

A Girl Named Trouble

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A MAN'S HAND pulls a GLOCK out of the glove box and slips it down the back of his pants.

It's ROMAN, a disarming tough guy, knocking on 35 years young. He has a knack for talking his way outta most scrapes but built like someone who can still handle himself.

DANTE (O.S.)
Forgot something?

ROMAN
My wallet.

Roman's untucked shirt covers the lie he just told.

The one holding the gas can? Meet DANTE, Roman's well-dressed business partner and slightly younger version of himself at age 25. Dante walks ahead, on point.

They abandon a new DODGE CHALLENGER parked alongside a two-lane road and hoof it to town. They're the only living creatures in sight.

ROMAN
Here's the plan. We get in. We get out.

DANTE
We have a plan for the gas station?

ROMAN
And you do all the talking.

DANTE
Explain the plan again.

ROMAN
A lot of people died last time I was there. It was bad, Dante.

DANTE
Bad like, gas pump gone haywire, bad?

ROMAN
Stick to the plan, we stay alive.

Dante stops.

DANTE

Whoa-whoa-whoa. Alive?

Roman continues down the road. Dante considers his options and then follows.

DANTE

Seriously Roman, what the hell is going on? What did you do?

ROMAN (V.O.)

Allow me to clean up that last part. It started out bad, but I was literally redefining the concept of bad on a moment-to-moment basis. And all over a dame.

FLASHBACK

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

Roman trades nervous glances with SAM, a hard-boiled, small-time grifter knocking on 40. She tried to doll up for the drug deal but it's getting harder to cover the rough spots.

A GYM BAG stuffed with bank-wrapped one-hundred-dollar bills lays next to BRICKS OF HEROIN on a table.

BOBO, a good-natured, overweight Samoan man in his 20's, isn't gonna make the call on this one. He's getting marching orders from a voice yapping on the other end of his phone.

ROMAN (V.O.)

It started out simple enough in a fleabag motel. Cash for dope, you know the score. All I had to do is stand there and look tough for 500 bucks -- a small-time muscle job.

Suspicious of a fancy blue stamp on the bricks, Bobo grunts.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Sam and Bobo had good history but she wanted another cock in the room to make sure things went smooth. It didn't seem to break that way.

Bobo hangs up.

BOBO

Okay, we're not accusing anyone of anything, but this is obviously the shit stolen from our supplier --

SAM

Bullshit!

BOBO

-- last week. Wait. Hear me out. Which makes the deal more complicated for us.

SAM

No. We had a deal. We had a price.

BOBO

Sam. Will you shut the fuck up for once. I think you're gonna like what I'm about to say. So we're gonna do the deal.

SAM

Then what the fuck are we talking about?

BOBO

I'm trying to tell you. Our supplier is gonna be very unhappy. And that's just bad business. So as a gesture of good faith...

He whips out a virtual hand cannon of a gun, a .50 DESERT EAGLE, and points it directly at Roman.

BOBO

... I only have to kill one of you.

Before he can spit out another syllable, Bobo's head explodes against the wall, executed by TROUBLE with a smoking COLT PYTHON REVOLVER. A 25-year-old gun for hire, she's already as hard as five miles of potholed asphalt. A mouthy tomboy with trust issues, all grown up and gone bad.

Bobo squeezes off one shot at the same time, missing Roman but tearing straight through Sam's chest. Dead on impact.

Without missing a beat, Trouble stuffs her revolver in her black leather jacket and the bricks of heroin in the gym bag.

TROUBLE
You never saw me.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

With the gym bag in hand, Trouble beelines to her old beat-up DODGE CHALLENGER. Roman pauses at the doorway, looks back into the motel room, then chases her down.

ROMAN
Wait. Wait.

TROUBLE
They're dead.

ROMAN
So... wait! What do we do now?

Trouble brandishes her gun.

TROUBLE
First, there is no "we." And let me jump to the really important part, I'm taking the money.

ROMAN
Wait.

Her revolver goes click-click as the hammer ratchets back.

ROMAN
Someone owes me 500 bucks.

Both notice police sirens wailing in the distance. She gestures for him to get in the car.

INT. LOBBY OF THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - NIGHT

The grandeur of the lobby announces you have arrived at the best hotel money can buy. RED-VESTED staff assist guests.

KONG, a soft-spoken and polite Samoan man in his 30's, rubs a SOLID-GOLD TIKI CHARM dangling around his neck. He's an imposing physical presence. Kong runs a crew called THE SAMOAN ARMY.

Frustrated, Kong hangs up his phone. He turns to ETANO, his second-in-command, another overweight Samoan man in his 20's.

KONG
You, Lese, and grab Little Benny, go find out what happened to Bobo.

ETANO
Should we call Jace?

KONG
 (correcting)
Mr. Jace is having dinner.

ETANO
 Shit, is he drinking?

KONG
 Find the money, find the dope
 and give me a body count. And
 see if the cops know anything.
 And Etano, quiet this time.

Etano nods.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

The revolver in Trouble's left hand points straight at Roman.
 She steers with her right.

TROUBLE
 Downshift!

Roman pushes the stick shift into third.

TROUBLE
 Now, I'm gonna trust you to
 break off a grand and leave your
 piece in the bag -- second!

She clutches.

He shifts.

TROUBLE
 Can I trust ya, buddy?

They rest at a stoplight. He's collecting. She's talking.

TROUBLE
 What's your name again?

ROMAN
 Roman.

The light changes.

TROUBLE
 And yer iron.

Roman tosses his .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC in the bag.

Trouble slips her revolver back into her jacket and takes
 control of the stick.

TROUBLE

Trust me, you don't want this
kinda heat. Forget about me.
Forget about the money.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Her car punches through light downtown traffic.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ROMAN

But no one even knows who I am.

TROUBLE

You're Roman. You just said so.

ROMAN

They'll never find me.

TROUBLE

Oh, they're gonna find you. And
they're gonna make you sing like
a sparrow in heat. But that
ain't the real problem.

ROMAN

Well, that would be a problem,
if --

TROUBLE

-- They know Sam.

ROMAN

I only met Sam an hour ago.

TROUBLE

I'd be shocked if you're alive
an hour from now. I suggest
getting outta town. Fast.

ROMAN

Is that your plan?

TROUBLE

My plan? My plan is to slow
down before I push you out the
car. There's no plan.

(MORE)

TROUBLE (CONT'D)

Look, I'll get you out of town,
then you're on your own. And
the less you know about me the
better.

INT. MR. JACE'S SUITE AT THE EMPRESS HOTEL - NIGHT

The gentleman we're about to meet wears a long OVERCOAT. We don't see his face. He sets his BOWLER HAT on a table and then walks into an adjoining room. Four men follow close behind. We don't see their faces either.

We stay with the bowler hat.

CALIX JACE (O.S.)

(calm)

So Bobo is dead.

Kong grunts after each point.

CALIX JACE (O.S.)

Some broad with him, my money is
missing, and we know the girl
who took it. What is her name?

KONG (O.S.)

Trouble.

INSIDE MR. JACE'S OFFICE

Kong and three other men from The Samoan Army sit across from CALIX JACE, a person who combines old-school charm with Old Testament wrath.

A precise, calculated and dapper gentleman in his mid-60's, Calix looks like he might have done hard time or labored as a coal miner or done hard time for murdering coal miners.

Holding court in his opulent office, no one dares look him in the eye - the blue one or the dead one, cloudy and red.

CALIX JACE

I do not see the problem.
Contact our friends and shut
down the freeway. She's
running. Kong.

KONG

Yes, sir.

CALIX JACE

Cover all points of escape.
Send in the Army. Wake up
everyone.

KONG

Cane too?

CALIX JACE

Let us see how this plays out
first. And someone find my
idiot nephew. See what he
knows.

BERNIE, a confident gay man early in his 30's, dresses with a bit of flair but's he far from obvious. Still, he struggles to play it straight for his homophobic uncle while he runs his own little side hustle.

Bernie shuffles forward out of his uncle's blind spot. A little more. A little more. Sighs.

CALIX JACE

Oh, there you are. Tell me
everything you know about this
girl.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

Trouble's car screams past Etano on his phone.

ETANO

Yeah. She's headed for the
freeway.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

A virtual sea of brake lights come up fast.

Trouble moves her attention between Roman, the bag and the road, but she isn't slowing down.

Roman stares at the gym bag a bit too long.

TROUBLE

Are we gonna have a problem?

Roman glances at the road ahead.

ROMAN

Watch it!

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trouble swerves into empty lanes to avoid cars parked on the freeway. Funneling traffic down to one lane, the police mark closed lanes with red flares glowing on the wet pavement.

Trouble races down closed lanes, headed straight for POLICE CRUISERS and BARRICADES at the checkpoint ahead.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

TROUBLE

I've got no time for this shit.

Roman braces for impact.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A single POLICE OFFICER defiantly stands in the path of Trouble's car, barreling toward the barricades.

He pops off one round. Then another. And another.

Trouble's car skids to a dead stop.

INT./EXT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

TROUBLE

Reverse!

She clutches.

He shifts.

Trouble cranks down the window.

Roman stretches over the stick and floors the accelerator.

He steers blind.

She rides the window sidesaddle and returns fire.

Bullets chip the windshield.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Police Officer chases the car on foot, continuing to fire. More officers fire from farther back.

Trouble's car wiggles a little backing up. It's hard to hit.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

TROUBLE

Gun. Gun!

Trouble snaps her fingers like an impatient surgeon. Roman slaps his gun into her hand.

She fires twice and drops his .45 out the window.

TROUBLE

I'm driving.

Trouble slides down into the driver seat.

ROMAN

Was that a cop?

TROUBLE

Yeah, I think got him.

She rips the e-brake.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Her car spins into a controlled, 180-degree J-turn.

SFX: TIRES SKIDDING AND THEN SPINNING

Water sprays from the tires.

They dance with oncoming traffic.

Drivers signal with their horns and flashing lights.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

All clear on the shoulder. She swerves out of traffic.

Trouble stomps the accelerator.

ROMAN

You threw my gun away.

TROUBLE

It was used to kill a cop.

ROMAN
Yeah, by you.

TROUBLE
Good work catching up like that.

ROMAN
Is this normal?

TROUBLE
You should have seen yesterday.

Roman dumps the brass out of her revolver. She produces a speed loader of fresh rounds. In the distance, he spies a long line of SUVs racing down the on-ramp.

ROMAN
Hey-hey-hey, what's that?

TROUBLE
Oh, shit.

ROMAN
Is that the problem you were talking about?

TROUBLE
They're only his flying monkeys.

ROMAN
How is that not a problem?

TROUBLE
It could be worse.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trouble zips past the on-ramp.

SUVs spill into traffic and sweep around to pursue.

In the distance, police cruisers race up the shoulder.

The SUVs wheels have fancy rims.

Trouble's wheels are missing hubcaps.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The lead SUV fills the entire rear window.

ROMAN
They're catching up.

TROUBLE
How close?

Rammed from behind, they both lunge forward.
Trouble scans for options. She settles on one.

TROUBLE
Hold on.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trouble darts for the next on-ramp at the last minute.
Half the SUVs miss the turn.
The other half exit with her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

An SUV slows into position, blocking the end of the ramp.
She accelerates on a collision course.
Trouble hops the curb and kisses the SUV as she passes.
Two oversized men from The Samoan Army jump out of the SUV.
They spray Trouble's car with ASSAULT RIFLES.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Both flinch as the rear window explodes from gunfire.

TROUBLE
They'll run us down in this
piece-of-shit car. We gotta get
off the streets.

ROMAN
Who are those guys?

TROUBLE
The Samoan Army. This town is
lousy with 'em.

ROMAN
We're fighting an entire --

A large SUV T-bones the rear quarter panel.
Her car spins before flipping.

INT. TROUBLE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Upside-down, Trouble comes to and clears her head. She grabs the gym bag and leaves Roman for the wolves without a second thought.

He wakes.

She's bolted.

The bag's gone!

EXT. MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Roman chases her down. Small-arms fire whistles past his head. She gets off a couple rounds without hitting Roman. Barely. They pause outside the nearest building, a MORTUARY.

TROUBLE
You're like lice. I can't get
rid of you.

Roman tries to open one window after another.

ROMAN
Do ya always talk like that?

TROUBLE
Like what?

