner and Joey.

LT. RACHEL DAWSON, 35 y.o. white woman with a NYPD badge clipped to her belt, walks out a bathroom door.

DAWSON

What took so long?

DEX

Things got crazy, I'm sorry.

Dawson puts her hands on Dex's face. They kiss.

DEX

Shit, I missed you.

DAWSON

Here, got something for you.

She hands him a fountain pen.

DEX

Don't think I'll have to do much writing, but thanks.

DAWSON

It's got a microphone in it, smart ass. Got it from my guy at the NSA. Click it once, the mic turns on. Twice, the pen-tip comes out.

He fiddles with it.

DAWSON (CONTINUED)

I'll be able to hear everything said within a twenty foot radius, in real time. Thirty hour life span, so use it sparingly.

DEX

Got it, thanks Rachel.

DAWSON

What happened tonight?

DEX

Shit got dark.

DAWSON

Talk to me. We can always pull you out.

CAPTAIN LUDLOW, a tall handsome black man, enters the room.

LUDLOW

Lieutenant, do you realize how close we are to putting a bow on this RICO case?

They're surprised by the captain's arrival.

DAWSON

Captain.

DEX

Captain. I'm fine, there's nothing to worry about.

LUDLOW

Did you bring Lt. Dawson up to speed?

DAWSON

You two have spoken?

DEX

Tropper and I buried a corpse in a Queens junk yard.

DAWSON

Murder?

DEX

It was that psycho Felix Gold. Cut a guys throat right in front of me.

LUDLOW

Whose?

Dex walks over to the bulletin board, fingers Joey's photo.

DAWSON

So that's it, murder. We've got him dead to rights, let's pull the plug.

LUDLOW

For one murder charge? So that Felix goes to prison, and the whole infrastructure stays in place?

DAWSON

Sir, with all due respect--

DEX

He's right, Lieutenant.

LUDLOW

Besides, it's outta my hands now. Feds are overseeing this investigation from here on out.

DAWSON

The FBI?

LUDLOW

RICO makes it their ball game. We always knew they'd hijack the case at some point.

DEX

I'm going to Atlanta first thing in the morning. We've got instructions to drop a bundle of cash off at a movie set. Cause some problems for a film critic, run some errands.

LUDLOW

Your FBI handlers will be shadowing you once you cross the boarder into Georgia. The IRS is already looking into the production company as a shell corporation.

DAWSON

Sir, let me go down to Atlanta. We should have an officer on site--

LUDLOW

Out of the question, Dawson. In fact, I'll be formally recommending you take a leave of absence after this case.

DAWSON

On what grounds?

LUDLOW

I didn't want to do this in front of your...in front of Detective Freeman. IA opened up an investigation on you.

DEX

Sir that's bullshit. Lieutenant Dawson is--

LUDLOW

I know it is, that's why I'm risking my ass by passing this information along. We can't allow this case to be tainted by an internal affairs investigation, even a bullshit one at that.

DEX

But sir--

DAWSON

He's right, Detective. It's bullshit, but it's not worth risking all the time you've put in.

LUDLOW

Good luck, Detective.

Ludlow leaves.

DEX

I'm so sorry, Rachel.

DAWSON

My sister works for the Bureau. Just say the word, I'll give her a call, have her watch your ass down there.

DEX

Dont' worry, I can handle anything they throw at me.

DAWSON

I know you can.

DEX

I'm gonna go see my dad before I meet Jay.

DAWSON

Be careful, Dex.

DEX

I always am. Besides, you'll be listening the whole time.

He holds up the pen-recorder she gave him.

DAWSON

I mean with your father.

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Dex is led by PRISON GUARDS to a room with silver tables.

The guards leave. A few moments later they return with a prisoner. They unlock the prisoner's shackles.

DEX

Hey dad.

The prisoner is ROLAND FREEMAN, 60s, lanky white guy, long brown hair, wrinkled face.

ROLAND

Hey boy.

They hug briefly.

DEX

You been alright? Need anything?

ROLAND

I need a good fuck, Dexter. Can you get me a good fuck?

DEX

'Fraid not, pop.

ROLAND

Didn't think so. How goes it with Danny and them?

DEX

Met your old pal, Felix Gold.

ROLAND

Oh shit, you met Felix? Stay the fuck away from Felix. Guy'll eat you alive.

DEX

Don't I know it. He killed a guy, had me and Jay bury the body. Just slit his throat, like it was nothing.

ROLAND

You keep your cool?

DEX

I think. Pulled that move with the cigarette. Ya know the one...

ROLAND

With the schneef? No shit? That's my boy.

Dex smiles.

DEX

It was pretty cool.

ROLAND

What's the deal with your piss?

DEX

Should be clean by the time I pee in a cup. Oh, here. Brought you some smokes.

Dex takes a pack of smokes out, slides them across the table.

ROLAND

I quit.

Roland takes out a cig, lights it with a match.

DEX

Me too. Ya know, I been meaning to ask you something.

ROLAND

Shoot.

DEX

Why'd you never plead out?

ROLAND

What do you mean?

DEX

I read your case file a few years back. It's been bothering me ever since. When you got pinched. They offered you a deal. You could've given them someone - anyone.

ROLAND

You wanna come down here in the middle of the night, couple times a month, get tips from me on how to be *hard* - that's one thing. But I ain't no fucking rat.

DEX

But mom was sick, and I--

ROLAND

What do you want from me, Dex? You want an apology? I'm sorry. I am real fucking sorry.

DEX

I don't want an apology.

ROLAND

Then what?

DEX

I just want to know why.

ROLAND

Well, I'm afraid I don't have an answer for you boy.

INT. 24 HOUR CORNER STORE - DAWN

Tropper pays for a box cutter and a small-sized fire extinguisher at the cash register. His phone buzzes, he removes it from his pocket - it's actually his mother's phone.

A text from Sampson on the home screen reads: I'm Here, Delilah.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE DELILAH'S PLACE - DAWN

THE ALARM ON SAMPSON'S CADILLAC GOES OFF. Sampson darts out of Delilah's apartment without a shirt or shoes. He buttons up the buttons of his pants as he makes his way through the parking lot.

Sampson gets to his Cadillac, sees that the windshield wipers have been turned on. So has the radio.

He opens the Cadi, climbs into the driver's seat.

INT. SAMPSON'S CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

The ignition on the car has been torn out and tampered with - whoever vandalized the car hot-wired it to start the radio.

Sampson turns the radio off, examines the wiring coming out of what was once the ignition.

SUDDENLY, Tropper appears outside the driver's side door, smashes the fire extinguisher through the window and into Sampson's head.

SAMPSON

Ahhhhh!

Tropper pulls the pin on the extinguisher, blasts a thick cloud of carbon dioxide right at Sampson's face.

The grey cloud grows, fills the Cadillac.

Sampson coughs and chokes. He crawls from the driver's seat to the front passenger. Through the thick grey cloud, Sampson manages to open the glove compartment, pull out his hand gun.

He crawls out the open window on the passenger side of the car, falls to the concrete below.

EXT. PARKING LOT, OUTSIDE SAMPSON'S CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Sampson hits the ground, frantically wipes his eyes.

He raises his gun - BUT Tropper appears out of the cloud of fog, smashes Sampson's hand with the fire extinguisher.

The gun drops to the ground.

Tropper proceeds to pummel Sampson with the extinguisher, breaks his limbs, crushes his bones.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER, BROOKLYN - DAY

Tropper sits in the driver's seat, tired and worn out. Dex climbs into the front passenger, holds a grocery bag.

