

ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE
an original screenplay by
PATRICK LAZZARA

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BAR - NIGHT

Through the front window, we see PATRONS lining the bar and sitting at hightop tables. SERVERS buzz about the place.

Across the street, a battered muscle car ROARS to a stop. As the engine RUMBLES, smoke billows from the exhaust. The red brake lights burn like warning signals.

The driver side window slides down, a lipstick-stained cigarette butt arcs into the night.

INSERT - CIGARETTE BUTT

The butt lies abandoned on the pavement, a crimson kiss marking its filter.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BAR - NIGHT

Ambient music thrums over the low rumble of customer conversations, creating a charged atmosphere.

Two waitresses, AVA, 27, and SKYLER, 22, huddle in the service well, waiting for the next round of drinks.

AVA
Fifteen minutes and we're done. How
you holding up?

SKYLER
Fine, that asshole over there grabbed
my ass.

AVA
Who?

SKYLER
One of those guys at twenty seven.

Ava looks. There is a hightop table of THREE FRAT GUYS.

AVA
Crack him over the head with your
tray.

Skyler laughs.

SKYLER
Yeah, right. I don't want to get
canned my first week.

The bartender, ROBBIE, 31, comes over and places drinks in the services well.

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
Last call. I'll do one more and
that's it. Cool?

AVA
Yeah, I can't wait to get out of
here.

SKYLER
Thanks Robbie.

Skyler takes her drinks and heads off. Robbie turns to Ava.

ROBBIE
Wanna grab a drink when we are outta
here?

AVA
I wish. I'm paying the babysitter
by the hour.

ROBBIE
Thought your ex had the kids on
weekends?

AVA
He's out of town. A bachelor party
for one of his asshole friends.

ROBBIE
What if...I pay the sitter for a
couple more hours?

AVA
Really?

ROBBIE
I'm serious. I wanna hangout. If
you are down?

Ava beams.

AVA
Alright, you're on.

Ava takes her drinks and cuts through the crowd. Robbie leans
over the bar and watches her butt as she walks off.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BAR - LATER

The bar crowd has thinned. A FEW STRAGGLERS are sitting at
the bar, nursing the last of their drinks.

A FEW more CUSTOMERS sit at the hightop tables.

(CONTINUED)

Robbie counts cash out of the register.

Ava and Skyler sit on stools at the end of the bar, counting their tips.

SKYLER
Oh my god. My feet hurt so bad.

AVA
Oh, sweetie, you'll get used to it.

A busboy, TOMAS, 30s, walks behind the bar and grabs a trash can.

TOMAS
We good, here?

ROBBIE
Yeah, that's good to go. Thanks,
Tomas.

Tomas drags the trash can off.

A lug-head at the bar, BRECK, 26, his right hand is in a cast, is sitting with THREE BUDDIES, in their 20s. He BANGS his empty glass on the bar.

BRECK
Yo, fill 'er up.

ROBBIE
Sorry guys, we are done for the
evening.

Breck points at the liquor bottles that line the back wall.

BRECK
The bottle is right there.

ROBBIE
Told you, last call was fifteen
minutes ago.

Breck holds up his cast.

BRECK
I got this cast cause I broke my
knuckles on the head of the last
bartender who refused to serve me.

Breck and his buddies CRACK UP.

ROBBIE
There are other bars open longer
than us fellas.

EXT. BAR/BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The back door opens and Tomas comes out dragging the trash can. Startled, he stops dead in his tracks.

TOMAS
(in Spanish)
What is this?

THREE MASKED GUNMEN point guns at his head. The gunman out front CRACKS Tomas with the butt of his sawed-off shotgun, knocking him out cold.

The three gunmen flood through back door.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BAR - NIGHT

The gunmen flood into the bar area. Robbie sees them first, startled, he backs up toward the register, throwing his hands into the air.

ROBBIE
Whoa!

GUNMAN #1 waves his gun over the crowd. He spins around and points his sawed-off at Robbie.

GUNMAN #1
Empty the fucking register!

Ava and Skyler SCREAM!

GUNMAN #2 sticks his gun in Ava's ribs.

GUNMAN #2
Put your purses on the bar!

GUNMAN #3 runs to the front door, blocking the exit and covers the crowd with his gun.

Breck's buddies cower back. But Breck puts on a tough guy front.

GUNMAN #1
Everybody, put your wallets on the bar!

ROBBIE
Relax, man, we'll do what you say.

Gunman #1 shoves his shotgun over the bar at Robbie.

GUNMAN #1
You better start emptying that register or everyone dies!

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
Alright! Alright!

Robbie punches at the register. DING! It opens. He pulls the money out as fast as he can.

Gunman #2 yells at Skylar and Ava.

GUNMAN #2
Lay your money on the bar!

SKYLER
Please...I... I got to pay rent.

GUNMAN #2
I don't give a fuck!

He rips her purse off her shoulder. He rifles through the cash and then shoves it in a duffle bag over his shoulder. He waves his gun in Ava's face.

GUNMAN #2 (CONT'D)
Now you!

AVA
Here.

Ava scrambles and gives him all her tips. He stuffs them in his bag.

He reaches out and snatches at Skylar's necklace. She tries to block him.

SKYLER
My boyfriend got me this.

Gunman #2 leans in, through gritted teeth, yanks the chain off her neck.

GUNMAN #2
It's mine now.

He stuffs the chain in his bag.

Gunman #3 waves his gun back and forth, continuing watching the crowd.

Robbie lays all the money from the register on the bar. Gunman #1 scoops it up and stuffs it in his bag. He bangs the sawed-off on the bar.

GUNMAN #1
You forget something?

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE

What?

GUNMAN #1

The tips from the jar.

Robbie picks up his tip jar and hands it the to Gunman #1.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)

You trying to get cute?

ROBBIE

No...No!

Gunman #2 is scooping up wallets and purses from the customers.

Gunman #1 turns his sawed-off at Breck.

GUNMAN #1

Now you. Your wallet.

Breck death stares Gunman #1 down.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Are you fucking deaf?

Breck gives him nothing. Just a stare.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)

You a tough guy?

ROBBIE

Just give him your wallet and send them on their way!

GUNMAN #1

Shut up barkeep!

Breck continues to death stare Gunman #1.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)

One...

One of Breck's buddies on the ground.

BUDDY

Breck give him your fucking wallet!

GUNMAN #1

Two...

BUDDY

Breck!

(CONTINUED)

GUNMAN #1

Three!

BANG! Breck's head is blown off. Robbie flinches from the mist of blood that hits his face.

The crowd WAILS! Ana and Skyler SCREAM!

Gunman #1 turns the gun back on Robbie.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)

You, come with me! The safe!

ROBBIE

What?!

GUNMAN #1

In the back office. The safe! Now!

ROBBIE

Okay, okay...don't hurt anyone else.

Robbie walks the length of the bar with his hands up. Gunman #1 shadows him on the other side of the bar.

Robbie passes a crying Ava.

AVA

Robbie!

ROBBIE

We are gonna be okay.

GUNMAN #1

Keep moving!

Gunman #1 shoves Robbie in the back. As they move toward the back office.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BAR/OFFICE - NIGHT

Robbie kneels down at the safe. Gunman #1 holds the sawed-off on the back of his neck.

ROBBIE

Please, man, don't hurt anyone else.

GUNMAN #1

Open it.

Robbie spins the combo as fast as he can. He yanks the safe door open, revealing stacks of hundred dollar bills.

Gunman #1 holds out his bag.

(CONTINUED)

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)
Put it in there.

Robbie hefts the cash into the bag.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)
All of it.

Robbie puts what is left into the bag.

ROBBIE
Please, take it and go man.

Gunman #1 raises the barrel of the gun to the base of Robbie skull.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BAR - NIGHT

From the back office, we hear the shotgun BOOM!

Ava and Skyler SCREAM! Gunman #2 shoots Skyler, then he turns his gun on Ava.

She holds up her hands, pleading...

AVA
Please! I'm a mo...

He shoots Ava too.

Gunman #3 starts shooting the remaining customers.

A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA in the far corner is aimed down on the bar area.

INSERT - CAMERA SURVEILLANCE VIDEO

There is some thing cold about the black and white video with no sound as Gunman #2 and #3 are shooting the rest of the customers. Gunman #1 dashes toward the front door, with his duffle bag in tow.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BAR - NIGHT

The three gunman burst out the front door and charge toward the waiting muscle car. They dive in and the car ROARS away.

INT. DETECTIVE RIVERA'S SEDAN(PARKED) - DAY

A cell phone display, a text reads:

From Justine:

STOP IGNORING ME! CALL ME!

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE JAVIER RIVERA, 40s, Latino, tough looking in an expensive suit, looks at his phone and sighs.

He looks up and sees his partner DETECTIVE TRENT BLOCK, 30s, African American, slick looking in his cheap suit, full of confident energy, exit the downtown Los Angeles bar and waves at Detective Rivera. He gets out of the car and approaches Block.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BAR - MORNING

The bodies are still laid about the place in their last crude positions.

Blood cakes the floors, the walls and the bar. The register is open with a few stray dollars hanging from the cash tray.

The front door CREAKS open and Detective Rivera and Block enter.

Block shows Rivera around.

DETECTIVE BLOCK
I'm thinking the same guys who pulled
that job up in Whittier.

Rivera slips on a pair of rubber gloves.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
What makes you say that?

DETECTIVE BLOCK
Same M.O. Same shells all over the
floor.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
This place got tape?

DETECTIVE BLOCK
Owner is pulling it for us.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
At least there is that.

Rivera looks over the massacre and WHISTLES, not the first time he's seen something like this.

Block walks over to where Ava and Skyler's bodies lay, he shakes his head in disgust.

DETECTIVE BLOCK
Jesus.

INT. COLE GALLO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - MORNING

A bedroom TV plays a news report of the bar robbery.

INSERT - TV

It's the surveillance video of the gunmen shooting the customers. Some of the footage is blurred.

We cut back to a TV REPORTER, standing outside the downtown Bar.

TV REPORTER

This happened around one a.m. on Friday morning. There were eleven victims, all were deceased at the scene. A spokesperson for the LAPD say the assailants made off with cash and jewelry belonging to the victims. They also said money was stolen out of the bar safe. Now police are saying there maybe a connection with the bar heist that took place in Whittier, two weeks ago.

The silhouette of a WOMAN, dressed in a tank top and a pair of panties, stands in front of the TV, watching the report. The BUZZ of an ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH is heard.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

Police are offering a cash reward of ten thousand dollars for any information leading to the arrest and prosecution of these assailants.

Curled up in bed is COLE GALLO 40s, Italian, rugged with day scruff of beard. He twitches and spasms from a nightmare.

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

We see the blurred image of a MAN backed against a red brick wall, a gun is pushed into his cheek.

A .38 snub nose, a finger gripping the trigger, the hammer slamming the firing pin and a GUNSHOT RINGS OUT!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. COLE GALLO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Cole shoots awake with a SCREAM.

His girlfriend, SARA RYKO, Asian, late 30s, spins from the TV and looks at Cole with concern.

SARA
Babe, you okay?

Cole, breathing heavy, lays his head back down on his pillow.

COLE
Huh?

SARA
Another nightmare?

COLE
Uh huh.

He closes his eyes, he's half awake.

SARA
Did you hear that?

COLE
Hear what?

SARA
The TV.

She points at the TV with her electric toothbrush.

SARA (CONT'D)
Eleven people were killed. In a robbery.

COLE
Robbery?

SARA
Some bar, we went there one time.

COLE
A bar we went to?

SARA
Yeah, they said one of the waitresses was a mother of two.

COLE
Little early for that, right?

(CONTINUED)

SARA
Well, it happened and it's fucked
up.

Sara heads off to the bathroom.

COLE
You're right, it is fucked up.
(beat)
Is there coffee?

INT. COLE GALLO'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - MORNING

Cole walks from the kitchen with a cup of coffee in his hand.
He pushes in his office door and looks inside.

INT. COLE GALLO'S APARTMENT/OFFICE - MORNING

Cole stands in the doorway, looking over the room.

Across the room is his desk, his laptop is open, next to it
is an near empty bottle of Jameson and an empty rocks glass.

He scans across the room.

Leaning against the wall is a framed movie poster: a schlocky
horror movie named SHREDDER.

He shakes his head in disgust and exits.

INT. COLE GALLO'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - MORNING

Sara stands in front of the mirror putting on her makeup.
Cole appears in the bathroom door.

COLE
Morning.

SARA
You were up late. How'd the writing
go?

He shrugs.

COLE
Eh...But I did manage to finish what
was left of the Jameson.

SARA
Oh, productive.
(beat)
Well, don't put too much pressure on
yourself. I'm sure the writing will
come.

(CONTINUED)

COLE

Yeah.

She turns back to the mirror. Cole hesitates.

COLE (CONT'D)

I need the car today.

SARA

Yeah, you need to go to the bank and get the check for the house. Remember?

COLE

Yeah, I remember.

She continues to put on eyeliner.

COLE (CONT'D)

Um, Nicky is getting released today.

This stops her, she turns to him.

SARA

I thought he was in another year.