ROMAN
Like ya stumbled out of an
Edward G. Robinson flick.

TROUBLE
I don't know movies.

Third time's the charm.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Roman and Trouble climb into a room filled with caskets.

ROMAN
Do ya really think we're gonna
hold them off with your cap gun?
Ya know an extra gun would come
in handy, right about now.

TROUBLE
If I had an extra, do ya think
I'd waste it on you?

An open coffin startles her.

TROUBLE
Ew, they're dead.

Roman furiously locks doors and windows.

The instant Trouble peeks out the front window, it explodes from relentless automatic gunfire.

Shattered glass rains down on Trouble.

Shattered glass rains down on caskets.

The barrage stops.

Roman peeks out the back window.

Trouble sweeps glass out of her hair.

TROUBLE
How many back there?

ROMAN (O.S.)
All of em.

TROUBLE
Can you be a little more specific?

ROMAN
It's like God picked up the entire island of Samoa, tipped it on its side and shook out every last one of 'em. You any better?

Red laser sights crisscross the back wall.

TROUBLE
We need a plan.

Roman throws up his hands.

EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

The downtown city lights peacefully twinkle in the distance. As we travel down about 500 feet the sound of police radio chatter and Samoan men arguing gets louder and louder.

A third police cruiser arrives flashing red and blue. Large oversized Samoan men huddle near several SUVs.

Kong takes a call.

KONG
Yes, sir.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)
He is on his way.

CANE (V.O.)
Kong. Burn it down.

KONG
But it's a mortuary.

CANE (V.O.)
Kong.

KONG
There's a chapel, sir.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)
Kong.

KONG
It'll burn the money.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)
They are coming out long before
my money is ever in any danger.
Kong.

KONG
Yes, Mr. Jace.

CANE (V.O.)
Burn it fucking down.

Kong gives a hand signal to his men like he's sparking a Zippo lighter and then tossing it away.

Samoan men load INCENDIARY SHELLS into GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Out the window, Roman watches the lights on the police cruisers go dark. The cops drive away.

ROMAN (V.O.)
That's not a good sign.

EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Samoan men fire several rounds from grenade launchers.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Shells explode inside the room and set it alight.

 TROUBLE
 They're burning us out.

Trouble thumbs bullets in open chambers of her revolver.

 ROMAN
 What are ya doing?

 TROUBLE
 I'm going out blasting.

 ROMAN
 Are you crazy?

Roman scrambles around the room popping casket lids. They're all filled with corpses.

 TROUBLE
 I'm not gonna burn.

 ROMAN
 No... We're gonna hide.

She huddles in the last corner not burning.

Roman reaches out his hand.

She won't take it.

He grabs Trouble's jacket collar and yanks her to her feet.

CREMATION ROOM

Flames everywhere.

The CREMATION OVEN door is open.

 ROMAN
 Perfect.

 TROUBLE
 (firm)
 I can't.

 ROMAN
 You got a better idea?

 TROUBLE
 You don't understand.

Roman throws the gym bag inside.

She pins her revolver against his head.

TROUBLE
Touch the money again --

ROMAN
-- Okay. Okay. But they're gonna be busting through here any minute. So unless ya have a better plan...

Trouble lowers her gun.

TROUBLE
I'm Jewish.

ROMAN
And?

TROUBLE
And I'm not climbing in an oven.

They are the last things in the room not burning.

ROMAN
Exactly how Jewish?

TROUBLE
Jewish enough I'm not going in there.

ROMAN
So ya'd rather we cook out here?

Pre-tears, she looks for answers in his eyes.

TROUBLE
(resigned)
I told you not to touch the money.

ROMAN
It's not about the money, baby.

Roman holds her. Arms at her side, she lets him.

ROMAN
Now come on. I'll go first.
Come on.

Flames lap at the oven door as it closes.

INSIDE THE CREMATION OVEN

It's a tight fit. She huddles close.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Ya get to know a lot about a
 person, holding 'em for hours in
 an oven. And that's when it
 happened.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

Roman and Dante continue their trek.

DANTE
 What happened?

ROMAN
 I fell for her, hard.

DANTE
 Jesus. And then you escaped?

ROMAN
 Not exactly. That's when things
 got bad.

The two work their way down a long, straight stretch of road.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 And by bad, I mean someone shook
 a big bag of crazy and hit it
 with sticks before letting it
 loose.

FLASHBACK

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

Kong and about a dozen members of The Samoan Army wander
 through the burnt remains of the mortuary.

CANE, a passionate and cocksure paid assassin approaching his
 30's, kicks through a chard casket blocking the doorway.

His black leather trench coat flares like a superhero cape as
 he turns. Cane's definitely got wiring issues. He gets
 sexual pleasure from torturing others or experiencing pain
 himself.

Kong rubs his tiki charm and whispers to Cane.

KONG
 We've lost the item.

Cane squats into a primal scream and then caps two Samoans.

INSIDE THE CREMATION OVEN

Trouble recognizes the scream.

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

Every gun draws on Cane.

He immediately raises his hands and slowly spins around.

CANE
(contrite)
Sorry. Sorry. I apologize.
That was my mistake. Sorry.

The Samoan men look at each other, then lower their weapons.

INSIDE THE CREMATION OVEN

Trouble grabs Roman.

TROUBLE
That problem you were asking
about...

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

Cane composes himself, screams and then marches to the door.

CANE
Find her!

He pops another Samoan man in the head before leaving.

Unhappy, everyone turns to Kong.

Kong sighs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORTUARY - LATER

Roman and Trouble crawl out of the oven and dust off.

ROMAN (V.O.)
After the muscle cleared out,
She gave me the skinny. It
wasn't pretty.

TROUBLE

So Calix Jace runs dope outta
The Grand Empress Hotel.

ROMAN

And this is his money.

TROUBLE

My money.

ROMAN

Your money. This is obviously a
boundary.

TROUBLE

His goons are called The Samoan
Army.

ROMAN

I've met them.

TROUBLE

They're not really an army.

ROMAN

I get that. Now, who's
Screaming Guy who freaked you
out?

TROUBLE

It didn't freak me out.

ROMAN

Who is he?

TROUBLE

He's the reason we're changing
the plan.

ROMAN

We have a plan?

TROUBLE

Yes, but we're changing it.
We're giving the money back.

ROMAN

To Screaming Guy?

TROUBLE

God, no. We have to stay away
from him like smallpox and dirty
needles.

ROMAN
This guy Calix.

TROUBLE
Not exactly. But you would
never call him that to his face.
Call him Mr. Jace.

ROMAN
And *who* is Screaming Guy?

TROUBLE
That part's complicated.

ROMAN
Complicated left the station a
long time ago, sweetheart.

TROUBLE
He's my ex.

Roman grabs his head like he's keeping it from exploding.

ROMAN
Can we assume it didn't end
well?

Trouble doesn't react to a word he says.

ROMAN
And now he wants to kill ya
because... You cheated on him.
No. You broke his heart. In
fact, ya didn't even leave so
much as a Dear John letter.

She breaks.

TROUBLE
I texted.

Roman laughs.

ROMAN
We are so screwed.

TROUBLE
That's why we have to give the
money back.

ROMAN
Ya think?

TROUBLE
It might work.

ROMAN

And can we assume Screaming Guy -
- What's his name?

TROUBLE

Cane.

ROMAN

Biblical scary. Let's assume
Cane doesn't scream because he's
an opera singer.

TROUBLE

The best contract killer money
can buy.

ROMAN

Of course he is!

TROUBLE

He's a sadomasochist.

ROMAN

You can stop right there. We're
giving the money back to this
Calix guy.

TROUBLE

Oh God, no. He'll kill us on
sight.

ROMAN

Then who?

INT. LOBBY OF THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

ROMAN

Bernie, please.

CONCIERGE

I'm sorry, but I wouldn't know
anyone by that name.

Roman slides a \$100 bill across his desk.

The CONCIERGE, a slight man in his 30's wearing a company-
issued red vest, nods to a man seated in the lobby.

CONCIERGE

Take it to the Shamrock.

Roman slides the bill back. The Concierge slams his hand
down and fights to claw the bill into his fist.

Roman walks over to JULES, an attractive gay man with a lot of hustle. He's instantly smitten with Roman.

ROMAN
Bernie?

JULES
No, I'm Jules.

Roman glares back at the Concierge.

ROMAN
Well, I'm looking for Bernie.

JULES
Trust me, you don't want Bernie.

ROMAN
Jules. Can I call ya Jules? I see ya revving your engine, but that flag ain't ever gonna drop. Now, I need to talk to Bernie. Do ya know where Bernie is?

JULES
No. But I know someone who does.

Jules sits patiently.

JULES
Time is money.

He backtracks to the Concierge.

ROMAN
You... Red Vest.

Roman manhandles him until he finds the \$100 bill.

Roman slaps a wadded bill in Jules' hand.

ROMAN
Spill.

JULES
Oh, Chaz! You wanna talk to this man?

On the other side of the lobby, CHAZ, another gay male prostitute and heroin addict, lounges on a couch like it was his living room couch. Cruising about as high as it gets, Chaz still functions, if you curb your expectations.

Roman grabs Jules' arm and drags him to Chaz.

ROMAN
What kind of racket...
Where's Bernie?

JULES
Ow. Ow. Ow.

CHAZ
Hey Jules.

JULES
Hey Chaz

CHAZ
He's yummy.

JULES
Isn't he.

ROMAN
Chaz, do you know where Bernie
is?

CHAZ
I know everything about Bernie.

ROMAN
Progress.

CHAZ
Do you know this hotel is named
after his mother?

ROMAN
But do you know where I can I
find him?

CHAZ
But we don't talk about that.
Or his father. He hates his
father. That's why he's in the
dating business.

ROMAN
-- I'm sure it's a real Norman
Rockwell masterpiece --

CHAZ
(to Jules)
-- I wish I was prettier. You
know, for Bernie.
(whispers)
He's not doing good. I mean,
the business. Isn't. Not.

JULES
We don't talk about that either,
Chaz.

Roman pops to his feet.

ROMAN
Can ya hold that thought? I
have got to pee.

CHAZ
(to Roman)
Do you think I'm pretty?

JULES
You're beautiful, Chaz.
(aside)
If you'd just lay off the goddam
junk.

CHAZ
Are you my fucking father?!

The Concierge glares.

ROMAN
Guys. Guys. I have to find
Bernie. I have to pee. Not
necessarily in that order.
While I'm gone, translate
whatever he's saying into
something... useful.

While skipping away he points at Chaz.

ROMAN
And watch him.

INT. RESTROOM AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

A pair of hands breaks a single stream of water from a
faucet. Bernie washes thoroughly and then preens in the
mirror, while Roman finishes the longest pee ever.

BERNIE
Fine work, my friend.

ROMAN (O.S.)
You have no idea.

Roman bellies up to the sink.

ROMAN
Hey, I'm looking for a guy,
Bernie.

They swap glances in the mirror.

BERNIE

Sorry.

Bernie leaves.

A one-word text from Trouble appears on Roman's phone. It reads: "WELL?"

INT. LOBBY OF THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Roman heads for Jules and Chaz.

They raise both hands over their heads.

Roman raises his hands.

ROMAN

What?

JULES

You found him!

ROMAN

What?

Jules points.

All the tumblers lock into place for Roman. He scrambles around the corner after Bernie.

Both Jules and Chaz cock their head to watch from behind.

INT. GREASY SPOON - DAY

Trouble, Roman and Bernie finish breakfast.

ROMAN (V.O.)

She was soft for him, trusted him like a brother. The first time I ever saw her smile. She looked good that way.

She smiles.

ROMAN (V.O.)

He took a little convincing... all of about two seconds. I don't blame him. Who could say no to those eyes?

Bernie wipes his mouth with a napkin.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Bernie had a hundred reasons to cross us. Money to float his failing escort service. H for his employees.

Roman sips a cup of black coffee.

ROMAN (V.O.)

And the chance to shove it all in his father's smug face. But no one talks about that.

BERNIE

Do you still have the dress?

TROUBLE

(sheepish)
On eBay the next day. Sorry.

BERNIE

We'll get you a new dress.

TROUBLE

Bernie has the best parties.

ROMAN

(to Bernie)
I stopped listening after he said he'd make the drop.

Slightly offended, Bernie exits to the restroom.

ROMAN

You trust this guy?