TROPPER

What the fuck, Dexter? We said sunrise didn't we?

DEX

Sun's still rising, Jay. Relax. I got us some breakfast.

Dex reaches into the bag, pulls out a sandwich, Tropper snatches it from him.

TROPPER

This better not be that smoked-salmon shit you're always eating.

DEX

Bacon, egg and cheese. What's the issue? We're gonna get to Atlanta in no time.

Tropper takes a deep breath.

TROPPER

Had a long night.

DEX

You wanna talk it out?

Nope...Dex takes his own sandwich out, scarfs it down.

DEX

Got any tunes for us?

TROPPER

No blue tooth, car's too fuckin' old. Might be some CD's in the glove box.

Dex opens the glove box. Takes a CD out.

DEX

Illmatic, dope. This car still has a CD player? When you buy it?

TROPPER

Bout twelve years ago. Actually Danny bought it for me.

DEX
Ahh, so it's sentimental.

TROPPER
Something like that.

Dex puts the CD in, music bumps, his eyelids flutter.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOME OF SLATER DUNKIN - DAY

Slater pours himself a glass of whiskey. Monica walks into the kitchen with a stack of papers in hand.

MONICA
Little early to start drinking, no?

SLATER
Just finished my latest review,
cheers.

He lifts the glass up to her in a faux-toast.

MONICA
Yeah, I found it in the printer.

She waves the papers at him.

SLATER
What do you think?

MONICA
It's pretty mean.

SLATER
It's not mean, it's a *critique*.

MONICA
You said, the director leads his
worker-bees like an army-sergeant high
on LSD.

Slater takes a big gulp of whiskey.

MONICA
You said this is going to be his worst
project yet. How can you tell all that
when you haven't even seen a
screening?

SLATER

What, do you want me to explain the nuances of film criticism to you?

MONICA

Ugh. You realize my PR agency represents him? You know how hard you're making my professional life?

She drops the papers on the kitchen table, walks out.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER, ATLANTA - NIGHT

Dex sleeps in the front passenger seat. Tropper looks over at him with resentment. He fights off a yawn.

TROPPER

Ay wake up ass hole, we're here.

DEX

Shit, did I fall asleep?

TROPPER

Yeah. I almost did too. Lucky we didn't swerve off the highway.

DEX

My bad. Didn't have any coffee this morning. What time is it?

Dex studies his surroundings. They have made it to Atlanta.

TROPPER

About 9pm.

DEX

We hitting a motel?

TROPPER

Nah my cousin called, needs are help with something.

DEX

Our help?

Dex rubs his eyes.

TROPPER

Our help. We're gonna pick him up, make a stop somewhere, then hit the motel before we get down to business.

DEX

Alright, cool, cool. What are we helping him with?

TROPPER

So he manages rappers, right? One of 'em just hit it big and he's try'na cut out my cuz for a major label. He just needs us to roll into the studio with him, look intimidating and shit.

INT. BLACK TOWN CAR, STREETS OF ATL - NIGHT

Kira drives. Julie rides shotgun. They tail a blue Chevy.

JULIE

Two cars back, two cars back.

KIRA

I got it, chill.

JULIE

They're gonna make us, two cars back.

KIRA

I drift any further and we lose 'em. I got this. Ain't my first rodeo, girl.

JULIE

I'm well aware. Remember the botched surveillance job in Philly?

KIRA

I remember your backseat driving.

JULIE

They're pulling over.

KIRA

I can see that.

They pull over and wait.

JULIE

You ever think about what comes next?

KIRA

Next? I guess next, we testify. It'll go on for months, if not years. Then you and I'll probably get reassigned--

JULIE

That's not what I mean, Jesus. You ever think about anything other than work?

KIRA

Yeah, like right now I'm thinking I need to change my nicotine patch.

Julie takes out her pack of cigarettes, she puts one in her mouth, offers one to Kira.

Kira looks at it hard, focuses back on the road, then back at the pack of cigs, then the road.

KIRA

Shit.

Kira acquiesces. Julie lights herself a smoke, then she lights her partner's.

JULIE

Nothing like the real thing.

KIRA

You're bad for me Julie, just plain bad.

They watch as three men on the street approach the Chevy Blazer they've been tailing.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER, ATLANTA - SAME TIME

Tropper pulls the car over on a street corner, lowers the front passenger window. Dex leans back so Tropper can yell over him.

TROPPER

Yo cuz!

Tropper's cousin, MAYO, a black guy with dreadlocks, stands on the corner with two associates.

CHESTER, skinny white guy with a shaved head.

Vlad, overweight latino guy.

MAYO (FROM OUTSIDE)

Hey yo! You made it.

TROPPER

Get in. We got a schedule to keep.

The three men pile into the back of the Chevy.

MAYO

Cousin Jay! Good to see you my man,
thanks for coming through.

TROPPER

Ain't no thing, gotta take care of
some business in this wonderful city
of yours. Yo Dex, this my cuz Mayo.
Mayo this my partner Dex.

MAYO

Y'all *partners*? Damn Jay! Guess a lot
has changed, huh?

TROPPER

Chill, man. He's my *business* partner.

MAYO

I'm just fuckin' with you. These my
boys, Chester and Vlad.

TROPPER

What up team?

Tropper eyes them through the rear-view mirror.

MAYO

Yo, we got some gifts for you Big City
boys. Show 'em what we got Vlad.

Vlad passes a shoe box to the front, Dexter takes it, opens
it up. There are two guns inside. A .44 Magnum and a Gloc 9.

TROPPER

Oh shit. You know I got dibs on that
44.

DEX

Just as well, I prefer a Gloc.

MAYO

Just as well. Fuck man, where'd you
find this guy?

Dex turns back.

MAYO

I'm just clownin'.

TROPPER

So what's the plan?

MAYO

Make a right here and a left on 8th street. Pull over bout half way down the block, outside the recording studio. You'll see it.

CHESTER

We boutta run up on some fools. Show 'em wha's really good.

DEX

What's this all about?

VLAD

What's everything about, white boy?
Cash-money.

They pull up outside the recording studio. Vlad takes out a vial of cocaine, bumps some up his nose with a key.

Chester and Mayo do the same, then pass it up to Dex.

Dex looks at Tropper, Tropper gives him a reassuring nod.

Dex takes a bump of coke, hands it off to Tropper.

MAYO

Alright, Jay you're gonna stay here, keep the car running. Keep look out and shit. Dex you're gonna roll with us, bring that Gloc you're so fond of.

TROPPER

I'm staying? Fuck that.

MAYO

It'll be three minutes man, we need a quick get-away, most important part.

Dex, Mayo and his boys hop out of the Chevy, run into the recording studio, weapons held low. Tropper moves the car thirty feet forward, parks in front of a fire hydrant. His cell buzzes.

He doesn't recognize the number, answers anyway.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Yo.

DELILAH (O.S.)

Is that how you answer the phone now?

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Hey mah. What number are you calling from?

DELILAH (O.S.)

Had to borrow a phone, cause some little fuck-boy stole mine.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Shit.

DELILAH (O.S.)

Yeah, shit. You gonna explain yourself?

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

What?

DELILAH (O.S.)

Cause of you, now I gotta keep my door locked. Shandra talking about how I should get a gun.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Cause that fool Sampson?

DELILAH (O.S.)

Cause of you. And cause of what you did to that fool Sampson.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Good mom, you *should* be scared of him. I hope he never answers your texts or calls every again.