COLE

He was paroled. I guess, good time.

SARA

You're just springing this on me now?

COLE

I didn't know how to tell you.

SARA

Where's he gonna stay...

Cole shrugs.

SARA (CONT'D)

And please don't say our couch.

COLE

I don't know what his plans are.

SARA

Oh god...

COLE

Sara.

SARA

Cole, you've been doing so good.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
What is that supposed to mean?

SARA
When you hang around that guy, you
get into trouble. A LOT of trouble.

COLE
Maybe he's cleaned up his act.

SARA
I doubt it. But I hope so.

COLE
He's my best friend. Why don't you
like him?

SARA
Where did you meet him? Juvie?

COLE
Yeah, so?

SARA
And look, you're still picking up
from a state penitentiary.

COLE
I'm picking him up from LA County.
A prison bus drives them from the
State Pen.

SARA
You see? In and out of prison.

COLE
Like I said, maybe he's cleaned up
his act.

SARA
Uh huh.

Sara turns back to the mirror and continues to put on her
make up. Cole stands there defeated.

EXT. SARA'S WORK BUILDING - DAY

Cole's convertible pulls to the curb. Sara grabs her attache
case and gets out.

SARA
Don't forget dinner with my parents
at eight.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
I'm there with bells on.

SARA
And don't forget to go to the bank.

COLE
Sara, I'm on it. After I pick up
Nicky.

Sara hesitates and then...

SARA
Do you...

Sara hesitates...

COLE
What?

SARA
Plan on bringing him?

COLE
To dinner?

She nods.

COLE (CONT'D)
I don't know. I'll text you, let
you know what his plans are.

SARA
I'll look forward to it.

Sara leans back in and gives Cole a kiss.

SARA (CONT'D)
I can't believe we are buying a house.

COLE
Well, believe it baby.

Sara gets back out.

SARA
And don't get in any trouble.

COLE
Never.

SARA
Uh huh.

She turns and heads for the entrance of the building.

(CONTINUED)

COLE

Love you!

Cole pulls off as she enters the building.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Cole's convertible is parked out front. Cole leans against the passenger door, impatiently waiting on Nicky.

A few newly released PRISONERS exit the building. Cole looks over the bunch, searching for his pal.

Through the crowd, NICKY ALFIERI, mid 40s, Italian, a clean buzz cut and a dark pair of shades give him a tough, sinister look to him. He carries his belongings in a huge brown paper bag.

Cole raises a hand. Nicky spots him, gives him a head nod and makes his way through the crowd.

Nicky raises his arms out wide and has a sheepish grin on his face.

NICKY

Yo!

COLE

Look at you.

NICKY

You fucking believe it?

COLE

No, I don't.

NICKY

Yet, here I am.

Nicky throws his arms around Cole.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Thanks for picking me up.

COLE

C'mon, who else is gonna come get you?

NICKY

You're always there for me.

COLE

You know it.

Nicky looks back at the jail house.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Just get me far away from this fucking
place, will ya?

Cole nods toward the convertible.

COLE
Hop in.

They get in the convertible.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(MOVING) - DAY

Sunlight streams across Nicky's hands as he rummages through his crumpled brown bag. Cole navigates the road, peripheral vision tracking Nicky's movements.

Nicky waves a packet at Cole.

NICKY
Look at this shit.

COLE
What's that?

NICKY
I gotta go see my fucking P.O. You
mind taking me over there?

COLE
When? Now?

NICKY
Noon.

COLE
Cool.

NICKY
We had movie nights in the joint. I
saw your little movie.

COLE
It's not my movie.

NICKY
Your name is on it.

COLE
Someone bought something I wrote and
turned it into that piece of shit.

NICKY
Ah, it wasn't that bad. I liked it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICKY (CONT'D)
 Loved the dude with metal claw, when
 he tore that chicks fucking face
 off.
 (to himself)
 Shredder.

COLE
 I'd rather forget about it.

NICKY
 You make any coin on that?

COLE
 Not enough.

NICKY
 How's Sara?

COLE
 Great.
 (beat)
 She, uh, can't wait to see you.

Nicky scoffs.

NICKY
 Really?

COLE
 What?

NICKY
 She hates my fucking guts.

COLE
 No she doesn't. Where'd you get
 that from?

NICKY
 She thinks I get you in trouble.
 Doesn't she?

Cole just stares back at the road.

NICKY (CONT'D)
 If she only knew what a troublemaker
 you were back in the day. Before
 you started writing your little
 movies.

Cole chuckles shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
I wrote one screenplay and as for
being a troublemaker, those days are
long over.

NICKY
Is that right?

Cole hesitates and then...

COLE
We're buying a house.

Nicky leans against the car door.

NICKY
A house?

COLE
Yeah, after I drop you off, I'm headed
to the bank to pick up a cashiers
check for a down payment.

NICKY
Look at you, all domesticated.

Cole beams.

COLE
Yeah.

Nicky leans across the front seat and says in a low devious
way...

NICKY
Valentine.

Cole whips a glare at him.

COLE
Why would you bring that up?!

Nicky shrugs.

NICKY
Does she know about Jimmy Valentine?

COLE
No, why the fuck would she?

Nicky can see he hit a nerve. He throws his hands up.

NICKY
Okay, jeez, cool out. I'm just
fucking with you.

(CONTINUED)

COLE

Well, that shit ain't funny. The only people who know about that is me, you and Jimmy Valentine.

NICKY

Yeah, what's left of him. Take it easy.

Cole cools out a bit.

COLE

So, where we going?

NICKY

I'm fucking starving.

COLE

What do you want?

NICKY

I could really go for a giant fucking cheeseburger.

COLE

Well, let's go get you a giant fucking cheeseburger.

EXT. FIVE GUY'S - DAY

Cole and Nicky lean against the convertible. Digging into their burgers, fries and milkshakes.

NICKY

Oh, my god. I forgot how good real food is.

COLE

They didn't give you the gourmet shit up at Corcoran?

NICKY

My fucking shoe leather tastes better than the shit they serve up there.

TWO WOMEN on bikes, in tight clothing and loose tank tops cruise by. Nicky admires the view.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Oof Madone. I have't had ass in three years.

COLE

Jesus, three years?

(CONTINUED)

Nicky watches as the women ride off. He shrugs the thought away.

COLE (CONT'D)
You gonna go see Ang?

NICKY
No. Ang don't want to see my ass.

COLE
You let her know you're out?

NICKY
No, I didn't. She could give a shit.

Cole looks at him.

NICKY (CONT'D)
She stopped coming to see me... nine months ago. Told me she met some guy.

COLE
Really?

Nicky nods.

COLE (CONT'D)
Shit, man, I'm sorry.

NICKY
Ah, fuck it.

COLE
What about the girls?

NICKY
I'll see them when I'm ready. Wanna get back on my feet first. I don't want to look like a guy with a cup in his hand. You know?

COLE
Yeah, for sure.
(beat)
What's the plan, now that you're out?

NICKY
After I go see this parole officer. I gotta go over to my storage unit. I got pick something up.

COLE
You still have that?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Yeah, my uncle's been paying the monthly nut on it. So, I gotta go to work for him for free for a few weeks.

COLE

For free? That sucks.

NICKY

Tell me about it.

COLE

What's he do now?

NICKY

He's got this online sports book.

Cole looks down his nose.

COLE

Is it legit?

NICKY

Yeah, yeah, it's legit.

COLE

You just got out. I'd hate for you to put yourself in a position to get your ass busted back.

NICKY

It's legit. I swear to God.

COLE

Where you gonna be staying?

NICKY

What you don't have a couch for me?

Cole looks away...

COLE

Uh, Um...

Nicky laughs.

NICKY

Uh, Um...

(beat)

I'm fucking with you. Like your old lady wants me sleeping on your couch.

COLE

You're always welcome.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Yeah, right. I'm staying with my cousin. Until I get a place of my own.

COLE

Great, that's great.

Nicky crumples up his burger wrapper and jump shots it toward a trash can nearby. He misses, doesn't bother picking up.

Cole walks over to the trash can, tosses his wrapper in, picks Nicky's up off the ground and tosses it in too.

COLE (CONT'D)

You got any dough?

NICKY

I got enough.

COLE

You sure, you don't need any help?

NICKY

Not after we hit up my storage unit.

Nicky smiles a devilish grin.

COLE

Why don't I like the sound of that?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A man and woman sit in a parked car at the curb.

INT. CAR(PARKED) - DAY

JUSTINE, late 30s and STEPHEN 40s sit in the car. Both hold to go cups of coffee as the engine idles.

JUSTINE

Well, thanks for driving me home.
You didn't have to do that.

He reaches a hand across and caresses her face.

STEPHEN

You spend the night at my place and you think I'm gonna send you off in an Uber or something?

JUSTINE

I don't know.

Stephen looks past her towards the house.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHEN
When am I gonna meet the little guy?

JUSTINE
He's at my mother's. Next time?

STEPHEN
Yeah, you bet. I wanna meet him.

Justine leans across the counsel and gives him a long kiss.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Let's do this again soon. Huh?

She giggles.

JUSTINE
Of course.

She gets out of the car. Stephen watches her, walk up the walk way to the front door. She enter the house and he pulls off.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Justine enters the house and drops her keys in a dish by the door. She walks to the couch and kicks off her shoes.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (O.S.)
Who's the pencil dick?

Justine is startled. She looks and sees Detective Rivera sitting at her kitchen table.

JUSTINE
Jesus, you scared the shit out of me.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Where's Tyler?

JUSTINE
He's at my mothers.

Detective Rivera looks toward the window and waves a hand.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
What? You spend the night with this guy?

JUSTINE
It's none of your business, what I do.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Uh huh.

JUSTINE

By the way you can't just let yourself
in anytime you want?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

That's why I got keys, ain't it?

JUSTINE

Javier, this isn't your house anymore.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Then why the fuck am I paying the
mortgage on it, Justine?

JUSTINE

Because you've been ordered, by the
court.

Detective Rivera digs into his pocket whips out a wad of cash.
Tosses it on the kitchen table.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Speaking of, here's that money you've
been crowing about.

Justine walks over picks up the cash. Starts to count it.

JUSTINE

You're short.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

How 'bout "Thank you!"

JUSTINE

You're short. I can't make the
payment on the house and the car
with this.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Will you relax? I'll bring more by
tomorrow night.

He gets up, try's to stroke her hair, she pulls away.

JUSTINE

Don't.

He studies her for a beat.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

You bring this guy around my kid?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTINE

Like I said, what I do with Stephen
is none of your business.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Stephen, huh?

Justine ignores him.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

When I come by tomorrow...I want to
see Tyler here.

JUSTINE

How 'bout calling first before you
stop by, unannounced.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Just make sure he's here.

He gives her a stare, she looks away.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

Why don't you take a shower. You
smell...dirty.

JUSTINE

Just get out.

Detective Rivera walks out, Justine's tears up as he goes.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY PROBATION DEPARTMENT - DAY

Cole's convertible pulls up out front. Nicky gets out,
carrying his packet.

NICKY

Give me thirty minutes. I'll try to
be quick with this prick.

COLE

I'm gonna park up there at the meter.

NICKY

Cool.

Nicky strides toward the entrance.

COLE

Hey!

Nicky turns back.

COLE (CONT'D)

Be nice in there.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Oh, you know it.

Nicky turns and heads toward the entrance.

INT. LA COUNTY PROBATION DEPARTMENT/WAITING ROOM - DAY

Nicky moves to the front desk. He looks at the packet as he talks to the RECEPTIONIST, a no-nonsense type, clicking away at a keyboard.

NICKY
I'm here to see Wandrash.

RECEPTIONIST
Have a seat.

NICKY
Okay.

He turns toward the seats but stops and turns back.

NICKY (CONT'D)
My name is Nicky by the way.

RECEPTIONIST
Uh huh.

She continues to type.

Nicky turns and sits in a waiting room chair, next to MIA, 28, a tatted up, tough looking Latina. Nicky looks her over, she senses his look and leans away.

NICKY
Hey.

She ignores him.

NICKY (CONT'D)
I like your necklace.

Still no reply from Mia.

NICKY (CONT'D)
So, you come here often?

MIA
Fuck off.

She gets up and moves to another seat. Nicky looks at the receptionist who's been watching them. She smirks. Nicky shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
What can you do?

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY PROBATION DEPARTMENT - DAY

Cole sits in the convertible, he scribbles in a notepad.

He tosses the notepad on the dash and looks around waiting for Nicky.

NICKY (V.O.)
Valentine.

Cole leans back and sighs.

FLASHBACK

EXT. BAR/ALLEY - NIGHT

A back door bursts open, TWO MEN are scuffling. One is Cole and the other is JIMMY VALENTINE, late 30s, big, tough gangster.

Jimmy punches Cole in the gut.

JIMMY
You fucking owe me you piece of shit!

Jimmy punches him again. Cole stumbles into some garbage cans.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Whaddya think, I'm a fucking hood rat?!

COLE
Will you take it easy. I can get you the money.

JIMMY
When?

COLE
Next week, good?

JIMMY
Fuck you, you'll be dead by then, Cole.

