

**The Ghost & the Wolf**

by

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**BLACK**

HEAVY BREATHING. An ELECTRIC WHIR fills the air...

A RUSSIAN MAN (V.O.)  
(thick Russian accent)  
I came to this country seeking a  
name. Money. Power. All that comes  
with it...

ZZZAAAPPP!!! An agony-filled FEMALE SCREAM!

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY (2001)**

JIMMY  
NOOOOOO!

CU - JIMMY MARINO (33). Usually a clean-cut, All American  
guy, but here he's badly beaten, bound tightly to a chair.

A RUSSIAN MAN (O.S.)  
A man like me will give *everything*,  
do *anything* in pursuit of that  
name. To *protect* his name.

Jimmy's eyes are locked on his wife, CATHY MARINO (30). Dark  
hair. Bright blue eyes. Under normal circumstances, a  
stunner, but not *today*. She's crying. Her face is stained  
with blood. This woman is being tortured.

Towering over her is a bear of a Russian. Thick black beard,  
long flowing hair and a twenty-two inch neck. Meet IVAN  
ROMANOVSKI (37), "THE WOLF."

In Ivan's hands, a CATTLE PROD, which he eagerly jabs into  
Cathy's stomach. ZAP!!! She vomits, then loses consciousness.

JIMMY  
It's *me* you want.

--WHAP! Another attacker steps from the shadows and SMACKS  
JIMMY IN THE KIDNEY with a DIRT-FILLED SOCK! The pain is so  
intense that he almost swallows his tongue.

And finally, we meet *his* tormenter -- also Russian, smaller  
in stature than the Wolf, but no less terrifying. This is  
VITALE ROMANOVSKI (40), "THE GHOST." He's been the one  
talking all along.

VITALE  
These things mean nothing to you.  
For you, life is about...*family*.  
And family is a haven in this  
heartless world, Detective.  
(MORE)

VITALE (CONT'D)

Family is pure. Family is forever.  
Family is the reason a man seeks a  
name in the first place...

Blood pours from Jimmy's pant-leg onto the floor. Our hero is *pissing blood*. Still, he summons whatever energy he has left to remain conscious.

JIMMY

This is between you and me. Just  
let her go.

Ivan subtly cranks up the power on his cattle-prod. It HUMS cruelly. Vitale leans in close and whispers into his ear.

VITALE

This is how the game works, James.  
You've soiled my name. You've *taken*  
from me. And when you take from  
me... I take from YOU!

Vitale snatches the cattle prod from Ivan's hands, then without warning -- he digs the prod into Cathy's chest!

JIMMY

Noooooooooooo!

ZAAAAAAP! Suddenly--

GUNFIRE from outside! BANG! BANG! FRANTIC SHOUTING! RAT-A-TAT-TAT! RETURN FIRE! Ivan and Vitale turn to see--

A well-armed LAPD STRIKE TEAM burst through the door! CARL MORRIS (mid 30s) leads HOWARD BANKS (30s, black) and CHESTER GRIMES (30s, a pretty boy surfer-type) inside.

Ivan reaches for a weapon. BOOM! Carl fires!

Ivan takes one in the chest! He crumbles to the ground, ROARING in agony!

Vitale FIRES back at the Strike Team! BOOM! BOOM! As the officers DIVE for cover, he grabs hold of Ivan and starts dragging him toward the back door.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)

Brother...save yourself.

VITALE

NO!

Ivan locks eyes with Vitale, imploring.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)  
*Please... Go.*

Vitale is crushed, but he has no other choice. He shares one final look with his brother, then sprints off.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Banks and Grimes shoot at him at him and miss. Vitale disappears out the back door.

Banks and Grimes take off after the Russian. Carl hurries over to Jimmy and unties him.

Jimmy crawls over to his wife. He turns Cathy over. She's unconscious, not breathing. He's panicking.

JIMMY  
 CATHY?! WAKE UP, BABY!

Jimmy administers CPR on Cathy, but it appears to be futile. He's crying, shaking. It's a terrible sight. Carl is having a hard time watching.

CARL  
 She's gone, Jim...

But Jimmy's still fighting to bring her back...

JIMMY  
 COME ON, BABY! COME ON!!!

**AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD: THE GHOST AND THE WOLF**

**EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (EIGHT YEARS LATER)**

An LAPD HELICOPTER hovers over a Chinese OCEAN LINER. Its CREW is gathered at the rails, staring apprehensively down at the FORCE of LAPD OFFICERS waiting at the GATE.