TROUBLE

Yes, I trust him. He's the only guy I've ever known who hasn't tried to fuck me in one way or another.

ROMAN

And he's buying ya dresses.

TROUBLE

Whoa. This whole jealous thing. No.

Roman works his cup of coffee.

TROUBLE

Look, he needed a little garnish so his party didn't look like a total gay sausage-fest.

(MORE)

TROUBLE (cont'd)
So I get a dress, some drinks.
It's where I met Cane.

Roman glares.

TROUBLE
(correcting him)
No.

ROMAN
He knows your ex-boyfriend?

TROUBLE
It was a one-night stand. I was
drunk.

ROMAN
He raped you.

TROUBLE
Or the other way around. It
was... great. But he couldn't
get over it. He kept calling.
And calling. I don't do needy.
And I really don't do jealous.

On cue, Bernie appears.

TROUBLE
Look, his uncle is Calix Jace.
If anyone can convince him, it's
Bernie. Isn't that right,
Bernie.

ROMAN
Ya gonna fuck us, Bernie?

BERNIE
It's all gonna be fine.

TROUBLE
No one's fucking anyone.

BERNIE
If there's a finder fee, I'm
keeping it.

TROUBLE
That's only fair. As long as
you get us off the hook.

ROMAN
Work with us here, Bernie.

TROUBLE
Bernie understands.

 ROMAN
I'll shoot ya, Bernie.

 BERNIE
I don't like your new boyfriend.
But I'd do anything for you.

Bernie hoists the gym bag over his shoulder.

 BERNIE
You know, you never told me the
story of why they call you
Trouble.

 TROUBLE
Isn't it obvious?

 ROMAN (V.O.)
And then he gave her a Judas
kiss on the cheek and waved
goodbye to me.

Bernie flips off Roman as he walks out of the diner.

Trouble relaxes. She stares at Roman.

 TROUBLE
 (soft)
I'm gonna show you something.
Okay?

INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY

Roman and Trouble climb stairs to a long-abandoned service room. The gears and machinery of the clock are exposed, along with wooden beams and unfinished walls.

Her hideout comes furnished with a rolled-up sleeping bag, mini-fridge and coffee-maker, all caked with dust.

 TROUBLE
Only two other people in the
world know about this place.
And they're both dead.

 ROMAN
Are you tryin' to tell me
something?

TROUBLE

The guy who used to work on the clock. When the clock still worked. And anyone cared. And my high school vice-principal.

ROMAN

Should I even ask?

TROUBLE

We'll hang here til Bernie gives the all-clear.

Her phone buzzes. She checks it.

TROUBLE

Nope.

ROMAN

Say, I never thanked you. You know, for saving my life, and all.

TROUBLE

(soft)
Yeah.

ROMAN

Hey, what were ya gonna do with all that money?

TROUBLE

I don't know. I hadn't got that far. Maybe, buy a gun range? I love to shoot stuff.

They laugh.

ROMAN

I noticed that.

TROUBLE

Is that dumb?

(beat)

This is what I wanted to show you.

Trouble steers him to a small window. She stands close.

TROUBLE

When the sun rises over that hill, the first thing it does is light up this room with this bourbon-orange glow. I could just lick it off the walls.

ROMAN
Looks pretty cloudy to me.

Roman shatters the moment.

TROUBLE
Don't eat anything in the
fridge. It's been in there
since Capone.

ROMAN
Sometimes I can't tell when
you're kidding.

TROUBLE
If you get food poisoning, I'm
not taking you to the hospital.
Clear enough?

Her phone buzzes again.

TROUBLE
Fuck.

ROMAN
Is it Bernie?

TROUBLE
(resigned)
He's never gonna stop calling.

She scrolls through pages of missed calls from Cane.

Roman gently takes her phone.

He shuffles closer.

ROMAN
So what do we do now?

TROUBLE
You got a smoke?

ROMAN
Yeah.

TROUBLE
They'll kill ya, you know.

ROMAN
I'm pretty sure that's your job.

He leans in for a kiss. She pushes his chin straight back
with the palm of her hand.

TROUBLE
What the hell?

ROMAN
Yeah, what the hell? I thought
we were having a thing.

TROUBLE
I thought we were having a
smoke.

ROMAN
I thought it was code.

TROUBLE
It was. Code for I want a
cigarette.

ROMAN
I can't figure you out.

TROUBLE
Well then, stop trying!

ROMAN
Now I don't know. Is this when
I'm supposed to kiss you?

TROUBLE
No.

Roman grabs her belt like a handle and jerks her close.

Nose to nose, he hears her revolver cock.

TROUBLE
That's exactly how the vice-
principal got his brains splash
against that wall.

Roman hangs in there.

ROMAN
That wall? Or that one, over
there?

TROUBLE
Look, you're cute. Just get
unstupid.
(beat)
Does this really work on women?

ROMAN
I'll let ya know.

TROUBLE

Huh.

Her phone buzzes again.

It's Cane.

TROUBLE

Fuck! I gotta call Bernie.

INT. BERNIE'S SUITE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

A mobile phone rests on a table in front of the gym bag. It buzzes. We stay with the gym bag as a MAN'S HAND picks up the phone, switches it off and places it back on the table. The hand lifts the gym bag and heads for a large safe.

From inside the safe, Bernie stuffs the gym bag on a lower shelf. Moving to the top shelf, he's stacking something:

Bricks of heroin

Bricks of heroin

Bricks of heroin

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - DAY

An investigator snaps a photograph directly at us, leans in, squints, spins his camera 90-degrees and then snaps another.

It's the crime scene from earlier that day.

Yellow tape cordons off the front door. It's open. Through the door, a cop scribbles notes while questioning a witness outside.

RACKS, a balding, middle-age detective who's more showman than cop, stares at Bobo, face down on a table.

He beckons PURDY, your standard-issue police officer.

PURDY

Detective.

RACKS

Get Hub. You'll find him stealing candy bars out of the nearest vending machine.

HUB

I heard that.

HUB, a dumpy, African-American detective nearing retirement, enters the crime scene. He's got a nose for money and booze, and really doesn't care how he gets more of both. As long as he gets more than his fair share.

HUB

Jesus! We're gonna need a lot of spackle and bleach on this one.

RACKS

Would you grace us with your detecting, sir?

HUB

Why certainly. Well, this fella is Bobo.

Hub lifts Bobo's head off the table and lets it drop back down. The body slowly slumps to the floor in front of a blood-splattered wall.

Hub points to parts of Bobo's brains all over the room.

HUB

And that's Bobo. And there's some Bobo over there.

He nods to Sam's body.

HUB

And she's no one anybody's gonna miss. No drugs. No money. It's an open-and-shut case of someone got stupid.

RACKS

(to Purdy)
That's why he's a detective.

HUB

The only question is... who can use a Bloody Mary?

Racks gleefully raises one hand and then another hand.

RACKS

After I phone it in.

HUB

Correct!

PURDY

We're already here.

RACKS
Elvis has left the building!

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - DAY

Racks ends his call. Hub follows him to the car.

RACKS
(to Hub)
He wants us to put the screws to
his nephew. Thinks he knows
something he ain't givin' up.

HUB
And a few shekels in it for us?

They pause.

RACKS
Hub, you would sellout yer own
mother for a buck.

HUB
The hell, you say. It would
have to be a lotta money.

RACKS
He thinks Bernie knows something
about the girl who kicked off
this whole carnival of carnage.

HUB
That gives me an idea. An idea
that will need to be fermented
over Bloody Marys.

INT. LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY

A loudspeaker on a cement wall fills the entire screen.

PRE-RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT: "City Transit welcomes you to the
University Station."

Train commuters kill time waiting for the next train.

A commuter train wipes across the screen to reveal train
commuters, plus Roman and Trouble.

Trouble stuffs her phone in her jacket.

TROUBLE
(frustrated)
He's still not picking up.

ROMAN

Yeah, well, there it is. He
fucked us.

TROUBLE

We don't know that.

ROMAN

Yeah. We do. And we gotta get
outta town. The good guys don't
always win.

TROUBLE

We should have kept the smack.

Cane calls.

They debate while it continues ringing.

ROMAN

Hold on. Answer it.

TROUBLE

What? No. You answer it.

ROMAN

Maybe we should hear him out.
(optimistic)
Maybe Bernie gave them the
money.

TROUBLE

Seriously?

ROMAN

Okay. I'll answer it.

TROUBLE

Fine.

ROMAN

Fine.

TROUBLE

Just keep your shit together.

Roman presses the button to answer but says nothing. They
huddle close.

CANE (V.O.)

There you are.

(beat)

Are you still wet for me, baby?

INT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Calix Jace and Cane hover over a cellphone on his desk.

CANE

Come on over. We'll talk about
it. What's your new boyfriend's
name?

CALIX JACE

(interjects)
Bring the money to my office
within an hour and I will
guarantee you live.

CANE

Is he why you left me?

A faint announcement is audible over the phone: "City Transit
welcomes you to the University Station."

Papers explode off the desk as Cane flies for the door.

EXT. LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY

Neither Roman or Trouble move with the urgency they would if
they realized Cane was on his way.

ROMAN

I knew he fucked us.

TROUBLE

(disillusioned)
Every single man I meet --

ROMAN

-- We'll deal with Bernie later.

TROUBLE

Are you all genetically flawed?!

He hustles her into a waiting train.

TROUBLE

Don't touch me.

ROMAN

(to a commuter)
Does this go all the way to the
airport?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Cane's car, an early model CROWN VIC, cuts through downtown traffic, narrowly avoiding cars and pedestrians.

RACKS (V.O.)
Slow down and simpler this time.

INT. HUB'S SEDAN - DAY

Hub and Racks share a flask.

HUB
Bernie's a speed bump. We need to nab the girl and the cash before they do. And we still need a place to stash the body after -- that's your part.

Hub tips one more before continuing.

HUB
So we start with a little chit-chat, casual conversation, then work a few details out of him. We gotta know what they know about this girl.

RACKS
Yeah, Mr. Jace has never impressed me as the gabby type.

HUB
Leave that part to ol' Hub.

INT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Organizing papers, Calix Jace lifts his head.

CALIX JACE
You found him?

HUB
Yeah, about that, Mr. Jace.

RACKS
-- Maybe if you told us more about this girl.

CALIX JACE
The girl is being handled.

HUB
Yeah, but you see --

CALIX JACE
-- Come back when you find my
nephew. Why are you looking at
me? You don't look at me!

Both avert their eyes.

CALIX JACE
How did you get in here?!

Kong and many other Samoan men stride in.

KONG
Everything okay, Mr. Jace?

As every square inch of the room slowly fills with oversized Samoan men, there's nowhere for Hub and Racks to move.

CALIX JACE
These Marys keep chattering away
20 to the dozen. All the while,
I am unable to summon the words
they need to hear to make them
leave my office.

The two detectives squeeze their way toward the door.

KONG
I was wishing I could get
through just one of these -- one
time -- without digging a bunch
of holes in the cornfields.

EXT. LIGHT RAIL STATION - DAY

Cane's Crown Vic hops the curb and skids to a halt on the sidewalk outside the train station. He boots the door open but doesn't bother shutting it before sprinting away. His car starts slowly rolling.

Cane blind-sides an OBLIVIOUS MAN talking on his phone. Cane backs up to scream at him on the ground.

CANE
Out of my way!

INT. LIGHT RAIL TRAIN - DAY

Commuters eavesdrop.

TROUBLE
I have to kill him. On
principle.

ROMAN
How much do you have for
tickets?

TROUBLE
I'm not going anywhere. I'm
getting the money. I'm getting
the junk. And then I'm going to
blow Bernie's fucking head off.

She waves her revolver and the crowd backs up.

ROMAN
Look, I got a little money.
We'll figure it out.

TROUBLE
I'm getting off at this stop.

The train slows.

The crowd parts for the lady with the gun.

She pauses at the door as it opens.

TROUBLE
You coming?

Roman looks into the faces of the commuters.

An ELDERLY WOMAN shakes her head no.

Trouble steps out alone.

Roman starts toward the door.

Gunshots echo through the station.

Trouble darts back into the train.

She gets off one shot before the doors close.

She grabs Roman.

TROUBLE
Run.

Through a window on the train, Cane pistol-whips a PASSENGER
in the next car.