Jimmy grabs Cole by the collar and throws him against a red brick wall. He pulls a .38 from his waist band and shoves it in Cole's face.

The backdoor bursts open again, Nicky flies out.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Jimmy, I can't let you do that. Now
why don't you let him go?

JIMMY
Fuck you faggot.

NICKY
Hey! I don't think people use that
terminology anymore.

JIMMY
What's that?

NICKY
Think they prefer "gay" not "faggot".

JIMMY
How 'bout cocksucker, that okay?

Jimmy throws more punches into Cole's gut.

COLE
I told you I can get you the money.

Jimmy shoves the .38 in Cole's cheek, pressing him into the
red brick building.

JIMMY
Say goodbye to your boyfriend.

NICKY
Whoa! Jimmy!

Jimmy spins and points the gun at Nicky.

JIMMY
You better take a walk, Nicky, this
is between me and this piece of shit.

NICKY
You don't really think I'd let you
hurt my boy, do you?

JIMMY
Get outta here Nicky!

Jimmy spins throws Cole back into the red brick wall. Shoving
the gun into Cole's cheek.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Say goodbye motherfucker!

He COCKS the hammer. BANG! Jimmy's brains are blown out!

(CONTINUED)

A spray of blood hits Cole in the face.

Jimmy's slinks into a pile of garbage.

Cole looks down in shock. Then turns to Nicky, who holds his own .38 in his hand.

COLE
Holy fucking shit!

Nicky is also in shock, looking at Jimmy's lifeless body.

NICKY
I had to, you know? He was gonna...

COLE
Yeah.

NICKY
I made him aware he's not hurting my boy.

COLE
Yeah, you did.

NICKY
That's a made guy right there.

COLE
I know it.

Cole wipes the blood off his face with the cuff of his jacket.

NICKY
We are probably in some deep shit.

COLE
Yeah.

NICKY
Umm...

He looks at the gun in his hand. Nicky points to Jimmy's body.

NICKY (CONT'D)
We gotta get rid of this.
(beat)
You better go get the car.

COLE
What?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Go get the car! We gotta get this
body outta here. If any of Salerno's
men find out about this, WE ARE DEAD.

COLE
Alright.
(beat)
Hey, thanks for saving my ass.

NICKY
You know it.

Cole turns and runs off. Nicky stays back looking down on
Jimmy's lifeless body.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY PROBATION DEPARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

Cole is lost in the memory. Nicky opens the passenger door
and slides in.

NICKY
Let's go, huh.

Cole snaps to and cranks over the engine.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(MOVING) - DAY

Cole drives, Nicky rummages through the paperwork he got from
his parole officer.

NICKY
Guy made me piss in a cup, with him
standing over my shoulder.

COLE
Yeah.

NICKY
I couldn't go, got stage fright.

COLE
How was he?

NICKY
A fucking prick. What'd I expect,
huh?

COLE
Yeah.

Cole peeks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

COLE (CONT'D)

Listen, I got errands to do. About the house. Go to the bank. You want me to drop you at your cousin's?

NICKY

I still need to hit up my storage unit. You got time?

COLE

Oh, right, yeah sure.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Cole's convertible is parked just at the door of the storage unit. Nicky fumbles with the lock.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

The storage unit door slides up and open. Cole and Nicky stand, silhouetted, in the doorway.

There is a clutter of boxes, furniture and other junk.

COLE

This place is a mess.

NICKY

Yeah, I was in a hurry before I was carted off to the joint.

Nicky steps over junk and boxes, moving to the back of the storage unit. Cole moves into the storage unit.

COLE

What are you looking for in here?

NICKY

I didn't want to mention it back there.

COLE

Mention what?

Nicky spots what he's looking for.

NICKY

Here it is!

Bends down and pulls a dust covered, worn leather duffle bag. He holds it up, showing Cole.

COLE

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

Nicky climbs back over the junk and sets the bag down. He unzips it. Dust flies. The guys COUGH.

They look in.

INSERT - LEATHER BAG

Inside are neatly stacks of wrapped one hundred dollar bills.

COLE (CONT'D)
Holy shit. How much is that?

NICKY
Neighborhood of three hundred thousand.

COLE
That your money?

NICKY
I wish. But ten percent is.

Nicky digs in and takes out three stacks. He hands them over to Cole.

NICKY (CONT'D)
This is mine. Here, hold this.

Cole cradles the stacks in his arms.

COLE
And the rest?

Nicky is hesitant.

NICKY
Here's the thing...

COLE
What?

NICKY
I owe the rest to Salerno.

Cole fumes.

COLE
Jesus Nicky, you still messing around with that guy?

NICKY
Hey, this money is gonna keep him off my ass. It's what kept me alive in the joint. And today is payday. I got to bring it over to him.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
I promised Sara, I wouldn't get into
any trouble.

NICKY
What trouble? You drive me over
there, I give him the money and that's
it. Done.

COLE
I swear to God, Nicky...

NICKY
Will you relax?

Nicky digs back into the duffle bag.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Take a look at this?

He pulls out a snub-nose .38.

COLE
Why do you need a gun?

NICKY
Things got heated before I went to
the joint. I needed it for
protection.

COLE
From what?

NICKY
Well, because of the Valentine thing.

Nicky shrugs.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Figs. He, uh, wanted to whack us.

COLE
Tommy Figs?

NICKY
I heard he was looking around for us
because of Valentine.

COLE
I didn't know that. When where you
gonna tell me about this?

NICKY
I didn't want you to worry.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
I'm worried. A mob thug wants us
dead.

NICKY
Wanted. Past tense. It's cool now.

COLE
How is it cool now?

NICKY
Salerno won't let him whack us without
proof. He's got none. So, I think
we are out of the woods.

COLE
Oh, that is really comforting.
Nicky tucks the gun, into his waist band.

NICKY
Here, tucked away real nice.

COLE
Fucking beautiful.
Nicky zips up the bag and takes it with him.

NICKY
C'mon.
They exit the storage unit.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Nicky's calloused hands lock the storage unit with a sharp,
metallic click.

COLE
Should I even ask where you got this
money?

NICKY
It was job we pulled, before I got
sent up. Fuckin' mess, you don't
know the half of it. But hey, we
got away with it.

Cole holds up the money in his arms.

COLE
What do you want me to do with this?

Nicky tosses the weathered leather bag into the convertible's
backseat.

(CONTINUED)

He reaches in and pulls out the greasy Five Guys brown bag.

NICKY
Stuff it in here.

Cole stuffs the money into the Five Guys bag. Nicky takes it and opens the passenger door, he throws it on the seat next to him and slides in. Cole walks around to the driver side.

COLE
So, where we meeting Salerno?

NICKY
One of his little chop shops by the beach.

Cole gets in and rips the engine to life.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(MOVING) - DAY

Cole drives, Nicky is in the passenger seat, punching a text into his phone.

COLE
Where am I going?

NICKY
The Brig.

COLE
What's that?

NICKY
It's a bar up here, about a quarter mile ahead.

COLE
I thought we were dropping this shit off with Salerno.

NICKY
We are but he said 2:30. We got time for a little drink. We gotta toast now that I'm out.

COLE
Jesus, Nicky.

NICKY
Man, you need a drink, too. You need to relax.

Nicky points.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY (CONT'D)

Here it is, up here on the right.

EXT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Cole's convertible pulls to the curb. The guys get out, Nicky carries the Five Guys bag with him and pulls the duffle bag out of the back seat. He stuffs the Five Guys bag in with the other money.

COLE

You wanna throw that in the trunk?

NICKY

Are you crazy? I'm taking it with us.

COLE

You're bringing three hundred thousand dollars into a bar?

NICKY

I'm not taking any chances. We lose this and we are dead my friend.

COLE

What do you mean WE?

Nicky heads to the entrance.

NICKY

C'mon, let's get a drink.

Cole follows.

INT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

The place is moderately busy, a few CUSTOMERS line the bar, sit in booths and at tables.

Cole and Nicky enter, move to the bar and grab two stools.

Nicky shoves the bag of money between his feet. He pulls his cellphone and texts.

COLE

You're pumping that phone pretty good.

NICKY

I got a couple hunnies meeting us.

COLE

Hunnies? What? Who?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
It's a surprise.

COLE
I don't need no honey. I got a lady.

NICKY
I know this.

COLE
How you got time for hunnies? We
got to meet Salerno in an hour and
half.

NICKY
That's plenty of time.

The bartender, PHIL, comes over.

PHIL
Whatcha having?

He tosses down two coasters.

NICKY
We're celebrating. What's your name?

PHIL
Phil.

Nicky tosses a hundred on the bar.

NICKY
Take care of us will ya, Phil?

Phil picks up the hundred.

PHIL
You know I will.

NICKY
Two shots of Jamo and 7 & 7 for me.
(to Cole)
Whaddya you want?

Cole waves a hand.

COLE
No shots for me. Just bring me a
soda with a splash of cran.

PHIL
You want vodka in it?

(CONTINUED)

COLE
No, I'm good. I'm the designated
driver. Just the soda, cran.

Phil shakes his head and heads off to make the drinks.

NICKY
Yo, Phil, bring the two shots. I'll
drink them.

Nicky turns back to Cole.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Don't be such a drip, man. Have a
drink with me. I just got out.
Let's celebrate.

Cole relents.

COLE
Alright, one drink.

NICKY
Great, what'd you want?

COLE
Bourbon Rocks.

Nicky yells down to Phil.

NICKY
Yo, Phil, skip the soda and cran.
Bring my boy a bourbon on the rocks.

PHIL
Got it.

COLE
I got to tell you, this whole Salerno
business has got me nervous.

NICKY
What are you worried about?

Nicky points to the bag at his feet.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Money is right here. In an hour and
a half we bring him the cash and
that's that. You can wait in the
car.

Phil brings the drinks over.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
Here you go.

NICKY
Thanks Phil.

Nicky hands one of the shots to Cole. He raises his own.

NICKY (CONT'D)
C'mon, salud.

They CLINK glasses and knock 'em back.

COLE
Just a heads up, I'm not getting
fucked up today. Okay? I got shit
to do.

NICKY
Then don't get fucked up.

Nicky slides the bourbon rocks to Cole.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Here's your drink. Chill your ass
out.

The front door opens up and two party girls, BECCA, 26, and
ASHLEY, 27, enter. Both are dressed for a day at the beach,
cut off shorts and bikini tops. They both hold Fat Tuesday
plastic slushy drinks.

Nicky spots the girls entering.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Oh shit, look who showed up.

Cole turns and looks.

COLE
Oh no.

Becca sashays her way over to Nicky. Ashley follows.

BECCA
Hey, you fucking jailbird!

NICKY
What is up, pretty lady.

Phil points at the girls.

PHIL
Hey, you can't bring those drinks in
here.

(CONTINUED)

Becca throws her arms around Nicky's neck. He picks her up, spins her around and kisses her.

NICKY
Are you a sight for sore eyes?

Ashley looks Cole up and down.

ASHLEY
Oh, it's you.

COLE
Um, yeah, it's me.

Cole turns back to his drink.

PHIL
Did you hear me? Those drinks gotta go.

BECCA
Okay, Okay. Don't have a conniption.

Becca sets her drink on the bar, Ashley does likewise and Phil takes them away.

BECCA (CONT'D)
(to Nicky)
Buy me a drink?

NICKY
Of course.

He turns to Phil.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Phil, get them whatever they want.

BECCA
Vodka, cran.

Nicky points at Ashley.

NICKY
What do you want doll?

ASHLEY
Margarita.

PHIL
Salt?

ASHLEY
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

Nicky throws more money down for Phil. Phil takes the money and heads off to make the drinks.

Becca and Nicky huddle together.

Ashley takes the stool on the other side of Becca. Cole is on the opposite end.

BECCA
When did you get out?

Nicky looks at his watch.

NICKY
Oh, about two and a half hours ago.

BECCA
So, tell us. Did you get ass raped or what?

NICKY
Or what.

BECCA
What?

NICKY
No, I didn't get ass raped. Are you crazy?

Becca and Ashley laugh.

BECCA
Oh, Ash, you remember Cole, don't you?

ASHLEY
How can I forget?

Becca leans over to Cole.

BECCA
You remember my girl Ash, right?

COLE
Yup, I remember.

BECCA
It's been some years, say hi.

Cole waves.

COLE
Hey Ashley.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Hey asshole.

Nicky and Becca react.

NICKY

Whoa!

BECCA

Whoa!

NICKY

Some old wounds there or what?

They laugh.

ASHLEY

He stood me up is all. So....

BECCA

Oh, right, I forgot.

(to Cole)

You better apologize to my girl.

Phil brings the drinks over.

As Nicky and Becca get reacquainted, Cole gets a text. He swipes up his phone.

INSERT - CELL PHONE DISPLAY

It reads: FROM SARA - Did you go to bank yet?

Cole punches a text back.

Soon.

FROM SARA- How's Nicky?

He's Nicky alright.

FROM SARA - Uh oh.

Cole sets his phone down.

Nicky leans into Cole.

NICKY

Watch the bag.