DELILAH (O.S.)

You're so dramatic.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

This is your life. This is my life. Don't you think we deserve better?

DELILAH (O.S.)

I don't know, Jay. I didn't realize you became a preacher.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Mom...

DELILAH (O.S.)

Hey, you didn't tell me how your meeting with that fancy literary agent went.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

It...went.

DELILAH (O.S.)

He liked your book?

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Parts of it.

DELILAH (O.S.)

Think he might help you get published?

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Hard to say. I definitely left an impression, though.

DELILAH (O.S.)

That's my baby.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Mah, can we be serious for a minute please?

DELILAH (O.S.)

When am I not serious? I swear sometimes you sound exactly like your father. He'd be proud of you, ya know?

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Thanks, mom.

DELILAH (O.S.)

I mean, proud of your writing, not all that fuckin' around you do.

Through the sideview mirror, Jay sees Dex and the boys run out of the studio.

TROPPER (ON PHONE)

Shit, gotta go mom. I love you.

DELILAH (O.S.)

Love you, Jay.

He hangs up, honks twice, the boys see him, hustle up to the car, jump inside. Dex has blood splattered on one side of his face. He's visibly shaken.

TROPPER

Yo, you good Dex?

DEX

It's not my blood.

MAYO

Let's go, let's go, let's go!

Tropper puts the car in drive, takes off, makes a series of turns until there are several blocks between the Chevy and the recording studio.

MAYO

Woohoooo! Nicely done, nicely done!

TROPPER

What happen, what went down?

VLAD

We fucked some shit *up*. That's what went *down*.

MAYO

Fuckin' fools. Think they can take *my* artists? Try'na cut *me* out?

TROPPER

Where to? Where we going?

MAYO

Yo, I got a spot downtown. Make a right here.

INT. BLACK TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

Kira practically pushes Julie out the door.

KIRA

Quick get out, get out, get out! I'll follow the Chevy. You go inside and see what went down in that studio.

Julie jumps out of the car, takes her backpack with her.

INT. BATHROOM, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Delilah takes a seat on the toilet, pees.

She realizes there is no toilet paper left on the roll.

DELILAH
God damnit.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Julie sees that all of the rooms in the studio are closed except for one. She approaches the opened door.

Julie steps over an unconscious SECURITY GUARD on the floor.

The room is empty, except for a DEAD GUY. Julie lights a cigarette, studies the corpse.

She finds a sign on the door of the room with information on it, including the WIFI password. She pulls a chair over next to the dead body, sits down, takes Ken Roger's laptop out of her backpack, opens a folder on Ken's desktop labeled "X".

The folder consists of dozens of files, each labeled with a corresponding year.

She opens the file labeled "1985" and scrolls through a spreadsheet - it's a list of financial transactions. She takes her cell out and makes a call.

JULIE (ON PHONE)
Hey, it's Julie...Need you to check some bank accounts for me...Nah, I've got the account numbers, I need names associated with them...and Evan? Don't let anyone at the Bureau know about this...OK, it's 12496867--

INT. PROP GUY'S STORE - NIGHT

The inside of the store is filled with costumes and movie props. It's like a super high quality halloween shop.

PROP GUY, 50 y.o., round face, thick-framed glasses, works on a project, saws away at something suspended over a table.

A KNOCK at the front door of the store. He puts the saw down, picks up a blanket, throws it over the table, covers up his project. He approaches the door.

PROP GUY
We're closed.

CRASH (O.S.)
Hey man, Bernie sent me.

Prop Guy opens the door.

CRASH
You the prop guy?

PROP GUY
You the stunt man?

CRASH
Yeah, man.

The prop guy walks back into his store, Crash follows him in.

PROP GUY
What do you need, tools or disguise?

CRASH
Uh, both I think.

PROP GUY
You think?

CRASH
Both.

The prop guy leads Crash into a large walk-in closet.
Mannequins with different costumes and wigs line the walls.

INT. HOME OF SLATER DUNKIN - NIGHT

Slater's in the kitchen, fishes around in the fridge, can't find anything to eat.

His MOTHER calls his cell.

SLATER (ON PHONE)
Hey mah.

MOTHER (O.S.)
What'cha doing?

SLATER (ON PHONE)
Working on a new review. Wanna read it?

MOTHER (O.S.)
What's it about?

SLATER (ON PHONE)
A movie. It's coming out in a few months.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Why would I wanna read a review about a movie I haven't seen yet?

SLATER (ON PHONE)
Well, I don't know mom, maybe cause your son wrote it?

MOTHER (O.S.)
Have you spoken to your brother yet?

SLATER (ON PHONE)
Tommy? No--

MOTHER (O.S.)
He said he'd call you.

SLATER (ON PHONE)
We text. He doesn't need to call me--

MOTHER (O.S.)
He just opened his practice. Did you ask him about it?

SLATER (ON PHONE)
Yes mom.

MOTHER (O.S.)
You should really think about going to grad school. I don't think you can get into med school, like your brother, but call him. Maybe he can help you find something.

SLATER (ON PHONE)
I have a job, mom.

MOTHER (O.S.)
What job? Writing about movies? What kind of job is that?

Slater hangs up the phone, pours two tall glasses of whiskey.

SLATER

Woman's never held a God damned job in her life.

Slater picks up one glass of whiskey, drops his cell phone into the other, clinks the glasses together.

SLATER

Cheers mom.

He gulps down the whiskey.

INT. PROP GUY'S STORE, WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Crash has a blonde wig on, his eye brows have been painted blonde, he wears a pair of fake glasses.

PROP GUY

Try not to sweat for the next thirty minutes or so. Your eye brows might start to bleed down your face.

CRASH

Got it.

Prop Guy opens up a large locker in the back of the closet, reveals a collection of weapons - including various guns.

CRASH

How about that one?

Crash points to a revolver. Prop Guy hands it to him.

PROP GUY

Careful, it's loaded.

CRASH

Cool cool, you got anything a little bigger? A little more *umph*?

PROP GUY

Yeah, I've got just the thing.

Prop Guy leads Crash out of the walk-in closet back to the table he was working at prior to Crash's arrival.

He pulls the blanket off the table, reveals a sawed-off shotgun.

INT. HOME OF SLATER DUNKIN - NIGHT

Monica cooks up a storm in the kitchen. She's got every burner on the stove lit up with numerous pots and pans.

Meats and veggies are spread out all over the place.

The oven DINGS.

Monica puts down the large kitchen-knife she's slicing with, pulls on oven mittens, removes the brisket from the oven.

She moves the brisket over to the kitchen counter, next to Slater's cell phone - still submerged in a glass of whiskey.

EXT. PAUL GREENBLATT'S ONE-STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

Crash approaches the front door. He gets into a stance as if he's going to kick it in, but hesitates.

He reaches for the knob, turns it - it's unlocked. He enters.

INT. PAUL GREENBLATT'S ONE-STORY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Crash walks around the house, studies his surroundings. He checks several rooms before getting to the kitchen.

PAUL, 40s, balding, makes pasta on the stove. He doesn't notice Crash for several moments. He dumps the pasta from the boiling water into a strainer.

Crash picks up an empty beer bottle off the counter, gives away his position.

PAUL

Woh, who the fuck are--

Crash shatters the bottle over Paul's head. Paul hits the floor.

PAUL

Ahhh! What the fuck?

Crash lifts Paul up by his shirt, throws him onto the kitchen counter.

PAUL

Wait, please! What's this about?

