

**The Ticking Jury**

By  
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IN BLACK

The SOUND of something slowly moving, a METALLIC rustling.

UP ON. A half naked WOMAN lying in the middle of a heavy wrought iron bedstead -- one arm thrown out, a silver and turquoise Navajo bracelet on her wrist.

A trickle of grey light spills through a gap in the curtain. Random clothes drape a packing box.

Next to her on a nightstand, a lamp, phone and an old battery powered flip ALARM CLOCK. A numeral quivers -- flips down.

CLICK. 07:00 -- BUZZ.

A hand fumbles for the off switch.

CLANK! Something shiny glints in the gloom.

WOMAN

What the...?

CAROL LANGLEY (30), Intelligent eyes in an attractive face, though right now they're somewhat hungover.

A HANDCUFF holds one arm securely to the iron bedpost. She yanks at it -- disbelief in her eyes. A metallic object sits in the shadows. She strains to see what it is.

Reaches across to the lamp. Switches it on.

The light hits the squat metal BOMB that sits in the corner of the room. Triggers a countdown.

An LED display counts down from THIRTY MINUTES.

CAROL

Fuck!

She reaches for the phone -- groggy, knocks it off the nightstand to the floor. The handset flies out of reach.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Aw c'mon!

She yanks open the nightstand drawer -- pulls out an old NOKIA cellphone -- one bar on the battery readout.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Wha...!

She dials 911. The display dies. The timer counts down. Relentless. TICK! TICK! TICK!

**EXT. HUDSON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Sweltering. Air heavy with humidity. Sullen clouds hanging over the historic building.

A MAN Bounds up the steps, covering his perspiration soaked shirt with a jacket.

**INT. HUDSON COUNTY - COURTHOUSE - DAY**

The man slips into a vacant seat at the back of the court. This is CRAIG REARDON, (30s) good looking, charismatic smile and ridiculously blue eyes.

The courtroom is old, dark wood paneling. A lot of cattle died to provide the worn leather seats in here.

**SUPER: 18 HOURS EARLIER**

Carol sits at the Prosecution table in the second chair, Assistant D.A. Focussed. A woman used to winning.

The Nokia on the table in front of her vibrates. She looks at the screen...scribbles down an address.

She looks over at the defense table. Slick in their designer suits.

The defendant, VINCENT SPINETTI (60s), every inch the hardened criminal. His right arm dangles in his sleeve, the result of a stroke.

JUDGE RENWICK, (60s), seen a lot of hearings and even more good dinners. Too much neck for his shirt, and feeling it in the heat. He looks over to Carol, nods.

She gets up. Walks over to stand in front of the defense.

CAROL

Before we consider setting bail,  
I'd like to remind you of the sort  
of man Vincent Spinetti is...

The Judge looks up...something not right here.

CAROL (CONT'D)

For over two decades the Spinetti  
family, led by this man, have  
terrorized decent neighborhoods and  
threatened honest, hard working  
citizens.

A YOUNG lawyer starts to rise...

YOUNG LAWYER

Your Honor I don't see...

The Judge waves him down. The Lawyer sits, teeth glinting. Spinetti stares at Carol with dead eyes.

**INT. CONDOMINIUM - DAY**

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS plastered over a wall:

Assistant D.A Carol Langley appointed to Spinetti case --  
Senator Langley killed in car blast -- Spinetti cleared of  
murder and robbery charge -- key witness dies in hit and run.

CAROL (V.O.)

I think it's important to remember  
the seriousness of the case in  
progress, and the events leading up  
to Vincent Spinetti's presence here  
today.

Below the clippings: Three printouts of CCTV footage with  
burnt in Time Code. A man getting out of a rusted 50s Dodge,  
pickup, SPIRO (30s) we'll see him again -- Time Code 11:55.

A different MAN getting into the Dodge Pickup at 12:00.  
Photos of different LICENCE PLATES -- all on the same pickup.

CAROL (V.O.)

With numerous witnesses failing to  
testify against him, many of them  
after convenient accidents, I can  
only presume he believes himself to  
be above the law...

On a cluttered desk, stacks of books -- Criminal Law, Who's  
who in the New Jersey Legal System, and a 50s DODGE PICKUP  
maintenance manual.

By itself -- a small framed photo of a blond haired girl,  
SAMMY (5), she's a heartbreaker.

A hand touches the photo gently -- takes it away.

**INT. HUDSON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Carol holds up a sheet of paper.

CAROL

Maybe the coroners report can shed  
some light on the sort of person  
we're dealing with...

She looks at the Judge.

CAROL (CONT'D)

May I approach?

The Judge nods. She hands him a photograph of the victim.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I don't think you can begin to  
imagine the pain and terror  
inflicted on that defenceless girl  
by this man...

Spinetti's on the edge, but he pulls back.

JUDGE RENWICK

Miss Langley, this is not a trial,  
we're here to set bail.

The defence attorney stands up. JOEL CHRISTOS (50s) a silver  
haired Barracuda.

CHRISTOS

Your honor, my client is a  
businessman, a lifelong member of  
the community and as such there is  
no evidence of his involvement in a  
murder...

Carol barely controls her frustration. She waves the  
coroner's report.

CAROL

This girl was butchered, and you're  
suggesting we just let this...this  
thing, out onto the streets...

Judge Renwick bangs his gavel.

JUDGE RENWICK

Miss Langley, I repeat, Mr Spinetti  
is not on trial today.

She tries to control herself -- fails.

CAROL

No, but the truth is.

CHRISTOS

Your honor, my client cannot be  
pre-judged by the testimony of  
questionable witnesses looking to  
cut deals and point fingers.

(beat)

Mr Spinetti has significant assets  
here he can put up, and is not a  
risk of flight.

Carol sits down, drained.

JUDGE RENWICK

Because there is no direct evidence, the family and business situation of Mr Spinetti make him an unlikely flight risk, bond is therefore set at one million. I will allow a property bond to be posted.

He gestures for Carol to approach the bench.

JUDGE RENWICK (CONT'D)

Any more outbursts like that and I'll hold you in contempt of court.

Carol fixes him with those eyes -- unswervingly determined.

JUDGE RENWICK (CONT'D)

I know how much this case means to you...but emotions don't trump facts, and we don't have enough facts to convict.

He fastens her with a knowing look.

JUDGE RENWICK (CONT'D)

Will you be able to produce your witness if this comes to trial?

She meets his eyes head on.

CAROL

Yes your honor, I believe I can.

**EXT. THE VANITY - NEWPORT STREET, DETROIT - DAY**

The once magnificent facade, now abandoned and unloved.

**INT. VANITY BALLROOM - DAY**

The garbage strewn floor of a vast and once elegant Ballroom.

Two men, MONO and FLY (20s), buzz cut body builders, stare at a large TV. Local NEWS reports from outside the courtroom.

Next to them sits Spiro, the man on the CCTV printout. Close up he radiates menace. A man with a short fuse.

Another man enters the room talking on a cell -- slim fingers, quick intelligent eyes -- MICHAEL SPINETTI (30s).

MICHAEL

(into phone)

...next time you screw up like that you better be ready to take the hit...I'm not here to wipe your ass.

Behind him, THE NUBIAN (30s) plays with a knife. Cleans his nails with its sharp blade. Michael snaps the cell shut.

SPIRO

Problem?

MICHAEL

Nothing I can't handle.

**EXT. HUDSON COUNTY - COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Reporters flood out of the courthouse in a human wave, trying to get an angle on Carol as she floats down the steps.

CAROL

One at a time please.

Everybody yells at once.

REPORTER #1

Is it true you're gunning for Spinetti because of your Father?

REPORTER #2

Were you expecting him to get bail?

CAROL

Okay. Okay. Just hold it for one moment!

An eager young reporter keeps on going.

REPORTER #3

If Spinetti goes to trial and you win, that'll give you a one hundred percent hit rate.

CAROL

Listen to me! A young woman's life was taken away in an act of unremitting brutality by a hardened criminal. I believe I can provide the evidence and the witness to prove Spinetti's guilt when it comes to trial.

Flashes from the cameras flicker like a lightening storm. In the background Reardon observes the proceedings. Carol barely has time to notice him -- and then he's gone.

**INT. VANITY BALLROOM - DAY**

Spiro nods at the T.V News.

SPIRO

That bitch is gonna be trouble. And this witness, where are they, huh?

Fly paces, nervy, jerky movements, head always buzzing.

FLY

They're dead is what they are.

Mono nods, not a great talker.

MONO

Dead.

MICHAEL

Vincent thinks one of us ratted him out.

MONO

Squeak.

He grins idiotically. Michael silences him with a look.

SPIRO

He needs to watch his mouth, we don't need those kinda' insinuations, if I was...

Michael barely seems to move, but suddenly there's a Glock pistol in his hand. Spiro plays it cool.

MICHAEL

But you ain't, and while Vincent's not around we'll just be cool...okay?

Spiro looks at him -- measuring up his chances.

SPIRO

I'm cool, you're the one that's waving his dick in my face.

Michael clenches his jaw -- the gun disappears.

MICHAEL

Okay.

Spiro brings his hand out from behind his back -- slips a gun back into his belt.

SPIRO

Sure, let's all be cool.

Behind him the Nubian quietly sheathes a gleaming blade.

MICHAEL

Without a witness the charges will be dropped.

SPIRO

For sure. But what if she has a witness, then what?

Michael snaps his fingers like he's doing a magic trick.

MICHAEL

Witnesses have disappeared before.

SPIRO

How long before we get outta' this cesspit?

MICHAEL

Does the word urban regeneration mean anything to you Spiro?

SPIRO

Unless it means somewhere with chicks an a pool I ain't interested.

Mono and Fly nod. That they can understand.

MICHAEL

When things turnaround we're in place. No disputes about territorial rights.

Spiro rubs his face angrily.

SPIRO

This place 'ain't ever turning round, it's going to hell, any fool can see that.

The gun reappears in Michael's hand in a blur -- he jams it against Spiro's forehead -- digging into the flesh.

MICHAEL

You saying my father's a fool!

Spiro backs away -- the muzzle digs in.

SPIRO

I didn't mean nothin!

Michael eases the gun back from Spiro's forehead. Mono and Fly look at them. The Nubian tenses.

MICHAEL

You got a problem with our operation you take it up with Vincent. Now get your brain in gear, this'll be our biggest delivery and I don't want any screw ups.

SPIRO

It's not me that screws up.

Michael hands Spiro a flight ticket.

MICHAEL  
 Your flight leaves in two hours,  
 the Dodge will be at the airport.  
 Give my love to Buffalo.

**EXT. HUDSON COUNTY COURT - DAY**

Spinetti walks out like a man leaving a drive-thru. Flanked by his two lawyers -- talking on his cell.

SPINETTI  
 ...set it up, call me when it's  
 done.

He throws the cell to the young lawyer, who fumbles it, sends it spinning to the ground where it smashes. Christos sighs.

CHRISTOS  
 I think you need to ease up.

Spinetti halts. Stabs him in the chest with a bony finger.

SPINETTI  
 Ease up? I gotta' freakin'  
 assistant DA on my ass who's got a  
 witness that could send me to hell.  
 So don't tell me to freakin' ease  
 up.

Christos holds up his hands.

CHRISTOS  
 I'm just advising you, that's what  
 you pay me for.

SPINETTI  
 Well I'm advisin' you to shut the  
 fuck up.

Christos shuts the fuck up as Spinetti steps into a limo waiting at the kerb. It sweeps off.

END OF FLASHBACK

**INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM (PRESENT DAY)**

Carol, frozen with fear -- stares at the Cellphone.

The Bomb timer ticks -- TWENTY-FIVE minutes and counting.

She fights to stay calm. Looks around the room. Nothing within reach...accept...

The ALARM CLOCK.

She smashes it into pieces against the nightstand.

Rips the 9v battery and the connecting wires from it.

Strips the insulation from the wires with her teeth.

Fights with the Nokia phone -- gets the back off -- knocks out the rechargeable cell.

Manoeuvres the bare ends of the battery wire against the contacts in the phone -- the display flickers off and on.

She holds the connection firm with one thumb -- hit's the keys with a finger from her handcuffed hand.

Listens. Tears streaming down her face.

CAROL

Hello. Assistant D.A Carol  
Langley. I'm trapped in my home  
with a bomb. It's going off in  
twenty-five minutes. Please hurry  
Hello...Hello?

The Cellphone SPARKS, smokes and dies.

Falls from her hand. Hits the floor.

SMASHES!

She looks at it -- her last link with the outside world.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Oh God no...please!

The BOMB TIMER keeps running -- TWENTY-MINUTES and counting.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A Bomb Disposal truck roars down the road. Swerves round a corner and slams on the brakes.

Slides to a halt -- tires smoking.

**INT. VIEW THROUGH BOMB DISPOSAL TRUCK WINDOW - DAY**

A man wearing a baseball cap pulled low, slowly moves past on an electric mobility scooter. An oxygen cylinder strapped to the back.

DRIVER (V.O.)

The hell...

The scooter halts level with the truck grille. The driver leans on the horn. The man on the mobility scooter turns to look at him...

OFF THE DRIVER'S FACE. What the hell's going on here?

**INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM**

The Bomb timer -- FIFTEEN-MINUTES and counting...

Carol pulls at the wrought iron bed post -- tries to wrench it apart. Fails. Blood trickles from her wrist as she slumps back down -- sobbing with fear and frustration.

She scans the room. Looking for something, anything to get free. A paper delivery boy cycles past the window -- earphones snaking down to an ipod in his pocket.

CAROL

Hey! HEY!

A newspaper thumps against the door as he cycles past.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The boy cycles down the street -- music thumping in his ears. Police cars hurtle past him, lights and sirens going.

Slide to a halt outside Carol's house.

Car doors burst open, police officers pour out -- form a cordon -- erect barriers -- close off the street.

**INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM**

She sees the police moving around outside -- yells.

CAROL

Hey!

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A heavysset man pulls himself out of one of the cars -- jams a cap onto his head, fleshy jowls quivering.

CAPTAIN GRUNNER, (50s) -- just counting the days to his pension -- each incident a roadblock to his happy retirement. An officer comes over to him.