Roman and Trouble escape to another car, filled to overcapacity. They slowly squeeze through the crowd.

Cane enters before they reach the other side of the car.

CANE
Make a hole!

No one moves.

He sends three rounds into the air.

There's nowhere for anyone to move.

Frustrated, Cane guns down people, one by one, to clear a shot at Roman and Trouble.

Finally, he spots Roman.

Click.

Click.

Click.

As Cane ejects the spent mag the TRAIN COMMUTERS attack. They are no match for Cane's advanced fighting skills in tight quarters, but he loses his gun in the struggle. It's kicked farther and farther across the floor.

Roman and Trouble reach the last train car.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CANE FIGHTS COMMUTERS ON THE TRAIN

--Cane elbows, punches and head-butts anyone close.

--He smashes a person's face through a window.

--Cane breaks a pair of glasses and stabs someone in the eye.

--Cane sticks an umbrella through a woman's throat.

--Using her purse strap, he chokes a man.

--The train doors open and people flee.

--Cane stumbles over bodies on his way to the door.

--The train doors close, pinning Cane.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LIGHT RAIL DOWNTOWN STATION - DAY

He SCREAMS more out of rage than pain.

From the top of the stairs, Roman turns back.

Trouble delivers two lead love-notes near Cane's head.

Cane escapes the doors and scrambles after them.

She grabs Roman.

TROUBLE

Come on.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

We follow Roman and Trouble sprinting down the sidewalk, avoiding foot traffic.

Cane emerges from the station, his trench coat flapping in the breeze. He sees them. They have a big head start.

Like a madman, Cane races down the middle of the street, avoiding a turning two-door by hurdling the fenders and sliding down the hood without breaking stride.

Cars brakes for Cane, he brakes for nothing.

Roman checks over his shoulder.

ROMAN

He's gaining.

She spots water.

TROUBLE

Ferry.

Roman and Trouble turn down a side street.

INT. HIGH-SECURITY BUILDING - DAY

At full speed, Cane cuts through a high-rise lobby, hurdling a security desk.

He's briefly chased by two SECURITY GUARDS.

Cane escapes by leaping down stairs, one flight at a time.

EXT. HIGH-SECURITY BUILDING - DAY

Cane bursts through the back door and gets his bearing.

He runs the length of the loading dock, vaults to a dumpster, flips over a fence and climbs down the other side.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

From a pedestrian overpass, Cane sees Roman and Trouble running below him on the street.

Cane jumps off the pedestrian overpass.

Landing in the street, a car immediately clips him.

Trouble looks back.

Cane quickly staggers to his feet.

She isn't sticking around.

Cane pulls a CONFUSED DRIVER out of his hatchback.

A tire smokes as it struggles to get traction.

EXT. PIER - DAY

A ferry worker kicks a TIRE BLOCK under the wheel of a car, securing it for the journey ahead.

A DOCK WORKER signals it's a full boat, no more cars.

SFX: FERRY HORN

Roman and Trouble dash between LINES OF CARS on the pier.

Cane barrels toward the ferry down a vacant lane used for unloading.

The Dock Worker waves him off.

No dice.

Cane plows right through him. The body rolls across the hood and sticks, blocking the windshield and Cane's view.

He abandons the hatchback and charges ahead with a limp.

EXT. FERRY DECK - DAY

Trouble rattles off two more rounds, one finding Cane's shoulder, which hardly slows him down.

Cane knocks her gun across the deck, far out of reach.

He addresses Trouble, ignoring Roman.

CANE

Why can't you just be nice to me, baby?

Cane touches his wound and then takes stock of her.

TROUBLE
Because you're a psycho!

ROMAN
Hey, asshole.

CANE
Where's the money?

TROUBLE
I don't have it.

ROMAN
We gave it to Bernie.

Cane's eyes flash to the side and then back to Trouble.

CANE
When you lie, it makes me... unreasonable.

ROMAN
Cane. Cane. Cane!

Roman punches Cane in the side of the head. He isn't fazed, and continues to address Trouble as if Roman weren't there.

CANE
We could have been so good together.

Roman gets between Cane and Trouble and throws haymakers. Cane's nose starts bleeding. Roman's pretty winded.

CANE
Your new boyfriend isn't working out.

Cane's eyes shift to Roman.

TROUBLE
Cane. Cane! Look at me. Look at me, Cane.

Three determined, ORANGE-VESTED FERRY WORKERS appear.

You'd pick these guy in any bar fight. All in their 20's, one looks like a freshly minted PRISON CON, another like an MMA FIGHTER and the third could double as a LUMBERJACK. He's the one bouncing a FIRE AX in his hand.

LUMBERJACK FERRY WORKER
Hey, asshole.

CANE
 (to Roman)
 I'll just be a minute.

Cane rushes the Ferry Workers.

CANE
 Gimme that.

LUMBERJACK FERRY WORKER
 What? This? You want some of
 this?

The Lumberjack Ferry Worker takes a swing, missing Cane, who flips him on his back and wrestles the ax away in one move.

Cane drops the ax into his head.

The MMA Ferry Worker comes at him, but Cane flips him like he's done this move a hundred times before.

As the MMA Ferry Worker stands up, Cane throws the fire ax, pinning his chest to the grill of a delivery truck.

Steam blows from the radiator.

Wisely, the Prison Con Ferry Worker backs away.

OVER THE SIDE

propeller blades of the ferry churn frothy white foam.

ON DECK

as Cane turns back to Roman, he's clubbed unconscious.

Trouble stands over him holding tire blocks.

Roman and Trouble race for the pier and leap as the ferry eases away.

EXT. FERRY DECK - CONTINUOUS

Cane gets off the last round from Trouble's revolver followed by click, click, click.

He points the revolver at his own head and pulls the trigger three more times.

CANE
 I'm coming for you, baby!

Cane considers jumping into the water.

OVER THE SIDE

the ferry's propeller blades give him pause.

ON DECK

Cane points the revolver at the bridge.

CANE
Stop the boat! Stop the boat!

EXT. PIER - DAY

Roman and Trouble scramble around parked cars.

SFX: THE FERRY ENGINE STOPS

Roman and Trouble stop. They look back.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Cane was just as advertised.
What she ever saw in him, I'll
never know. But who ever likes
their girlfriend's ex?

They run.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Almost my girlfriend. Well,
let's just say I was workin' on
it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Roman and Trouble round a corner and rest alongside a building.

ROMAN
(panting)
Wait. I need a minute.

TROUBLE
(winded)
I've never had so much trouble
breaking up with a guy.

Trouble looks up and down the street.

ROMAN
We gotta get off the streets.

TROUBLE

The army is gonna be all over us. Damn, I got a side-ache.

Roman pecks away at his IPHONE.

ROMAN

I'll get an Uber.

Trouble whistles and waves down a YELLOW CAB.

ROMAN

That'll work too.

TROUBLE

Get in. I got a plan. But you're not gonna like it.

ROMAN

But I always love your plans.

INT. YELLOW CAB - CONTINUOUS

TROUBLE

First, we shoot Bernie and steal back the drugs. Not the cash.

ROMAN

Then we're gonna need a gun.

TROUBLE

Yes. We need to work on that part first. Then we rat out Bernie to his uncle. He gets the money back...

The TATTOOED CAB DRIVER peeks in the rearview mirror.

TROUBLE

And I set up the deal with a different buyer in another state or country. I haven't got that far.

ROMAN

You know many drug buyers?

TROUBLE

Come on. It's heroin. It can't be that hard.

ROMAN

Evidently, it is. And how are we gonna find Bernie?

TROUBLE

That's the part you're not gonna like.

ROMAN

And what about Cane?

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER

Do you need to kill him too?

ROMAN

Hey... Tattoos. Ya getting all this?

TROUBLE

Cane's unkillable. He's as dangerous as a gas-huffin' circus monkey, or flesh-eating locust... with, with lasers for eyes.

She waves her hands.

TROUBLE

If that thing that killed the dinosaurs --

ROMAN

-- An asteroid.

TROUBLE

The head-choppy thing --

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER

-- A guillotine.

TROUBLE

And Nazi nerve gas all had a love child --

ROMAN

-- We get the picture.

TROUBLE

Yeah, that.

(beat)

Lucky Shamrock Motel.

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER

Don't you need a gun first?

TROUBLE

Oh, yeah.

He flashes a 38-SPECIAL.

TATTOOED CAB DRIVER
I'll sell ya this one, cheap.

She inspects the merchandise while Roman breaks off bills.

TROUBLE
Pay the man.

ROMAN
You know this is the first
conversation we've had that
didn't end in a fight?

TROUBLE
It's a long cab ride.

The cab eases into traffic as Etano and three members of The Samoan Army jog past, just missing them.

INT. THE LUCKY SHAMROCK MOTEL - DAY

Welcome to a pay-by-the-hour jack shack for cruisers and pros. To call the room modest would overstate its charm.

ROMAN
But we don't *do* anything.

TROUBLE
You never know, he could be hot.

ROMAN
Is this fun for you?

TROUBLE
We'll give you a safe word.

Trouble hands Roman her phone.

TROUBLE
Ask for Chaz.

ROMAN
I know Chaz.

TROUBLE
I'm sure you're adorable
together.

ROMAN
(into phone)
Chaz, please.
(to Trouble)
No Chaz, but there's a Grandle.

TROUBLE

Whatever. Tell him you want a soufflé ordered out, delivery to the Lucky Shamrock Motel, room 203. They know the address.

ROMAN

He can hear you.

TROUBLE

(into phone)
Where's Chaz?!

She grabs the phone, hears all she needs and tosses it back.

TROUBLE

(to Roman)
We finally got lucky. Hang up the phone.

Trouble puts her fists to the wall.

TROUBLE

Chaz! Chaz, get over here.
It's me.
(to Roman)
He's working and he owes me.

ROMAN

Do you know every gay man at the Empress?

TROUBLE

They're all gay, Roman. And most work outta the Shamrock.

She pounds harder.

TROUBLE

Chaz!

ROMAN

Why don't we just knock on the door like regular people?

ROOM 202

ROMAN

(deadpan)
How does Chaz being dead and all affect our plan?

Chaz lies motionless on the bed with a needle in his arm.

TROUBLE

Great for us. Less great for Chaz. At least we don't have to lie about someone overdosing.

ROMAN

Yeah, because lying... Yeah.

TROUBLE

Call Grandle or whoever picks up the phone and tell them to get Bernie down here. Tell him your soufflé just fell.

ROMAN

(disbelieving)
You guys have code words for this?

TROUBLE

You hear stuff at parties. Nothing gets management involved faster than an overdose.

He dials.

ROMAN

Good tip.
(beat)
I want to point out we have two perfectly good rooms paid for.

TROUBLE

Man, that's just twisted.

He looks down at Chaz.

ROMAN

Well, one room.

TROUBLE

I meant that as a compliment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LUCKY SHAMROCK MOTEL - LATER

Trouble steadies a gun on Bernie, seated on the bed.

Roman busts him across the face. It looks like his fist has been there a couple times before.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Bernie definitely wasn't up for this game. He threw in his hand before he even saw the Roscoe.

Roman serves up a fresh one. Bernie spits blood.

ROMAN (V.O.)

And then he was an endless sob story of skinflint johns and junkie tricks forcing him to work outta this dump. God, I wish he'd just shut the hell up.

BERNIE

I told you I was gonna give you the money.

ROMAN

I just wanted ya to know I don't like ya, Bernie.

BERNIE

Are you just gonna stand there and let him kill me?

ROMAN

Oh, if I know my girl --

TROUBLE

-- I'm not your girl.

ROMAN

She's working out which parts of ya she's gonna blow off first.

TROUBLE

So, where's the money, Bernie?

BERNIE

Are you kidding? I don't let it out of my sight. It's in the trunk of my car.

ROMAN

Technically, that's not in your sight.

BERNIE

I really don't like this one.

TROUBLE

He's not my boyfriend.

Another solid right cross from Roman.

ROMAN

And that's for making her say that.

TROUBLE

Gentlemen, let's go get my money.

EXT. THE LUCKY SHAMROCK MOTEL - DAY

Trouble aims a .38 at Bernie's head.

The trunk of Bernie's convertible glides open.

As Bernie lifts the gym bag out of the trunk, Roman sees a CACHE OF HANDGUNS hidden beneath the gym bag.