CRASH

You know what this is about.

Crash punches Paul in the stomach.

PAUL

No, please. Stop, I swear I don't. Why are you doing this? Take anything you want, please!

Paul shrivels up into a ball. Crash grabs him by the head, pulls him off the counter. Paul hits the floor with a thud.

CRASH

You shouldn't make a habit of ripping off drug dealers, Paul.

PAUL

Wait what? Oh shit, Bernie.

Crash cocks his arm back - about to hit Paul again.

PAUL

Wait, wait! I have it, I've got the money. I've been trying to contact Bernie for months! He hasn't responded!

CRASH

Bullshit.

PAUL

No, no, it's true. I went off to rehab, was gone for two months. When I got back, I tried to square things with Bernie, cause I didn't want that shit hanging over me - He never answered my calls or texts. I swear!

Crash lowers his fist, thinks for a moment.

CRASH

He *did* change his cell phone a couple months back. Got a new number.

PAUL

Yes! Exactly, I kept calling and texting, here look. Look at my phone.

He takes his cell out of his pocket, opens his texts, hands it off to Crash, who studies it briefly.

CRASH

OK. So, you have the money?

PAUL

I do, I just need to go to an ATM. We can go together, right now.

CRASH

OK well, uh, I-I'm embarrassed.

He pushes the fake glasses back up onto the bridge of his nose.

PAUL

No worries, no worries. Just a misunderstanding.

Paul, shaken up, gets up slowly.

PAUL

Did you drive here?

CRASH

Uh, yeah.

PAUL

Should we take your car? Or I can drive, you follow me?

CRASH

We'll take my car.

INT. CRASH'S CAR - NIGHT

Crash drives. Paul rides shotgun. An awkward silence engulfs the car...until Crash finally breaks it.

CRASH

So if you're sober, what's with the beer bottles at your place?

PAUL

It's O'Douls.

Crash looks at him, puzzled.

PAUL

It's alcohol-free. They make it for addicts, I guess.

CRASH

Interesting.

PAUL

How long you been working for Bernie?

CRASH

I don't work for him, really. He just asks for a favor every now and again.

PAUL

Some favor.

CRASH

Yeah well, guess I kinda owe him.

PAUL

I get it. The pills had control of me too, for a while.

CRASH

What do you mean?

PAUL

I don't mean no offense or anything--

CRASH

No, no, tell me what you mean.

PAUL

It's just, when I was hooked on pain killers, I'da done anything Bernie asked for a few more pills. Ya know?

CRASH

I guess, maybe.

PAUL

It's synthetic heroin. I used to think that because it was created by scientists, and doctors pass it around like hot-potato, it was no big deal.

CRASH

How'd you stop? Like, how'd you get off of them?

PAUL

I broke into my sisters house one night. Was gonna steal cash or hock some of her jewelry, but she caught me. Cracked me over the head with my niece's field hockey stick, tied me up in her garage for three days.

CRASH
Jesus Christ.

PAUL
No kidding. After days of vomiting and
shitting myself, I swore off the junk.

CRASH
And that was it, then you went to
rehab?

PAUL
No sir. I relapsed a week later,
overdosed, and woke up in the
hospital. *Then* I went to rehab.

They pull up into a drive-through ATM backwards, so that the
passenger window lines up with the cash-machine.

Paul leans out, enters his debit card.

PAUL
Ya know man, you can get cleaned up
too. If you want. Get yourself out
from under Bernie's thumb. Make
decisions for yourself, be the kind of
person you want to be.

Crash ponders that for a moment.

CRASH
Psh, they teach you that in rehab?

PAUL
Nah, that one's from in here.

Paul taps his pointer finger on his chest. He hands the wad
of cash over to Crash.

PAUL
You don't have to go away to rehab, ya
know? I go to these meetings, they're
local. N.A.

CRASH
N.A.?

PAUL
Narcotics Anonymous.

CRASH

Does that shit really work?

PAUL

Sometimes it just helps to know other people are going through it, too. That you're not alone. Here, I've got a card with the address--

Paul takes the card out of his wallet, tries to hand it off, Crash won't accept it.

CRASH

I'm good, man.

They ride in silence for several minutes before pulling up in front of Paul's house. Paul opens the door to get out.

CRASH

Wait.

They look at each other. Paul extends his hand out, tries once more to give Crash the N.A. info card. This time Crash accepts it. Paul closes the car door, heads inside.

INT. BED ROOM, HOME OF SLATER DUNKIN - NIGHT

Slater smokes a bong. He tries to blow the smoke out the window, but the wind pushes it right back in.

After a brief coughing fit, he puts eye drops in his eyes.

INT. CRASH'S CAR - NIGHT

Crash pulls up outside of Slater's apartment building. He checks his wig and fake-spectacles in the rearview mirror. A duffle bag rests on the front passenger seat, packed with a revolver, a shotgun, and a box of ammunition.

He takes out a small blue pill, crushes it up on the dash board with the butt of the revolver, snorts it up.

Crash puts the revolver in his waistband, exits the car.

INT. HOME OF SLATER DUNKIN - NIGHT

Slater sits at the kitchen table, re-reads his own review, laughs to himself like a jackass.

Monica slices the brisket with intense precision. Sweat drips down her brow.

SLATER

You doin' that the right way?

MONICA

Yes, I'm doing it the right way.

Slater pays no attention as she shoots him a disdainful glare. He continues to flip through his review.

SLATER

Want me to FaceTime my mom?

MONICA

Why would I want you to FaceTime your mother?

SLATER

She can walk you through slicing the brisket.

Monica takes a deep breath.

MONICA

No thanks, hun. Think I got it down.

SLATER

You know, cause if you don't slice it right--

MONICA

I know, Slater! I got it, I know how to slice the fucking brisket!

SLATER

Jesus Monica, relax. What are you getting all worked up about? I'm just asking if you need some assistance.

MONICA

You are absolutely insufferable.

Slater checks his watch.

SLATER

Is it that time of the month, already? Thought we had another a week or so.

MONICA

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you.

SLATER

Mon--

MONICA

Don't fucking *Mon* me, Slater. Go hit the McDonalds drive-through.

SLATER

What?

MONICA

You're not eating my fucking brisket, asshole. So go hit the drive-through.

SLATER

Alright fine. I don't wanna eat your shitty brisket anyway.

Slater picks his car keys up off the table. There's a KNOCK at the front door.

SLATER

You expecting someone?

Monica ignores him, goes back to carving the brisket. Slater walks over to the front door.

Slater reaches for the knob - THE DOOR IS KICKED IN. It bashes him right in the face, breaks his nose, knocks him back on his ass, blood everywhere. Crash enters the apartment, takes the revolver out of his waistband.

CRASH

Slater Dun--

MONICA SLASHES CRASH IN THE SHOULDER WITH HER BRISKET KNIFE.

CRASH

Ahhhhh!

Crash jumps backward, dodges the next swing - but she keeps coming, slices Crash across his belly.

He pulls the trigger on the gun. Monica collapses to the floor, bleeds from her gut.

MONICA

Oh shit. Shit, Slater. Slater!

Crash looks up - Slater has crawled away, trail of blood leads toward the window.

CRASH
God damnit, not again.

Crash puts his hand to the large gash on his belly. Blood drips down to the floor.

He stumbles over to the window, looks out. Slater makes his way down the fire escape.

CRASH
Fuck.

Crash walks back to the front door, exits the apartment.