OFFICER #1

Carol Langley...

CAPTAIN GRUNNER

The Assistant D.A?

OFFICER #1

Phoned in a bomb threat, said she had twenty five minutes.

He looks at his watch.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

That was ten minutes ago.

CAPTAIN GRUNNER

She's a tough cookie, did her time  
in the reserve, probably defuse it  
with her teeth if she has to.  
Where the hell are the bomb squad?

A truck screeches to a halt behind them -- BOMB SQUAD  
emblazoned down the side.

The Bomb Tech jumps out -- wearing protective armor -- full  
helmet with the visor up -- unblinking blue eyes looking out.  
An OFFICER meets him.

OFFICER #2

Just you?

BOMB TECH

Backup's on the way.

OFFICER #2

You gonna' use one of them Robot  
gizmo's?

The Bomb Tech snaps his visor down.

BOMB TECH

Should we wait for a robot, or  
should I save this women's life?  
Your call.

The officer swallows.

OFFICER #2

You do what you gotta' do.

The Bomb Tech heads towards the house. The officer goes back  
to Grunner.

CAPTAIN GRUNNER

That it? One guy!

OFFICER #2

Back up's on the way.

The Bomb Tech heads up to the front door. Kicks it open with  
a boot.

**INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY**

He stands there, looks around. Moves towards the...

**BEDROOM**

He comes in. Carol holds the sheet around her with one hand.

CAROL

Thank God.

The man glances at the bomb timer...TEN-MINUTES and counting.  
He moves over to the bed -- sits casually on it.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
I don't want to seem ungrateful,  
but shouldn't you be, I don't  
know...  
(yelling)  
Defusing the fucking bomb!

The man opens up his visor -- blue eyes staring at her.

BOMB TECH  
Well Carol, that depends.

CAROL  
What!?

BOMB TECH  
We don't have a lot of time, so  
I'll get right to the point.

CAROL  
What is this? Who are you?

BOMB TECH  
Tick Tock, you just wasted some  
more time.

CAROL  
Okay, Jesus, you got my attention,  
what do you want?

BOMB TECH  
Your witness.

The blood drains from her face.

CAROL  
Spinetti! Spinetti's behind this?

BOMB TECH  
Let's just say he has an interest  
in the outcome of the case.

CAROL  
Shit!

BOMB TECH  
You tell me where your witness is,  
and you walk out of here.

CAROL  
And if I don't?

BOMB TECH  
I walk.

CAROL  
You bastard.

She struggles with the handcuff. He holds up a key.

BOMB TECH  
A name and an address and you get  
your life back.

CAROL  
You think it's that simple?

The man shrugs.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Spinetti's never going to let me  
live. I give him my witness we're  
both dead.

BOMB TECH  
If you don't, you're dead anyway.

She listens, starting to remember something -- his voice.

CAROL  
You're not a Bomb disposal expert.

BOMB TECH  
I never said I was.

He takes his helmet off.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

A crowded bar, sophisticated clientele, young urban professionals. A banner hangs behind the bar.

A photoshop picture of Carol wearing a Mounties hat and sitting on a horse with the legend: "GOOD LUCK CAROL"

The music is low enough for conversation, a smartly dressed WOMAN gives a toast. It's Carol.

CAROL  
I'd like to thank you all for  
giving me such a great send off.

There's a ripple of assent.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
No really, I couldn't have asked to  
work with a more mendacious, back  
stabbing bunch of professionals  
this side of the Hudson River.

There's laughter. A RUDDY FACED MAN raises his glass.

RUDDY FACED MAN  
You better believe it!

They all toast. An Afro American man comes over to Carol holding a tray of canapes. GERO, (20s) over six foot of knotted muscle. He smiles at her.

GERO  
Miss Langley.

CAROL  
Hi Gero, how's it going?

She scoops up some shrimp on blue cheese crackers.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
I cannot get enough of these.

GERO  
Going good. Getting a lot of party gigs now, building my skills.

CAROL  
That's great, glad it's working out. How's your ma?

GERO  
She's cool. 'gonna go see her at the weekend. Catch ya later.

He heads off across the bar.

A woman comes over to Carol. Freckles, sharp featured, RONA (40s), Irish.

RONA  
Something going on I should gossip about?

CAROL  
Get out of here. That's Gero, I did some pro bono work out in the projects, Detroit. Managed to get him some work out here. He's a good kid.

RONA  
You're too good for this Earth, that's one messed up city.

CAROL  
Yup, can't deny that.

RONA  
I still don't believe you're leaving. What can Vancouver possibly have that Manhattan doesn't?

CAROL

A view of the Rockies.

(beat)

I want my own practice. After I finish this case I'm going to need a change, keeps me fresh...

RONA

Fresh? If you were any fresher you'd be grass! You hate change. You have a cellphone the size of a house brick and your car is a museum piece...

CAROL

You know why...

Rona looks at her, sympathetic.

RONA

I know, but Jeez, didn't the steering wheel come off the other day?

CAROL

It's a security measure.

Rona laughs.

RONA

Mother of Jesus, no one's going to steal that car, for sure.

CAROL

I just think there's more to life than waiting to make District Attorney.

Rona takes a sip of her drink, looks at her.

RONA

You need to have a little fun.

CAROL

I'm shocked, you being such a good Catholic girl.

RONA

I'm a Catholic, not a Nun!

(beat)

Look, give yourself a break. Get yourself some sun, sea and shady stuff.

CAROL

Alright Mother Superior, point taken. Now I have to mingle.

She turns and collides with someone -- red wine splashing onto his spotless white shirt.

He looks at her -- gives her his easy smile, looks at her with those ridiculously blue eyes -- it's Reardon.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

She stares at the bomb disposal technician -- it's Reardon.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
You planned this.

REARDON  
No.

CAROL  
Then why...?

Reardon hesitates, looks at the bomb -- FIVE MINUTES left.

REARDON  
I don't have a choice.

She looks at Reardon -- back to the timer.

CAROL  
If I promise to take you to the witness, will you defuse the bomb?

REARDON  
I can't do that.

OFF CAROL: If she wasn't terrified before she is now.

**EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Captain Grunner looks at his watch. Turns to the officer next to him.

CAPTAIN GRUNNER  
The hell is he doing? And where's the backup.

There's a THUMPING from the back of the Bomb Squad Truck -- muffled yelling through the armored doors.

Officer #2 goes to the back, yanks them open. Two bomb squad OFFICERS tumble out, coughing and generally having a bad day.

OFFICER #2  
What happened?

One of the officers tries to get his breath.

**INT. THROUGH BOMB DISPOSAL TRUCK WINDOW - DAY - (FLASHBACK)**

BOMB SQUAD OPERATIVE (V.O.)  
Some guy on a mobility scooter  
jacked us...

The invalid turns towards him. He's wearing a GAS MASK.

**EXT. BOMB DISPOSAL TRUCK - DAY**

He jams a NOZZLE on the end of a tube leading from the cylinder into the truck's air intake.

**INT. BOMB DISPOSAL TRUCK - DAY**

Gas pours in -- the BOMB TECHS choke, lose consciousness.

**PRESENT: EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - DAY**

OFFICER #2  
So who's that in the house?

They turn to look at the house.

KABOOM.

The house EXPLODES!

FLAME belches into the sky -- pieces of brick and wood shower down around them.

A charred protective HELMET lands in the road -- rolls across the ground -- comes to rest against the Captain's boot.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Red wine splatters onto a pair of light doeskin SHOES.

Carol grabs some paper napkins from the bar top and dabs at the red stain spreading across Reardon's white shirt.

CAROL  
I am so sorry...

REARDON  
No. I think with my skin tone it works.

CAROL  
Maybe if we can get it into cold water?

REARDON  
Hey, it's not a problem, I'm a lawyer. I can get a shirt off someone else's back.

She looks at him, tries to remember.

CAROL  
Have we met?

Reardon extends a hand -- gives her a wide smile.

REARDON  
Craig Reardon, I'm a paralegal.  
Been following the Spinetti case.

**INT. BAR - LATER - NIGHT**

Carol and Reardon are deep in conversation in one corner of the Bar.

REARDON  
So he turns to the Jury and says, I  
was sleepwalking...

Carol laughs, she's had a few drinks and her eyes sparkle.

CAROL  
During a bank raid!

REARDON  
I tell you, I could write a book on  
those pro bono stories.

CAROL  
Me too. There are some good kids  
out there that were just born in  
the wrong place. I was lucky, I  
managed to help a few of them turn  
their lives around.

REARDON  
S'true.  
(beat)  
You think you have enough to nail  
Spinetti this time?

CAROL  
I have a witness, that's all I can  
tell you.

Reardon nods. Understands.

REARDON  
I had a case tossed because the  
defendant wasn't read the Miranda  
in his native tongue. I mean Jeez,  
how many languages are we gonna  
have to know.

She shakes her head -- takes a sip of her drink.

REARDON (CONT'D)  
So, Vancouver.

CAROL

Yup.

Reardon gives her a look.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What?

REARDON

Nothing. Vancouver's a great City,  
and so convenient for Canada.

CAROL

You got something against  
Canadians?

REARDON

No. Hey, don't get me wrong. I  
love Canada. I wanted to be a  
Mountie when I was a Kid.

CAROL

Really? I can't see you in a hat.  
What happened?

REARDON

I had an allergy to horses.  
(beat)  
And hats.

CAROL

How come we haven't bumped into  
each other before?

REARDON

I was going to ask you the same  
question.

CAROL

Do you always answer a question  
with a question?

REARDON

What do you think?

CAROL

I think I've had too much to drink.

REARDON

I think on you, it works.

CAROL

Are you married?

REARDON

I was. Things didn't work out.

CAROL  
I'm sorry. Kids?

Reardon's eyes grow sad for a second -- he covers.

REARDON  
A beautiful daughter. Sammy.

She toys with her glass.

CAROL  
Perfect.

REARDON  
Yes.  
(beat)  
You?

CAROL  
Not yet, but hey, the night's still  
young.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry, that wine has quite the  
mouth on it.

An awkward silence. They both go quiet.

REARDON  
So, how about you. Seeing anybody?

CAROL  
Not at the moment. It's  
complicated, the hours I work, not  
a great lifestyle for that sort of  
thing. Part of the reason I'm  
moving out of the city. Did I  
mention I wasn't seeing anybody?

REARDON  
I think you touched on it a couple  
of bottles back.

CAROL  
Well. I'd better be going. I have  
some trial documents to work up  
over the weekend.

REARDON  
Look, you can't drive in your  
condition. Why don't I drop you  
back in your car. I can get a cab  
home. Save you breaking up your  
day tomorrow.

CAROL  
I don't know.

REARDON  
No pressure, I don't have to win  
every case.

She smiles.

CAROL  
I do.  
(beat)  
Okay, why not.

**EXT. BAR - NIGHT**

Reardon and Carol come out. There's a car parked outside.  
An old '76 Dodge Aspen station wagon. Carol gets her keys.

REARDON  
Wow! That's er...

CAROL  
A classic.

REARDON  
That's the word I was looking for.

CAROL  
It was my dad's.

REARDON  
I like old things.

CAROL  
So does my garage.

**EXT. NORTH BERGEN, STREET - NIGHT**

Red cobblestone street, neat houses. A quiet neighborhood.

**INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING - NIGHT**

Reardon slowing as he waits for instructions.

CAROL  
Just up here on the right.

They pass a nondescript ECONOLINE van and pull into the kerb.

**EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - NORTH BERGEN - NIGHT**

Three bedrooms and a couple of decks, nice, but not so nice  
that we hate her. She stumbles -- he catches her.

REARDON  
I gotcha.

They reach the front door. She struggles to get the keys  
into the door lock. He takes the keys and opens the door.

**INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

He helps her in. The house is empty of furniture, a few packing cases strewn about. Original wooden flooring.

CAROL

I'm moving out next week. Renting till I can move into my new place. There's some drink in the kitchen.

He goes into the...

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Rummages in an open packing case and pulls out a bottle of wine and couple of glasses.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Reardon comes out holding the bottle and a glass of wine..

CAROL

What about you?

He smiles ruefully.

REARDON

Designated driver.

She reaches out to him, pulls him close.

CAROL

Who says you're driving?

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

She's tugging at his clothes, he's pulling at hers -- there's tearing and cursing, but they get there in the end and it's hot.

They land on the bed -- come up for air from a long and passionate kiss.

CAROL

You could have started this earlier, before I got so drunk.

REARDON

Don't worry, I'll say you were terrific in the morning.

CAROL

Oh God I hope you're as good as you think you are.

He kisses her gently, looks at her with those ridiculously blue eyes.

REARDON

Gonna' have to trust me on that.

He moves into her -- she goes with it, wrapping her arms around him and rolling over until she's riding him.

They move like two jungle animals -- dappled shapes in the moonlight spilling through the window.

They climax as one...bodies slick with sweat...

CAROL

Don't stop...God don't stop.

He keeps going, she shudders and holds him tight...

END FLASHBACK

**EXT. STREET - BEHIND CAROL'S HOUSE - DAY**

CAROL (V.O.)

Jesus!

The station wagon blasts through the smoke -- flames and ash billowing behind it.

**INT. STATION WAGON - DAY**

Carol drives -- handcuffed to the wheel.

Pieces of wood and debris rattle off the hood and windshield.

Looks like she dressed in a hurry -- jeans and a T-Shirt that reads: "Lawyers do it on a trial basis"

REARDON

You use this car for work?

CAROL

I'm sorry I don't have a fancy getaway car, but I hadn't planned on being kidnapped.

REARDON

The quicker we get there the sooner this'll be over.

She looks down at the gun Reardon holds on her.

CAROL

Why the bomb?

REARDON

Not my idea.

CAROL

Spinetti.

REARDON  
 You can't negotiate with a bomb.  
 (beat)  
 Where are we headed?

CAROL  
 Gas station. This drinks fuel like  
 it's going out of fashion.

**EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

She gestures to her cuffs.

CAROL  
 I can't fill up with these on.

REARDON  
 No, but I can.

She tries another tack.

CAROL  
 I need to pee.

REARDON  
 First wooded area we pass, you can  
 pick a tree.