Nicky slams the bag of money down on the bar next to Cole.

COLE

Wait, what?

Nicky throws an arm around Becca's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Ashley, take care of my boy here.

Nicky and Becca turn and slink off to the bathroom.

Cole watches them go. He takes the bag and drops it on the floor between his feet.

ASHLEY

Uh oh. I think they are disappearing for a while.

COLE

You think so?

ASHLEY

Yeah, I do.

They sip their drinks in silence. Cole pulls out his notepad and scribbles some more notes. Ashley notices. She slides over two stools and hovers over Cole.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, Becca told me you wrote a movie.

COLE

Yeah.

ASHLEY

Yeah? What movie?

COLE

It's a horror movie.

ASHLEY

What's it called?

COLE

Shredder.

ASHLEY

What's it about?

COLE

About this disgruntled office worker, who kills his bosses and all his co-workers with a metal claw he made.

ASHLEY

That sounds gross.

COLE

Yeah, I'm pretty sure it's something you wouldn't like. It's not good.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

If it's not good, why'd you write it?

COLE

It was supposed to be something more than it turned out to be, a commentary on corporate America. But the producers and the director and the actors fucked it all up.

ASHLEY

You're right, I probably wouldn't like that. Sorry.

COLE

Forget about it. I don't like it much myself.

ASHLEY

You know what my favorite movie is?

COLE

What?

ASHLEY

The Notebook. Oh my god, I love that movie. Have you seen The Notebook?

COLE

Yeah, I saw The Notebook.

ASHLEY

Did you cry?

COLE

Of course.

ASHLEY

It gets me every time. You should write a movie like that.

Cole shrugs.

COLE

Yeah, maybe.

EXT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

The battered muscle car ROARS to a stop. Across the street from the bar.

The driver side widow rolls down. A cigarette butt flings from the window.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT - CIGARETTE BUTT

Lies on the pavement. The same crimson shade of lipstick stained on the filter.

INT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Cole and Ashley sip their drinks. Ashley is hesitates and then...

ASHLEY

Hey, I have to ask. Why did you stand me up that night?

COLE

What? I didn't. I just thought you were hooking up with me because your friend hooked up with Nicky. I thought you felt...obligated.

INT. THE BRIG BAR/MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Nicky and Becca are in a bathroom stall, pulling at each other's clothes. Going at it hot and heavy.

BECCA

Oh my god, I'm such a slut.

NICKY

Yeah, I love that about you. Are you kidding?

BECCA

You think I'm a slut?

NICKY

That's what I love about you.

She pulls away and hits him in the chest.

BECCA

Hey, fuck off you shit.

They laugh.

NICKY

No, I didn't mean...awe shit.

They go back to making out.

INT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Cole and Ashley are sitting close now. Cole finishes up another bourbon and points at her drink.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
You want another?

ASHLEY
Yeah, sure.

Cole waves at Phil.

COLE
Hey, Phil can we get two more.

Phil comes over and points toward the bathrooms.

PHIL
You better tell your buddy and his
girlfriend they better not be pulling
any shenanigans back there.

COLE
Yeah, I'll tell them.

Phil stomps off to make the drinks. Ashley giggles.

ASHLEY
Shenanigans? You think they are
pulling shenanigans, Cole?

COLE
Yes, I most definitely do.

They burst out laughing.

Ashley leans in close to Cole.

ASHLEY
Just so you know. I didn't feel
obligated to do anything.
(beat)
I liked you.

COLE
You did?

She nods her head.

COLE (CONT'D)
That's good to know.

Phil comes back with the drinks.

PHIL
They better get out of my bathroom,
now!

(CONTINUED)

COLE
I'm headed back there.

Phil moves off.

ASHLEY
You think we should go get them?

COLE
Give 'em five more minutes. Nicky
was in the can for three years.

INT. THE BRIG BAR/MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Becca drops to her knees and undoes Nicky's belt. She pulls
the .38 snub nose from his waist band.

BECCA
Oh, my god.

He swipes it out of her hands.

NICKY
Hey, hey. Be careful with that.

BECCA
Why do you have a gun?

NICKY
For protection, you know?

She looks befuddled.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Not that kinda protection but I have
that kind, too.

BECCA
You better.

INT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Cole and Ashley sit at the bar sipping their drinks. Getting
closer as they rekindle a long ago relationship. His cell
phone BUZZES.

He looks.

INSERT - CELL PHONE DISPLAY

From Sara: GO TO THE BANK!

Ashley looks over at his phone.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY
Who's that?

COLE
It's my girl.

ASHLEY
You have a girlfriend?

COLE
Yeah, I do. We been together a few years now. We live together.

ASHLEY
Hmm, that's too bad.

COLE
Is it?

Ashley leans into his ear.

ASHLEY
(whispering)
Just so you know, back then, that night, you stood me up. I was...

She trails off.

COLE
What?

ASHLEY
No, forget it.

COLE
Come on, tell me.

She leans in close to his ear again. Putting her lips to his ear.

ASHLEY
I was...gonna fuck your brains out.

Cole looks at her stunned.

COLE
Get the fuck outta here?

ASHLEY
Uh huh.

COLE
What the fuck?

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

But it doesn't matter now. Does it?

COLE

Yeah, I guess it doesn't.

The front door BURSTS open and the same THREE MASKED GUNMEN from the beginning flood into the bar area, waving guns back and forth.

GUNMAN #1

Nobody move!

Gunman #2 moves over covering the customers in the booths.
Gunman #3 covers the front door again.

The customers react with a SCREAM.

ASHLEY

Oh my god!

Gunman #1 waves his sawed-off at Phil.

GUNMAN #1

Empty the fucking register!

Phil has his hands up.

PHIL

Alright, alright! Cool out man!

Phil turns back to the register and starts to pull the money out.

GUNMAN #1

You're fucking tips from the jar,
too!

Phil lays down the money and then places his tip jar on the bar.

PHIL

Here, that's everything.

Ashley looks to Cole.

ASHLEY

Cole?

Cole grabs her by the arm and pulls her behind him.

COLE

Stand behind me.

He looks down at the bag of money.

(CONTINUED)

COLE (CONT'D)

Shit.

He looks back toward the bathrooms.

GUNMAN #2

The rest of you fucks put your money
and purses on the bar!

The customers at the bar start to drop their purses and wallets
on the bar.

Ashley sets her purse on the bar. Cole reaches into his back
pocket, pulls his wallet. He rips his driver's license and
bank card free and stuffs them in his pocket, then he tosses
his wallet on the bar.

ASHLEY

What are you doing?

COLE

I need my ID and bank card. I got
to go to the bank today.

Gunman #2 spins and waves his gun at the customers in the
booths.

GUNMAN #2

You all put your money on the tables!

The customers in the booths, drop their purses and wallets on
the tables.

Gunman #2 runs over to the tables and starts to collect the
purses and wallets.

Gunman #1 is stuffing the money from the register into his
bag. He dumps Phil's tip jar into his bag.

INT. THE BRIG BAR MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Nicky has Becca pinned against the bathroom stall door. He
pulls away.

NICKY

Hey, you hear something?

Becca is out of breath.

BECCA

Hear what?

INT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Gunman #2 runs over to the bar and starts to collect the purses and wallets off the bar.

GUNMAN #2
(yelling at the people
at the bar)
Don't fucking move!

ASHLEY
Cole, I'm scared.

Cole reaches over and grabs her hand.

COLE
Don't worry, they'll be gone soon.

Gunman #1 looks down at Cole and Ashley.

GUNMAN #1
Hey!

He marches toward them with the sawed-off aimed at them.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)
You two, you're doing a lot of fucking
chattering down there!

Cole raises his hands up.

COLE
Hey, it's cool.

GUNMAN #1
It's far from fucking cool. You
wanna get your head blown off?

COLE
No, I wouldn't.

Gunman #1 looks down and sees the bag between Cole's feet.

GUNMAN #1
The bag, what's in it?

COLE
Oh, you know, shirts, socks, clean
underwear.

GUNMAN #1
Pick it up and put it on the bar.

Cole is hesitant.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
You don't want this. Can't have me
running around out there in dirty
underwear. Now can you?

GUNMAN #1
I do.

ASHLEY
Eww.

GUNMAN #1
Put it on the bar.

Gunman #3, covering the front door, looks down at the
interaction.

GUNMAN #3
What's going on down there?

GUNMAN #1
Think we got another tough guy.

GUNMAN #3
Kill him.

GUNMAN #1
Is that what you are? A tough guy?

Ashley standing behind Cole is trembling.

ASHLEY
Cole?

GUNMAN #1
Cole? You a tough guy, Cole?

COLE
No. I'm not.
(beat)
I'm a writer.

GUNMAN #1
Oh yeah, what'd you fucking write?
A blog?

COLE
A movie.

GUNMAN #1
What movie?

COLE
A horror movie.

(CONTINUED)

GUNMAN #1
What's it called?

Cole shrugs.

COLE
It's called Shredder.

GUNMAN #1
Holy fucking shit, about the office worker who goes batshit and he has that claw for a hand and kills his co-workers?

COLE
Yeah, that's the one.

GUNMAN #1
No shit? That movie is fucking awesome!

COLE
Great. I'm glad somebody liked it.

GUNMAN #2
We gotta hurry up and get the fuck outta here?!

GUNMAN #1
Shut up!

Gunman #1 jabs the shotgun toward Ashley, finger tense on the trigger.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)
Well, mister fucking movie writer, put the bag on the bar and open it or I'll put an extra hole in your little girlfriend, there.

ASHLEY
Oh god, Cole?

Cole steps between Ashley and the shotgun, muscles tense.

COLE
Can't let you do that.

Gunman #1 points the shotgun at Cole's face.

GUNMAN #1
One...two...

Gunman #1 cracks Cole across the face with the butt of the sawed-off. Cole doubles over, GRUNTS. Ashley SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

Cole winces, his right eye cut and bleeding.

COLE
Okay, okay.

Cole picks the bag up and drops it on the bar. Gunman #1 points the barrels back at Cole.

GUNMAN #1
Unzip it.

Cole unzips the bag, and steps back with his hands up. Gunman #1 leans over and looks into the bag.

Cole closes his eyes, knowing if they take the money they're fucked.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)
Holy shit. How much is that?

COLE
(hesitant)
Three hundred thousand.

ASHLEY
Dollars?

COLE
Yeah.

GUNMAN #1
Oh baby, score.
(to Gunman #2)
Bubba, come take this bag!

Gunman #2 runs over and grabs the bag. Cole slams his hand down on the bag.

COLE
Wait!

Gunman #2 tries to pull it away. Gunman #1 shoves the gun in Cole's face.

GUNMAN #1
You're fucking dead.

COLE
I can't let you take this bag.

GUNMAN #1
Let it go!

They stare each other down.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Cole, just give him the bag!

Cole slowly lets go. Gunman #2 snatches the bag and backs away.

GUNMAN #1

We're gonna kill you anyway.

He shoves the gun at Cole. Cole flinches back.

NICKY (O.S.)

Hey!

Gunman #1 looks past Cole, Nicky stands toward the bathrooms, the .38 in his hand. HE FIRES.

Gunman #1 is hit in the side of his head, a SPURT of BLOOD spits from the mask. He spins and goes down.

CHOAS ENSUES. Customers scatter and dive for cover.

Gunman #3 returns FIRE at Nicky. Nicky dives behind the bar.

Cole jumps off his stool and tackles Gunman #2, they tussle over the bag.

COLE

Give me the fucking bag!

GUNMAN #2

Fuck you!

They struggle. Gunman #2 tries to bring his gun up. Cole catches his hand. SLAMS him in the face with his fist. Once, twice and then...

Gunman #3 runs over and places his gun to Cole's head.

GUNMAN #3

Let him go!

Cole stops tussling and looks up at the gun in his face.

GUNMAN #3 (CONT'D)

I said let him go!

Nicky rises from behind the bar, pointing his gun at Gunman #3.

Cole lets go of Gunman #2, raising his hands up. Gunman #2 scurries away, with the bag of money.

(CONTINUED)

GUNMAN #3 (CONT'D)

(to Nicky)

You back there, with the gun, this man is dead if you don't drop it!

NICKY

Shit.

Nicky tosses the .38 to the side.

Gunman #2 grabs Gunman #1, who WAILS in pain and they stumble toward the exit. They burst out the front door. Gunman #3 turns and runs out.

Cole looks at Nicky.

COLE

They got the fucking bag!

NICKY

Fuuuuuckk!

Nicky runs over and scoops up the .38 and charges toward the front door.

EXT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Nicky charges out of the door, scanning the street, the .38 in his hand.

A SCREECH of TIRES as the muscle car ROARS away.

Nicky watches the car disappear in with the flow of traffic.

NICKY

Shit!

INT. MUSCLE CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Gunman #1 WAILS in pain in the passenger seat.

The driver lift's her mask revealing the face of Mia. The woman who was in the waiting room with Nicky at the probation office.

Tensions are high, every is yelling.

MIA

Baby, what happened?!

GUNMAN #1

AHHHH!

The two other gunmen are in the back seat. They pull off their masks, they are BUBBA WATERS, 32, and T.J. WATERS, 27.