INT. ELEVATOR IN SLATER'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Crash waits patiently as the elevator takes him down to the lobby. Blood seeps through his shirt and pants.

He reaches the lobby, calmly exits.

EXT. SIDE STREET OUTSIDE SLATER'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Slater finally makes it to the bottom of the fire escape.

His face lights up as he thinks he's made a clean getaway. His feet touch the ground, he turns around, ready to run.

A look of dismay washes over him - Crash stands five feet in front of him, gun drawn.

CRASH
It wasn't supposed to go like this.

SLATER
Wait--

BANG. Crash pulls the trigger, a sharp piece of lead rips through Slater's face. His lifeless body stands still for several seconds, staring at Crash. Finally, Slater collapses.

Crash drags Slater's corpse over behind a pile of trash bags. He pulls his own shirt up to check on his wound - it's gnarly.

CRASH
Ffffuck.

He walks back into the lobby of the building.

INT. HOME OF SLATER DUNKIN - NIGHT

Crash reenters Slater's apartment, turns to where he left Monica bleeding out - she's no longer there.

He walks down the hall - she pops out from behind a closet door, hurls a frying pan at his head. THUNK.

Crash drops his gun, falls to the floor.

Monica jumps on top of him, chokes him. They wrestle spastically, until finally Crash throws her off, crawls to his gun, shoot her in the head.

CRASH

Oh Jesus. Oh Christ.

The apartment looks like a Jackson Pollack painting on a bad acid trip.

Crash rises, goes through all of the drawers and cabinets until he finds a roll of duct tape. He grabs a bottle of vodka off the counter, pours it onto his stomach wound.

CRASH

God damn!

Crash wraps the duct tape around his stomach wound several times over to stop the bleeding. He takes his pill bottle out, pours the rest of the pain killers into his mouth, swigs them down with vodka.

EXT. SIDE STREET, OUTSIDE SLATER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Crash limps back to his car, tosses the revolver onto the driver's seat, takes the shotgun out of the duffle bag.

He walks over to the nearby bus stop, sits and waits on the bench. Crash nods off, wakes up every few moments, before succumbing again to the opiate-high and losing consciousness.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Modern penthouse apartment, open floor plan. Dex, Tropper, Mayo and Chester sit at the living room table with an ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN.

Dex finishes off a glass of whiskey on the rocks, flirts with the girl to his right. Tropper takes a shot of tequila, snorts a line of cocaine off the table. He checks his phone.

TROPPER

Shit. It's late, we gotta get going.

Dex checks his watch.

DEX

Damn, where'd the night go? You good to drive, dude?

TROPPER

Nah, matter of fact, I'm not.

Tropper tosses the keys over to Dex.

INT. BLACK TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Kira's parked down the block from Tropper's empty Chevy. Julie appears across the street, jogs over, climbs in.

KIRA

What took so long?

JULIE

Walked. Figured we have time to kill.

KIRA

Figured right, they been up in that building a couple hours now. What'd you find?

JULIE

Nothing, it was cleared out by the time I got up there. Just a knocked-out security guard.

KIRA

You must have shitty fucking timing.

JULIE

Can't be that bad, look.

They see Dex and Tropper leave Mayo's building, get into their Chevy, drive off. Kira follows them.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER, ATLANTA - NIGHT

Dex drives. Tropper takes his journal out of the glove box, tries to write in it, but his pen has run out of ink.

TROPPER

Shit, any chance you got a pen on you?

DEX

Nah sorry-oh wait, actually...

Dex pulls out his fountain pen, hands it over.

TROPPER

Damn look at this, nice as hell.

DEX

Yeah. It was a gift, so don't lose it.

INT. BLACK TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

Kira and Julie smoke cigarettes, windows cracked.

KIRA

What you said before...about what comes next?

JULIE

Yeah?

KIRA

You think I'd stand a chance going for the Deputy Assistant position?

JULIE

Wow, management.

KIRA

Can't be a field agent forever, right? What if I wanna start a family?

JULIE

You have better instincts than any partner I've ever had. And you're ten times smarter than any ASAC who's ever taken credit for our work. You'll excel no matter what you choose to do.

KIRA

Damn Julie, that might be the most sincere shit to ever come outta your mouth.

JULIE

Yeah, and if you tell anyone I'll shoot you in the fucking face.

Kira laughs.

KIRA

What about you? What's next for Julie?

JULIE

Shit, I don't know. Only got into Law Enforcement cause my dad pressured me.

KIRA

No shit?

JULIE

There's always a little shit. When my older sister made Detective First Grade, my dad's eyes lit up like I'd never seen.

KIRA

Damn, your sister was a cop?

JULIE

Finally agreed to join the Bureau, just so I could one-up her. *I* get to Quantico. *She* makes Lieutenant. *Bitch*.

KIRA

Ya know, you're like thirty-five years old. It's OK to do something just for you, not worry about your father's blessing, your sister's ego.

JULIE

Can't explain it, you wouldn't understand.

KIRA

Try me.

JULIE

Hold on, slow up.

Julie nods ahead. The Chevy Blazer pulls up across the street from an apartment complex - Slater's building.

KIRA

What have we got here?

JULIE

I don't know, but my patience for this babysitting detail is running thin.

EXT. BUS STOP OUTSIDE SLATER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Crash nods off again...wakes up to a Chevy Blazer pulling over across the street.

Crash cocks the shotgun, limps over toward the Chevy.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER - SAME TIME

Tropper fiddles with the nobs on the radio.

TROPPER

You hear this album? Shit's fire.

DEX

Listened through twice. Track list is a bit too long, you ask me.

TROPPER

You're overthinking it. There's more songs to choose from.

DEX

Too many tracks makes it hard for me to find the ones I like.

TROPPER

He's just trying to make a little something for everyone.

DEX

Or he gets money-per-stream, so he's incentivized to release longer albums.

TROPPER

Damn, never thought of it that way.

Dex pulls the Chevy over across from Slater's building.

DEX

Ya know the way physical CDs have become obsolete? Artists need to make up for it somehow, cause there's no way the record labels are gonna be forfeiting up their share of the--

TROPPER

Shit! Drive, drive, drive!

Tropper pulls the lever on the side of his seat, dropping back into a full-recline.

Dex frantically puts the car back in drive - JUST AS A BUCKSHOT comes exploding through the front passenger window.

The blast passes over Tropper, rips off Dex's face. He goes limp. His dead-weight presses down on the accelerator.

The Chevy lurches forward, crashes into a light pole.

INT. BLACK TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

Kira slams down on the accelerator, drives their car directly at Crash, who flies up the windshield of the town car.

The windshield splinters. Crash hits the concrete.

Julie and Kira hop out of the town car, guns drawn.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE SLATER'S BUILDING - SAME TIME

Julie peeks-in through the passenger window of the Chevy.

JULIE

We got one down in the driver's seat!

Kira opens the back door of the Chevy, where Tropper has crawled to and curled up into the fetal position.

Kira grabs his shirt collar, drags him out of the car.

TROPPER

What the fuck?

KIRA

Stay down.

JULIE

We got a runner!

Crash limps away from the scene, leaves behind a trail of blood and a blonde wig. His fake glasses are broken, still rest on his nose.

Julie aims her gun, fires twice.

Crash tumbles down the steps of the subway, disappears.

JULIE

I'm going after him!

Julie runs off toward the subway.

TROPPER

What the fuck is happening?

Tropper pushes Kira off of him, stands up.

KIRA

FBI, hands against the vehicle.

She aims her gun at his chest. He raises his hands.