**INT. STATION WAGON - LATER - DAY**

Carol drives. Both of them are obviously uncomfortable,  
 shifting in their seats.

**EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY**

On the Interstate Eighty-Seven, past signs to Albany.

**INT. STATION WAGON - DAY**

REARDON  
 Where are we going, Canada?

CAROL  
 Border checkpoint a problem to you?

He snaps the magazine out of his gun -- checks the load,  
 seems satisfied.

REARDON  
 Nope, we're good to go.

CAROL  
 We're not going to Canada.

REARDON  
 Glad to hear it.

They drive past some highway works -- no workers visible and a portable toilet kiosk on site.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Pull over.

She pulls off into a coned area. He climbs out -- walks up to the kiosk, checks it's open. Comes back.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Okay, make it quick.

He uncouples her handcuff from the steering wheel.

She gets out of the car -- he keeps the gun trained on her as she heads into the kiosk.

**INT. TOILET - DAY**

The walls are plastered with graffiti -- flesh magazine pictures -- holes in the side of the kiosk let light in.

CAROL

Nice.

She gingerly squats on the seat.

REARDON (O.S.)

C'mon!

**EXT. TOILET KIOSK - DAY**

The door opens and she comes out. He's right outside.

CAROL

It's a great space, really makes use of the available light, and I love what they've done with the walls, so contemporary with the flesh tones.

He waves the gun.

REARDON

Just get in the car.

He follows her back to the car -- cuffs her to the wheel and takes the key out of the ignition.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Don't try anything clever.

She shrugs. He heads into kiosk. She looks back at the kiosk, mentally counting things out in her head.

CAROL

Putting gun away, unzipping, getting it out, peeing...

She opens the car door -- feels under the door sill -- finds a magnetic box, takes out a key -- jams it into the ignition.

FIRES IT UP -- slams it into reverse and guns the engine.

The car rockets BACKWARDS.

SMASHES into the kiosk, knocking it over.

**INT. KIOSK - DAY**

A rotating hell of noise. Reardon's thrown to the floor, pants around his ankles -- all kinds of shit and chemicals flying around as he tumbles through the air.

REARDON

Fuck!

**EXT. KIOSK - DAY**

She guns the motor and accelerates away.

CAROL

Eat shit!

The car STALLS. Shudders to a halt.

**INT. KIOSK - DAY**

Reardon hammers on the door which is now above him.

Smashes it open -- claws his way out.

**EXT. KIOSK - SAMETIME**

Hands slipping on fluids oozing across the surfaces..

REARDON

Jesus!

Clutching his pants with one hand. Gun in his other.

Covered in gunk of many colours -- he hobbles towards the car. Yanks the door open.

REARDON (CONT'D)

'the fuck!

No Carol -- no STEERING WHEEL!

He looks around -- in the distance, running like crazy, steering wheel in one hand, is Carol.

She's headed towards a small collection of FARM buildings.

Two fields away a FARMER drives a tractor over the field.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Damn!

He fixes his pants. Jams the gun into his waistband.

Runs after her -- mad as hell.

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Carol's fit, but she's tired and the large and heavy steering wheel isn't making things any easier.

REARDON

Running like a man possessed -- legs pumping, arms whirling.

Closing in on her.

CAROL

Slowing.

Breath ragged.

Lungs burning.

Comes to a halt facing a BARN.

She circles round the back -- a SNUFFLING sound from inside.

**INT. BARN - DAY**

Dark in here -- light leaking through the door and gaps in the roof -- a pile of hay bales to one side and a penned area inside of which are some PIGS.

**EXT. BARN - DAY**

Reardon comes to a halt outside the barn -- breathing hard. He pulls out his gun and creeps around the back.

There's a renewed oinking from inside. He creeps towards the open door -- pokes his head around the door...gun ready.

REARDON

Okay, game over...

THUD.

A long handled shovel smashes him on the back of the head. Held awkwardly by Carol, it's not a full force impact -- but it's enough to make him drop the gun and hit the ground.

He lies there for a second -- groggy.

A large wet SNOUT looks at him through the bars of the pen.

The pigs begin a frenzied OINKING.

He staggers to his feet -- scrabbles around the floor, finds his gun.

He touches the back of his head -- looks at blood on his hand.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Damn!

He stands still -- listening, can't hear anything above the snuffling and oinking of pigs.

Something dances on the roof of the barn.

A small circle of reflected light.

He heads towards a hay loft at the end of the barn.

A rickety wooden ladder leads up to the loft.

Dust floats down through the sunlight from the barn roof.

He slowly climbs up the ladder, one hand holds the gun, the other hauls himself up one rung at a time.

Peers over the top of the ladder into the hayloft.

On the ceiling -- the trembling circle of light.

His eyes move down the dusty beam -- seconds away from pinpointing the source when...

The sun goes in.

WHUMP.

The STEERING WHEEL catches him on the side of the head.

He tumbles backwards, manages to catch a hold of the ladder which rocks back with his weight.

He teeters in midair. Carol rises up out of the hay -- kicks him in the chest.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Arggghh!

He topples back -- falls through the air...

THUD -- lands with a cacophony of oinks from the PIGS.

A wet sucking sound as he drags himself out of the muck.

He points his gun up at the hayloft.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Okay. Enough of this shit.  
There's only one way down from  
there, and I have the ladder.

He rubs his neck, tries to do the hard man neck click but it hurts too much -- ends up just wincing with the pain.

SILENCE

Reardon sighs. He's battered, bruised and covered in shit. He's had enough.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Okay. You come down right now or  
I'll...

He looks around.

And there, in the corner of the pen is a large and contented Sow...six or seven cute little pigs snuffling at her, happily drinking milk.

He moves over to the sow, cocks the gun and points it at one of the piglets.

The sow oinks frenziedly.

Carol peers over the edge of the hayloft at the commotion below.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Shoot the little piggy.

That does it. He smiles as he sees Carol's face staring down in horror.

CAROL

Okay! You win.

He uncocks the gun -- puts it into his jacket and drags the ladder over to the hayloft.

Places it against the edge of the floor and stands well back.

REARDON

Don't try anything stupid.

He pulls his gun out and holds it on her while she awkwardly makes her way down the ladder. She reaches the ground.

REARDON (CONT'D)

There, that wasn't so difficult was  
it. Now you and me are going to  
have a little talk.

CLICK!

FARMER (O.C)  
The hell you are.

He turns and looks down the cavernous barrels of a shotgun.

**INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY**

Carol and Reardon stare at some sort of soup with bits floating in it. The FARMER (70s) and his WIFE (60s) regard them with interest. The steering wheel sits on the table.

Carol wears an oversize pair of dungarees, whilst Reardon wears baggy jeans and a plaid shirt.

FARMER  
F.B.I?

REARDON  
Yes.

The wife looks sympathetically at Carol.

WIFE  
You was lucky to get out alive.

FARMER  
Damn bad luck...crashing into a lorry full of shit cabins like that.

The wife cackles.

WIFE  
I 'ain't seen so much shit on a man since little Jimmy went swimming in the cess pit last year.

CAROL  
Thank you for the clothes.

WIFE  
Don't you worry 'bout it.  
(beat)  
What was it you actually did child?

Reardon gives her a warning look.

CAROL  
Nothing really.

REARDON  
They all say that don't they?

The farmer looks at him -- eyes narrowed.

FARMER

Never really had much time for the F.B.I. Not since they stuffed up that whole al Qaeda situation.

REARDON

I wasn't really involved in that.

CAROL

No, he was in traffic.

FARMER

Well it 'ain't got any slicker in your department since then has it? Lotta pencil necks dicking around doing diddly squat.

REARDON

Well, we've taken up enough of your time.

He gets up.

FARMER

What's your rush.

CAROL

Yes, let's not be rude.

He sits down.

FARMER

So what did she do?

REARDON

It's just a minor thing really...

CAROL

I killed my husband.

The wife nods understandingly. Looks at her husband.

WIFE

It happens.

Reardon shoots her a warning look. Digs his gun into her ribs under the table.

CAROL

Shot him in the head, boy was he surprised...

REARDON

Well we better be...

CAROL

Then I used a knife...you know, cut 'em off.

The wife stares wide eyed.

WIFE

Oh Lordy.

CAROL

He made me do things...

Reardon coughs.

REARDON

I'm sure they don't want to hear anymore.

FARMER

I got some time on my hands.  
Jessie, fetch some more of that soup.

**INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT**

Looking like a couple of Hillbillies they head down a deserted highway. Reardon looks over at her.

REARDON

Jello? You're sick

CAROL

They're not sophisticated folk,  
where did you expect me to go with it?

Reardon runs his tongue round his mouth.

REARDON

What the hell was in that soup?

They drive on in silence. A MOTEL appears in the distance.

CAROL

We can't drive all night.

Reardon looks ahead. Comes to a decision.

REARDON

You try anything I'll shoot you.

CAROL

I'd take a bullet for a good nights sleep.

**EXT. THREE MUSKETEERS MOTEL - RECEPTION - NIGHT**

The desk clerk wears a moth-eaten Musketeer hat -- looks like D'artagnon out on parole.

D'ARTAGNON

Mr and Mrs?

REARDON  
 (resigned)  
 Clampett.

The Clerk writes it down. Looks at the cuffs.

D'ARTAGNON  
 You want the suite with the water  
 bed and the Jacuzzi?

REARDON  
 I'd like a room with a bath and  
 invalid handles...I got a bad back.

The Clerk hands over a set of keys on a miniature sword.

D'ARTAGNON  
 The Aramis suite. Have a good one.

**INT. THREE MUSKETEERS MOTEL - ARAMIS SUITE**

Reardon's wearing a bath robe that was white in another life. He sits in the centre of a king sized bed -- munches peanuts, swigs from a miniature bottle of tequila. Channel hops.

The room is heavy on Musketeer kitch -- swords on the walls, tasteless portraits of men in feathered hats.

The door to the bathroom is half open.

**BATHROOM**

Carol lies on a duvet and some pillows, cuffed to one of the grab handles on the side of the bath. She chews on a large bar of chocolate.

CAROL  
 You wanna' angle that so I can at  
 least watch the TV?

A dummy dressed as a musketeer holding a sword aloft looks down at her from a plinth in the corner.

Reardon gets up -- never taking his eyes from the screen on which CNN NEWS runs.

Kicks the bathroom door shut.

Goes back to the bed.

REARDON  
 Better?

CAROL (O.S.)  
 Oh yeah, much...

Something holds Reardon's attention on the...

**TV SCREEN**

The smoking ruins of Carol's house. A reporter stands in front of it.

REPORTER

Earlier today this quiet suburb was rocked by an explosion that destroyed the home of Assistant D.A Carol Langley.

A picture of Carol flashes up on the screen.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Assistant D.A Langley is no stranger to violence having received the Iraq Campaign Medal as a reservist...

**INT. VANITY BALLROOM - NIGHT**

Vincent sits on a new armchair still wrapped in plastic watching the same NEWS -- Mono, Fly and Spiro squash onto a three seater, also wrapped in plastic.

Michael paces the room. The Nubian cleans his nails with a knife.

A PICTURE of a silver haired MAN flashes up on te screen. Mono shifts on the couch which makes a squeaking noise.

VINCENT

Shut up!

REPORTER (V.O.)

...Senator Langley lost his life when he was blown up with his daughters's fiancée whilst travelling in her car.

A picture of a mangled car wreck flashes up on the screen.

REPORTER (V.O.)

It's believed that the bomb was meant for her...part of a planned attempt to derail the case she was compiling against Vincent Spinetti...

The screen fills with footage of Spinetti leaving the Hudson County courtroom.

**INT. THREE MUSKETEERS MOTEL - ARAMIS SUITE - NIGHT**

Reardon stares at the TV screen.

REPORTER

Whoever failed in their attempt  
last time may have succeeded today.  
As yet no bodies have been found...

The news cuts back to the studio. Reardon kills the TV.  
Looks towards the bathroom door -- face troubled.

**INT. THREE MUSKETEERS MOTEL - RECEPTION - NIGHT**

The D'Artagnon themed desk clerk has the NEWS running on a  
small television. He reaches for the phone.

**INT. THREE MUSKETEERS MOTEL - ARAMIS SUITE - LATER - NIGHT**

Reardon is asleep...empty bottles from the Mini-Bar litter  
the bed.

A shaft of light flickers across his face.

HANDS go through his jacket pockets -- come out empty.

A shadow moves across the wall -- a door opens and closes.

Reardon's eyes twitch.

SNAP OPEN.

The bathroom door is ajar.

He gets off the bed. Goes into the...

**BATHROOM**

Empty...the grab handle torn from the fiberglass bath. A  
broken SWORD on the floor with PORTHOS -- minus his costume.

REARDON

Dammit!

He kicks the dummy in rage.

The phone RINGS. He goes back into the...

**BEDROOM**

Looks at the phone -- hesitates. Picks it up.

**INT. VANITY BALLROOM - NIGHT**

Vincent is on the other end of the phone. Mono and Fly try  
and listen in -- irritating Vincent. He waves them away.

VINCENT

Police are saying they haven't  
found any bodies. You want to  
explain that?

INTERCUT REARDON/VINCENT

Reardon paces -- thinking.

REARDON

She's tougher than we thought. Only way I'm going to find that witness is to let her lead me to him.

A long pause.

VINCENT

Too many steroids in the food these days, whatcha gonna do.

REARDON

She could be useful, you need to know what else she has on you.

Vincent licks his lips, lizard eyes blinking.

VINCENT

Maybe. She's a good looking piece of ass. The boys will like that. They're getting a little stir crazy here. Not getting as much exercise as they're used to.

Reardon's knuckles go white around the receiver.

REARDON

Don't worry I'll bring you the witness.

VINCENT

You'd better.

Vincent cuts him off. Reardon puts the phone down. Reaches under the pillow -- pulls out car keys. Exits the room.

**EXT. THREE MUSKETEERS MOTEL - CAR PARK**

Reardon gets into the car, stomps on the accelerator. Fishtails out of the Motel parking bay.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

He drives down the road, eyes on high alert.