(CONTINUED)

Both are tough looking, tatted up, dirty look to them.

BUBBA
He was shot in the fucking head!

MIA
What?!

She looks over to the passenger seat.

MIA (CONT'D)
Baby, tell me you're alright!

GUNMAN #1
Oh, fuck!

MIA
Take off your mask!

Gunman #1 slowly pulls off his mask that is sopping with blood. Revealing the face of WAYLON WATERS, 34. A chunk of his left ear is hanging away from the rest of it. A bloody mess.

Bubba leans over the seat to get a look.

BUBBA
Holy fucking shit, your ear is obliterated!

WAYLON
Fuck you!

MIA
Oh my god, baby! Should I take you to a hospital?!

WAYLON
Are you fucking crazy?! We'll all go to jail!

MIA
What then?!

WAYLON
Just take us fucking home!

T.J.
Yeah, let's go home!

Mia looks at Waylon's ear, then back at the road.

MIA
(muttering)
Oh, my god.

(CONTINUED)

She weaves the car between traffic.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The muscle car races between traffic and disappears down the street.

INT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Phil is on the phone with the police. Becca and Ashley are huddled together on two stools. The rest of the customers are still in shock, all huddled together.

Cole and Nicky stand together.

NICKY

That's it, we are absolutely fucked.
Salerno is gonna have my ass.

COLE

Listen, get rid of the gun. Police
are gonna be here any second. You
get caught with a gun on parole and
you're going back to prison. Go to
the bathroom and wash your hands.
Get rid of the gun residue.

NICKY

Yeah, you're right.

COLE

I don't see any cameras in this joint.
I'm going to talk to Phil, see if
he'll back us up on this no gun
business. You saved some asses,
he'll probably be grateful.

NICKY

Yeah, alright.

Nicky starts off.

COLE

Hey...

Nicky stops and turns back.

COLE (CONT'D)

You saved my ass again.

Nicky shrugs.

NICKY

That's why I'm here ain't it.

(CONTINUED)

Cole nods. Nicky walks off to the bathroom. Cole heads back to Ashley and Becca.

EXT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

An UNMARKED POLICE CAR pulls to the curb. Detective Block and Rivera get out. They approach the front door to the bar.

DETECTIVE BLOCK
That's three bars in four weeks.

He sighs.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Broad daylight, too. These guy's
are getting bolder and bolder.

They enter the bar.

INT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Detective Block is off interviewing some customers.

Detective Rivera looks over the scene. He spots BLOOD droplets on the floor. Cole and Nicky sit on stools nearby. Rivera looks up and approaches them.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Blood here, what happened?

COLE
Bullets were flying. I think one of
the guys got hit in the crossfire.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
The assailants?

COLE
Yeah.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
You two, what's your names?

He pulls a notebook and pen.

COLE
I'm Cole Gallo.

Rivera writes in his notebook and looks up at Nicky.

NICKY
Nicky Alfieri.

Rivera again writes in his notebook. Rivera looks at Cole's bloody eye.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Looks like you got a pretty good
whack there.

COLE
Yeah, hurts like hell.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Why don't you tell me what you saw?

COLE
Guys came in, through the front door.
I was sitting at the bar...

He points at Ashley and Becca.

COLE (CONT'D)
...talking with my friend. And they
came in yelling, waving guns around.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
(to Nicky)
What about you?

NICKY
I was in the back, in the commode.
Didn't see much. Heard a bunch of
shouting, came out and that's when
they started blasting up the place.

COLE
One of the guys stuck a gun in my
face. And that's when he cracked
me. After that, I was seeing stars.

NICKY
And they stole my bag.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Your bag, what kinda bag?

NICKY
A travel bag. It had my belongings
in it. I really need it back.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
These guys took a lot of stuff,
wallets, purses, cash, jewelry...

NICKY
I really need the bag back. Had
some of my valuables. That can't be
replaced.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Uh huh.

Rivera sizes Nicky up.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

Well, until we catch these guys,
consider it gone.

NICKY

Fuck.

COLE

It's okay, we want to help anyway we
can and if we get our stuff back,
we'd be grateful.

NICKY

Especially my bag.

COLE

Nicky, he knows.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Your bag, got it.

Nicky nods.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

You guys are lucky. In fact, everyone
in here is lucky, these guys killed
a lot of people in previous robberies.

NICKY

No shit?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

No shit. You two, sit tight, I might
have more questions for ya.

COLE

Yeah, okay.

Detective Rivera walks off.

COLE (CONT'D)

Will you shut up about the bag.

NICKY

I need the fucking bag back or I'm
fucking dead man.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
You want some cop, looking into where
you got three hundred thousand
dollars? Can it for now.

Nicky throws up his hands.

NICKY
Yeah, alright.

EXT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Nicky and Cole lean against the convertible. Detective Block
finishes up talking with Ashley and Becca.

Detective Rivera points at Nicky.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
If we find your bag. We'll be in
touch.

NICKY
Thanks.

Detective Rivera walks off toward the detective car.

COLE
(under his breath)
You see, about the fucking bag. Now
this cop is all interested.

Ashley and Becca finish up with Detective Block and walk over
to Cole and Nicky.

Nicky puts his arms around Becca.

Ashley walks over to Cole.

ASHLEY
Oh my god, your eye.

She softly touches his wound. He winces.

COLE
I'll live, how 'bout you? You okay?

ASHLEY
You're my knight in shining armor.

COLE
Yeah, right, I soiled my short pants
in there.

Ashley laughs.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Oh gawd, that was so scary.

COLE

Yeah.

ASHLEY

I'm never going into a bar again.

EXT. THE BRIG BAR/ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

Detective Block walks over to the side of the street where the muscle car was parked. He stops and looks down at the cigarette butt lying on the pavement. He puts on rubber gloves and pulls out an evidence bag, crouches down, picks it up and drops it in the bag.

EXT. THE BRIG BAR - DAY

Nicky looks over to Cole talking with Ashley.

NICKY

Yo, Cole, we gotta go.

Cole turns back to Ashley.

COLE

I gotta get going.

ASHLEY

Well, it was good seeing you again,
without all those guns in our faces.

COLE

Yeah.

They study each other for a second and then Ashley leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

NICKY

Yo, Salerno is waiting.

COLE

Alright!
(to Ashley)
I'll see you around.

ASHLEY

Yeah, see you around.

Cole walks off to Nicky. Becca walks over to Ashley and they walk off to their car.

Nicky hops in the convertible. Cole moves around to the driver's side.

(CONTINUED)

He watches Ashley walk off before he hops in behind the wheel.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR(PARKED) - DAY

Detective Rivera sits in the passenger seat. He watches Nicky and Cole. Detective Block climbs into the driver's side.

DETECTIVE BLOCK
Hey partner, check this out.

He hands over the evidence bag with the cigarette butt in it.

DETECTIVE BLOCK (CONT'D)
Found this over there, where the witnesses said the muscle car was parked.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Yeah, what is it?

Rivera holds up the bag and looks.

DETECTIVE BLOCK
Cigarette butt. I found one of these outside the bar in downtown, too. Thinking it's the same shade of lipstick.

Rivera nods.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Could be something.

Rivera tucks the bag in his pocket inside his jacket. He looks back up and watches Cole's convertible pull off.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)
Those two...

DETECTIVE BLOCK
Yeah, what about him?

DETECTIVE RIVERA
I don't know, gave me a weird feeling. Couple of goombahs. Talking about a bag that was stolen.

DETECTIVE BLOCK
They say what was in it?

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Valuables.

DETECTIVE BLOCK
You get their names?

(CONTINUED)

Rivera waves his notebook.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
Yeah, I got 'em in my notebook.

Block starts up the car and pulls off.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(MOVING) - DAY

Nicky looks at his watch.

NICKY
Okay, we're an hour late and I don't
have shit to give him.

COLE
What then? You wanna go on the run?

NICKY
Are you crazy? How far you think
we'd get?

COLE
I don't know why you keep saying
"WE". This is your mess.

NICKY
Have some sympathy here, huh?

COLE
I am. Otherwise, I woulda ditched
your ass hours ago.

NICKY
Come in with me. Salerno respected
your old man.

COLE
No way. I'll wait in the car.

NICKY
While you wait in the car, they'll
be slipping a plastic bag over my
head and sticking an ice pick in my
fucking eye. Just come in with me.

COLE
I told Sara I wouldn't get into
trouble today.

NICKY
If you don't come in with me I'm
gonna tell her you were flirting
with Ashley.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
Hey, fuck you!

NICKY
I saw you back there at the bar.
Making eyes at Ashley when we left.
(beat)
I don't want to pull this card. But
you owe me. You owe me twice
actually.

COLE
Alright, alright.

NICKY
Thank you, thank you. I swear you'll
be keeping me alive.

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Cole's convertible pulls into the lot out front.

NICKY
I'm fucking shittin' Twinkies here.

Cole parks and looks around the lot.

COLE
Oh, shit.

NICKY
What?

COLE
Look.

Nicky looks and sees a Cadillac parked. The license plate
reads: "FIGGS"

NICKY
Fuck. Why do you think he's here?
You think Salerno called him?

COLE
I have no fucking clue.

NICKY
Alright, c'mon.

Cole is hesitant.

COLE
I don't know, maybe it'd be better
if I stayed in the car.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
 Fuck you. You said you'd come in
 with me.

OFF CAMERA we HEAR SOMEONE WHISTLE.

Cole and Nicky look.

TOMMY FIGGS, 45, a bull of a man in dark shades and slicked
 backed hair. Waves them over.

NICKY (CONT'D)
 Hey, Tommy!

FIGGS
 Get your ass in here.

Nicky smiles.

NICKY
 Be right there.

Figgs disappears back inside.

NICKY (CONT'D)
 How come I don't have a great feeling
 about this?

COLE
 Yeah, I got the same feeling.

Nicky reaches back into the car and pulls the brown bag of
 his belongings.

Cole gets out and they start toward the building.

COLE (CONT'D)
 What's that?

NICKY
 I don't know. Give him the illusion
 I'm bringing him something.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Cole and Nicky enter. The shop is bustling with MECHANICS
 working under hoods of boosted cars. Cars are being stripped
 of their parts.

Figgs and two huge goons HUGO, 25 and BOBBY, 28 wait for them.
 Figgs looks past Nicky and nods toward Cole.

FIGGS
 Who's this?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
You know, Cole. Gallo.

COLE
Hey Tommy.

Figgs whips off his sunglasses and marches toward Cole.

FIGGS
You're Cole Gallo?

COLE
Yeah, that's right.

FIGGS
I'm been looking for you.

COLE
Me? What about?

FIGGS
A friend of mine disappeared. Some
years ago. Been looking for the
people responsible.

COLE
Is that right?

FIGGS
You know anything about it?

COLE
Who we talking about?

FIGGS
Jimmy Valentine. You know him?

Cole shrugs, acting oblivious.

COLE
No, I don't know anything about that.

FIGGS
Bullshit.

Nicky puts a hand on Figgs' chest.

NICKY
Whoa, whoa. Tommy.

FIGGS
Get your fucking hand off me, shit
stain.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
I think you got the wrong idea.

FIGGS
Fuck you. I know the last time he
was seen, he was in a bar and you
two were there.

SALERNO (O.S.)
Tommy!

Figgs turns and looks up at the office that sits above the
garage.

TONY SALERNO, mid fifties, imposing mob boss, stands at the
railing looking down.

SALERNO (CONT'D)
Bring 'em up here!

He turns and disappears back into the office.

Figgs turns back and looks back at Cole and Nicky.

FIGGS
You two just got lucky. We're gonna
revisit this.

Figgs turns and walks off.

COLE
(to Nicky)
Oh, this is a great idea, coming in
with you.

NICKY
Hey, I said I'll owe you.

Nicky and Cole follow Figgs.

INT. AUTOBODY SHOP/SALERNO'S OFFICE - DAY

Figgs shoulders through the doorway. Nicky trails behind,
Cole close on his heels. Salerno sits behind a cluttered desk,
his eyes narrow.

NICKY
Mr. Salerno.

SALERNO
You're late.

NICKY
Yeah, we, uh, got caught up.

(CONTINUED)

SALERNO
Who's the tag-along?

Nicky and Cole slide into the worn leather chairs facing Salerno's desk. Figgs lingers by the door, a human roadblock.

NICKY
This is, uh, Cole Gallo. You remember him?

Salerno looks to Cole.

SALERNO
Jerry Gallo's kid?

COLE
That's right.

SALERNO
Sorry about your folks.

COLE
Thanks.

SALERNO
When was that?

COLE
2018.

SALERNO
What was a it? A car accident?

COLE
Yeah.

SALERNO
My condolences.

COLE
Thank you.

SALERNO
Your old man was a good guy. Hope the apple didn't fall far.

COLE
Thank you.

SALERNO
That eye? What happened.

Cole touches his eye. Winces.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
Uh, bad accident.

NICKY
Yeah, funny story.

Salerno looks to Nicky and the brown bag in his hand.

SALERNO
That my money?

NICKY
Uh, that's why we are here.