Bernie hands the gym bag to Roman.

Trouble moves her aim to Roman.

TROUBLE

(cold)
Drop the bag.

Bernie slowly reaches for a gun out of the trunk.

ROMAN

I thought we were giving up on the money?

TROUBLE

Just giving up on you.

ROMAN

We are so breaking up.

Roman eases the bag down next to the trunk.

Bernie sticks a pistol into Trouble's ribs.

She keeps pointing the gun at Roman but looks at Bernie.

BERNIE

Put it down.

Roman steps back from the trunk with a handgun.

ROMAN

You first.

Bernie raises the gun to her head.

Everyone eases back one step.

Trouble looks at Roman, then at Bernie.

Bernie looks at Roman, then at Trouble.

Everyone smiles.

ROMAN (V.O.)
And with that, we had ourselves
a good old-fashion Mexican
Standoff.

Everyone stops smiling.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Now, there are very few ways out
of these standoff-type
situations. All involve body
bags.

FANTASY SCENARIO #1

The three point weapons at each other and fire.

ROMAN (V.O.)
I shoot Bernie, he caps Trouble,
the muscles in her hand
involuntarily contract and she
clips me.

FANTASY SCENARIO #2

The three point weapons at each other and fire.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Bernie shoots Trouble. I blast
Bernie, but the lyin' double-
crosser gets one off before he
croaks, ending my run.

END FANTASY SCENARIOS

EXT. THE LUCKY SHAMROCK MOTEL - DAY

Trouble shifts her weight and adjusts her grip.

ROMAN (V.O.)
The rest of the other scenarios
end pretty much the same way, a
real mess.

HUB (O.S.)
(chipper)
Hi ya, Bernie.

Hub and Racks snap their aim between all three of them.

HUB
We've been looking for you.

RACKS
Put 'em down, kids. You know
you wanna.

They surrender their guns to Racks.

HUB
Now Racks here said we should
just let y'all shoot each other.
And then we just pick up the
money and ride off into the
sunset.

Hub strolls over to the bag.

HUB
But then I said, Racks, now how
do we know the money's even in
that bag?

He unzips the bag to reveal the cash.

HUB
Racks, you were right. But
where oh where is the dope? You
see, I knew we needed 'em alive.

RACKS
That's why he's a detective.

EXT. COURTYARD AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Kids play in the pool.

Young ladies in swimsuits sunbathe nearby.

Pool staff serves cold, tropical drinks to an old couple.

Hub and Racks march Roman, Trouble and Bernie past the pool.

EXT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

There's loud talk coming from inside. Kong slips out.

KONG
(concerned)
They're drinking.

ETANO

Both of them?!

KONG

Stump whiskey. And I'm sure
Cane is drinking goat's blood or
the tears of small children. Or
forcing small children to drink
goat's blood.

INT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Calix Jace waves a tumbler of whiskey to dramatize his
points. Cane knocks back one shot, then another.

CANE

I said I'd handle it.

CALIX JACE

You know downtown is gonna pin
this whole thing on you.

CANE

Well, I did most of it.

CALIX JACE

Look, clean up this mess and I
will get you out of the
country... until this blows
over.

CANE

Blows over?

CALIX JACE

Yes. Blows over.

CANE

This kinda shit doesn't just
blow over, Calix. Understand, I
gotta know if you're still with
me. Because now, we gotta go to
some really dark places.

CALIX JACE

Cane. Great men are remembered
by great works. Thus creating
such works announces to the
world one's enduring greatness.

Calix parades around the room.

CALIX JACE

Like this hotel, the Grand
Empress, named for my beloved
sister, Sophia. The things I
have done to restore her to the
opulence she deserves, I leave
to history to judge.

He works his way behind Cane.

CALIX JACE

Oh, my empire could pass away
tomorrow. But the Empress will
endure. She will endure. I
have lifted myself from nothing.
And my greatness will endure!

Nose to nose, he stares down Cane.

CALIX JACE

I am not afraid to die. I
cannot die! I have no fear of
death. Are you afraid to die?

CANE

No.

CALIX JACE

Because take away that fear, and
trust me, my boy, you can do
anything.

CANE

I have no fear.

CALIX JACE

Then are you soft for this girl?

CANE

No.

CALIX JACE

Are you man enough to kill her?

CANE

Yes.

CALIX JACE

Say it again.

CANE

Yes.

CALIX JACE

We do not like this girl.

CANE

I'm going to kill her.

CALIX JACE

Go to that very dark place,
Cane. Go there and kill them
all.

CANE

Let me tell you a little bit
more about these dark places.

Cane knocks back one last shot.

CANE

You see someone, someone's gotta
take the fall. You can see
that's how it's gonna have to go
down.

CALIX JACE

I do not understand.

CANE

We're gonna pin it on your son.

Calix stares with one dead eye a very long time.

CALIX JACE

I have no son.

CANE

No, it's the worst-kept secret
in town.

CALIX JACE

Don't say it.

CANE

Everyone knows he's your son.

CALIX JACE

Say another word --

CANE

-- You fucked your sister and
out popped Bernie... the biggest
disappointment of your life.

Calix throws his tumbler of whiskey at Cane's head.

CANE

Are you really going to hand
over The Empress to him?
Bernie?

(MORE)

CANE (cont'd)
Do you know what he does with
men in his bed? Maybe in this
room?

CALIX JACE
Stop it.

CANE
Have you ever really pictured
what he's doing to them?

CALIX JACE
Stop it.

CANE
Or they're doing to him?

CALIX JACE
Shut up!

CANE
Calix, are you man enough to
kill him?

Beat.

CALIX JACE
You didn't have to put a vulgar
point on it. That was just
cruel.

CANE
I'm a sadist, Calix. This is
what I do.

CALIX JACE
Add one more name to your list.

INT. BERNIE'S SUITE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Racks loads bricks of heroin from the safe into a canvas bag.

Bernie paces nearby, one eye swollen shut.

Meanwhile, Roman and Trouble cool their heels in an adjoining
room. They're divided by the gym bag on the coffee table.

His gun at the ready, Hub stands guard at the only door out.

ROMAN (O.S.)
Hey, tubby, tubby. Bald guy.

Hub and Rack pause momentarily.

ROMAN (O.S.)
So, what's the play here?

A stark contrast with the ostentatious offices of Calix Jace, Bernie favors modern and tasteful decor.

HUB
Bernie, I like what you've done with the place.

BERNIE
Just don't bring my uncle into this.

RACKS
And, nice and quiet.

HUB
The perfect place for a double-cross.

RACKS
Only this time Racks and Hub weren't there to save the day.

Hub shrugs his shoulders.

HUB
Shit got outta hand.

She won't make eye contact with Roman.

TROUBLE
(to Roman)
They're ignoring you.

ROMAN
I'm getting a lot of that today. Were you really gonna shoot me back there?

TROUBLE
Yeah. Maybe just a little.

Frustrated, his eyes wander around the room.

ROMAN (V.O.)
I was outta my depth. No one respected me, including the dame. I was losin' her. I needed to make a move... a big one. Sumthin' she'd respect.

Roman winks at Trouble and looks at the balcony.

TROUBLE
 (whispers)
 No.

RACKS
 Come again, doll face?

TROUBLE
 I said, I gotta go.

She shakes her head at Roman.

Trouble sashays to the bathroom. Racks nods at Hub.

HUB
 (to Racks)
 Never eat from a dirty plate.

SLOW MOTION

In one motion, Roman slings the gym bag tight around his shoulder and scrambles for the balcony.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Now, there are moments in life.

Hub shoots.

The bullet rips through the door jamb next to Roman's head.

Bernie raises his hands in the air, surrendering.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Moments of amazing clarity.

Racks spins around and fires at Roman.

Roman launches from the balcony table to the rail.

Hub and Racks head for the balcony.

Behind Bernie, Trouble dashes for the front door.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Moments you'll never forget.

EXT. COURTYARD AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Roman flails through the air with the gym bag on his back.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Maybe it was the five-story
 drop.

From the balcony, Hub and Racks unload.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Maybe it was the icy-cold water.

Underwater, Roman crashes into the pool.

From the balcony, the detectives continue firing.

Underwater, bullets pierce the murky water around Roman.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Maybe it was the fact that
people were shooting at me.

END SLOW MOTION

INT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

SFX: GUNSHOTS

Cane snaps his head around.

EXT. MR. JACE'S OFFICE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Kong, Etano and a few of The Samoan Army, armed to their eyeballs, ready their weapons.

Cane emerges from the office barking as he moves.

CANE
(to Etano)
Car!

KONG
Pack them to go, boys.

EXT. COURTYARD AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Roman sloshes through fleeing guests.

INT. BERNIE'S SUITE AT THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Hub and Racks shoot empty and quickly reload.

RACKS
Elvis has most definitely left
the building.

HUB
Aren't ya going after him?

Hub squeezes off two more shots in anger.

HUB
At least I hit him.

RACKS
You didn't hit shit, as usual.

Racks leans over the balcony railing. Hub turns.

HUB
Where's the girl?

The front door ajar, Bernie still has his hands up.

ROMAN (V.O.)
But at that moment, I knew three
things to be true.

EXT. THE GRAND EMPRESS HOTEL - DAY

Roman hurdles a low fence and continues running.

ROMAN (V.O.)
One, the local police department
was in need of several serious
reforms. Two, wet money is
surprisingly heavy.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

Roman gasps for air on the sidewalk, looks over each shoulder
and then sprints away.

ROMAN (V.O.)
And three, I was head-over-
heels, lost-to-the-world-
forever, in love. So obviously,
I needed a gun. And a plan. A
good plan and a lotta guns.

INT. 1966 FLEETWOOD CADILLAC - DAY

Etano, Kong and other members of The Samoan Army cruise the
streets, searching for Roman and Trouble.

ROMAN (V.O.)
And I needed to get off the
street.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

Drifting down from the calm of the city skyline we find Roman at the end of an alley. Panting, he slows to a jog, then grabs his knees.

Roman notices respectable people staring at him as they pass on the sidewalk. He's dripping wet. He stands out.

A stream of SUVs speed down the street a few blocks away.

Roman spies an idling METRO BUS.

The light changes green for the cars as Roman wanders into traffic. Car horns greet him all the way to the bus stop.

Siren wailing, a squad car flies past without stopping.

A long line of bus commuters shuffle forward in a dance they've done a hundred times before.

Roman pushes his way to the front of the line.

ROMAN

Excuse me. Excuse me.

INT. METRO BUS - CONTINUOUS

Commuters grouse. The cranky BUS DRIVER points.

BUS DRIVER

Back of the line, buddy.

ROMAN

I'll give you \$100.

BUS DRIVER

Exact change only.

ROMAN

That's all I have.

BUS DRIVER

Get off my bus.

Through the front window, Roman sees a half dozen of The Samoan Army rushing the bus with assault rifles.

He leaps into the driver's lap.

Roman floors it.

The Samoan men part like bowling pins.

They fire.

Commuters cower under the seats.

Hot lead ricochets off the bus.

The Bus Driver struggles with Roman for control of the wheel.

ROMAN

You couldn't just take the
money...

The driver's name is stitched on his uniform.

ROMAN

... Name Tag.

BUS DRIVER

It's embroidered.

They wrestle for a couple blocks.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

The bus wrecks into a tree in front of a MEXICAN RESTAURANT.

INT. METRO BUS - CONTINUOUS

Rattled nerves, but no one's hurt.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

Cane snaps his head around and sprints to the sound of chaos.

INT. LOCO'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Roman runs into a busy restaurant.

ROMAN

Someone call an ambulance!

He leaps on a chair in his path, then onto a table - then
table to table, then onto a slick bar.

Roman slips and falls flat on his back behind the bar.

BARTENDER

What the hell are you doing?

The BARTENDER towers over him.

Roman spies a sawed-off pistol-grip shotgun, mounted under the bar.

ROMAN
Is that a gun?

The bartender grabs it before Roman can.

BARTENDER
(obviously)
Yes.

ROMAN
Good.

In one move, Roman snatches the shotgun out of his hand and turns it on him.

ROMAN
I need a gun.

Cane bursts through the front door.

Members of The Samoan Army file in behind him.

To escape Roman, the bartender pops up from behind the bar a little too quickly. Cane punches his ticket.

Roman springs to his feet and sprays the room with buckshot, missing everyone.