**EXT. DIFFERENT ROAD - NIGHT**

Carol trots down the side of the road. She's lugging the bath grab handle, and a chunk of fiberglass along with her. She wears the Porthos musketeer outfit. Not looking great.

**INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING - NIGHT**

Reardon is looking out of the windshield.

REARDON  
C'mon, you can't have gone far.

Suddenly the night is full of the sound of SIRENS-- Patrol cars scream past in a cacophony of noise and light -- a NEWS HELICOPTER roars overhead.

Reardon ducks involuntarily.

REARDON (CONT'D)  
Holy Shit!

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Carol comes to a dilapidated phone booth. She picks up the phone and listens. Smiles with relief...dials 911.

CAROL  
Hello?

BANG. A bullet rips into the dial pad -- it shatters. The Dodge skids to a halt beside her.

Reardon levels his gun at her.

REARDON  
I really think it's time you relaxed.

Carol sags.

CAROL  
You're mad at me, I can understand that.

REARDON  
Get in the car...

He slides across into the passenger seat. Keeps the gun on her.

REARDON (CONT'D)  
Drive.

**EXT. INTERSTATE - LATER - NIGHT**

The road a black lizard's tongue flickering in the headlights. The thump of the tires monotonous and hypnotic.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Moonlight reflecting off Lake Ontario in the distance.

Passing signs -- Cheektowaga -- Buffalo.

A sign for NIAGARA FALLS.

END SERIES

**EXT. I-90 INTERSTATE - NIGHT**

The car heads down the interstate. In the distance a POLICE MOTORBIKE sits outside a gas station.

**INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING**

Carol looks over at Reardon.

He's fighting to stay awake.

The gun sinks lower, his eyelids droop. Carol looks at the gas station notices the police motorbike -- hits the gas. Reardon snaps awake.

REARDON

What are you doing?

The car rockets past the gas station. Reardon tries to grab the wheel, the car swerves across the road.

CAROL

Cramp in my leg...

She yanks the wheel back -- the car straightens.

REARDON

Take your foot off the damn accelerator.

**POLICE MOTORBIKE**

Peels out of the gas station -- SIREN wailing.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Hit the brake!

Carol ignores him -- pedal jammed to the floor.

He yanks on the parking brake -- the car slows.

Smoke pouring from the tires.

REARDON (CONT'D)

What've you done...Oh my God, you've...

He's losing it -- naked fear now in his eyes.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Why did you do that...?

Carol looks at him, something very different about him now.

He's vulnerable, terrified.

The patrol bike slows behind them -- pulls over.

The cop climbs down, gets himself ready -- eyes the car.

REARDON (CONT'D)  
Listen to me, we have to get to  
your witness...

CAROL  
Too late, it's over.

REARDON  
No, you don't understand.

Reardon puts the gun in the glovebox.

The cop is heading towards the car -- loosening his gun clip.

REARDON (CONT'D)  
Spinetti. He's got Sammy.

CAROL  
What?

REARDON  
He's going to kill her if I don't  
do what he wants.

The officer taps on the window, signals for them to wind it down. Reardon looks at her eyes pleading.

She lowers the window. OFFICER PARDONA (30s), short on stature but long on attitude -- looks at their clothes.

OFFICER PARDONA  
Okay, on your way to the ball I  
see. In just a little bit of a  
hurry 'ain't cha. Take the keys  
out of the ignition, and hand me  
your license.

CAROL  
I don't have it with me. I had to  
leave in a hurry.

Pardona looks at her. Suspicious.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
We're running away together.

Pardona looks at them, deadpans.

OFFICER PARDONA  
From a circus?

She squeezes Reardon's hand.

CAROL  
He makes me happy, what can I say.

The officer flips open his notebook, impassive.

OFFICER PARDONA  
No kiddin'. I'm still gonna have  
to see some ID.

CAROL  
Do you really want to do this  
officer?

OFFICER PARDONA  
Pardon?

CAROL  
All this paperwork, the court  
appearance, time off work, loss of  
earnings.

This stops him.

OFFICER PARDONA  
Court appearance? I'm just writing  
you up a ticket is all.

Carol smiles sweetly.

CAROL  
But I'm going to contest it.

OFFICER PARDONA  
Why would you do that?

CAROL  
Well, let me ask you a question.  
When was the last time you  
calibrated your radar unit?

OFFICER PARDONA  
Calibrated?

CAROL  
You know, you get the unit checked  
over, they give you a certificate  
saying it's accurate, then you're  
legal.

OFFICER PARDONA  
I...

CAROL  
I mean if the unit's not accurate  
than it'll be thrown out of court,  
I'll charge loss of earnings,  
damage to my reputation, felonious  
charges. It can really drag on.

OFFICER PARDONA  
Felawhat?

CAROL

Did I mention I'm a lawyer. Hell we're both lawyers, what are the chances eh?

The officer closes his notebook.

OFFICER PARDONA

Lawyers?

CAROL

Twice the trouble, double the costs, eh honey.

Reardon forces a smile.

REARDON

Our charges are criminal.

OFFICER PARDONA

Okay, why don't you two just head on through. And make damn sure I don't see you around here again.

Pardona grinds his teeth, spins on his heel and stalks back to his bike. He climbs on, hits the ignition and peels off.

**EXT. RAINBOW BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The Dodge is parked up above Rainbow Bridge. Dawn approaches. Niagara Falls and the bridge still lit up. Carol and Reardon lean with their backs against the car.

REARDON

My wife Hannah, was killed during a bank robbery.

(beat)

It was Spinetti.

**INT. BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Three masked MEN hold guns on cashiers, customers and security guards. Reardon kneels on the floor with his hands behind his head.

He looks over to the other side of the bank where his wife, HANNAH (20s), is gasping for breath -- hyperventilating.

She reaches into her handbag. One of the men whirls round.

BANG! He shoots her.

An INHALER clatters to the floor.

Beneath the mask the man's coal black eyes stare without pity as Hannah convulses and dies -- blood pooling around her.

BACK TO PRESENT

**EXT. RAINBOW BRIDGE - NIGHT**

REARDON

I'll never forget those eyes, dead, like a fish. His attorney claimed he'd had a minor stroke a month before the robbery...lost the use of his right arm. Surveillance footage showed the man in the bank shot her with his right hand.

CAROL

I read the case notes. It was dismissed, insufficient evidence.

REARDON

I don't want him getting off on some minor technicality, not this time. This time he goes down.

Reardon touches Carol's arm.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Look. What happened between us that night was real.

Carol shakes his hand off her -- pissed, unconvinced.

CAROL

Yeah right. I'm pretty irresistible with three bottles of wine in me.

REARDON

You have to believe me.

CAROL

You know what? I don't.

Reardon keeps going.

REARDON

They were watching us...

A SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

**INT. REARDON'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR**

The BABYSITTER (20), kooky with teeth braces, listens as Spiro stands at the door -- he holds a parcel and has an open street map in his hand.

REARDON (V.O.)

They took Sammy from my house while they distracted the babysitter.

**EXT. REARDON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

A small duplex on a quiet road. Mono and Fly carry a drugged Sammy through a back yard into a car.

**EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Carol and Reardon pass the Econoline van parked near her house.

REARDON (V.O.)  
They waited until we were asleep.

**INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Reardon opens his eyes. There's a knife at his throat. The Nubian and Spiro are in the room.

Spiro puts a cloth over Carol's mouth -- she breathes hard, sinks into a deeper sleep.

**INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Mono and Fly carry in the BOMB. Spiro sets up the timer switch -- handcuff's Carol to the bed.

**INT. ECONOLINE VAN = DAY**

Reardon in the front with the Nubian -- a frequency scanner on the dashboard.

REARDON (V.O.)  
When you phoned it in I took the  
bomb tech's place.

END SERIES

**EXT. RAINBOW BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Reardon pulls an old creased photo of his daughter Sammy from his pocket. He shows it to Carol. She looks at it. Heart melting.

REARDON  
I had no choice. The only reason  
they let either of us live was to  
get to your witness.  
(beat)  
I had to make you believe I was  
serious.

CAROL  
You did that alright.

REARDON  
Sammy's all I have...

CAROL  
Once we hand the witness over we're  
of no use to him. He'll have us  
killed, Sammy as well.

REARDON  
Not necessarily.

CAROL  
Oh good, you have a plan.

REARDON  
More of a work in progress.

Carol looks out at the falls. The lights of Ontario glimmer  
in the distance.

CAROL  
Canada...it's so close.

REARDON  
We need to get out of these clothes  
and dump your car, the police will  
be looking for it.

**INT. BUFFALO, MAIN PLACE MALL - DAY**

HANDS dump Dungarees and a Musketeers jacket into a trash  
can. Carol and Reardon wear Niagara Falls baseball hats and a  
change of clothes. They head out into the parking lot.

Reardon unpacks a pay as you go cellphone from its box.

REARDON  
Show me those numbers again.

Carol pulls a scrap of paper from out of her pocket -- a  
landline and a mobile number. Reardon looks at them.

CAROL  
The cell number is the one he  
normally calls me on. He only used  
a land line the last time.

Reardon reaches into his pocket -- pulls out the piece of  
paper from the Motel note pad -- compares the numbers.

REARDON  
They're the same...

CAROL  
What?

REARDON  
Vincent rang me at the motel after  
you left...

CAROL  
How'd he know where you were?

REARDON  
D'Artagnon. Probably sold us to  
the networks and police as well...

CAROL  
Never trust a man with a stupid  
hat.

She flicks a look at his baseball hat.

REARDON  
So your witness...

CAROL  
Works for Vincent.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - MAIN STREET**

They walk past the Dodge. Carol gives it one last look.

REARDON  
It'll be fine. When this is all  
over we'll come back and pick her  
up.

**EXT. THE ROCKIN' BARISTA - DAY**

Reardon and Carol sip coffee at an outside table across the  
road from Joe's Autos. Reardon seems anxious, looking  
around.

A KID is hustling -- playing find the lady using small metal  
cups and a coin -- a couple of people are betting and appear  
to be winning -- they're not.

A rusted 1950s DODGE PICKUP cruises towards Joe's Autos --  
slows and then heads on past. Reardon notes it, glances at  
his watch. 11:55.

CAROL  
Expecting somebody?

REARDON  
A bus.

CAROL  
I thought we were getting a car?

REARDON  
You are.

**EXT. JOE'S AUTOS - OFFICE**

A young SALESMAN comes out to see Carol -- she laughs and  
flicks her hair -- he's hooked -- he shows her some cars.

**EXT. THE ROCKIN' BARISTA - SAMETIME**

Reardon watches as the Dodge Pickup comes round the block again and pulls into the lot -- parks next to an old SEDAN.

Spiro gets out -- goes over to the sedan and pops the trunk -- pulls a metal briefcase out -- opens it -- smiles at what he sees, puts it back in the trunk. Slams the lid shut.

Reardon looks at his watch. 11:59. A BEIGE VAN pulls up next to the coffee shop. The sedan leaves the lot and blasts up the street.

Reardon pulls his cap down low and heads towards the lot.

**JOE'S AUTOS - DAY**

Carol spots Reardon and says something to the salesman, he smiles and scuttles into the office to get some paperwork.

Air brakes squeal as a BUS pulls into the kerb -- blocking the beige vans view of the lot. Reardon darts across to the Dodge pickup -- ducks down behind it -- yanks the door open...

**INT. DODGE - DAY**

A few seconds under the dash -- the crackle of electricity and the engine fires up. Carol comes running, climbs in.

Reardon accelerates off -- cuts in front of the bus.

A horn BLARES.

The whole operation has taken thirty-seconds.

**EXT. JOE'S AUTOS - DAY**

A swarthy man squeezes a rubber stress ball between his meaty fingers. MANCUSA VALDEZ, (30s) a tattoo of a bull with flames spewing from its nostrils down his neck and shoulders.

He stares at the spot where the Dodge Pickup used to be. Turns to his passenger, CLANCY, (30s) strong featured, dark hair. Native American somewhere in his fucked up past.

MANCUSA

We got a problem.

He picks up his cell and hits speed dial.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - DAY**

In the back, FOUR thick necked goons smoke and wait for their moment.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - DAY**

Carol looks around the ancient interior of the pickup.

CAROL  
Will this even get us there?

REARDON  
I thought you liked Dodges?

CAROL  
We just dumped my car because it was too conspicuous, and now we're driving a stolen vehicle.

REARDON  
It's only stolen if it's reported stolen.

CAROL  
And how do you know it's not going to be reported stolen?

REARDON  
Gonna to have to trust me on that.

**EXT. JOE'S AUTOS - DAY**

JOE, (50s) a smiley face -- looks like a man with a permanent wind problem, passes the space where the Dodge pickup was -- slows, does a double take. Looks over at...

Mancusa, Clancy and FOUR ugly looking individuals headed across the street toward him.

He sets off at a wobbling run towards the office.

**INT. JOE'S AUTOS - OFFICE - DAY**

He bursts through the door panting with the exertion.

JOE  
The Dodge pickup. Where is it?

The Salesman looks at the floor, can't face him.

SALESMAN  
A women came in, wanted to buy a car, they must have been working together.

JOE  
The fuck are you talking about?  
Where's the Goddamn Dodge!

SALESMAN  
They stole it.

Joe clutches his chest -- looks like he might drop dead right there. He sucks in a wheezing gulp of air -- slumps, ashen faced onto a chair.

JOE  
I'm a dead man.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - DAY**

Heading down the interstate leaving Buffalo -- Reardon's driving.

CAROL  
...he said he had enough evidence to put Vincent away, provided we cut him a deal.

REARDON  
So where is he, the witness?

CAROL  
I don't know. I got a text from the witness, an address. We have to meet someone. A go between. Once they're sure we're not being followed I'll get his location. But if Vincent's going to be there...

REARDON  
You think it's a trap?

CAROL  
I don't trust anybody right now.

REARDON  
Okay. Once we have the location we'll check it out. We'll get your witness and Sammy, then we call the police.

Carol shoots him a look.

CAROL  
We can't go in alone.

REARDON  
He gets a sniff of the law he'll kill my daughter.

CAROL  
You have to call the police. They have negotiators, SWAT teams. We're out of our league here.