Nicky sits in one of the chairs in front of the desk.

SALERNO
Is it or is it not?

NICKY
See the thing is, we went to a bar,
before we came here...

SALERNO
Uh huh?

NICKY
I had the money. Three hundred
thousand, minus my cut...

SALERNO
I hope this story ends with you giving
me two hundred seventy grand.

NICKY
It would have but...

Salerno looks to Figgs at the door, shakes his head.

FIGGS
This guy is a rat fuck, the two of
them.

Nicky turns in his seat and looks back at Figgs.

NICKY
Hey, Tommy, why you want to go and
say something like that?

Salerno SNAPS his fingers.

SALERNO
Nicky, over here!

(CONTINUED)

Nicky turns back and looks at Salerno. Cole can sense the tension rising.

SALERNO (CONT'D)

Where is my fucking money?!

NICKY

Here is the thing. When we went to the bar...the bar was held up.

(beat)

Guys came in with guns. Took everything...took the bag.

Salerno shakes his head.

SALERNO

Let me get this straight, you took my money into a bar, so you could get loaded, before you come to see me?

NICKY

No, Mr. Salerno, no, I just got out, we went for a quick drink...to celebrate me getting released from the joint.

SALERNO

You got the thirty thousand, your cut?

Nicky shrugs.

NICKY

They, uh, grabbed that, too. See I put it in the bag with the other money.

Salerno starts to rub his temples.

SALERNO

Nicky, Nicky. Maybe you shoulda stayed in the joint.

NICKY

Maybe there is something we can work out.

SALERNO

Like what?

NICKY

Maybe I can work it off. Come do some work for you.

(CONTINUED)

SALERNO

You know...

He points at Figgs.

SALERNO (CONT'D)

Tommy here has been looking for an excuse to settle up a beef with you. And you've been running your mouth for a few years about giving me two hundred and seventy thousand dollars and now the time comes and you show up with zilch.

(beat)

I mean if you had the thirty thousand, that could buy you a little time but...

Salerno gets up and moves around the desk.

SALERNO (CONT'D)

Tommy, your wish is granted, feel free to get rid of 'em.

Nicky jumps up.

NICKY

Whoa, whoa!!! Mr. Salerno!

Cole fades back up against a wall.

COLE

Whoa!!!

Figgs pulls his .45 and marches toward Nicky, grabs a handful of his coat and shoves the gun in his face.

FIGGS

Oh, I been waiting for this day.

NICKY

Tommy, Tommy, wait!!!

COLE

WAIT!!!

Salerno stops at the door. Figgs holds Nicky over the desk with the gun in his face.

COLE (CONT'D)

I can get you the thirty thousand!

Salerno turns to Cole waiting for him to say more.

(CONTINUED)

COLE (CONT'D)

Mr. Salerno, you said thirty thousand
can buy him some time. I can get
it.

SALERNO

Where you gonna get thirty thousand?

FIGGS

He's full of shit.

COLE

I'm not. I can get it. My bank. I
just have to go over there and get
the money.

Salerno eyes Cole and then...

SALERNO

Tommy, let him go.

FIGGS

Ah, Christ!

Figgs reluctantly releases Nicky.

SALERNO

(to Cole)

You wanna save this guy?

He points at Nicky. Cole nods.

SALERNO (CONT'D)

You sure?

COLE

Yeah, he's my friend.

SALERNO

You're some friend.

(beat)

Nicky, thank your buddy here. He
just saved your ass.

(to Cole)

Go get my money. Tommy, go with
'em.

Salerno moves to Cole.

SALERNO (CONT'D)

If you're lying...

COLE

I can get it.

(CONTINUED)

Salerno opens the door and holds it open.

SALERNO

Well, get going.

Cole heads out. Figgs shoves Nicky toward the door and they walk out behind Cole. Salerno closes the door behind them.

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT/DETECTIVE'S UNIT - DAY

Detective Rivera sits at a desk, typing in the names from his notebook, into a computer.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A Driver License Photo of Cole Anthony Gallo comes up. His address: 1695 ECHO PARK AVE, #214 ECHO PARK, CA 90026.

Detective Block comes over to Rivera's desk.

DETECTIVE BLOCK

Hey, partner, what you got?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Just looking up the two goombahs.
This first guy, Gallo, is clean.

Detective Rivera, looks down at his notebook.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

Let's check this other guy...Nicholas Alfieri.

He taps on the keyboard. The two detectives look at the screen.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Nicky's mugshot comes up.

DETECTIVE BLOCK

Whoa, wrap sheet fiesta.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Yeah, look at this, he did three years up in Corcoran for armed robbery. Says he just got out.

DETECTIVE BLOCK

When?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Today.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE BLOCK

No shit?
(beat)
What are you thinking?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

I don't know. Just wondering what's
in the bag, this guy was crying about.

Block pulls out a plastic bag.

DETECTIVE BLOCK

You still got that cigarette butt?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Oh, yeah...

Rivera digs into his jacket pocket and pulls out the plastic bag. He holds it out to Block, who takes it.

DETECTIVE BLOCK

Check this out...

He raises the one in his left hand.

DETECTIVE BLOCK (CONT'D)

Bar in downtown, last Saturday
morning.

Then he raises the one in his right.

DETECTIVE BLOCK (CONT'D)

The Brig Bar today. Same shade.

Rivera takes them looks them over.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Yeah, looks like it. I'll look into
it.

He tosses them on his desk and turns back to the computer screen.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(MOVING) - DAY

Cole drives. Figgs rides shotgun with Nicky in the backseat who is sandwiched between the two huge goons, Hugo and Bobby.

FIGGS

I pray you're full of shit and can't
get the money. I'll put a dime sized
hole behind your ear...

He turns in his seat and points at Nicky.

(CONTINUED)

FIGGS (CONT'D)

...And your ear. We'll take you out to the desert and bury your asses.

NICKY

Tommy, I don't know what you got against us.

FIGGS

Fuck you rat.

Cole's cellphone RINGS. Cole pulls his phone and looks at the display:

It reads: INCOMING CALL FROM SARA

COLE

Ah, shit.

Cole puts the phone up to his ear. Then with a cheery delivery.

COLE (CONT'D)

Hey babe.

INT. SARA'S OFFICE/BREAK ROOM - DAY

Sara has her own phone to ear, picking at her lunch.

SARA

Did you go to the bank, yet?

INTERCUT

COLE

Um, I'm headed there now.

Sara beams.

SARA

Great. I'm so excited.

Cole looks over at Figgs, who is mad-dogging him.

COLE

Yeah, me too.

SARA

Remember, have the check written out for thirty thousand to William Garrett.

COLE

Yeah, I got all the information, written down, right here.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

Oh my god, we're going to own a house!

COLE

I know, I love it. Baby, I gotta go, I'm pulling up to the bank now.

SARA

Okay, see you at the restaurant.

COLE

See you, then.

SARA

Love you.

COLE

Love you, too.

Cole hangs up, shaking his head.

NICKY

Was that Sara?

COLE

Yup...I'm a fucking dead man.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

Cole's convertible parks in a spot.

FIGGS

I'm coming in with you.

COLE

Sure.

Nicky tries to get out.

NICKY

I'll come, too.

Figgs points.

FIGGS

Sit your ass right there, you're not going anywhere.

The goons pull Nicky back into his seat.

FIGGS (CONT'D)

(to Cole)

Let's go.

Cole and Figgs walk off toward the bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

Cole fills out a withdraw slip with Figgs standing over him.

FIGGS
Hmm, don't mind if I do.

He takes a lollipop, unwraps it and sticks it in his mouth.

FIGGS (CONT'D)
Hurry up, go get Mr. Salerno's money.

Cole reluctantly walks toward the teller window. He approaches a friendly BANK TELLER. He looks physically ill.

BANK TELLER
How are you today, sir?

COLE
Uh, good.

Cole looks back at Figgs, who is pocketing more of the lollipops.

BANK TELLER
And what may I help you with today?

Cole hands over the withdraw slip.

COLE
I need to make a withdrawal.

BANK TELLER
My I see your I.D. and bank card,
please?

Cole digs into his pocket and pulls out his I.D. and bank card.

She takes the I.D.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)
Mr. Gallo?

Cole nods.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)
Can you just swipe the card, there?

Cole swipes his bank card through the reader. She looks at her computer screen.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)
Thank you, Mr. Gallo.

(CONTINUED)

The bank teller takes the withdraw slip.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)
Hmm, this is quite a large amount.
I'll have to get a manager's approval.

COLE
Yeah, no problem.

The bank teller walks off and heads to the MANAGER. She hands over the slip. The manager looks it over and then looks back up at Cole, studies him for a few seconds and then signs the slip.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

Cole and Figgs exit the bank. Figgs holds the bank bag with the thirty thousand in it.

FIGGS
It's your lucky day.

COLE
Oh, yeah? Doesn't feel lucky.

FIGGS
Look on the bright side.

Figgs slaps him on the back.

FIGGS (CONT'D)
You're not dead.

They reach the car, Figgs slides into the passenger seat as Cole walks around to the driver seat.

Figgs pulls out the lollipops.

FIGGS (CONT'D)
Lollipops all around.

He passes them to the two goons, then Nicky. He holds one out to Cole.

FIGGS (CONT'D)
Lollipop?

COLE
No, I'm good.

Figgs unwraps another for himself.

FIGGS
Suit yourself.

(CONTINUED)

Cole starts up the car. Nicky leans over and pats Cole on the shoulder.

NICKY
I'm sorry, man.

Cole is steaming as he pulls the car out of the lot.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP/SALERNO'S OFFICE - DAY

Figgs enters with the bag of money. Cole and Nicky follow with the two goons behind them.

FIGGS
Here you go...

Figgs tosses the money on the desk in front of Salerno.

FIGGS (CONT'D)
Thirty thousand.

Salerno, picks the bag off the desk and moves to the other side to Cole.

SALERNO
You're some friend.
(to Nicky)
You better kiss this guy's ass. He
just saved yours.

NICKY
I will.
(beat)
So, we square?

Salerno chuckles.

SALERNO
What the fuck you talkin' about?

NICKY
Are we square?

SALERNO
Square?

Salerno tosses the bag from one hand to the other.

SALERNO (CONT'D)
How are we square? You're light.
Two hundred and forty thousand
dollars.

Figgs and the goons LAUGH.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

What?

SALERNO

What did you think? You wouldn't have to get me the rest?

NICKY

Well, Mr. Salerno, I told you that money was stolen.

SALERNO

That's your problem, isn't it?

Figgs and the goons LAUGH again.

Cole hangs his head. This just went from bad to worse.

SALERNO (CONT'D)

You better figure out a way to get my money back.

Nicky scoffs.

NICKY

And how are we supposed to do that? Hire an Indian tracker?

SALERNO

I don't give a fuck, go get my money. It's Friday...

He looks at his watch.

SALERNO (CONT'D)

Four forty five, you got 'til Monday morning. Or Figgs here is gonna get his wish.

Nicky looks at Figgs, who is salivating at the prospect.

COLE

Nicky, let's go.

Nicky sighs, walks up to the glass window that looks down on the cars being stripped. Nicky puts his hands on his head at a loss.

NICKY

Yeah, fuck...

The garage door opens up and a car pulls into the garage. Nicky does a double take. He leans into the glass, getting a good look.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY'S POV

The MUSCLE CAR from the bar robbery.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Holy fuckin' shit! That's the car!

He points at the glass. Cole walks up next to him at the glass and looks down.

COLE
What car?

NICKY
(beams)
That's the car! From the fucking robbery!

Nicky runs to the door, yanks it open and charges out. Cole runs after him.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Nicky charges down the stairs. Cole comes out after him and follows him.

Nicky runs over to the muscle car. A MECHANIC helps the DRIVER out and looks over the car.

MECHANIC
Nice.

DRIVER
Fuck yeah. Had my eye on it for a while now.

NICKY
Hey, where'd you get that car?!

The driver looks around confused.

DRIVER
Me?

NICKY
Yeah, you!

DRIVER
Who's asking?

NICKY
Me.

DRIVER
I don't know you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(to the Mechanic)
Who's this guy?

MECHANIC
I don't know. Came in with Figgs.

Figgs and Salerno come to the railing and watch what Nicky is up to.

DRIVER
I don't know you, you a cop?

NICKY
No, I'm not a fucking cop. I don't
give a shit if you boosted the car.
I just want to know where you got
it.

DRIVER
Art's district downtown.

Nicky yanks open the passenger door and sits in the car.

MECHANIC
Hey man, what are you doing?

Nicky rummages through the glovebox and pulls the registration card. He looks it over.

NICKY
Holy shit! Cole, look at this.

Nicky gets out and shows Cole the registration card.

NICKY (CONT'D)
These are the fucks who held up the
bar. Got my fucking money.

COLE
Got a name and address.

Nicky pulls the card away from Cole and waves it up at Salerno.

NICKY
If I get the money back. You'll
give Cole his thirty thousand back?

Salerno nods.

SALERNO
If you can get the money back.

NICKY
Oh, we'll get it back.

(CONTINUED)

SALERNO

You got 'til Monday morning.