TROPPER

Shit, Dex. We're cooked man.

KIRA

Homeboy ain't answering. Think his ears fell off when he took that shotgun blast to the dome.

Kira grabs Tropper by the shoulder, pushes him toward the driver's seat so he can see Dex's lifeless body.

TROPPER

Oh my-oh my god. What the fuck? Who did this? How did this happen.

KIRA

Assailant came up on your side of the car - like he was aiming at you.

TROPPER

Fuck that! I just saw him, I just...

KIRA

What were you doing outside this building?

TROPPER

What?

KIRA

What were you doing here, asshole?

TROPPER

What? Nothing, I ain't saying shit.

Julie jogs back over to Kira and Tropper.

JULIE

He got away, must've got on the subway. He got away.

KIRA

Look, your man here was a cop. We got you dead to rights.

TROPPER

That's a fucking lie.

KIRA

It's not. FBI got involved for the road trip. And thanks to you, our Golden Goose is now sitting in the front seat without a face.

TROPPER

Lawyer. Lawyer. Lawyer. Lawyer.

KIRA

And then what? You're either going to prison for a long, long time. Or your employer's gonna have you taken out. Who do you think arranged this hit?

TROPPER

This is fucked.

Julie cuffs Tropper, throws him in the back of the Chevy.

JULIE

What's the play?

KIRA

I don't know, lemme think.

Kira puts her hands to her temples. She paces back and fourth. After a moment, she opens the driver's side door.

Dex's body falls out.

KIRA

Help me out here.

JULIE

What the fuck are we doing?

KIRA

This way. C'mon.

They move Dex's body to the backseat of the town car, then climb into the Chevy.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Crash is slumped over across multiple seats on the subway. His gut-wound bleeds down his legs. Blood drips from a small gash on his forehead, mixes with the blonde paint from his eyebrows, runs down his face. He digs into his pocket, pulls out the pill bottle, saddened to see it's empty. The subway stops. Crash gets off.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER - MOMENTS LATER

Kira drives, Julie in shotgun. Tropper's cuffed in the back.

JULIE

Kira, what's the plan?

KIRA

Danny and Felix are taking out their own guys - they know there's a mole.

TROPPER

Danny wouldn't do that--

JULIE

Shut the fuck up.

KIRA

Think about it. You're sent down to ATL with a cop, then they send someone to take you *both* out. Otherwise, you would've been told what the deal was.

Tropper sits back, astonished.

TROPPER

Fuck.

KIRA

Once we're outta Georgia, we'll tip off APD.

JULIE

And then what?

KIRA

Then this fucker's gonna testify.

She glares at Tropper through the rearview mirror. Tropper closes his eyes, leans forward against the front passenger seat. Julie's cell buzzes.

JULIE (ON PHONE)

Hey.

EVAN (O.S.)

Julie, it's Evan.

JULIE (ON PHONE)

I know, what you got?

EVAN (O.S.)

So I traced those account numbers back to the source.

JULIE (ON PHONE)

And?

EVAN (O.S.)

They lead back to two gentlemen - old school mob guys from the nineties, still kicking. We got files on both, believe it or not.

JULIE (ON PHONE)

No joke?

EVAN (O.S.)

None, you familiar with Danny Gallagher and Felix Gold?

Julie closes her eyes.

EVAN (O.S.)

You there? Julie?

JULIE (ON PHONE)

Yeah, got it. Thanks Evan.

EVAN (O.S.)

Want me to follow up? Send the account info to the respective task force?

JULIE (ON PHONE)

Do nothing, I'll handle it. Thank you.

She hangs up her cell.

JULIE

Gonna need coffee if we're making it back to New York in a straight shot.

KIRA
Shit heap needs gas. Should we call
H.Q.?

JULIE
Probably.

TROPPER
Wait, wait don't. Hold on.

KIRA
Shut the fuck up.

JULIE
In what world do you think you're
calling the shots here?

Julie takes her cell out, dials.

TROPPER
Before I came down here, Danny gave me
a suitcase with two million dollars.

Julie hangs up. Both agents are intrigued.

KIRA
Go on.

TROPPER
Two million in a brief case. I was
supposed to drop it off with some
movie guy. I forgot it in Brooklyn.

KIRA
You just *forgot* 2 million dollars?

TROPPER
Shit got hectic. Yeah, I forgot it.

KIRA
Bullshit.

TROPPER
I had to take care of a family issue.
The briefcase slipped my mind. It's at
my mother's apartment, under the sink,
in her bathroom.

KIRA
You're just now telling us this
because...

TROPPER

Cause I forgot all about it! Shit, no one knows you've scooped me up yet. No one even knows Dex was killed. You two can take the two million, even split. Just let me the hell go.

KIRA

You're a lying sack of shit.

TROPPER

I swear on my mother! Danny gave me 2 million dollars in a silver brief case. He told me, give it to the director of the movie. Then fuck up the film critic, I fucking swear!

Kira pulls into a gas station, parks the car.

KIRA

If he's telling the truth--

TROPPER

I swear I am.

KIRA

If he's telling the truth...that brief case, plus his testimony, tie this RICO case up but good.

TROPPER

No, no, no. I ain't testifying against these motherfuckers. They fucking *kill* rats. They got guys in every major prison, on payroll. Shit, they got cops on payroll, they got Feds on payroll--

KIRA

You're full of shit.

TROPPER

I'm not! They got guys in every agency, every department. Just take the two million, let me go. You'll never hear from me again, I swear!

KIRA

Shut the fuck up. I've heard enough. Shut your damn mouth.

Kira gets out, gasses up the car. Julie gets out, lights a fresh cigarette.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, BERNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bernie's in the kitchen making omelettes. Macy flips channels on the television while Beatrice rolls a blunt.

Bernie turns the dial down on the stove, opens the fridge.

BERNIE

Who the fuck finished the bacon?

Macy and Beatrice ignore him.

BERNIE

You gotta let me know when you finish the bacon, so I can grab more - hey is anyone listening to me?

There's a KNOCK at the door.

BERNIE

See who it is.

Beatrice stands up, half-rolled blunt in one hand, opens the front door without looking through the peep hole. Crash bursts in, bloodied and disheveled.

CRASH

Bernie, where's Bernie?

BERNIE

Jesus Christ. What the fuck happened kid? You two, get in the other room.

Beatrice and May comply. Crash collapses on the couch.

CRASH

I did it, Bernie. I got them.

BERNIE

What happened?

Crash takes a wad of cash out of his pocket, drops it.

CRASH

Paul...wen't to rehab. Didn't have your new number.

BERNIE

Oh shit, that's right, I changed my number.

Bernie chuckles, pretends to slap himself on the head.

CRASH

Nice guy. I think I'm gonna go to N.A. with him.

BERNIE

Jesus Crash. What the fuck happened?

CRASH

I-I think I got hit by a car?

BERNIE

Must've been an eighteen wheeler.

CRASH

Need more pills. Hurting real bad.

BERNIE

Here, here, here.

Bernie pulls a pill bottle from the pocket of his robe, drops two opiates in Crash's mouth.

BERNIE

Shit, you're bleeding all over the place. Hang tight, I'll grab towels.

Bernie walks into the bed room.

INT. BED ROOM, BERNIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Beatrice and May smoke the blunt, totally unfazed.

Bernie takes a hit from the blunt, goes over to his dresser, takes a handgun out from the top drawer.

BERNIE

Gimme that.

He points to a silencer on the bedside table. May complies.