Reardon stares at her.

REARDON

I've waited a long time to get Spinetti, I'm not backing off now.

CAROL

You're not thinking straight.

REARDON

I'm thinking straighter than you...it's not your daughter in there.

Silence. Carol chooses her words carefully, tries to calm things down.

CAROL

If we go in like this...angry, unprepared...

REARDON

You haven't seen me angry, trust me. I'm prepared. Prepared to do what it takes.

CAROL

So that's it. You're just going to go in all guns blazing.

She puts a hand on Reardon's shoulder.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I thought you had a plan?

**EXT. DETROIT - DOWNRIVER - DAY**

The Dodge heads down the Interstate Seventy-Five towards River Rouge. The setting sun a red wound on the horizon.

In the distance, the glowing silhouette of ZUG ISLAND steel mill, wreathed in smoke -- SATANIC.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

Industrial wasteland sweeping past the windows. Reardon looks at the steel mill ahead of them.

REARDON

The hell's that?

CAROL

Zug Island. It was a native American burial ground for centuries. Now it's a steel mill.

**EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT - LATER**

Heading past Ford and Oakland Heights.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

Reardon looks at the bracelet on Carol's arm.

REARDON

I see you got the Navajo thing  
going on there.

CAROL

And?

REARDON

Just wondered how you knew about  
the burial grounds.

CAROL

I have some knowledge of native  
American history and customs.

REARDON

Not actually related to Chief  
Sitting Zug then?

CAROL

Zug was an industrialist who died  
in 1896, he sold the island for  
\$300,000 to industries that wanted  
to use it as a dumping ground.

REARDON

How romantic.

CAROL

The Indians in this area would have  
been from the Potawatomi tribe.

Reardon looks at her impressed. She shrugs.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I spend a bit of time on Wikipedia.  
Potawatomi means people of the  
place of fire...

REARDON

And now they have a blast furnace  
sitting on their bones, spooky.

CAROL

The Navajo believe that the  
physical and spiritual world blend  
together...

REARDON

Depends on what you're smoking in  
your peace pipe I guess.

BANG!

The pickup's wing mirror EXPLODES!

**EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT**

The beige van hammers up behind them -- Mancusa braced against the door, SHOTGUN jutting out of the window, fights the wind -- Clancy drives -- closes on them.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

Reardon weaves from side to side trying to block Mancusa's shot.

CAROL  
Who are they?

Reardon twists the rearview mirror, angling it to compensate for the loss of wing mirror. He sees the van.

REARDON  
Hell knows. Hold on!

He hits the gas...the Dodge takes a deep breath, sucks air through massive carbs. The blower kicks in. WHOOSH!

Half a ton of rusted Dodge blasts down the highway.

The van shrinks in the mirror.

CAROL  
What the hell sort of engine does this thing have?

REARDON  
Don't build 'em like this anymore.

An EXIT -- coming up fast.

CAROL  
Take Schaefer, we can lose them through Boynton.

Reardon yanks the wheel -- damn near flips the mother as he powerslides towards the exit.

Catches it -- scenery blurring through the windshield.

Pulls it out of the slide -- stomps on the gas and rockets down the off ramp.

**EXT. BOYNTON - NIGHT**

The Dodge idles through deserted streets -- headlights OFF.

Neat houses, trimmed lawns.

DODGE PICKUP

Weaving around the houses -- cutting through back alleys, Reardon on high alert for the van.

LIGHTS -- Running parallel to them, matching every move they make. Reardon cuts across, doubles back -- makes no difference.

The van shadows them. He pulls over. One street down the van pulls in.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - NIGHT**

A small DISPLAY -- suckered onto the windshield shows a blinking dot on a street grid overlay -- Clancy looks at it.

CLANCY  
They've stopped.

Mancusa turns towards him.

MANCUSA  
I can tell that.

CLANCY  
What are we going to do?

MANCUSA  
Give them a bit of rope.

**EXT. WEST JEFFERSON - NIGHT**

The Dodge SCREAMS down the road -- past stationary goods wagons parked along a spaghetti of rail tracks to the left.

Heading past the river on the right -- the engine HOWLS -- Reardon focuses on keeping the pickup on the road and checking the mirror.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - NIGHT**

The blinking dot heads through River Rouge like a rocket.

MANCUSA  
Okay, that's far enough. Let's go get them.

**EXT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

The Dodge is pulled over, lights off. Reardon and Carol sit waiting. In front of them is the bridge over River Rouge.

Lights blaze out along the road. The VAN comes bellowing out of the night -- Clancy sees the Dodge parked up -- slams on the brakes.

Over does it, spins -- hurtles backwards and slews off the road -- ends up tilted at an angle at the side of the road. WHEELS spinning in the mud, fighting for traction.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

Reardon fires up the engine. Hauls ass, headed down the road towards the bridge.

**EXT. VAN - NIGHT**

Men pour out of the vehicle -- one of them throws up, the others put some muscle behind the van as Clancy hits the gas.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

Racing towards the BRIDGE.

CAROL  
How'd they find us?

REARDON  
Must've got lucky.

CAROL  
Maybe we have a tracker.

Reardon shoots her a look -- gives nothing away. Throws the Dodge sideways -- speeds down a road leading to the river.

In front of them a mountain of COAL -- silhouetted against the night sky.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

REARDON  
Somewhere that doesn't have roads.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The Dodge hustles along a strip of concrete road.

Dwarfed by vast oil storage and mountains of coal, they hurtle towards the bowels of hell.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

In the distance, smokestacks wreathed in vapor and light.

CAROL  
You're going to Zug Island! You're crazy, they have security on all the entrances.

REARDON  
Only on the roads.

The Dodge blasts off the road -- bumps across open field -- shakes and rattles like it's coming apart. And here's why.

The crazy son of a bitch is hammering down a railway track. He flicks her a look -- all he can spare, it's taking all his strength to control the bucking pickup.

They hit the BRIDGE -- the sound of the ENGINE echoing back off the rusted steel girders -- a thunderous noise as the Dodge suspension sucks it up and cries for more, then...

**EXT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

The Dodge explodes off the bridge -- crashes down from the tracks and spins to a halt -- sits there -- engine block crackling with the heat -- tires smoking.

It's almost silent -- save for the SOUND.

Like a giant breathing -- the blast furnace.

They climb out -- surrounded by a man made mountain range of coal, coke, limestone and iron ore.

CAROL

Now what?

Reardon looks back over the bridge.

REARDON

Let's hope they don't have the same idea.

CAROL

Hope? What happened to the work in progress?

REARDON

I still have a few kinks to iron out.

CAROL

Kinks? You know what...?

REARDON

What?

CAROL

You're...

REARDON

Charming, dashing, amusing...

CAROL

Impossible!

She looks at him -- and the pull is chemical, nothing sensible about wanting to kiss someone when you're between the devil and the deep blue sea.

But as they lean towards each other all bets are off -- because there's that SOUND.

The sound of another madman driving a vehicle without a thought for it's survival across a railway bridge.

REARDON

C'mon!

They jump into the Dodge -- head deeper into the plant.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - NIGHT**

Moving through the plant -- searching. Mancusa and Clancy straining to see in the darkness -- smoke drifting across from the furnaces and mountains of hot ash.

CLANCY

This place gives me the creeps, I heard it was a burial ground.

MANCUSA

Yeah, and you'll be in it if you try and drop any of that heeby jeeby shit on me.

The SAT NAV blinks with the legend NO COVERAGE.

They cruise around. Weaving through mountains of coal and iron ore -- passing rusty MACHINERY and piles of scrap METAL.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

Sliding between two stationary rows of goods wagons that seem to stretch for miles.

REARDON

There's a lot of metal round here, I'm hoping it'll screw with the reception.

CAROL

No wonder you're still a paralegal, hope doesn't count for much in the courtroom.

Some lights flicker from the other side of the train.

**HIGH AND WIDE**

Above the goods wagons -- travelling parallel with them.

The BEIGE VAN.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - MOVING**

Ahead of them on the right the wagons end -- on the left the wagons continue further, giving them cover.

Reardon swings right and over the tracks -- heads into a vast open space -- smoke drifting across it.

Thousands of tons of rusted and abandoned machinery sits in the dark.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - NIGHT**

Mancusa stares out at the unending lines of goods wagons, trying to see something. Ahead the wagons peter out.

CLANCY

Where to now?

MANCUSA

Just follow the tracks round, they must have come this way or we'd have seen them.

Clancy thinks about this.

CLANCY

We can't see shit for the trains, they may have doubled back along the other side.

Mancusa looks at him, irritated at the possibility he's right.

MANCUSA

Then we'll see him when we cross over at the end here.

Clancy shrugs -- hangs a right, bumps over the tracks -- heads into the equipment graveyard behind Reardon, but with the dark and the smoke visibilities poor.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

Carol and Reardon crouch down low -- they're close -- very close.

CAROL

You think this'll work.

REARDON

I hope so.

CAROL

Can you hear anything?

REARDON

Just my heart.

CAROL

That's not your heart, that's the blast furnace.

And there it is again the SOUND -- a breathing beast.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - NIGHT**

The van comes round the corner -- enters the vast abandoned storage area -- smoke everywhere. Clancy slows down -- the fumes seep into the drivers compartment.

CLANCY  
Smells like hell.

MANCUSA  
That's sulphur. Keep going.

Clancy suddenly slams on the brakes -- white as a ghost. In front of them, just visible through the smoke is what looks like a hundred figures coming at them.

CLANCY  
Shit!

Mancusa can't believe his eyes either -- but there they are.

CLANCY (CONT'D)  
I told you there was something  
wrong with this place...

He slams it into reverse, stamps on the gas -- the Van rockets back -- slams into a pile of coal...STALLS.

The smoke clears -- enough to reveal row upon row of upended DRIVE WHEELS from decommissioned goods wagons.

MANCUSA  
You dumbass. What the hell did you  
think they were, Indian spirits on  
a night out from the burial ground?

Clancy's look says exactly that. Mancusa's making light of it, but there's fear in his eyes.

MANCUSA (CONT'D)  
C'mon, get moving, they're in here  
somewhere and they've got a hundred  
million dollars worth of Cortez's  
drugs. We don't get them back  
you'll have your own plot next to  
Big Chief Smoking Bull.

The van heads deeper into the plant -- passes wrecked machinery, trucks and electrical equipment strewn around -- everything covered in a layer of rust and coal dust.

Mancusa Shines a MAGLITE through the side window -- its beam revealing the metal skeletons from a once booming site.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - NIGHT**

Reardon and Carol hold their breath as the sound of the van comes nearer.

A LIGHT sweeps over them -- comes back, keeps going.

The sound of the engine grows fainter.

**EXT. ZUG ISLAND - STEELWORKS - NIGHT**

The Dodge is invisible, amongst the rusted pieces of ravaged equipment -- its rusted paintwork is perfect camouflage.

**INT. DODGE - NIGHT**

Carol and Reardon slowly rise.

REARDON

We need to get out before they  
double back.

He slips the Dodge into drive -- heads off. No lights, engine low -- slides past the boxcars -- heads for the bridge.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - NIGHT**

Cruises, circles past huge dome shaped structures -- looks like an abandoned missile silo left to rot -- and everywhere the dark brown dust coats everything.

The smoke clears for a second -- some lights in the distance.

MANCUSA

Over there. Go!

Clancy hits the gas.

**EXT. ZUG ISLAND - NIGHT**

They rocket forwards, bounce and slide across the cinder surface, throwing up ash and coal dust behind them.

The smoke clears -- blown by a gust of wind coming off the...

**RIVER**

Which is suddenly the only thing they can see clearly.

CLANCY

Shhhiiiiittt!!!!

He slams the brakes on HARD -- the van careers on. Wheels locked -- river fifty feet and coming up fast.

Finally. Clancy's brain engages. He takes his foot off the brake -- the van spins around comes to a halt with one wheel spinning over the edge -- rocking in the wind.

**EXT. GHETTO STREET - DETROIT - NIGHT**

The Dodge cruises through the night.

Nowhere land. Empty streets. Looks like everyone just got up and left.

**INT. THROUGH DODGE PICKUP WINDSHIELD - NIGHT**

A neighborhood where hope has died -- like a mouth with the teeth ripped out. Car wrecks smoking in the road, old tires on fire in the gutter.

Nature has taken over -- overgrown gardens choke out the light from reaching into the derelict houses.

A pack of mangy looking DOGS race past howling.

CAROL

Iraq was in better condition than this.

Reardon looks at an address on a piece of paper.

REARDON

Are you sure this is the right address?

CAROL

I wrote it down from memory. My cell fell apart.

REARDON

This doesn't feel right.

CAROL

This is Detroit, it hasn't felt right for a long time.

The Dodge comes to a junction -- Reardon slams on the brakes as a BURNING car rolls across in front of them.

He stamps on the gas and the Dodge rockets across the junction.

**EXT. GHETTO - NIGHT**

A derelict HOUSE, made incongruous by the beautiful ROSES that grow in its dilapidated garden.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - MOVING**

REARDON

This is it.

CAROL

There's someone living here.

A huge African American appears through the warped screen door. Holds a shotgun in hands the size of frying pans.

Meet HOKUM (70s) grizzled and weatherbeaten -- a face with a bad memory for every wrinkle. He gestures for them to get out of the pickup.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Now what?

Reardon slips the hand gun into his waistband behind him.

REARDON

Let's see what he wants.

Reardon climbs out of the Dodge. Carol follows him, never taking her eyes off the gun.

REARDON (CONT'D)

You the witness?

Hokum smiles...a jungle of cracked teeth.

HOKUM

I 'bin a witness alright, but you 'ain't got enough life left to hear what I seen.

CAROL

Do you know where he is?

HOKUM

Man came by, paid me a hundred dollars to make sure you we're travelling alone, and that you were who you say you are...are you?

CAROL

If you've got a TV you know who I am.

Hokum smiles.

HOKUM

You that assistant DA that got blowed up.

CAROL

Yes. And this is my friend, Reardon.

Reardon reaches into his pocket -- slowly pulls out a driving license -- shows it to Hokum.

HOKUM

Okay. You stay here, I need to speak to the lady. C'mon.