Salerno turns and disappears back into his office. Figgs smiles down at Nicky.

FIGGS

Don't bother running, we will find you.

COLE

Come on, let's go.

Nicky takes the registration card with him as they exit the garage.

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The unmarked detective cruiser pulls up to the building, parks at the curb and Detective Rivera climbs out.

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING/LOBBY - NIGHT

Rivera walks across the lobby to the elevators. He taps the button, the elevator doors open and he gets in.

Across the lobby an OLD LADY, moving at a snails pace, pushing a basket full of groceries, is headed toward the elevator.

OLD LADY

Young man, can you please hold that elevator?

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING/ELEVATOR CAR - NIGHT

Rivera looks out toward the old lady.

RIVERA

(under his breath)
Oh, shit.

He taps the close button. The doors start to close.

OLD LADY

Young man?

The doors close in her face. Rivera is unbothered.

EXT. ENYA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cole's convertible pulls up out front.

COLE

Okay, just wait here. I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
You don't want me to come in for
moral support?

COLE
No. When I tell her I gave our down
payment to a mob boss, she'll kill
the both of us, right there in the
restaurant. Just wait in the car.

Cole gets out and nervously approaches the front door.

NICKY
(calling after him)
Best just to tear the Band-Aid off.

INT. ENYA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cole slips into the dimly lit restaurant, scanning the crowded
space. His gaze locks onto Sara seated with her parents at a
corner table.

He retreats to the shadowy corridor near the bathrooms, his
cellphone pressed to his ear.

A HOSTESS, at the host stand, answers the RINGING phone.

HOSTESS
This is Enya, my name is Michelle,
how may I help you?

Cole lowers his phone and watches the hostess move across the
restaurant over to Sara's table.

Nicky comes in behind Cole.

NICKY
How's it going?

Startled Cole turns to Nicky.

COLE
Jesus. What the hell you doing here?
I told you to wait in the car.

NICKY
I gotta take a piss.

Cole looks and sees Sara getting up from the table and moving
towards the host stand.

COLE
Shit, here she comes. Go take your
piss, I'll handle this.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
 Alright. Good luck.

Nicky scuttles off to the bathroom.

Sara walks by, headed to the host stand.

COLE
 Sara.

Sara stops, turns and sees Cole, she smiles.

SARA
 What are you doin' over...

She notices Cole's cut eye, her smile drops.

SARA (CONT'D)
 Jesus, baby, what the hell happened
 to your face?

She comes over and cups his face.

COLE
 Listen, we, uh, got into a little
 bit of trouble today.

SARA
 What happened?

COLE
 I know I promised, but we fucked up.

SARA
 Are you going to tell me what the
 hell is going on or what?

Nicky comes out of the bathroom and approaches.

NICKY
 Sara, doll, you look great.

Nicky hugs her, she reluctantly hugs him back.

SARA
 Oh, Cole, didn't mention you'd be
 joining us for dinner.

NICKY
 Oh, no, I was gonna wait in the car.
 I just had to use the bathroom.

COLE
 Baby, we can't stay.

(CONTINUED)

SARA
What do you mean, you can't stay?
Cole?

COLE
We got in to a little bit of trouble
today.

Nicky chuckles.

NICKY
Actually, all kinds of trouble,
really.

SARA
What kind of trouble?

COLE
The Salerno kind.

SARA
The mob boss?

COLE
(grimly)
Yeah.

Nicky steps in.

NICKY
Please don't be mad at Cole. This
is my fault.

COLE
Nicky, go wait in the car!

NICKY
Don't worry, we'll get the money
back.

COLE
Nicky, shut up!

SARA
What is he talking about, what money?

NICKY
Yeah, I'll go wait in the car. It
was great seeing you, doll.

SARA
Uh huh.

Nicky leans in and kisses her cheek and walks off. Cole turns
back to Sara.

(CONTINUED)

SARA (CONT'D)
Cole, you better tell me what hell
is going on!

COLE
There's something I never told you
about. It's the reason I owe Nicky.
He needs me.

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Detective Rivera walks down the hall, to an apartment door at
the end of the hall. The lightbulb above the door is burnt
out.

He leans against the door and puts an ear to it.

He then pulls his service weapon and tries the door handle.
It's locked.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(PARKED) - NIGHT

Cole hops into the driver seat.

NICKY
So, how'd it go?

COLE
I expect the locks to be changed
when I get home tonight.

Cole turns over the engine.

NICKY
Shit man, sorry.

COLE
Nicky, we have to get that money
back.

Nicky holds up the registration card.

NICKY
Got the address right here.
(beat)
We are gonna need some guns. You
know?

COLE
Huh?

NICKY
Guns. That cop said these guys killed
people.

(CONTINUED)

Cole nods.

COLE
Yeah, I'm guessing you're right.

Cole pulls the car off.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT/FRONT DOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

We HEAR the door being picked on the other side. A CLICK and then the doorknob turns. The door slowly pushes open and Detective Rivera slips inside. His service weapon at his side. He quietly closes the door behind him.

DETECTIVE RIVERA'S POV

We see a short hallway, a curtain is covering the open doorway to enter the apartment. A BLUE LIGHT FLICKERS on the other side of the curtain. A TV. A LOW SOUND. And then SCREAMING!

Rivera moves forward, his weapon out in front. He reaches a hand out and pulls the curtain to the side.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Rivera swiftly and stealthy moves into the room, with his weapon in a two handed grip.

Sleeping in a recliner is T.J. Waters. Rivera looks at the coffee table.

On the coffee table is a bong, numerous empty beer cans, a pile of shredded marijuana, as well as the wallets and purses stolen from the bar robbery. A bunch of bloody gauze. A cheap sewing kit. There is also a Blu Ray case of Shredder.

Rivera looks at the TV.

On the TV: We see a scene from Shredder. Office cubicles. A WOMAN hides. A DEMENTED OFFICE DRONE has a bloody dress shirt and a metal claw for a hand, searching for the woman.

A light from the kitchen is on. Down the hall, leading to the back bedrooms is pitch black.

Rivera walks over to T.J., he points his gun at his face.

From the hallway, out of the darkness a 3 year old boy, AIDEN, comes running with a plastic toy gun, dressed in a T-Shirt and a diaper.

Rivera is startled and swings his gun at the kid. Once he realizes it's a kid, he waves his gun up at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Holy shit!

T.J. startles awake.

T.J.

Hey, what the fuck?!

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Jesus Christ, I almost shot that kid! Is nobody watching this little shit?

T.J.

Chill out, man.

Rivera kicks the recliner.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Turn this junk off and get everyone out here, now!

T.J. grabs the remote and turns off the TV.

T.J.

Alright, alright.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Now!

T.J. scurries off to the back bedrooms. Aiden stares up at Rivera who stares back.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

T.J. sits in the recliner. Waylon, is high on painkillers and his ear is crudely stitched up, sits on the couch. Mia sits next to him, holding Aiden in her lap. Bubba sits on a chair near by.

Rivera stands in front of the T.V. addressing the crew.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

You guys are getting sloppy.

WAYLON

What are you talking about? Went off like clock work.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Oh, yeah? Why does your fucking ear look like Frankenstein's monster?

(CONTINUED)

Waylon grabs Mia's hand.

WAYLON
My baby stitched it up. It's all good.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
What did I tell you about leaving living witnesses?

BUBBA
Some fucker came out of the bathroom, had a gun. What could we do?

DETECTIVE RIVERA
You don't check the fucking bathrooms?

MIA
What's the problem? We got the wallets and purses. Look. Your cut.

Mia head nods to the wallets and purses on the coffee table.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
(to Mia)
And you...

He digs into jacket pocket and pulls out the sandwich bag with the cigarette butt in it.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)
This your fucking shade of lipstick?

He throws it at her.

WAYLON
Hey, c'mon.

Rivera is steaming, he points at Mia.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
My partner is finding those outside the crime scenes of every fucking bar! You're gonna get caught! Why don't you fucking vape like the rest of the fucking millennials?!

WAYLON
Alright, Javy, chill out.

DETECTIVE RIVERA
The fuck you call me Javy, it's Detective Rivera to you scum-balls.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

(beat)

My cut. Give it to me.

Bubba reaches over to the table and hands him money.

BUBBA

Here, that's twenty seven hundred.
Not bad this time.

Rivera rifles through the cash.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Not bad, huh?

(beat)

The bag?

Mia looks to Waylon.

WAYLON

Huh?

DETECTIVE RIVERA

The bag?

They stay silent. Rivera points his gun at Waylon.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

You think I'm fucking stupid!
Somebody get the bag out here now,
or I put a bullet in big brother
there!

Mia puts Aiden down and moves off to the back bedrooms.
Detective Rivera looks down at Aiden with disgust.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

Pew! Somebody gonna change this
kids diaper or what?

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cole's convertible turns on to the street and cruises slowly
along.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(MOVING) - NIGHT

Cole looks over to Nicky in the passenger seat.

COLE

Which one is it?

Nicky looks at the registration card.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Eleven forty seven...

Nicky looks up at the apartment buildings. He points.

NICKY (CONT'D)
This building here.

COLE
No fucking parking anywhere.

NICKY
That's LA, ain't it?

COLE
I'm gonna pull into that side street
back there. I think I saw some
parking.

Cole pulls the convertible up the street and around a corner.

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rivera exits the building with the worn leather bag of money
by his side. He looks out at the street before him, looking
one way and then the other. Once he feels like the coast is
clear, he strolls to his car.

He reaches his car, opens the driver side door, tosses the
bag across the console into the passenger seat and slips in
behind the wheel.

Rivera cranks over the engine, the headlights come on and the
car pulls away, down the street.

Cole and Nicky come walking around the corner as Rivera's car
passes by.

COLE
I got to tell you, I'm not sure I'm
up for this.

Nicky stops.

NICKY
What are you talking about?

COLE
I'm not down for killing anyone.

NICKY
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

COLE
That fucking Valentine, shit, fucked
me up and fucked me up good. I'm
having nightmares to this day.

Nicky puts a hand on Cole's shoulder.

NICKY
I hear ya, buddy, but don't worry,
we go in strong, surprise the fucks,
grab the bag and we're gone.

Cole nods.

COLE
Just grab the bag. I got no problem
with that.

NICKY
Grab the bag, yeah.
(beat)
Let's just hope we don't have to
kill anyone.

Nicky yanks open the front door to the apartment building and
enters. Cole shakes his head and follows.

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nicky steps out into the hall, a .38 clutch up against his
body. Cole moves out behind him, his own .45 at his side.
Nicky pulls the registration card, looks.

NICKY
Here, c'mon, down this way.

Nicky moves down the hall. Cole follows.

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY FRONT OF APARTMENT DOOR-
NIGHT

They approach the apartment with the burnt out light bulb.
Nicky looks at the number above the door.

NICKY
This is it here.

COLE
What do you think?

NICKY
I don't know, check the door?

Nicky reaches out and tries the door knob. It turns and OPENS.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
Holy shit.

NICKY
Yeah.

He puts and finger up to his lips. BE QUIET. Cole nods.
Nicky pushes the door all the way open.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door swings open and Cole and Nicky are silhouetted in the doorway.

NICKY'S - POV

Across the vestibule the sheet hangs in an open doorway. A blue light FLICKERS, the TV is HEARD.

They both slip inside and Cole closes the door behind them.

NICKY
Alright, let's go.

They quickly move toward the hanging sheet. Nicky pulls the sheet to the side.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cole and Nicky spring into the living room.

NICKY
Holy shit.

T.J. is slumped over in the recliner, shot dead. Bubba is on the floor in front of the TV, in a pool of blood. A bloody hand print smears across the big screen TV.

COLE
Yeah, what the fuck?

Nicky looks up at the TV.

NICKY
Hey, isn't that your movie?

Cole looks.

COLE
Yeah...it is.

They both stop and watch for a few moments.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

The OFFICE DRONE with the CLAWED HAND tears the face off of a FEMALE CO-WORKER, SHE SCREAMS IN AGONY.

Both speak in low voices.

NICKY
Fucking gnarly, love that part.

COLE
Yeah, that part IS pretty good.

Cole hears something, stops, looks down the hall into the darkness.

COLE (CONT'D)
You hear that?

NICKY
What?

COLE
Down the hall.

Nicky grabs the remote, turns off the TV and tosses the remote. They both clutch their guns and move down the hallway into the darkness.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cole and Nicky slink down the hall.

As they walk, we see the sprawled out body of Waylon, shot in the back.

NICKY
Look at this.

Nicky nudges him with his foot.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Another dead one.

COLE
Uh huh.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT/BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cole and Nicky move into the room, they look around. Cole moves to the closet door. He reaches a hand out. Turns back to Nicky. Nicky raises his gun and nods.

Cole rips the closet door open.

(CONTINUED)

Mia, throws her hands up, Aiden sits in her lap.

MIA
Wait! Don't kill us!

Cole lowers his gun and waves a hand at Nicky to lower his.

COLE
Whoa, whoa! It's okay!

Mia's face is splattered with blood. Tears stream down her cheeks.

COLE (CONT'D)
We're not gonna hurt you.