Bernie screws the silencer onto the end of the gun, walks back out to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BERNIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Bernie puts the gun to Crash's head.

BERNIE

Crash.

Upon contact with the barrel of the gun, Crash goes limp, head falls over to the side. Bernie puts two fingers to Crash's throat - no pulse.

BERNIE

Wow.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Julie puts her cigarette out on the roof of the Chevy.

JULIE

You want a coffee?

KIRA

Yes please.

JULIE

You want me to drive the rest of the way? You look exhausted.

KIRA

That's probably a good idea.

Julie walks toward the gas station's minimart.

Kira finishes gassing up the car, climbs into the front passenger seat. Julie enters the store.

INT. MINIMART OF GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Julie approaches the CLERK at the check out counter.

CLERK

Evening miss.

JULIE

Pack of 27s please.

The store clerk hands her a pack of cigarettes. She takes one out, lights it up immediately.

CLERK

Woh. Ma'am, you can't smoke in here--

INT. CHEVY BLAZER - MOMENTS LATER

Kira looks straight ahead, makes eye contact with Tropper through the rearview mirror.

KIRA

You serious? About having cops and
Feds on the payroll?

TROPPER

How do you think they've stayed off
the radar so long? Shit, for all I
know, you're working for Danny.

KIRA

Fuck you.

TROPPER

Look, two million dollars, that's life
changing money. You can take it, let's
ditch your partner right now, we'll go
straight to my momma's house and the
money is yours - all of it.

KIRA

Listen asshole--

THE FRONT PASSENGER WINDOW SHATTERS as Julie pistol-whips
Kira through the glass.

TROPPER

What the fuck!

Julie opens the door, takes Kira's gun, tucks it into the
back of her waistband, pulls Kira out of the car in a
headlock.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Julie drags Kira across the gas station, into the minimart.

Kira comes-to, kicks around, struggles.

INT. MINIMART OF GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The clerk has a gash on his forehead. He's battered, woozy,
stands up, leans against the check out counter for support.

A half-smoked cigarette sits upward on the check out counter,
balanced on its filter. Smoke floats up toward the ceiling.

The clerk comes-to. He makes a play for his hand gun, stashed in a holster under the counter.

Julie draws Kira's gun, shoots the clerk three times.

KIRA

Oh god, what the fuck!

Julie relinquishes her hold on Kira, leaps over the checkout counter, takes the clerk's handgun, shoots Kira five times, killing her partner.

Julie removes the hard drive from the minimart's security monitor, pockets it, exits the store.

A moment later, she walks back in, grabs an E-Hookah Vape Pen off the wall behind the counter.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER - MOMENTS LATER

Julie walks back to the Chevy, opens the back door.

TROPPER

What the fuck was that? You killed her, you fucking killed her!

JULIE

You better be serious about that two mill.

TROPPER

Jesus-oh my god. I'm serious, I'm serious. Just don't kill me, the money is yours - all of it. Just don't fucking kill me, please.

JULIE

Shut the fuck up.

INT. PROP GUY'S STORE - SUN RISE

A colorful sun rise peaks through the blinds of the store. Prop Guy packs up his belongings into a suit case. His laptop sits on the counter, streams a news story about a bullet-riddled car crash in downtown Atlanta.

A KNOCK on the store's front door. Prop Guy pauses his packing, startled. He holds his breath, inches over to the door, looks through the blinds.

After a moment, he opens the door. Julie pushes her way in.

PROP GUY

You can't be here. I'm about to leave.

JULIE

Where are you going?

PROP GUY

Haven't you seen the news?
Everything's gone to shit. I'm leaving
town. Probably to Florida, maybe
California. I suggest you do the same.

JULIE

Feds won't find anything that'll
connect you to what went down. Neither
will the APD.

PROP GUY

Even so--

JULIE

Look, you wanna leave? I ain't gonna
stop you. But if you help me out with
one last thing, I can get you half a
million dollars to run away with.

PROP GUY

Bullshit.

JULIE

It's not. You ever use one of these
before?

Julie takes the E-Hookah Vape out of her pocket. The prop guy
studies it, looks up at her.

PROP GUY

I don't vape.

JULIE

That's not what I had in mind.

EXT. YACHT, UPPER DECK - MORNING

Danny and Felix eat a lavish breakfast. Danny's cell buzzes.

DANNY (ON THE PHONE)

What's up...OK...Yeah it's real, get
it back...Take care of him...Don't
disappoint me.

Danny hangs up the phone.

DANNY
Sorry, my daughter.

FELIX
No worries, partner. I know the drill...when the kids call.

DANNY
It's always something, right?

FELIX
How'd they become so dependent on us?

DANNY
I was outta my parents house by the time I was 18. Cut me off completely.

FELIX
The fucking screens. And the apps--

DANNY
The *binge-watching*.

FELIX
Brains are fried by the time they're fifteen.

Danny puffs his E Hookah vape, pinches the top of his nose.

FELIX
What's a matter?

DANNY
My best guy, had to cut 'em loose.

FELIX
Wouldn't dwell on it, they're all replaceable.

DANNY
Not this one. Put a lot a work into him, he's like a son to me.

FELIX
Jay Tropper?

DANNY
The one and only.

FELIX

Didn't you have his father killed back
in the day? Crooked cop?

DANNY

Yeah - he had it coming, though.
Tipped off the Fire Marshall, remember
that whole debacle?

FELIX

Like it was yesterday.

INT. CHEVY BLAZER, BROOKLYN - DAY

Julie drives and smokes. Tropper sleeps in the backseat.

JULIE

Time to wake up. Hey asshole.

She hits the breaks. Tropper rolls to the floor of the car.

TROPPER

God damn.

JULIE

We're here, where's your mom's place?

TROPPER

Corner of Scholes and Bogart. Hang a
Louie.

EXT. OUTSIDE DELILAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie exits the car, pulls Tropper out, still handcuffed.

TROPPER

We're about to enter my mother's home.
Can you un-cuff me please?

JULIE

Just shut the fuck up and keep
walking. Let's go.

TROPPER

Aren't we on the same side here?

JULIE

Which apartment?

TROPPER

It's this one.

Julie un-cuffs Tropper. He knocks twice on the front door.

TROPPER
Hey mom, you home?

He knocks again, no answer.

JULIE
Get outta the way.

Julie shoves Tropper aside, kicks the door in. She enters the apartment - is instantly smacked over the back of the head with a frying pan.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BATHROOM, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Delilah takes a seat on the toilet. She realizes that there is no toilet paper left on the roll.

DELILAH
God damnit.

Delilah reaches over, opens up the cabinet under the sink, finds the forgotten silver brief case, opens it up. Her jaw drops at the sight of the cash.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Delilah sits on the couch, stares at the brief case.

After several moments, she shuts the case, takes it to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Delilah stashes the brief case in the cabinet under the sink.

She goes into the closet, pulls out a tool box.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF DELILAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Delilah removes the WELCOME MAT from in front of her door, reveals wooden paneling beneath. Using an electric saw, Delilah cuts a small rectangular hole into the paneling in front of her front door.

She checks to make sure that the Welcome Mat covers the hole, without sinking in. *Success.* She goes back inside.

INT. KITCHEN, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Delilah takes out her heroin kit. She liquifies a large amount of black tar in a spoon, heats it up.