Hokum heads into the house -- Carol starts to follow him into the house. Reardon slips her his gun.

REARDON

Any trouble you'd better make some noise. You know how to make some noise don't you?

CAROL

Sure I do, is the safety catch on or off?

And she's gone -- leaving him staring after her.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - MOVING - NIGHT**

They pick their way around obstacles in the roadway. Carol opens the glove box -- inside is another gun -- she takes it out and looks at it.

REARDON

I'd be happier if you put that back.

CAROL

It was a gift. I was just seeing if the safety was on. I thought that was nice of Mr Hokum...to be concerned for my safety.

REARDON

Sure. You do know it's probably hot enough to fry an egg on.

CAROL

Don't you ever see the good in someone?

REARDON

I let you drive.

She gives him a look.

CAROL

Let me? I was cuffed to the wheel.

He stops -- the road is blocked with rubbish -- he starts to reverse. Something smashes under the wheel. The pickup shudders -- steering wheel getting heavy.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What is it?

REARDON

Damn!

He pulls up -- climbs out.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Reardon looks at the front tire -- flat as a pancake.

REARDON

Great!

He goes round to the trunk -- drags out a wheelbrace and a rusty JACK. Carol climbs out. He works the jack -- the wheel lifts off the ground.

He struggles to undo the wheelnuts -- gets the wheel off -- drags out the spare tire.

CAROL

You going to be okay with that?

Reardon lugs the spare tire to the front.

REARDON

Easy.

BANG. The jack collapses in a cloud of rust flakes.

CAROL

Is that going to be a problem?

Reardon looks at her -- is she serious?

REARDON

'course not. I'll just give the Auto club a ring and they'll be right over.

CAROL

Is that sarcasm?

He throws the wheel-brace to the ground, runs his fingers through his hair.

REARDON

We're in the middle of nowhere,  
with a flat tire and a broken jack.  
Did I miss anything?

Carol behind him -- looks back at him.

CAROL

You really don't want me to answer  
that.

Out of the shadows, shapes solidify, become human. Hooded figures carry baseball bats, pieces of wood and chains.

One of them moves up to Reardon, looks him up and down. LEON, (30s) wiry, but with a physique that owes a lot to compulsive exercise.

LEON

You a long way from valet parking.

He circles Reardon like a shark would a tasty snack.

REARDON

We're lost.

This seems to amuse Leon.

LEON

Lost? How can that be, 'ain't all the signs clearly posted?

REARDON

Er, well.

LEON

They all over this neighborhood, look there's one over there.

He points to a burning building in the distance.

LEON (CONT'D)

See, can you read what it says?

REARDON

No, I can't.

Leon comes nearer him -- fixes him with a look.

LEON

It says, get your punk ass the fuck out of my neighbourhood.

Reardon looks at him, looks at the burning building. Nods.

REARDON

You're right, I should have seen the signs.

Carol has moved closer to Reardon -- they're gradually being hemmed in.

CAROL

We just left a man further up the road, he has roses in his garden.

Leon smiles, a gold tooth winking in the light from the fire.

LEON

Old man Hokum.

CAROL

Yes.

LEON  
 You friends of his? Maybe we're  
 related.

CAROL  
 I don't think so. Were you ever in  
 Manhattan?

Leon's eyes widen.

LEON  
 Are you dissing me?

Reardon shoots her a look. There's brave and there's  
 suicidal.

REARDON  
 No she's not. We just need to get  
 our tire fixed and we'll be on our  
 way.

LEON  
 What's your rush?

He looks at the pick-up.

LEON (CONT'D)  
 Nice paint job.

REARDON  
 Yeah, it's a one off.

The group start to surround them, one of them paws Carol --  
 gets a kick in the nuts for his trouble.

Then they all move as one, she's pinned against the car --  
 Reardon is held by two more hooded men.

Suddenly they're lit up by a LIGHT, a MOTORBIKE roars up,  
 scattering them. It's Gero, from Carol's leaving party.

When he speaks it comes out like a growl from deep within his  
 chest.

GERO  
 If any of you lay a finger on these  
 people, I will personally rip out  
 your heart and cook it in front of  
 you.

He looks around at them -- they flinch from his gaze, begin  
 to melt back into the darkness. Only Leon remains.

GERO (CONT'D)  
 Anybody still hungry?

Carol stares at this omnipotent man in disbelief.

LEON  
You don't live here anymore man.

GERO  
As far as your sorry ass is  
concerned I own tonight. You got  
that?

For a moment it looks like Leon's going to risk it -- but  
then the anger fades from his eyes.

LEON  
You be careful, lot of people  
'ain't as understanding as me.

GERO  
I'll make a note of that, and wipe  
my ass with it.

Leon shakes his head -- moves backwards into the dark --  
disappears like a ghost. Carol stares at Gero.

CAROL  
Gero?

GERO  
Miss Langley.

CAROL  
What are you doing here?

GERO  
I was over seeing my Mom. Hokum  
rang me, said I should make sure  
you got out of the zone safely.

He looks around him.

CAROL  
I'm glad you got out.

GERO  
Thanks to you.

He nods to the flat tire.

GERO (CONT'D)  
We need to get this fixed.

He looks into the darkness.

GERO (CONT'D)  
Leroy? You there?

There's a grunt and a vast black MAN comes lumbering out of  
the dark.

REARDON  
The jack's broken.

He nods to Leroy.

GERO  
Help us with this.

LEROY  
Yes Sir.

GERO  
Get the tire ready.

Leroy goes to the front of the pickup -- grunts, lifts the side of the pickup off the ground. Reardon rolls the tire along -- pushes it onto the studs -- spins the wheel-brace.

REARDON  
Done.

Leroy drops the pickup. Gero walks to the front of the pickup.

GERO  
Mind if I check the engine, my father had one of these.

Reardon pops the catches -- Gero swings open the hood. Whistles.

GERO (CONT'D)  
You don't see that everyday.

Reardon and Carol come round to the front and look.

The engine is massive. Completely rebuilt, chromed headers Holly carburettors, supercharged -- no ordinary rust wreck.

REARDON  
Looks like we got lucky.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - DAY**

Mancusa stares at a small screen displaying a street GRID -- a blinking dot heads deeper into Detroit.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - DAY**

Heading into the outskirts of Detroit.

REARDON  
Where did Hokum say it was?

CAROL  
The old Vanity theatre, on Newport and Jefferson

**EXT. VANITY THEATRE, EAST JEFFERSON - DETROIT - DAY**

A beautiful but decaying theatre. The Art Deco facade is worn but still impressive.

CAROL (V.O.)  
It's been closed for years...

**INT. VANITY BALLROOM - DAY**

Vincent, Mono, Fly and Spiro sit eating a Chinese takeaway.

FLY  
This chicken taste funny to you?

MONO  
S'prawn.

FLY  
Right.

SPIRO  
They got tails.

FLY  
I thought that was a foot.

Spiro looks around at the Indian heads on the ceiling decor.

SPIRO  
What is it with these heads  
everywhere...they Indian?

VINCENT  
They're Mayan you moron.

**EXT. DETROIT - JEFFERSON AVE EAST - DAY**

The Dodge pulls up near the Vanity Ballroom.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - DAY**

Carol and Reardon consider their options.

CAROL  
Now what?

REARDON  
I'm thinking.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD**

Carol and Reardon in the front of the Dodge -- a rusty tool chest in the back.

MANCUSA (V.O.)  
They're just sitting there.

Mancusa's looking through a pair of binoculars at the Dodge -- a hands free dangles from one ear.

**INT. PANAMA, SKYSCRAPER OFFICE - DAY**

A view through the corner window of a luxurious office.

On one side the Canal, to the other, Panama City -- Vultures circle above a swimming pool that glistens down below.

An olive skinned man with dead eyes and a sweaty pockmarked face paces towards the window -- looks down at the city, speaks into the phone in his hand.

Say hello to CORTEZ (40s), he's not in a good mood.

CORTEZ  
(into phone)  
And the product?

INTERCUT MANCUSA/CORTEZ

MANCUSA  
Still in the back.  
(beat)  
What do you want us to do?

A long pause. Cortez looks out at the city spread below him, wipes sweat from his face with a linen handkerchief.

CORTEZ  
Do? I want you to educate them.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - DAY**

Carol looks at Reardon -- they've reached a decision.

REARDON  
Ready?

Carol nods, knows this might not work out well. She leans forwards, tentatively.

They kiss. It goes on longer than either of them expect. They break off, look at each other.

CAROL  
I thought that went well.

REARDON  
It did didn't it.

A beat of understanding -- if they make it...

They jump out of the Dodge -- head round to the back.

A gleaming new combination lock hangs from the rusty hasp of the large TOOL CHEST. Carol looks at the lock.

CAROL  
Got any ideas?

REARDON  
Try six six, zero, six.

Carol spins the numbers. The lock opens. She looks at him.

CAROL  
How'd you know that?

REARDON  
License plate, it's a lazy habit.

Carol looks down at the license plate -- the number matches.

She opens the chest. Stares at the contents. It looks like a tool chest put together by a blind man.

There are screwdrivers, glass cutters, a large sink plunger, pipe cutters, torque wrenches, welders goggles, a jimmy, wire-cutters and a selection of electrical tapes and connectors.

All unused, some with price tags still on.

REARDON (CONT'D)  
We need a Jimmy. They might be out.

She holds up a large sink plunger.

CAROL  
I can never find the right tool.

She shakes her head...tosses it aside.

REARDON  
Can we just get on with this?

She shrugs -- Reardon sorts through the tools -- grabs some wire cutters, a jimmy and a set of screwdrivers.

**INT. BEIGE VAN - VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DAY**

Mancusa watches them. Behind him the four goons check their various weapons. Clancy is in the driver's seat.

He watches Reardon and Carol jump down from the Dodge.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY**

Reardon and Carol duck down the alleyway -- crouch behind some large open trash containers. Two cars sit in the alleyway, a battered Escalade and an old Pontiac.

Two closed fire exits lead out into the alley -- a rusty fire escape leads up to the first floor. They creep up the...

**FIRE ESCAPE**

Reach the fire door. Reardon draws his gun. Digs it into Carol's back.

CAROL  
What are you doing?

REARDON  
This has to look believable.

Carol looks unsure. He bangs on the fire escape door.

REARDON (CONT'D)  
Open up. It's Reardon, I got  
Langley with me.

A rusted BOLT slides back...the door eases open. Spiro points a gun at them. Muzzle to muzzle they face each other.

SPIRO  
The fuck are you doing here?

REARDON  
Happy to see you too.

SPIRO  
You're meant to be bringing us the  
witness.

Michael and the Nubian appear.

MICHAEL  
What's going on?

He looks at Carol.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Nice tee-shirt toots.

Carol reacts, just for a split second -- something he said?

Spiro gets in Michaels's face -- belligerent.

SPIRO  
I got this, I don't need no wet  
nurse.

MICHAEL  
No?

With one fluid movement he twists the gun out of Reardon's hand -- slips it into Spiro's pocket, pats him on the back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Okay tough guy, they're all yours.

**INT. VANITY BALLROOM - DAY**

Vincent stands in front of Carol and Reardon. Mono and Fly flank him, guns drawn, Spiro and Michael also have their guns drawn and pointed at Reardon.

REARDON

What's with the reservoir dogs audition, we had a deal. I bring you Langley and the witness and we're even.

VINCENT

Get her out of here.

Carol looks at him -- can't believe what she heard.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Oh dear, you didn't see that coming did you? Did you think pretty boy was in love with you, that he'd sacrifice his own life to save you?

Carol looks at Reardon, still not believing this is happening. Vincent turns to Reardon.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I don't see no witness.

CAROL

That's because they're already here.

Now it's Vincent's turn to be confused. He looks around the room. Spiro cocks his gun.

SPIRO

I'll shoot her myself, get a family discount.

Carol looks at him, burning hatred in her eyes.

CAROL

You'd like that wouldn't you? Killing defenceless people is your specialty isn't it?

SPIRO

Shut your mouth, they got in the wrong car, not my problem.

CAROL

No. I am.

Spiro levels his gun at her -- Vincent frowns -- thought's forming.

SPIRO  
Shut the fuck up!

VINCENT  
Let her speak.

Now everybody's looking at each other -- guns twitching.

SPIRO  
She's lying. Let me shoot the bitch.

VINCENT  
(to Carol)  
You'd better know what you're doing here.

CAROL  
I'm going to reach into my pocket and get my phone.

She slowly reaches into her pocket -- pulls out a cellphone. The one Reardon unwrapped outside the Mall in Buffalo.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
My only contact with the witness was through his cell.

Pieces falling into place around the room -- good for some, not so good for others. Spiro starts to smile, he's cool right?

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Okay?

She looks around, Vincent shrugs. Carol taps the numbers in -- faces around the room watch -- impossible to read them.

Carol finishes dialing -- doesn't even listen, just waits while it connects -- and there it is -- a polyphonic tinkling sound, quite pleasant under normal circumstances.

But right now it's a helluva a wake up call for someone.

**ON SPIRO**

Confused. Because that little sucker is squealing away in his pocket.

SPIRO  
The fuck!?

He pulls the cell out of his pocket.

Spiro looks at Carol -- his finger tightens on the trigger...

SPIRO (CONT'D)  
You set me up...

But it's not going to happen, because...

KABLAM! KABLAM! KABLAM! Michael's Glock BLAZES.

Spiro's blown off his feet -- he spins around, hits the deck.

Bounces once on the sprung maple dance floor.

SILENCE as everybody holds their breath. Michael turns to Vincent.

MICHAEL

You were right, one of us did rat you out.

VINCENT

I don't understand. Why would he do that?

Carol looks at Reardon, then to Vincent.

CAROL

Spiro hated you...he knew that you were going to hand the business over to Michael.

Vincent cocks his gun -- points it at Carol.

VINCENT

I don't need you anymore, without you and your witness there's no case, so say hello to your father for me...

Michael's suddenly in front of Carol. He locks eyes with her.

MICHAEL

Take it easy toots, best you keep your opinions to yourself.

Vincent is simmering -- he glares at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Kill her now and we'll never find out how much she knows about the operation.