Nicky looks closer, recognizes Mia.

NICKY
Holy shit. I know you.

COLE
What?

NICKY
Yeah.
(to Mia)
That was you, told me to fuck off at
the probation office, wasn't it?

Mia looks from Cole to Nicky and then back to Cole.

MIA
Please.

COLE
It's okay. Here, c'mon outta there.
Let me help you.

Cole tucks his gun away and helps Mia and Aiden out of the closet.

NICKY
Jesus. What the hell happened here?

MIA
He started shooting. I thought he
was gonna kill all of us...

She looks to Aiden and cradles him.

MIA (CONT'D)
My boy.

(CONTINUED)

COLE

Who?

MIA

He's a cop. Rivera.

Cole looks back at Nicky.

NICKY

The bag?

MIA

He took it. He came for the bag.
And he killed everyone.

She looks to Aiden and strokes his head.

MIA (CONT'D)

I thought he was gonna kill us.

Nicky looks to Cole and shakes his head.

NICKY

Fuck.

COLE

(to Mia)

We should get your kid outta here.

MIA

You want the money back? I know
where he lives.

COLE

Tell us.

NICKY

Yeah, we'll handle this.

Mia has a fire in her eye.

MIA

No way. I'm going with you.

EXT. MIA'S SISTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the front window of Cole's convertible, we see Mia hand off Aiden to her SISTER. Her sister takes Aiden into the house and Mia runs back to the car.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(PARKED) - NIGHT

Mia climbs into the back seat. Unzips a duffel bag and pulls out a sawed-off shotgun and loads shells.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Whatcha got there, little lady?

MIA
I'm not a "little lady".

NICKY
Maybe you just let us men handle this.

MIA
That fucker is going to pay.

Cole and Nicky slowly look to each other.

NICKY
Well, okay then.

Cole pulls the car forward.

INT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME - NIGHT

Rivera enters the front door, carrying the leather bag of money by his side. He enters the...

INT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

He pulls his holstered service weapon from his hip and drops it on his kitchen counter. He dumps the bag next to it.

He moves to the fridge and pulls out a beer. He moves back to the bag unzips it and pulls out the greasy brown Five Guys bag, he peeks inside, tosses it next to the bag. Then starts to pull the stacks of cash out.

RIVERA
Holy fucking shit.

He beams as he takes a hard swig of the beer.

EXT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME - NIGHT

Cole's convertible cruises up out front.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(PARKED) - NIGHT

Mia leans over the back seat and points.

MIA
Here, it's this one here.

Nicky looks.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Lights are on. Car is in the
driveway.

MIA
Let's go.

COLE
Slow down. We want to surprise him.

NICKY
Yeah, easy there killer.

COLE
I'm gonna park up here.

Cole moves the car down the street and parks.

EXT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME - NIGHT

Cole, Nicky and Mia move onto the property and stay hidden in the shadows.

Cole nods to the side of the house and they move that way.

EXT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

They move to a window and peek in.

COLE'S - POV

Rivera is sitting at his kitchen counter on a stool, counting the stacks of cash.

NICKY
(whisper)
He's got my fucking money.

Cole spots Rivera's holster not far away.

MIA
Let's go in blasting.

COLE
Jesus, will you slow down?

NICKY
I'm with the babe. We go in guns a blazing.

COLE
Forget about it. He's a cop. Let's just get the money and leave.

Nicky and Mia look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

Nah. NICKY

Nah. MIA

Cole shakes his head.

COLE
Nicky, go around back, see if you
can get in. Mia come with me.

Nicky moves to the back of the house. Cole and Mia move to the front.

EXT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Weathered wooden planks GROAN under Cole and Mia's careful steps, each movement calculated and tense.

COLE
(low)
Shit.

INT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rivera hears the footsteps. His head snaps. He tenses as he moves to his holster and pulls his service weapon free. His hands grip the cold metal and he points it out in front of him as he moves that way.

EXT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Nicky melts into the shadows, a dark silhouette gliding toward the sliding glass door.

He presses close to the frame, eyes scanning the interior.

NICKY'S POV

It's the kitchen counter, Rivera's half drunk beer is next to the bag of money and the brown bag. The holster and gun are gone and so is Rivera.

NICKY
Shit.

EXT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Cole reaches out, tries the door. It's locked.

MIA
I can pick it.

COLE
Have at it.

Cole steps back.

(CONTINUED)

MIA
Yeah, here, hold this.

She hands Cole her sawed-off. She pulls a lock pick and goes to work on the front door.

COLE
Quiet.

MIA
Mmm-hmm.

INT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME - NIGHT

Rivera, with his gun aimed, moves down the hall towards the front door.

RIVERA'S - POV

The front door. The door handle slowly jiggles up and down.

Rivera ducks into an open doorway.

The front door swings open. Rivera sticks his head out and looks.

It's an empty door frame. He ducks back into the open doorway.

EXT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Cole hands Mia back the sawed-off and waves a hand at her to wait.

Cole turns and moves inside.

INT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME - NIGHT

Cole springs into the house.

Rivera jumps out and starts FIRING.

Cole dodges bullets as he dives into a living room, off to the side of the front door.

INT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cole runs toward the open kitchen.

HALLWAY

Rivera fires into the walls. BANG BANG BANG!!!

INT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cole ducks bullets as they tear through the wall.

INT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cole runs into the kitchen.

COLE'S POV

Nicky is at the sliding glass door, waving for him to open it.

Cole runs over to the sliding glass door, unlocks it and slides it open. Nicky enters.

NICKY

The money.

Nicky snatches up the bag.

A gunshot SHATTERS the silence. Nicky spins, shoulder blooming crimson. Glass explodes. Wood splinters. Cole dives behind the kitchen island, heart racing.

Cole eyes Nicky, whose shoulder is bleeding, lies motionless, his gun a few feet away.

Cole turns back and is face to face with the barrel of Rivera's gun.

COLE

Shit.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Oh, you motherfuckers are dead. You broke into a cop's house.

COLE

Wait! Wait!

Rivera nods at Cole's gun.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Toss it.

Cole tosses the gun to the side.

COLE

We just came for the money. It doesn't belong to us.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Oh, you're right about that. It's my money now.

(CONTINUED)

COLE

No, it belongs to a certain crime boss and he's gonna come looking for it.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

I'm gonna kill the both of you and no one will be the wiser.

COLE

You don't want to do that.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Shut your mouth.

Rivera steps forward, pointing the gun at Cole's head. Cole flinches.

WE HEAR the sawed-off slide RACK. Rivera freezes.

DETECTIVE RIVERA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

MIA

That's right motherfucker.

Rivera looks over his shoulder. Mia stands in the archway to the kitchen, the sawed-off leveled at Rivera's back.

DETECTIVE RIVERA

Mia?

(beat)

You know what I can do to your little ass. Take that little shit of a kid and toss his ass in the foster system. He'll grow up to be just another piece of shit, like that boyfriend of yours.

MIA

If I were you I'd shut my mouth.

Cole climbs to his feet.

COLE

I'd listen to the lady.

(beat)

Nicky, you okay?

Cole goes over and helps Nicky up.

NICKY

Yeah, I'm okay.

(CONTINUED)

Nicky grabs the brown bag and tosses it in with the rest of the money.

COLE
We got what we came for. This is
where we say goodbye.

Rivera is getting twitchy. Cole's eyes narrow, he shakes his head no.

COLE (CONT'D)
I wouldn't...

Rivera spins. Mia BLASTS her shotgun. The detective catapults backward, smashing into kitchen cabinets and crumpling to the tile floor.

NICKY
Holy shit.

Rivera squirms in pain. GROANING as he does. He's a bloody mess. Mia is a woman possessed. She walks over to him with the shotgun aimed down at his face. She violently racks the slide, discarding the empty shell.

COLE
Mia, you got him. Let's go.

MIA
No.

COLE
Mia?

MIA
Go on, get out of here. I'll find
my own way home.

COLE
Let's go.

MIA
Go!

NICKY
Cole...

Nicky pulls Cole by the arm and they slink out the backdoor into the night.

Rivera looks up at Mia, struggling to breath, fear in his eyes.

EXT. RIVERA'S BUNGALOW HOME - NIGHT

Cole and Nicky move to the convertible. Cole tosses the leather bag into the back seat. He helps Nicky into the passenger seat and then moves to the driver side. Looks over at Rivera's house. WE HEAR another SHOTGUN BLAST!

NICKY

Let's get the fuck outta here.

COLE

Yeah

Cole pulls it away.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: MONDAY MORNING

Cole and Nicky, his arm in a sling, walk through the body shop. The bag of money dangles by Nicky's side.

Figgs hovers above looking down from the railing, leading to Salerno's office.

FIGGS

Look what the cat dragged in.

Nicky raises the bag.

NICKY

Come bearing gifts.

INT. AUTOBODY SHOP/SALERNO'S OFFICE - MORNING

The bag of money is dropped on the desk. Salerno unzips the bag, looks in.

NICKY

Two hundred seventy thousand. I
kept my ten percent.

Salerno opens a desk drawer, pulls out the bank bag with Cole's thirty thousand. He tosses it to Cole.

SALERNO

Here you go kid. Deal's a deal.

COLE

Thanks.

They nod and walk out.

INT. AUTOBODY SHOP - MORNING

Cole and Nicky head for the open garage door.

FIGGS
Hey, fuckheads!

They stop turn and look up at Figgs looking down from the railing.

FIGGS (CONT'D)
You got lucky this time.

NICKY
Not luck. We're just good.

Figgs points.

FIGGS
Be seeing you real soon, huh?

The threat hangs in the air and then Nicky and Cole turn and exit the garage.

INT. COLE GALLO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

INSERT - TV SCREEN

On the screen, is the same TV REPORTER from the beginning. She stands in front of the BRIG BAR with a microphone in hand.

TV REPORTER
...Yes, Alice, it looks like the case of the deadly bar bandits has been solved. An anonymous source has come forward. In a bizarre twist...

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Justine is in the kitchen making a cup of coffee. The TV is heard playing from the other room

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
This source has implicated a Los Angeles Police Detective Javier Rivera.

Justine walks out of the kitchen to the...

LIVING ROOM

And stares trance-like at the TV.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT - TV SCREEN

The reporter.

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They claim Rivera was the mastermind
behind those deadly robberies. Now
this source is being kept from the
public. All the main suspects of
this case appear to be deceased.
That is a Waylon Waters...

We see a picture of Waylon and his two brothers T.J. and Bubba.

Justine stares at the TV dumbfounded.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
And his siblings T.J. and Bubba.
And also the implicated Detective
Rivera.

We see a picture of Rivera.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
Los Angeles Police spokesman did
say, the anonymous source did collect
the reward money that reached a total
of forty thousand dollars.

WE CUT TO ALICE in the studio.

ALICE
Well, good for whoever this anonymous
source is. Finally, this case seems
to be closed. And on to happier
news...

EXT. ANGELA ALFIERI'S HOUSE - DAY

Cole's convertible pulls to the curb in front of a suburban
house.

INT. COLE'S CONVERTIBLE(PARKED) - DAY

Cole puts the car in park. Nicky looks out at the house.

NICKY
Jesus, I'm nervous, here.

COLE
You got this.

NICKY
Thanks for helping me out. You saved
my ass.

(CONTINUED)

COLE
Owed you, didn't I?

NICKY
So, what are we doing tomorrow?

COLE
No fucking way. I'm hanging with
Sara laying on the couch binging
Baby Reindeer or some shit.

They laugh.

NICKY
Alright, man.

They bump fists.

COLE
Go see your family.

Nicky gets out and walks up the walkway.

Cole watches from the car.

COLE'S POV

Nicky rings the door bell. The door opens and TWO LITTLE
GIRLS, 4 and 6, come out running to him. Nicky kneels down
and hugs them.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS
Daddy!

ANGELA, 38, Nicky's ex, stands in the open doorway.

Cole waves to Angela and watches Nicky's interaction with his
daughters.

INT. COLE GALLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cole enters the apartment, carrying the bag of money he got
back from Salerno.

COLE
Babe?

He walks to the kitchen.

COLE (CONT'D)
Sara, you here?

INT. COLE GALLO'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Cole enters an empty kitchen. He looks around alone and then Sara appears in the doorway.

COLE
Oh, hey.

SARA
Hey.

He waves the bag of money up.

COLE
Got the money back.

SARA
If you didn't you'd be dead.

COLE
I know it.

Sara moves into the kitchen. He puts his arms around her.

COLE (CONT'D)
What do you say we go to the bank,
get the check for the house and then
go get Pink Berry or something?

SARA
Pink Berry?

Cole nods.

COLE
Fro yo. To celebrate. I like the
little gummy bears they put in 'em.

SARA
Alright, you're on.

He moves in and gives her a long slow kiss.

COLE
Let's go.
(beat)
I think I got a new idea for a movie.

SARA
Oh yeah? What about?

COLE
When I was hanging with Nicky, I was
jotting notes the whole time. Kinda
got the juices flowing.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

That's good.

Sara and Cole walk out of the kitchen arm in arm.

FADE OUT:

THE END