Bottles of tequila explode as they return fire.

Roman high-tails it through a shower of bullets, liquor and glass, escaping into the kitchen.

He gets off one more gunshot blast into a wall before disappearing into the alley.

The nose of Cane's gun cautiously rounds the door jamb of the back door. Cane's face peeks around the corner.

He's gone. Roman's in the wind.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Rounding a street corner, Roman pauses at a fence dividing a vacant alley.

There's a tiny gap in the fence.

Roman tries it.

The gym bag doesn't fit.

He backs out.

Roman stuffs the shotgun into the gym bag, checks over both shoulders and then tosses the bag over the fence.

It snags on barbed wire.

Roman's phone rings. It's Trouble, but he's a little too preoccupied with not dying. He switches the phone off.

Roman grabs a stick lying near a pile of trash and fishes the bag down.

He checks again. All clear.

This time he tosses the bag higher and farther. It lands near the only DUMPSTER in the alley.

A BUSBOY wheels around the corner to empty the garbage. The Busboy sees the bag. Roman sees the Busboy seeing the bag.

It's a race.

Roman squats down and slips through the fence.

INT. 1966 FLEETWOOD CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

From the perspective of the driver flashing past the alley, Roman runs to the bag.

SFX: TIRES LOCK UP AND SKID

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Caddy zips back, blocking the street.

Kong, Etano and other members of The Samoan Army get out.

Cane slips through the fence on the other side of the alley.

ETANO
(to Cane)
He's here.

The Busboy heaves garbage bags into the dumpster.

KONG
(to Busboy)
You see anyone?

The Busboy shakes his head.

Cane gestures to surround the dumpster.

ETANO
Get out of here, kid.

They assume killing positions.

Cane breathes deeply, cracks his head from side to side, then nods at Etano, who flips open the lid.

Everyone fires into the dumpster.

Cane quickly reloads.

CANE
Okay, okay. I think we got him.

At the end of the alley, the Busboy rounds the corner, pushing a large plastic wheeled garbage container.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Busboy stops.

BUSBOY
Okay.

A hundred-dollar bill slides out of the container.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Standing inside the dumpster, Etano roots through garbage.

He thinks he sees something move and rattles off a few more rounds into black plastic garbage bags.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The back door closes, startling a PARAMEDIC and AMBULANCE DRIVER. Roman gets comfortable.

PARAMEDIC
What the hell are you doing in my ambulance?

ROMAN
I need a ride.

PARAMEDIC
(concerned)
Are you hurt?

ROMAN
No.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
 Son, this ain't no cab.

A stack of moist hundred-dollar bills lands on the front seat.

ROMAN
 Hit the cherry-tops. I'm in a hurry.

EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY

SFX: SIREN SQUAWKS

The ambulance lights up and punches into traffic, past Cane, Kong and Etano.

ROMAN (V.O.)
 Meantime, Trouble was making new friends.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Trouble marches out of a FIVE-AND-DIME wearing a SNOW WHITE MASK on her face and a TOY PISTOL in her fist.

Destination, the CITY BANK across the street.

INT. CITY BANK - CONTINUOUS

With a toy pistol in the side of a BANK GUARD, she announces:

TROUBLE
 This is a hold-up! On the ground!

SFX: ALARM BELLS

Everyone grabs some floor.

TROUBLE
 (to Bank Guard)
 Gun!

A SMITH & WESSON slides across the floor.

TROUBLE
 And the extra mags.

He surrenders those too.

An ARMED BANK CUSTOMER slowly pulls out a handgun.

Trouble pumps a couple rounds into the ceiling.

TROUBLE
Everyone be cool!

On her way out, the Armed Bank Customer shoots her in the left ass cheek.

TROUBLE
Damn it.

Pissed, she shoots up the bank.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Trouble limps through moving traffic.

She aims her new Smith & Wesson at a two-door coupe headed straight for her. The driver doesn't even slow down.

It narrowly misses her. Honks.

TROUBLE
Asshole.

Horns blare. Traffic stops.

Her phone rings. It's Roman.

TROUBLE
(into phone)
Wait!

She yanks the nearest TERRIFIED FEMALE DRIVER out of a sedan.

TERRIFIED FEMALE DRIVER
No. No. No. Okay. Okay.

On the streets, she's blocked.

The sidewalk is clear.

SFX: POLICE SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

Down the sidewalk pedestrians part. She knocks one over.

TROUBLE
(into phone)
Okay, I got a second. Roman?

Disconnected.

Hand over hand, she turns back into modest traffic.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

ROMAN
Is that an iPhone?

AMBULANCE DRIVER
Yeah.

ROMAN
I'm dead. I'll give you \$500
for the battery.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
What? No.

ROMAN
A thousand.

PARAMEDIC
Just the battery? I have an
iPhone.

ROMAN
Deal.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
I'll do it for \$800.

PARAMEDIC
\$700.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
\$500.

PARAMEDIC
Have you ever had a hit of pure
oxygen?

Laid out on a stretcher in the back of the ambulance, Roman huffs oxygen from a mask while listening to phone messages from Trouble.

ROMAN (V.O.)
She was singin' a different
tune. I think I might have even
heard the word impressed.

He smiles and advances to the next message.

ROMAN (V.O.)
She clearly still wanted the
dough. Less clear about me.
But I was gettin' her there.

Roman draws another big hit of oxygen.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Her last message said she'd been
shot and to meet her at the
clock tower. Was I walkin' into
a setup? I expected nothing
less from her.

He puts down the phone.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Or did she really need me? I
was banking my life on this next
move. But it wasn't hard. I
was stupid for that girl.

Trouble calls.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

She fights downtown traffic.

TROUBLE
Are you okay?

ROMAN (V.O.)
Have you ever had pure oxygen?

TROUBLE
I'm gonna make a man out of you
yet. Do you still have the bag?

ROMAN (V.O.)
You get right to it.

TROUBLE
We're moving fast.

ROMAN (V.O.)
How bad were ya shot?

TROUBLE
I'm fine.
(beat)
I got hit in the ass.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Oh. Doesn't that hurt when you sit down?

TROUBLE

It hurts all the time. I got shot.

ROMAN (V.O.)

You're probably right.

TROUBLE

So are you headed to the place?

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The Paramedic cuts off his oxygen supply. There's a tussle over the mask. Roman loses.

ROMAN

I'll split it with you.

Beat.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

Okay. That's fair.

ROMAN

One condition.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

I'm not fucking you.

ROMAN

A date.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

She parks.

TROUBLE

A what?

ROMAN (V.O.)

A date. I want a date. One date. Where you show up, in a dress. I'll bring you flowers. And you don't shoot anyone. You know, a real date.

TROUBLE

Half the bag for one date?
(beat)
Deal.

ROMAN (V.O.)

And we leave town together.

TROUBLE

That's two things.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Are you negotiating? Because
I'll just blow town.

TROUBLE

Okay, but not as boyfriend and
girlfriend. It's because of the
money.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Sure. The money. And I'm a
little cute.

TROUBLE

Maybe a little, when you're not
being stupid.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Why do ya keep callin' me
stupid?

TROUBLE

It's like my pet name for you.
You're like my little hamster or
something.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

ROMAN

We're not gonna have a normal
relationship, are we?

He waits for an answer that never comes.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

One date.

ROMAN

One date.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

And I'm not putting out.

ROMAN

I think a good night kiss would
be appropriate.
(emphatic)
It's a date.

INT./EXT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

TROUBLE

Okay, one kiss, but no tongue.
Unless I start it. And don't
get all handsy.
(beat)
What kind of flowers?

A BLUE-VESTED TRAFFIC COP tap-tap-taps on the window.

TROUBLE

Shit.

Startled, she ends the call.

TRAFFIC COP

Miss, you can't park here. This
is a construction zone.

TROUBLE

You scared the shit out me. I
thought you were a cop.

TRAFFIC COP

I am a cop.

TROUBLE

I mean a real one.

TRAFFIC COP

I am a real cop.

TROUBLE

So you're arresting me?

TRAFFIC COP

License and registration will
suffice.

Stalling, she searches for the registration.

TROUBLE

Now you're starting to sound
like a cop.

TRAFFIC COP
I'm a fully commissioned
officer.

TROUBLE
Do you have gun? Because they
don't those to meter maids.

TRAFFIC COP
I'm going to ask you one more
time -- the blue vest means
traffic control, not parking
enforcement.

Her phone rings. She doesn't answer.

TRAFFIC COP
Who were you talking to?

TROUBLE
My boyfriend.

TRAFFIC COP
Uh-huh. And what are you doing
downtown?

TROUBLE
You know, normal stuff. Are you
sure you're a cop?

Reaching inside the glove box with one hand, she's insider
her jacket with her other.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

There's blood on her jeans. He studies the sedan and steps
back. His holster unsnaps. The Traffic Cop draws.

TRAFFIC COP
Hands where I can see 'em!

Into a police radio on his shoulder.

TRAFFIC COP
Any available units...

A large SUV blocks her retreat. Trapped.

Oversized Samoan men step out with assault rifles.

TRAFFIC COP
Who the fuck...

They execute the Traffic Cop.

Trouble floors it as they pump rounds into her stolen sedan.

She blows through barricades and orange barrels.

SUV tires spit gravel.

Lights flashing, police cruisers parallel her one block over.

Her bullet-riddled sedan swings pretty loose on a gravel access road leaving the construction zone.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A caravan of SUVs charge down the street.

SFX: POLICE SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE

TROUBLE (V.O.)
They're all over me, Roman. The
cops. The army. I'll never
make it to the place.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

She jerks the wheel and fishtails down an alley.

TROUBLE
And I need to ask a big favor.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Anything.

TROUBLE
Do I really have to wear a
dress?

ROMAN (V.O.)
Yes. That's a deal-breaker.

TROUBLE
Damn it. Okay, listen, as soon
as I shake 'em, I'll go to you.
Got it?

She snaps in a fresh mag.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Roman looks out the window while talking on the phone.

ROMAN

Okay. But I don't even know
where I am.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

What?

ROMAN

I'm a little high.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

And we're gonna need more guns,
Roman. A lot more. I go
through guns faster than I go
through men.

ROMAN

Very true.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

So after you put hands on 'em,
call me. I'll go to you.

ROMAN

Ya know I'm not leaving without
cha.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

Aw.

ROMAN

One date.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

One date. We're almost there,
baby.

SFX: OVER THE PHONE, AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE

TROUBLE (V.O.)

Gotta go.

ROMAN

(to Ambulance Driver)
Where can we get some guns?

INT. AMOS & AMMO GUN SHOP - DAY

AMOS, a kindly, slow-talking gun shop owner in his 80's,
rises out of his chair behind the counter.

AMOS

Greetings, friend. How can I
help?

Roman points at three weapons quickly.

ROMAN

(rushed)

I'll take one of those. And that. What does that do?

AMOS

Well friend, you have a good eye. That's the latest in home protection --

ROMAN

-- How many rounds a minute?

AMOS

It's called The Saint --

ROMAN

-- Good name. I'll take two.

Roman waves his hand over the showcase.

ROMAN

I need those. Rounds for everything, cases and an ammo box.

AMOS

What exactly are you expecting the whole Bolivian army?

Amos laughs at his own joke.

ROMAN

Yeah. Something like that.

He gestures to a SilencerCo Maxim 9 handgun on the wall.

ROMAN

Is that any good?

Amos explains as he disassembles it in seconds.

AMOS

This is the latest and most discreet firearm money can buy. Manufactured --

ROMAN

-- Put it back together. I'll take it. And the Glock with the big mag.

AMOS

Okay, you're moving pretty fast, son. Which one did you finally settle on?

ROMAN

All of 'em, old-timer. All of 'em.

Amos drops a clipboard on the counter.

AMOS

Well, there's a few forms the federal government says...

A stack of hundred-dollar bills falls on the clipboard.

AMOS

I sense you're not a "waiting period" kinda guy.

Roman adds another stack.

ROMAN

Do you sell nitroglycerin?

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

EDM blares through the warehouse.

A RACCOON laps a puddle of blood near a floor drain.

OUT OF FOCUS

In a poorly lit warehouse, a man performs an expressive interpretive dance. A flame dances in the foreground on the other side of the screen. He abruptly stops and approaches.

IN FOCUS

The flame illuminates Cane's face.