Vincent uncocks his gun.

VINCENT

Don't ever get in my way again.

Michael holds his hands up.

MICHAEL

Just looking out for business.

Vincent gets a grip. Nods.

VINCENT

Take them to the store room.  
 (nodding at Spiro)  
 And get rid of that.

Mono and Fly move towards Carol and Reardon.

Reardon grabs Hokum's gun from beneath Carol's tee shirt.

FIRES at Vincent -- his arm jerks -- missing him by inches.

His gun falls to the floor -- as he clutches at the KNIFE that's buried in his shoulder.

The Nubian waits -- another blade in his hand.

Mono and Fly wrestle Reardon to the floor -- Michael holds a gun on Carol.

The Nubian goes over to Reardon, yanks the knife out. Blood spurts from the wound -- his white shirt turns red.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Get them outta' here. Put 'em in cuffs.

Mono and Fly produce some cable ties, zip their wrists together behind their backs.

Carol struggles to break free.

CAROL

Wait. You've got us, you don't need Sammy, at least let her go...she's just a kid.

Vincent signals for them to hold her.

VINCENT

Oh this just gets better.

He comes over to Carol, tucks her hair behind an ear -- strokes her face like the reptile he is.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

That what he told you? That we took his kid...

Carol looks at Reardon -- Reardon's face a mask of hatred.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Oh that's great. He really fed you the whole nine yards didn't he.

Vincent walks over to Reardon -- pushes his gun muzzle into Reardon's forehead -- forces him down on his knees.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Now I recognise you. That's what this whole thing is about...you just wanted to get close enough to kill me.

Reardon's head slumps down. Vincent jerks his head back up by the hair.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Because of what happened in the bank.

He lets go of Reardon's head. Walks over to Carol.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I didn't know the bitch was carrying his kid. She shouldn't of gone for her bag, coulda' bin a gun, who the fuck knew.

Carol looks at Reardon. Incredulous, devastated.

CAROL

That was Sammy? Your unborn child.

Reardon looks at her -- his eyes full of sadness and hate.

REARDON

She would have been five this year...if she'd lived.

CAROL

Oh God, I'm so sorry.

Vincent turns to Fly and Mono.

VINCENT

Jesus this is worse than Oprah, get 'em 'outta here.

Mono and Fly drag them off.

**INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

Reardon and Carol arrive outside a door. Mono opens it -- flicks on a light in the...

**INT. STOREROOM - DAY**

Filthy, full of broken chairs and rubbish -- beautiful tiles on the wall the only reminder of an elegant past.

Fly prods Reardon with his gun.

FLY

Make yourselves uncomfortable.

CAROL  
He needs help, he'll bleed to  
death.

Fly shrugs.

FLY  
He don't need to live long.

Reardon spins around.

Hurls himself at Fly -- head-butts him -- his nose cracks,  
blood spurts -- Fly smashes into the tiled wall.

Reardon slams Fly's gun hand against the tiles with his body,  
splinters them. Carol kicks Mono in the shin -- he howls.

Fly clubs Reardon with his gun -- knocks him to the floor,  
kicks him in the ribs -- something snaps in Reardon's chest.

FLY (CONT'D)  
My fuckin' nose!

He gets control of himself. Mops blood from his nose. Mono  
points at his nose.

MONO  
Broken.

Fly gives him a look, like he hadn't worked that out.

He points his gun at Carol.

FLY  
Get back.

She backs away. Reardon moans on the floor.

FLY (CONT'D)  
When Vincent's finished, I'm gonna  
get my turn.

MONO  
Mine.

CAROL  
You're animals.

Mono sniggers. They leave, locking the door behind them.

She looks at Reardon on the floor -- blood leaking from his  
wounded shoulder, one eye going puffy.

Reardon's eye flickers open -- he struggles to get upright.  
Forces himself up against the wall.

She looks at him -- pieces falling into place.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You used me to get to Vincent.

REARDON

He killed my wife, and our baby.  
I'll do anything to take him down.

CAROL

You could have saved us both a lot  
of trouble by telling me this  
before.

REARDON

You wanted to bring him to trial. I  
want him dead. There's a  
difference.

CAROL

No anymore.

REARDON

Okay, so now we've dispensed with  
justice we need to get out of here.

CAROL

How?

REARDON

You do Yoga?

CAROL

What? You think I'm not relaxed  
enough?

Reardon swivels round -- puts his back against the wall and starts working at one of the cracked TILES -- pries off a shard.

REARDON

I need you to bring your hands  
round to the front.

She moves her arms down her back...

REARDON (CONT'D)

After Hannah died I found out  
everything I could about Spinetti  
and his operation.

She slips her tied hands down to her hips...

REARDON (CONT'D)

It was only a matter of time before  
Spinetti came after you again.

SWEAT Pouring off her, Carol moves her hands under her legs -- knees tucked up to her chest, working her hands under her legs and over her feet.

CAROL

I know, that's why I wanted to move to Canada. Whether I won the case or not I wanted to get away from New York, start a new life.

She finally gets her hands round to the front. Reardon hands her the sharp edged piece of TILE. She starts to saw at his cable ties.

REARDON

It was Spiro that rigged your car. I didn't figure him for your witness. I couldn't see you letting him pull a plea.

CAROL

He wasn't my witness.

OFF Reardon. He really didn't see that one coming.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY**

Mono and Fly heave Spiro's body into the skip. His hand flops over the side -- blood drips from the fingers.

FLY

He was always an asshole, I didn't figure him for a rat.

MONO

Squeak.

**INT. BALLROOM - VIEW THROUGH BALLROOM WINDOW - DAY**

The beige van parked across the street and fifty feet in front of it, the Dodge Pickup -- the one Spiro left in Buffalo.

BACK TO SCENE

Fly and Mono come over -- look out into the street.

FLY

What's that doing there?

**INT. VANITY THEATRE - STOREROOM - DAY**

Carol saws at Reardon's cable ties -- using the shard.

CAROL

No wonder you didn't want the police involved, you had your own agenda.

REARDON

After he got bail he ordered his men to kill you. Spiro must have come up with the bomb idea. His speciality. I thought I could protect you. Things got complicated.

CAROL

And then some.

REARDON

I convinced them it would be better to keep you alive and find out how much you knew.

CAROL

Well that worked out great.

REARDON

I planned to kill him before he realized who I was.

Carol finishes cutting through his cable ties -- he takes the tile shard and begins work on Carol's bonds.

Carols cable ties come off -- she massages the circulation back into her hands. Tears a piece of old table cloth into a strip -- starts to bind Reardon's wound.

CAROL

Who was the girl...in the photo?

REARDON

Just the one that came with the frame. I'd get a new one each year. Stupid I know, it just helped to keep me from falling apart.

CAROL

It's not stupid.

She leans over and kisses him.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You need to get to a hospital.

REARDON

If we don't get out of here that's exactly where we're going. Only it'll be in their morgue.

There's the sound of a key in the lock.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Get down.

They both crouch on the floor. The door opens. Mono and Fly stand there.

FLY  
How are things. Settling in?

MONO  
Nice.

Reardon sits up, forces a grin through the pain.

REARDON  
Here's a thought.

Fly bends over.

FLY  
Yeah?

REARDON  
Go fuck yourself.

FLY  
Oh I'm going to enjoy this.

THUD!

He looks down at the piece of TILE that Reardon has rammed into his leg.

FLY (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Reardon twists it...blood pumps out, there's mayhem as Fly tries to get away from the excruciating pain. Mono punches Reardon who flies back against the wall, jerks the shard out.

Fly howls.

MONO  
Sorry.

Fly pulls his gun out, hobbles closer -- finger tightening on the trigger.

CAROL  
Wait! Vincent needs information.  
How's he going to get it if we're dead?

Fly smiles.

FLY  
Nice try sister, but I don't give a fuck.

He levels the gun.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Leave it.

Michael appears at the door, gun drawn.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We got a problem. Vincent wants you back in the ballroom.

Fly keeps his gun pointed at Reardon.

FLY

Kinda' problem?

MICHAEL

Cortez's men are outside, and they don't look happy.

MONO

Bullshit.

Fly stares at Carol and Reardon.

FLY

They've set us up!

Fly cocks his gun. Michael pushes his arm down.

MICHAEL

I'll take care of them.

Fly reluctantly puts his gun down.

FLY

Shoot him in the gut. I want it to be slow and painful.

MONO

C'mon.

Fly hangs back. Michael cocks his gun, points it at Carol's head.

MICHAEL

Sorry Toots.

(to Fly)

Beat it, I don't like people watching me work.

Fly and Mono exit.

**INT. VANITY BALLROOM - DAY**

Vincent looks out of the window at the rusty PICKUP. Watches as some movement from the beige van catches his eye.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The four goons and Clancy climb out of the Van -- they carry pump action shotguns and a bad attitude.

**INT. BALLROOM - DAY**

Mono and Fly come over to Vincent.

VINCENT  
Get your suits on.

They nod. Head out of the ballroom.

The sound of TWO shots echoes round the corridors of the old building. Vincent draws his gun.

**INT. CORRIDOR - STOREROOM - SAMETIME**

Michael shuts the door -- BLOOD leaks from beneath it.

TO ONE SIDE

Carol supports Reardon as they head towards the...

FIRE EXIT

Michael hands her a CD.

MICHAEL  
Everything you need is on the disc.  
Times dates and details of his  
whole operation.

Reardon looks at him, then Carol.

REARDON  
How'd you know it was Michael?

CAROL  
He always called me toots on the  
phone.

REARDON  
So how'd the cell...?

**WEDGE IN A SHOT:** Of Michael patting Spiro on the back at the Fire Exit minutes earlier, AND THEN, slipping a CELLPHONE into his pocket.

MICHAEL  
He'd have done the same to me if  
he'd had the chance. You have to  
get out of here, there's a  
shitstorm coming.

REARDON

Sorry about that. My idea of the cavalry. I thought a bit of confusion would help.

**WEDGE IN A SHOT:** Of Reardon bending down and looking under the Dodge Pickup where a red LED winks on a small box attached to the chassis.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL

Cortez's men will cause that alright.

The Nubian appears.

THE NUBIAN

We don't have much time.

He nods at Reardon's wound.

THE NUBIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry 'bout that. Wasn't sure who you were shooting at.

REARDON

Me neither.

Michael hands some keys to Carol.

MICHAEL

Keys for the Escalade parked out back. Get as far away from here as you can. I'll contact you when I'm done. Now go.

Reardon looks at Michael, a beat of understanding between them. They head out onto the...

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY**

Moving onto the Fire Escape.

DOWN BELOW

A couple of Cortez's Goons are checking out the Escalade.

CAROL

Now what?

REARDON

Back inside.

**EXT. VANITY THEATRE - DAY**

Two GOONS led by Clancy, head across the road towards the Vanity -- GUNS locked and loaded.

## ALLEYWAY

Two MEN walk like they're on the moon.

Mono and Fly, encased in body armor stolen from the Bomb Squad truck, head towards the goons. Mono drags his leg.

GOON #1  
What the fuck!

The goons open up -- firing on full auto.

It's a waste of lead.

Bullets sparkle in the night -- bounce off the armored suits.

Mono and Fly heave their weapons up.

BOOM.

Clancy takes one in the chest -- folds onto the ground moaning.

BOOM. BOOM.

Another two Goons hit the deck -- their bodies smoking from the hits. Mono and Fly keep firing. The Ned Kelly twins in modern day armor.

Two goons appear from the alleyway -- open fire on them.

Mono and Fly turn round.

BOOM. Another one drops -- it's a slaughter.

The last one drops his weapon -- runs back down the Alleyway.

BABOOM.

Mono and Fly both fire as one -- the goon blows apart...becomes a stain on the ground. They head across the street.

A roaring SOUND.

Mono and Fly turn around. The beige van's heading right at them. They open up -- the van windshield explodes -- Mancusa takes a direct hit -- is blown apart.

The beige Van smashes into them.

Carries them across the street.

Slams them into the alley wall -- pins them.

They slide down the wall.

Dead in their own body bags.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Carol and Reardon appear from a side entrance -- head towards the Dodge. They skirt round the carnage -- bodies sprawled on the ground. Reardon reaches for the handle of the Dodge.

Doesn't notice the blood on the ground.

Just has time to register blood on his hand from the door handle when...BANG! The door explodes open -- knocks him to the ground.

Spiro jumps down from the cab -- wounded, caked in blood, but very much alive.

Reardon struggles to get up -- tries to find his gun.

Spiro moves towards him -- smashes him in the mouth -- he goes down again.

Spiro heads towards Carol -- Carol backs away.

SPIRO

Is it still in the back?

CAROL

What...?

Spiro comes nearer.

SPIRO

Don't fuck with me. I saw you and this wiseass take the pickup from the lot.

CAROL

We needed a car.

SPIRO

Sure, you just happened to pick this one out of all the others you coulda' jacked.

CAROL

I like Dodges.

He gestures to the tool chest.

SPIRO

No shit. Open it.

Carol drops the tailgate, climbs onto the back of the pickup, Spiro follows -- keeps his gun trained on her.

She opens the rusty chest -- full of tools. Spiro waves the gun.

SPIRO (CONT'D)  
Underneath.

She lifts out the top compartment. Bags of plastic wrapped HEROIN. Carol stares at them.

CAROL  
I don't know anything about this.

SPIRO  
Yeah right. What did you do?  
Promise Michael you'd split the  
money with him. Have Cortez's men  
take care of us leaving you free to  
ride off into the sunset.

Carol tries to run. Spiro grabs her by the hair, throws her to the floor of the pickup -- kicks her in the stomach. She doubles up with pain -- rolls into a fetal position.

He points his gun at her -- looks Carol in the eye.

SPIRO (CONT'D)  
Tell me who you're working for and  
I'll kill you quick.

Carol grabs at something -- there's a sickening thud. Spiro screams as a hammer smashes into his shin bone.

Carol shuffles back -- Spiro hits the deck. Clutches his shin, blood runs down his leg -- something jagged and white pokes through the material of his pants -- a shattered bone.

He drops his gun, tries to stand up -- falls back down, scrabbles for his gun. An unholy sound as Carol buries a flat bladed screwdriver up to the handle in his thigh.