She fills up a large, thick syringe with the heroin. She opens a kitchen drawer, pulls out the crazy glue.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF DELILAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Delilah applies the crazy glue to the base of the syringe, sticks it to the bottom of the hole that she cut into the paneling. She places the welcome mat over the hole, covers up the needle.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Delilah pours herself a glass of whiskey over ice, sits on the couch, waits. As time passes, she finishes the glass of whiskey.

More time passes, the ice in her glass melts.

Finally, a KNOCK at her front door. She does nothing.

Another KNOCK - then a sort of CRASHING SOUND. She rises, waits a beat. She approaches the front door, waits a beat.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF DELILAH'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Lt. Rachel Dawson is on the ground, nearly unconscious, the heroin needle sticks out of the bottom of her shoe.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DELILAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Delilah and Tropper stand over Julie and Dawson, both unconscious with their hands cuffed behind their backs.

TROPPER

How'd you know I wouldn't be the first one here, step on the needle myself?

DELILAH

Guess it's a good thing I didn't think of that.

TROPPER

I guess so, shit.

DELILAH

You drive here?

TROPPER

Yeah, why?

DELILAH

Let's get the keys and disappear.

TROPPER

Chevy's too hot by now, mom.

DELILAH

Well, what do you suggest we do?

TROPPER

Your name isn't listed on this apartment, is it?

DELILAH

Deed's under Danny's name.

TROPPER

Of course it is.

Julie's eyes pop open. She scans the room.

DELILAH

What about these two? What do we do with them?

Julie slithers across the floor, tries to maneuver her way to the front door. Tropper and Delilah watch her without interfering, she won't be able to escape.

TROPPER

You got any more H we can shoot them up with?

DELILAH

Think I've shared enough of my stash.

TROPPER

Mom.

DELILAH

Jay.

JULIE

You're not shooting me with heroin.

TROPPER

In what world do you think *you're* calling the shots here?

Tropper grins, pleased with himself and the turning tables.
Julie rolls over onto her arms, still cuffed behind her back.

JULIE

You and I, we want the same thing.

TROPPER

How do you figure?

JULIE

Danny put a hit out on your head.

TROPPER

And?

JULIE

And I'm going to kill him.

DELILAH

Why should we listen to anything she says, Jay?

JULIE

Because I don't care about the money,
not really. And if we do things my
way, you two won't have to spend the
rest of your lives in hiding.

TROPPER

I don't know. You cared about the
money enough to come here.

JULIE

It was a loose end, that's it. Please,
just hear me out.

EXT. BOATING DOCK, OUTSIDE DANNY'S YACHT - DAY

Julie, Tropper and Dawson approach the yacht. Tropper walks
out in front, his hands cuffed loosely behind his back.
Dawson and Julie walk practically on top of one another.
Julie has her pistol jammed into Dawson's back.

JULIE

Call out for dad.

DAWSON

What? You do it.

JULIE

Call out for dad, now.

She jams the gun barrel harder into Dawson back.

DAWSON
Hey dad! Yo pops!

Danny peers his head over the side of the yacht's upper deck.

DANNY (FROM YACHT)
Holy shit, is that my daughters?
Together? *In public?* Well come on,
climb aboard.

INT. YACHT, LOWER DECK - MOMENTS LATER

They enter an inclosed room on the lower deck.

JULIE
Open that closet.

DAWSON
No.

JULIE
Open the fucking closet.

Julie raises the gun to Dawson's temple. Dawson opens the door. Julie pistol-whips Dawson in the back of the head. Dawson falls forward into the closet. Julie shuts the door.

EXT. YACHT, UPPER DECK - SAME TIME

Danny and Felix engage in a game of Backgammon. Brenner and Foley mix drinks at the bar.

FOLEY
Think you guys'r all outta ice.

FELIX
What are you two even doing here?

FOLEY
Danny invited us.

DANNY
I did no such thing. But seeing as
you're already here, why don't you
make a couple drinks for my daughters.

FOLEY
Sure thing.

JULIE
I'm good, actually. Dawson won't be
drinking either.

Julie and Tropper emerge at the top of the stairs.

DANNY
Where's your sister?

JULIE
Bathroom.

DANNY
Why's he still alive?

TROPPER
Fuck you, Danny! Ahh--

Julie kicks Tropper in the back of the knee. He collapses.

JULIE
I don't know where the money is. The
briefcase I got off him was a decoy.
He won't spill.

DANNY
How persuasive were you?

JULIE
I flipped him upside down in the
bathroom, crushed his balls over and
over again with the toilet seat.

FELIX
Jesus.

JULIE
Almost forgot. Got you something.

Julie hands Danny the E-Hookah vape from the gas station.

DANNY
You're really the best, ya know that?
Mine just ran outta juice.

He takes the vape from her, turns it on, starts puffing.

JULIE
Just the four of you today?

DANNY

You know I like to keep things
intimate.

A HARPOON FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, impales Julie, enters through her back, pokes out of her abdomen. Danny's jaw drops. A disheveled Dawson stands at the top of the stairs, clutches a harpoon gun. Julie coughs up blood, stumbles.

FELIX

Jesus Christ!

DANNY

Rachel, where did you-what the fuck?

DAWSON

Julie blew her cover with the feds,
started killing everyone. Her and
Tropper, they're here to kill you.

DANNY

I don't believe it.

DAWSON

Believe it. You should've never
brought her into our family.

Danny takes another drag from the E-Hookah Vape - BANG! THE VAPE EXPLODES, rips Danny's hand and face to shreds. His teeth rain down on the upper deck of the yacht. His ring finger sales through the air, hits Felix in the face before gravity finally catches up to it. Danny's jaw falls to the floor, lands two inches from Tropper.

Tropper rolls over, rips off the cuffs, pulls a pistol out of his waistband, empties the chamber firing shots off at the bar. By the time the gun clicks empty, Brenner's dead on the floor, Foley's stretched out over the bar, bleeding out.

Another harpoon flies by, this one lands a half inch from Tropper's face, burrows into the deck.

DAWSON

Shit!

Dawson frantically tries to load the last harpoon.

Just before she readies the maritime gun to fire again - Julie leaps on top of her, the harpoon sticking out of her stomach stabs right through Dawson's chest.

EXT. STAIRCASE OF YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

Tropper leaps down the stairs. Felix chases after him, lunges at Tropper with his switchblade. Tropper evades the knife, grabs Felix by the wrist. A brief struggle ensues, ends with Tropper slashing Felix's throat with his own knife.

INT. OFFICE OF LITERARY AGENT - DAY

Bart Connors enters his office, coffee in hand. He's got a small bandage on part of his head, a shiner in one eye.

A medium-sized UPS box sits on his desk. He takes a seat, pulls a scissor out of his drawer, opens the package. His cell rings - a blocked number. He answers, holds his cell between his ear and his shoulder, wrestles open the UPS box.

CONNERS (ON PHONE)

Who's calling?

INT. MATTE BLACK TESLA MODEL S - SAME TIME

Delilah rides shotgun. Tropper drives, smiles. His phone's connected to bluetooth.

TROPPER

Bart Connors. You get my package?

INT. OFFICE OF LITERARY AGENT - SAME TIME

Connors has the box open. He pulls out a manuscript. The title page reads, "CRITICAL a story by Jay Tropper."

CONNERS (ON PHONE)

Mr. Tropper, I don't know what planet you're living on, that you think I'd be willing to help you publish--

There's more in the UPS box...two zip locked baggies.

CONNERS (ON PHONE)

What the...oh my god.

TROPPER (O.S.)

How's this for authentic, Bart? My novel gets published, or it'll be your fingers and teeth I'm sending to some other literary agent.

END.