A PROPANE BLOWTORCH on a table generates the flame. He stares at it for a long time. He snaps his head around quickly, looking over his shoulder.

Cane snatches the blowtorch and rushes away.

END MUSIC

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Roman studies bouquets like it's a trigonometry final.

The FLORIST, a prim and proper woman in her 40's sports a curly hair-do that's simply out of control. Bumfuzzled, she shakes her head.

FLORIST

But I'm only trying to help.

ROMAN

Well, I had no idea there were so many questions involved. Trust me, the less you know, the better.

FLORIST

Of course, but I need to know a little. You don't want to send the wrong message.

ROMAN

There are messages in flowers?

FLORIST

Of course.

He points to a potted plant.

ROMAN

What does this one mean?

FLORIST

Welcome to your new home.

He points at lilies

FLORIST

My condolences.

He points to geraniums.

FLORIST

You're gay.

ROMAN

Serious?

He cocks his head.

ROMAN

Okay! But can you do it without asking a lotta questions?

FLORIST

I'll try. So we've established you want something special, for a girl. Can I assume it's a girl?

ROMAN

Yes. But what did I say about the questions?

FLORIST

Sorry. We've also established that you just met, so something special but not too special. Correct?

ROMAN

You're no good at this whole not asking questions thing.

FLORIST

Let's rule out proposing, anniversary, it's not Valentine's Day. And I'd say her favorite color is pink, blue, orange.

Roman shakes his head to each color.

ROMAN

Whose favorite color is orange?

FLORIST

I was just testing to see if you were paying attention.

ROMAN

I'm sure it's blood red. Wait. Orange. Yeah. Bourbon-orange.

The Florist incubates an answer.

FLORIST

Well then, based on the information at hand, I think the obvious choice is a large bouquet of white carnations.

ROMAN

Those aren't orange.

FLORIST

I'm sorry but we don't have orange carnations.

ROMAN

They don't even have any color.
What does that say?

He points to a dozen red roses.

ROMAN

Don't worry, I'm still gonna
give ya a big tip for putting ya
through all that.

FLORIST

Well, thank you. But we don't
accept tips.

Roman unzips the gym bag and winks.

ROMAN

You'll accept this one, Curls.

She shoots Roman a smile while wrapping roses.

ROMAN (V.O.)

We both knew I was no tough guy.
But I wanted her to know she
could trust me, like I trusted
her. Not with my half of the
money or anything.

Roman steps into the alley behind the flower shop, looks both
ways, then walks to an old, beat-up DODGE CHALLENGER.

ROMAN V.O.

I know. I know. Never try and
domesticate a stray. But we
were gonna have to start
trusting each other if we were
ever gonna have a shot.

The sky darkens with rain clouds.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

Buildings in the distance, they continue walking.

DANTE

Are we close? I'm dying of
thirst. Aren't you thirsty?

ROMAN

I could drink. There's a bar
about ten minutes up the road.

DANTE

So, obviously, you make it out alive. Because you're totally alive now. But what happens to the girl?

ROMAN

There's a point to the story, Dante. Pay attention or you'll miss it.

FLASHBACK

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Heavy raindrops thump on the roof.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Cane bawls off-screen.

Moving up the back of a burnt chair a charred body smolders.

Close on Cane's face there are tears. His head tips back.

From behind, Cane masturbates in front of two dead bodies.

Unrecognizable, the barbecued remains of what was Hub rest alongside Racks -- bleeding from almost everywhere. His hands and legs are bound to a chair, head slumped forward and eyes bulging out.

A primal grunt from Cane and then silence.

He walks over to Bernie, lashed to a chair in the corner, ringside for the earlier matinee. He wipes his hand on Bernie's lapel as he passes behind.

Cane composes himself.

CANE

These guys pussied out. Are you gonna pussy out, Bernie?

Snapping out of shock, Racks screams.

RACKS

AH! AH! AH!

Cane parks a slug in his brain with a .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC.

The raccoon looks up.

Racks stops struggling.

CANE
Give my regards to Elvis.

Bernie struggles against his restrains.

CANE
These guys didn't know shit.
Thumbscrews never lie. But I
bet you do, Bernie.

Bernie shouts through a ball gag.

CANE
You were in on it. You helped
'em, didn't you? They told me.

Cane circles a length of rope around Bernie's neck.

CANE
Did you know, with a hard fiber
rope you can literally saw a man
ass to throat? And enough
injectable adrenaline you can
hang out for the whole party.

A heavy door closing echoes.

CALIX JACE
(yells from a distance)
Enough.

CANE
But he's ready to talk. Aren't
you, Bernie?

Cane unfastens the ball gag.

BERNIE
I don't know! I don't know
anything.
(sobbing)
I don't know anything.

CANE
And somehow, I don't believe
him.

CALIX JACE
I said, enough.

Cane slips BRASS KNUCKLES on one hand.

CANE

Stick with me, boss. This is
where it gets real interesting.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

With a phone pinned to his ear, Roman stares at a bouquet of roses on the bench beside him.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

So, what's the next move?

ROMAN

We're all set.

He's surrounded by gun cases, boxes and the gym bag.

ROMAN

I have an arsenal that could
hold off the Four Horsemen of
the Apocalypse.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

I have no idea what that means,
but it sounds like you finally
wised up.

ROMAN

Meet me at the train station,
baby, as fast as ya can.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

Where are we headed?

ROMAN

Anywhere but here.

TROUBLE (V.O.)

You still have the bag?

ROMAN

Okay, so are ya showing up for
me or are ya showing up for the
bag?

TROUBLE (V.O.)

Would you believe me if I said
both?

ROMAN

Probably the only answer I would
believe.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT

It's all cheesy Hawaiian music, bamboo and tacky grass decor.

TROUBLE
 Sounds like a plan.
 (beat)
 Good-bye, Roman.

She hangs up the phone and considers what she's done.

Trouble hands her phone to Kong.

KONG
 You did the right thing.

MONTAGE - ROMAN WAITS FOR TROUBLE AT THE TRAIN STATION

--Roman buys a couple tickets.

--An AMTRAK AGENT collects his baggage.

--Commuters line up for the train.

--He throws the tickets on the roses and sits down.

--Roman checks his phone.

--Commuters shake rain from their coats.

--He sips a cup of coffee.

--Roman checks the time.

KONG (V.O.)
 A deal's a deal. Unless he gets
 stupid.

TROUBLE (V.O.)
 And then what? Because that
 happens sometimes.

END MONTAGE

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT

Etano snaps a fresh eleven into a .40 SPRINGFIELD COMPACT.

ETANO
 Hey, we're all professionals
 here.

KONG

And then we finish the job. I
promise you, no pain and it'll
all be over before you know it.

EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A steady rain falls.

The front wheel of a Caddy rolls to a stop obscuring our view
of the train station.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

People load and unload from trains.

He checks his phone.

ROMAN (V.O.)

It was the longest hour of my
life. And the payoff, rags. I
never saw it coming.

Roman rests his head back on the bench and closes his eyes.

Drops of water drip on the roses.

From behind, Etano presses his handgun against Roman's head,
then lifts the piece out of Roman's jacket.

Dripping wet, Kong sweeps the roses and tickets to the floor
and then sits next to Roman.

ROMAN (V.O.)

Kong explained after they chased
her down, they promised they'd
do the same to me. But he
offered her a deal to make it
simpler. The money for my life.

Kong collects the gym bag.

ROMAN (V.O.)

I was free to go. It was the
only play where one of us leaves
town alive. It was less simple
for her.

ROMAN

Anyway of talking our way out?

KONG

Which one of yous killed Bobo?

Roman lowers his head.

KONG
I thought so. This ain't your
fight man.

ROMAN
But --

KONG
-- Bobo, Atini, Cargo, Dimes and
Lese. And a handful of cops.

ETANO
--I didn't mind the cops so
much.

KONG
It doesn't matter. Tonight,
everyone gets paid off in full.
No disrespect, but you're small-
time muscle. If I had a ticket,
I'd get outta town before anyone
notices I was missing.

ETANO
And never come back.

Kong, Etano and one gym bag depart the station.

ROMAN (V.O.)
They walked away with the girl,
the money, everything.

Roman picks up the tickets off the floor, not the roses.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Proof I was no tough guy. I was
pretending, a fake, a sham...
counterfeit as a three-dollar
bill.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fairly disfigured, Bernie shakes, occasionally blowing blood
bubbles out of his mouth when he tries to form words. One
eye swollen shut, and the other keeps blinking.

CALIX JACE
You. You have something in your
eye. Look up. Look up.

Calix shakes open his pocket handkerchief and dabs soot out
of Bernie's eye.

CALIX JACE

See there. This place is filthy. I need to get out of here. But first, maybe we can salvage something from all this unpleasantness.

Calix lays a VINTAGE BERETTA on the table.

CALIX JACE

That animal would have killed you. And for what? Now, the real question: Are you man enough to do something about it?

He nods slowly. Trembling, Bernie takes the Beretta and points it at Calix.

CALIX JACE

I was thinking Cane... but I can appreciate where you're headed with this.

Bernie hesitates. Calix's phone rings.

CALIX JACE

(to Bernie)
Oh, hold that thought.

Bernie drops the Beretta and cries.

CALIX JACE

(into phone)
Good. Meet me at the bar with the money. I am going to send Cane down there too. Kong, no loose end on this one. You understand? Yes, him too.

He ends the call.

CALIX JACE

Don't worry, it will all be over soon. But since you are never going to be the man I need you to be... we both know what you are.

Calix holsters the Beretta in his overcoat.

CALIX JACE

I need you to do one last thing for me. Stop telling people Sophia is your mother. Stop telling people I am your uncle.

Bernie slumps his head forward on the table.

CALIX JACE

Stop telling people I am your father because I am certainly not and I never will be. And if I had any compassion, I would shoot you right now.

Bowler in hand, Calix talks while walking away.

CALIX JACE

But instead, that one last thing? Live a very long and pathetic existence, knowing you are absolutely nothing.

Bernie uncontrollably sobs.

EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT

Sheets of rain sweep through the streets.

Cane's Crown Vic fishtails around the corner.

He leaves his car in the street, gets out and pushes through a dozen oversize Samoan men with automatic weapons, standing watch outside THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE.

As Cane enters the bar, we stay on the CLOSED SIGN.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Two Samoan men guard Trouble.

Hitting the door, Cane gestures for them to stand aside.

Without breaking stride he grabs Trouble by the hair and drags her across the bar before pinning her against the wall.

CANE

Get him down here, now.

He drops her on his knee.

CANE

Or so help me god, I will kick you to death.

PETE, an Aussie bartender in his 20's isn't muscle, he's a hooch jockey. He checks to see how others react.

Six Samoan men pack assorted automatic handguns and assault rifles. They grimace but do nothing.

CANE

I've never actually killed someone by kicking them to death. Is that even possible? Let's try.

Cane kicks her in the guts over and over.

Pete inches closer to Cane, but no follows his lead.

PETE

Hey, mate.

CANE

(to Trouble)
Call him.

She's spitting blood.

TROUBLE

Fuck you.

PETE

They're already bringing the money.

CANE

This isn't about the money!

INT. 1966 FLEETWOOD CADILLAC - NIGHT

The Caddy pulls up and parks in front of the bar.

ETANO

Are we hungry yet?

KONG

I don't think we're hungry.

ETANO

Well, I can be hungry anytime.

Calix in his overcoat and bowler hat climbs in the car with a THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN. Kong recoils.

KONG

Whoa, boss. You got me.

Calix chuckles.

ETANO

Classic. Does it still work?

CALIX JACE

Like a crack ho at a Saudi bachelor party. Look, tell the men they do not have to stand in the rain. They can sit in their cars. Just keep an eye out.

Kong snaps his fingers. Etano jumps out of the car.

CALIX JACE

We are gonna do this thing. Together. Then it's all models and bottles.

Calix winks.

KONG

Of course, sir.

CALIX JACE

Did I ever tell you about the first time I ever killed a man?

KONG

I don't think so.

CALIX'S FLASHBACK

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bills change hands quickly in a crowd huddled around a COCKFIGHTING PIT.

A bell sounds and feathers fly.

Men and women in their perspiration-stained shirts scream for one bird or another.