Blood pumps out.

SPIRO (CONT'D)  
Jesus!

Sliding on the blood slicked floor, he tries to stand -- Carol slides backwards, feet scrabbling for grip as Spiro reaches for his gun -- fingers closing around the handle as...

THUD! Carol jams a CHISEL into his arm, follows it up with a sweeping slash from a BOX-CUTTER across his chest. He howls with pain, tries to cock the gun.

Hands too covered in blood -- can't get a grip. Carol reaches the end of the pickup. Tries to get down, falls to the ground winded.

Spiro hobbles to the end of the pickup, wipes his bloody hands on his pants. Gets down, wincing as his fractured leg buckles -- clutches onto the side of the pickup .

Forces himself up -- levels the gun at Carol. She whirls round...a dull thud as a PIPE WRENCH smashes his other knee. He whimpers -- stands there like a broken scarecrow.

He starts to squeeze the trigger -- Carol lashes out with her foot, catches an ankle -- he goes down, still hanging onto the gun.

Tries to focus on killing the source of so much pain.

Carol snatches something from the ground.

Lunges at Spiro -- gets one foot on his chest.

Jams the rubber PLUNGER over his face.

Blocking his mouth and nose from the air he so desperately needs.

But the fucker isn't getting it.

Not now, not today -- because today she's put the lid on her caring side.

He struggles, eyes bulging as he fights for breath -- loses.

His hands go limp -- his eyes roll up in his head.

He dies.

Carol sinks to the ground, shaking with fear.

A low MOAN.

She looks over at Reardon. He drags himself upright and comes over. He looks at Spiro, notes the screwdriver sticking out of his leg, the chisel in his arm.

Nods at a battered Carol.

REARDON

Found the right tool then?

She smiles painfully, gets up.

CAROL

Pretty much.

They help each other into the Dodge.

The Dodge blasts away.

Tool chest lid slamming shut as they accelerate off.

**INT. VANITY BALLROOM - DAY**

Vincent comes in from one end -- Michael and The Nubian come from the other -- meet in the middle.

Vincent pulls out his gun.

VINCENT

One hundred million dollars of  
uncut heroin. Now who the fuck  
would have known about that?

The Glock appears in Michael's hand. And now the Nubian holds a gleaming knife. Vincent doesn't waver.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It was you wasn't it? Not Spiro.  
You ratted me out and then set me  
up.

MICHAEL

For what it's worth I had nothing  
to do with the drugs.

VINCENT

That give's me a warm feeling  
Michael. You're happy to see me go  
down for life, but you don't mess  
with my drugs.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL

You're family.

Vincent raises his gun -- looks like he wants to put him down but can't -- Michael's hand is rock steady -- waiting.

They stand there -- face to face, muzzle to muzzle -- an old man with a paralysed arm facing the Nubian and his only son.

Vincent seems to sag -- like the will to live has left him.

He slowly leans down -- places the gun on the floor, kicks it across the room towards Michael.

Michael doesn't move. Vincent gives a crooked smile.

VINCENT

Do what you gotta' do Michael.

They look at each other -- is it all going to end right there in a sobbing hug of familial love?

Michael lowers his Glock.

The Nubian sheaths his knife.

A concealed GUN slides into Vincent's paralysed right hand!

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Bullets slam into Michael and the Nubian.

Drives them both back across the floor -- blood pumps.

They shudder and twitch as the slugs slam into them -- and then it's over.

The ballroom echoes with the gunfire.

Their BODIES crash to the floor -- bounce off the sprung maple. Smoke drifts across the room.

Vincent moves towards them -- prods Michael's inert body with a cautious toe -- nothing -- moves over to The Nubian -- again a prod -- the Nubian tries to speak.

Blood bubbling from his throat -- words a wet gurgling sound.

Vincent bends down -- listens.

THE NUBIAN

Always said you had something up  
your sleeve.

Vincent shudders -- looks down at the hilt of the knife rammed into his stomach -- the last act of a dead man.

He reels backwards -- eyes wide with pain and surprise.

Grits his teeth -- pulls the blade out -- bad move.

Blood gouts -- shirt already turning black.

He hauls himself upright, heads across the floor towards the exit.

A trail of bright red blood follows him out.

**EXT. VANITY BALLROOM - ALLEYWAY - DAY**

A hunched figure zombies towards the Escalade -- lugging a heavy metal briefcase.

Vincent, pale as a ghost, losing blood fast, staggers up to the door.

Fumbling for the keys -- finds the fob -- hits the remote.

Moving round to the back now -- opening the trunk throwing in the case.

Dragging out a pump action SHOTGUN, and an UZI.

Round to the drivers door -- throwing the guns in.

**INT. ESCALADE MOVING - DAY**

Vincent Spinetti is dying at high speed. Escalade bucking like a steel mule.

Swerving, fighting to keep control -- blood oozing down his chest.

He opens the glove compartment -- yanks out some bottles of pills.

Uppers, downers, he doesn't give a fuck, just necks them. Anything is better than the pain eating into his guts.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

A LARGE pie is placed on the table -- oozing cherry juice.

OFICER PARDONA  
Thanks Megan, that's a fine pie.

WAITRESS  
You're welcome.

The waitress leaves.

Officer Pardona surveys his breakfast. Pie, steaming mug of coffee, pancakes drizzled with maple syrup.

He's having a great day.

So far.

**INT. DODGE PICKUP - MOVING**

The road snakes by, unending. In the grey light from the cloudy sky they both look drained.

Rain smears the windshield. WIPERS a thumping metronome.

CAROL  
You want to tell me about the drugs?

REARDON  
It was backup. I knew they'd come after us, figured I could use them as a diversion, maybe even the odds.

CAROL  
How did you know about their operation?

REARDON  
I've been watching them for a long time...

**INT. CONDOMINIUM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Reardon sticks surveillance PHOTOS on a large CORKBOARD.

NEWSPAPER clippings show the various attempts to convict Vincent over the years -- witnesses dieing in mysterious circumstances.

More clippings with headlines are gradually added.

"Spinetti cleared of Bank Heist"

"Witness dies in car crash -- SPINETTI case collapses"

Photos of car lots in different towns, the Dodge Pickup being used for drug drops. Licence plates being switched.

REARDON (V.O.)

The Buffalo drop was the biggest they'd ever done...they were planning to use the proceeds to open up a new operation in Detroit.

INSERT - SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE

Spiro leaving the DODGE pickup in used car lots -- Mancusa arriving, leaving the SEDAN loaded with cash alongside it before driving off in the Dodge -- it's a slick operation.

REARDON (V.O.)

The last deal was with Cortez, head of a Panamanian drugs cartel. He's not a man you cross...

END OF FLASHBACK

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

She looks at him.

CAROL

So you knew there was a tracker on the pickup. You used it to lead them to Spinetti.

REARDON

It was meant to create a diversion. Didn't quite work out the way I planned.

CAROL

Nothing ever does.

(beat)

Would've been nice to know I was sitting on a hundred million dollars worth of heroin.

REARDON

I don't think it would've helped your mood.

CAROL  
You saying I'm moody?

Reardon smiles.

REARDON  
Did I say that?

CAROL  
There you go again with the  
questions.

REARDON  
You think?

CAROL  
Stop it!

Leans towards Reardon -- tilts her head up for a kiss, he  
takes his eyes off the road for a second -- moves towards her  
as...

BANG.

Something thuds into the Dodge's bodywork. The Dodge swerves  
as Reardon involuntarily jerks at the wheel.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
What was that?

Reardon looks in the rear mirror.

And there it is, barreling towards them.

UZI pointed out of the side window.

The Escalade. And it's closing.

REARDON  
Vincent.

He mashes the pedal to the floor. The engine howls.

Holley carburetors sucking in air.

Blower screaming -- the Dodge leaps forwards.

While under the hood of the...

### **ESCALADE**

Five hundred horses scream like a banshee.

Smoke and steam pour from engine.

A tire shows steel from a tear in the sidewall.

But Vincent doesn't give a shit.

Because he's leaking blood like a burst melon.  
Shirt matted with blood -- sticking to his torn chest.  
Breathing ragged, face drenched in cold sweat.  
And he's not backing down. Not with a hundred million  
dollars of cocaine in his sights.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

Officer Pardona sets down his empty cup.  
Brushes crumbs from his tunic. Eases out of the chair.  
Plops a ten dollar bill onto the table. Sighs with pleasure  
from his simple afternoon ritual.  
Heads for the door.

**EXT. DINER - DAY**

Walks towards his motorcycle.  
Flicks a final crumb from his uniform.  
Climbs into the saddle.  
Reaches round for his HELMET.  
The DODGE screams past in a blur -- supercharger wailing.  
Followed by the ESCALADE.  
Machine gun fire pouring from the Escalade's side window.  
And then they're gone.

SILENCE

The distant sound of clinking cutlery from the DINER.  
Then he's jamming his helmet on, firing up the bike,  
fishtailing across the gas station.  
Takes out a trash can. Burns rubber up the interstate.

**ESCALADE**

Vincent leans out of the window -- levels the UZI.  
Fights to control the Escalade on the rain slicked road.  
Fires off another burst -- bullets CLANG off the back of the  
Dodge, bits of rust flaking off -- lead denting the metal.  
Closing on the Dodge -- speed and revs climbing.

The noise from the engine way past painful.

Still he pushes it.

Both vehicles doing over a hundred miles an hour.

The Escalade eats up the distance.

**INT. DODGE - DAY**

A cacophony, like a washing machine full of spanners. The Escalade's a hundred feet behind and closing.

BOOM.

The back window SHATTERS.

Slugs chatter against the bodywork -- peppering the Dodge as it swerves -- tries to pull ahead -- get away from the bursts of machine gun fire pouring out of the Escalade.

CAROL

Do something!

A SIGN flashes by...EXIT 52A - WILLIAM ST 1.5 Miles.

Carol reaches through the shattered window.

Grabs a handful of tools from the floor.

LOBS them at the Escalade.

**INT. ESCALADE - DAY**

BANG.

A WRENCH spiders the windscreen -- Vincent swerves, sends a burst of fire one handed out of the window -- misses.

A PIPE CUTTER spins through the air.

Vincent swerves again -- the tool smashes through the windshield -- smacks into the passenger seat.

The Escalade drops back.

WIND howls through the smashed windshield -- Vincent screams in anger and pain.

No way are they shaking him off.

He reaches for a pump action SHOTGUN -- a clear shot dead ahead -- the Escalade closes the distance again -- the Dodge growing larger -- he can't miss.

KABOOM. KABOOM. KABOOM.

Teeth drawn back -- eyes streaming with tears in the wind  
Vincent unleashes a torrent of fire.

**DODGE**

The TOOL CHEST takes a fusillade of hits -- holes blown  
through the steel.

A BLIZZARD of white powder billows out of the torn metal.

**ESCALADE**

A WHITEOUT

VINCENT'S face a pale death mask.

Tearing at his eyes -- nostrils full of high grade heroin.

His brain on fire with the drugs overload.

**DODGE**

Swerving off the Interstate.

Reardon hanging onto the wheel riding the back end as it  
kicks out -- snaking wildly -- bringing it under control.

Screaming down the off ramp.

**ESCALADE**

Blinded by the powder and maxed out on coke, Vincent tries to  
make the turn...

It doesn't happen.

A spinning VORTEX of screaming, tortured METAL.

A TIRE disintegrates.

The escalade swerves.

Clips a dividing barrier.

Cartwheels end over end.

A metal BRIEFCASE flies through the air -- bursting open,  
spews thousands of dollars out as it spins by.

**EXT. OFF RAMP - DAY**

The Escalade explodes through a billowing cloud of HEROIN and  
DOLLAR BILLS.

BOOM.

Smashes into the crash barrier. EXPLODES.

Traffic swerves to avoid the carnage.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

The Dodge pulls into the side of the road.

Carol and Reardon climb out of the battered vehicle.

SIRENS wail in the distance -- the Escalade BURNS.

Dollar bills rain from the sky.

A MOTORCYCLE roars to a halt behind them.

Officer Pardona climbs off.

Covered in white powder from head to foot.

He takes his goggles off -- looks at the Dodge.

Takes in the bullet holes.

The back of the pickup awash with drugs.

The dollar bills floating past, and most of all...

His old friends the Lawyers.

OFFICER PARDONA

Aw hell...

It's a nice family photo.

FREEZE FRAME - BLEED TO BLACK AND WHITE...

**INT. LANGLEY'S - OFFICE - DAY**

A NEWSPAPER article -- framed, hanging on a wall, slanted.

Headlines: "Drugs cartel smashed -- Crime Lord dies"

Reardon straightens the picture.

On screen text: SIX MONTHS LATER

**EXT. LANGLEY'S OFFICE/HOUSE - DAY**

Where Carol is taking a picture.

INSERT: IPHONE VIEWFINDER

An ELDERLY couple (70s) stand next to the 1976 Dodge Aspen station wagon. They smile into the camera. Behind them the snow topped Rockies gleam in the sunlight.

CLICK! The electronic icon of an iris closes over them.

BACK TO SCENE

In front of the office which forms the lower floor of a house. A sign.

"CAROL LANGLEY" - Attorney at Law.

She pockets her phone.

CAROL  
She's all yours.

The couple smile and start to get into the car. The MAN grabs the old lady round the waist.

MAN  
Get your skates on Maude and I'll show you what the back seat's for.

Maude swats him on the butt.

MAUDE  
You'll be lucky to make the front seat!

They climb into the car laughing. He fires it up -- they lurch away in a puff of smoke.

TO ONE SIDE

Carol and Reardon watch them go.

REARDON  
Young love huh.

CAROL  
Yup. Nothing to touch it.

He smiles at her.

REARDON  
Kinda' slow today. What say we close early?

CAROL  
Good idea, we could fix up the back porch.

REARDON  
Wow you know how to enjoy yourself.  
(beat)  
You'd better let me handle the tools.

She laughs, leans over and kisses him. They head back into the house. The door closes behind them.

CAROL (V.O.)  
That's not what you said last night.

And from that affirmation of love we...

FADE OUT.