Among the diverse, bloodthirsty crowd sits a large Samoan, man, BIG BENNY, an island of calm in the chaos.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)

I was muscle for Big Benny. He was still running the fights downtown.

Everyone shakes fists of money.

CALIX JACE V.O.

And that night the fix was in --
Benny had us dope the top bird
to slow him down. You know, so
he would fight worse.

Horrified, Big Benny stands up as the crowd cheers.

An official raises the wrong bird in the air.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)

But damned if that bird didn't
fight better all messed up.
Benny almost lost a bundle that
night.

KONG (V.O.)

I heard Big Benny wasn't a very
understanding man.

The teenage version of Calix fires a Thompson submachine gun.

Other oversized Samoan men fire automatic weapons.

Everyone buys it.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)

No winners that night. He
ordered us to mow down the
entire crowd. Except for the
owner of the bird.

Red dots pepper the white shirts of two guys running away.

CALIX JACE V.O.

Of course, that was the end of
the fights. Benny knew no one
would ever show up again after
that night.

END CALIX'S FLASHBACK

INT. 1966 FLEETWOOD CADILLAC - NIGHT

CALIX JACE

But he knew it had to be done.
Sometimes, you have cut your
loses. Like tonight. Cane, a
rabid dog. You gotta put him
down, Kong.

KONG

What happened to the bird owner?

CALIX JACE
 Oh, I forgot the best part of
 the story.

CALIX'S FLASHBACK

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Big Benny screams at the BIRD OWNER, a svelte Samoan man in his 50's, trembling on his knees.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)
 The guy was rattling like a
 busted ceiling fan.

Big Benny points a vintage Beretta at the Bird Owner's head.

CALIX JACE V.O.
 So I tell Big Benny he should
 let this one live. So he can
 tell everyone what happens when
 you cross Big Benny.

The Bird Owner sees Big Benny nod. He stumbles to his feet before Big Benny has a chance to change his mind. Escaping out an open door, his figure gets smaller.

KONG (V.O.)
 Sounds like his lucky day.

CALIX JACE (V.O.)
 No, Big Benny just liked to
 watch them run.

Big Benny puts a single round in the Bird Owner's back.

END CALIX'S FLASHBACK

INT. 1966 FLEETWOOD CADILLAC - NIGHT

CALIX JACE
 True story.

KONG
 Yes, sir.

CALIX JACE
 Do what must be done.

KONG
 I'll take care of it personally.

Calix turns to leave with the gym bag.

KONG
Your story, who doped the bird?

CALIX JACE
Why do you ask?

KONG
I just don't want some fucked-up
bird getting everyone shot.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Roman approaches an Amtrak Agent.

ROMAN
How do I uncheck baggage?

INT. ROMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

While driving, Roman spits a shotgun shell from between his teeth onto the passenger seat. He shoves it into the last open chamber of a double-barrel shotgun.

Roman notices his reflection in the rearview mirror. There's doubt in those eyes, maybe caution, definitely something that will get him killed. He doesn't like it.

Roman stuffs a Glock in his jacket. He checks the mirror again for resolve, but this time it's much worse. He sees fear.

Roman rips the rearview mirror off the windshield.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The rearview mirror explodes on the pavement.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT

Trouble screams in pain.

Cane pins her arm in an awkward position behind her back, suspending her over a phone on the table. She cries.

CANE
(into phone)
Stop being a pussy, Roman!

As we move across their faces, the Samoan men say nothing. Each crosses his arms.

CALIX JACE
Enough. This is going nowhere.

CANE
I want them both.

ROMAN (V.O.)
His wish... was my command.

EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT

A man on a mission strides down the sidewalk at a determined pace. The only thing visible are his well-worn Oxfords and pant cuffs.

ROMAN (V.O.)
Only an idiot would walk through that door alone. I knew trouble was on the other side.

INT. 1966 FLEETWOOD CADILLAC - NIGHT

The shadowy figure headed down the sidewalk catches the eye of Kong and Etano. Weapons ready.

ROMAN (V.O.)
But I was all out of time and all out of smart people.

Kong touches the nuzzle of Etano's gun. They relax.

ROMAN
My only regret...

EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT

A single man walks into the bar.

ROMAN
... is that I didn't see the expression on their faces.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

All the Samoan men turn in unison.

Bernie busts through the front door firing an AK-47.

SLOW MOTION

A dozen rounds pop through the back of Calix's overcoat.

Cane turns his attention to Bernie.

Pete rushes for the kitchen.

Six Samoan men unleash handguns and assault rifles.

The nose of the AK-47 spits rounds of hot lead.

Cane starts blasting.

Trouble staggers to her feet.

Bernie sprays the room while bullets rip through his body.

Cane takes one to the chest.

Trouble falls to the ground, her unblinking eyes wide open.

A HANDGUN falls in front of her. Followed by a large Samoan man and then another large Samoan man.

Bullet casings rain to the floor at Bernie's feet.

IN THE KITCHEN

Pete bounces off Roman and crawls away.

Roman moves forward wielding two assault rifles and a half-dozen guns strapped to various parts of his body.

IN THE BAR

everyone has their back to Roman. It's a turkey shoot.

END SLOW MOTION

INT. 1966 FLEETWOOD CADILLAC - NIGHT

The bar windows shatter from gunfire.

ETANO

Oh, shit.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - NIGHT

From the floor, Cane points a .45 at Roman and whistles.

ROMAN

Where's the girl?

Cane smiles and gestures where her body should be.

She's missing.

TROUBLE

Here, baby.

Trouble's got the drop on Cane and snaps a pill in his head.

He falls limp.

She's struggling, bleeding out from her guts.

ROMAN

That's the second time today ya
saved my life.

Trouble eases to the floor. He moves with her.

TROUBLE

Who knows. I might be falling
for ya.

She knows she's dying.

Roman knows she's dying.

Three more shots finish her off.

The barrel of Kong's rifle smokes. He's rubbing his tiki charm. In the doorway, a dozen men from The Samoan Army stand behind Kong ready to unload.

The HEAVY WOODEN BAR protects Roman while he reloads.

ROMAN

Why did ya kill her? You have
the money.

KONG

It was never about the money.

They start blasting.

Roman's eyes get hard.

He pops up and throws every bullet he's got at them.

Kong falls. Etano falls.

Firing as they advance, The Samoan Army charges Roman.

He stands his ground. Roman takes a couple bullets, but they don't slow down his withering stream of firepower.

Dead men pile high in the doorway.

Everyone's dead.

Roman pulls out his Glock.

Out of focus, Roman walks around the room, putting an extra bullet or two in everyone's head. Clearly in focus, we get closer and closer to the gym bag sitting on a table. Roman looks around the room, drops his weapon and leaves.

We hold on the gym bag a very long time.

A HAND reaches down and grabs the gym bag.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - DAY

Roman and Dante round the corner and head for the bar.

DANTE
That's total bullshit.

ROMAN
It's all true.

DANTE
It's total bullshit.

He laughs.

ROMAN
Well, maybe a little.

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - DAY

A small afternoon crowd enjoys cocktails.

Roman pounds on the bar for service. Dante flanks him.

Pete pops up from below the bar with a daiquiri in each hand.

PETE
Ah, mates!

Recognizing Roman, he drops the drinks.

Pete grabs a .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC under the bar.

Roman pins his arm on top of the bar and takes it.

ROMAN
I've come for the money, Pete.

PETE
What money?

Roman ejects the gun mag.

ROMAN
I'm not leaving without the
money, Pete.

Beat.

PETE
Bar's closed! Everyone out!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - DAY

A drop of condensation dribbles down a glass of beer.

Pete, Dante and Roman sit in a circle around a wooden table in the middle of the bar. Beers all around and a pitcher of water. The only one drinking? Roman.

PETE
All right, I took the bag. They
were all dead. I didn't think
it was yours.

DANTE
(disbelief)
You really shot all those
people?

PETE
Damn straight. Cut down the
entire Samoan Army -- right
there -- and a couple other
nasty critters. I watched the
whole thing.

Dante scans the bar.

DANTE
And the girl?

PETE
Girl? What girl?

DANTE
The girl named Trouble.

PETE
There wasn't ever any girl,
mate.

FLASHBACK

MONTAGE - EARLIER SCENES SHOWING ROMAN ACTED ALONE

--Bobo is murdered by Roman in the cheap motel.

--Roman speeds down the freeway in reverse.

--Bernie sits across from Roman at the greasy-spoon diner.

--Tire blocks swing in Roman's hand on the ferry deck.

--Outside the Lucky Shamrock Hotel, Bernie and Roman point pistols at each other.

--Cane kicks Roman in the guts. He falls to the ground. Bernie bursts into the bar and fires. Assault rifles fall next to Roman. He grabs them and crawls behind the bar.

PETE (V.O.)

That's what they called him.
Here comes Trouble. That's what
they'd say.

ROMAN (V.O.)

But do ya understand the point
of the story, Dante?

END FLASHBACK

INT. THE BIG KAHUNA TIKI LOUNGE - DAY

DANTE

Do what you gotta do?

ROMAN

Nah.

DANTE

Don't leave loose ends?

ROMAN

Not quite.

PETE

I swear to god, I don't have the
money. It's. It's tied up.

ROMAN

Like in this piece-of-shit bar?

Roman pulls his Glock out from behind his back.

PETE

Wait! I'll get you the money.
I'll sell the bar.

(MORE)

PETE (cont'd)
I'll find the money. Let's just
say I can get the money.

ROMAN
Yes, let's just say.
(beat)
Or there's another option.

DANTE
I can't be a part of this.

ROMAN
Sit tight Dante, you're
definitely a part of this next
part. Pete, shoot Dante.

DANTE
What?

PETE
Come again?

ROMAN
Dante is my business partner and
good friend. Who, for a very
long time, has been stealing
from the business.

DANTE
What the fuck?

ROMAN
I've known for awhile. Do ya
really think I'm stupid? Well,
obviously or ya wouldn't have
taken the money.

Dante works between Roman and Pete.

DANTE
Whoa. Let's. Let's. Let's
talk about this.

ROMAN
Do ya know the point of the
story now?

DANTE
I-I-I can just give it back.

ROMAN
Put one in Dante's brainpan and
you're in the chips. No
strings.

PETE No joking around? DANTE No, wait.

Roman hands Pete the Glock.

ROMAN
No joking.

Pete points it at Dante...

DANTE
No! Wait! Wait!

... And then Pete slowly moves the gun to Roman.

ROMAN
Pete.

Click. Click-click.

Roman rips his gun back.

ROMAN
You don't think I'd actually
hand ya a loaded 9-millimeter?
Both of ya must think I'm
stupid.

Roman presents Pete's .45 from the bar.

ROMAN
So now it's Dante's turn.
Dante, we're not business
partners anymore. We're not
friends. In fact, if you see me
on the street after today, ya
better run. Fast.

He snaps the thumb safety off.

ROMAN
But I'm gonna let cha keep the
money ya stole. If you do this
one thing.

PETE
Oh, no-no-no.

ROMAN DANTE
Dante, shoot Pete. No-no-no. No-no-no.

DANTE
This is complete bullshit.

Dante doesn't hesitate. He points the gun at Pete.

DANTE
 (to Roman)
 I just saw you take out all the
 bul --

SFX: BLAM!

Pete eats one 45-caliber bullet and flies back in his chair,
 leaving a blood stain on the wall.

Slack-jawed, Dante can only blink. Repeatedly.

Expressionless, he turns the smoking gun on Roman.

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

ROMAN
 Right on, Dante!

DANTE
 What just happened? What's
 happening?

ROMAN
 You really manned up is what
 happened. I'm proud of ya. Oh,
 and always check for one in the
 chamber.

DANTE
 Does that mean you're not gonna
 kill me?

Roman reloads his Glock.

ROMAN
 Well, you should know the answer
 to that question. Were ya
 paying close attention?

DANTE
 (confused)
 I think so.

ROMAN
 What was the point of the story,
 Dante?

DANTE
 Don't fuck with Roman? Don't
 steal?

Dante starts crying.

DANTE
I don't know.

ROMAN
Never leave a witness.

He snaps three rounds in Dante's chest.

Roman gets up, looks left, then right.

He parks one more in Dante's head.

Roman notices the camera, breaks the fourth wall and points his gun at the camera.

SFX: GUN BLAST

CREDITS

The raccoon laps blood off the warehouse floor.

FADE OUT.