**AT THE GATE**

Two young Detectives run the show. DELIO RAMIREZ, (32, Latino) and SAMANTHA HARRIS (30, don't let her looks fool you, she's a pit bull).

An imposing RAZOR-WIRE FENCE and a livid ATF Agent, JASPAR GONDOLI stands between them and the Ocean Liner.

HARRIS  
 Get the hell out of our way, G-man!

GONDOLI  
 Honey, as much as I'd like to spank you myself, your Captain'll be here any minute. I'll leave that to him.

Harris lunges at Gondoli. As Ramirez struggles to restrain her, we move through the crowd of Officers and settle on--

A crusty-looking MAN (40s). The sort of guy with a five o'clock shadow at 2pm. He's vagrant in a trash-bin dirty.

We should recognize him from the opening flashback, even though the past eight years have been unkind to JIMMY MARINO.

Jimmy clearly doesn't like the way the wind's blowing here. His mind is racing. He then notices--

A BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR pulls up. And out steps another player from the opening flashback: CAPTAIN CARL MORRIS (40s now), pajama-clad, looking tired and hungover.

Jimmy ducks behind a couple of Officers, careful that Carl doesn't see him. Carl gets between Gondoli and Harris.

CARL

Why in *the hell* is ATF yanking me outta bed at 2AM?

RAMIREZ

Sir, we have a tip from a CI, says that ship is carrying a crate full of Russian illegals. Known criminals.

HARRIS

Mr. Ninety-nine dollar suit over here wants credit for the bust.

GONDOLI

We've been sitting on this shipping line for a year now, Carl. Drugs. Human trafficking. Distribution networks. Whole case is gonna go up in smoke because your God damn children didn't do their homework.

CARL

You assholes didn't check the Federal database?

RAMIREZ

CI said we only had an hour to act.

Carl shakes his head, turns to his guys.

CARL

God damn it. Everybody pack it up, get on outta here.

**WITH JIMMY**

He watches as the LAPD OFFICERS pack in and roll out. Looks like the jig is up. Jimmy's starting to look desperate here. His window of opportunity is closing.

He eyes dart frantically around the shipyard. Maybe looking for a way in? He finally spots A SEMI TRUCK.

**BACK WITH CARL**

He's still laying into Harris and Ramirez.

CARL  
Who's the CI?

HARRIS  
Guy's been feeding us tips for a month now. They've all been solid.

CARL  
What's his *name*?

RAMIREZ  
Local PI. Jimmy Marino.

CARL  
(bites his lip)  
And who'd he say is on that ship?

HARRIS  
Some guy named Vitale Romanovski.

Carl is instantly livid. He scans the scene.

CARL  
Where the fuck is he?

**INT. SEMI TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy's fiddling under the dash, attempting to hot-wire the truck. Suddenly: VROOM! The engine ROARS to life.

Jimmy pulls a Russian-made AK-47 from a duffle bag and yanks the bolt back. Locked and loaded.

He looks up at the massive RAZOR-WIRE FENCE standing between him and the ship, then throws the truck into gear and stomps on the gas.

**BACK WITH CARL**

Detective ROGERS (bald, overweight) approaches.

ROGERS

Sir?

Carl ignores him, now looming over Ramirez and Harris.

CARL

When I'm done with your asses  
traffic duty is gonna seem like--

ROGERS

--SIR?!

CARL

WHAT, GOD DAMN IT?!

Carl whips around to face Rogers and sees--

A SEMI TRUCK BARRELLING towards them. Jimmy's behind the wheel, laying into the horn. HOOOONK! HOOOONK!

Carl and his Officers are forced to DIVE out of the way.

The Semi CRASHES through the razor-wire fence. Steel twisting and turning. Sparks shooting into the air.

He drives the truck straight up the RAMP, destined for the deck of the Ocean Liner. A couple of CHINESE CREWMEN are forced to leap into the water.

The truck finally CRASHES into a stack of SHIPPING CRATES. The AIR BAG deploys.

Jimmy leaps out of the cab, head bleeding, surprisingly unfazed. He tears across the deck, AK-47 in-tow.

Gondoli's head looks like it's going to explode. Carl shakes his head.

CARL (CONT'D)

Get after his ass...

**EXT. OCEAN LINER - DECK - DAY**

As Jimmy heads for another stack of SHIPPING CRATES, more Chinese Crewmen run for cover.

Jimmy moves from crate to crate, checking their serial numbers against one he has written on a piece of paper.

**EXT. OCEAN LINER - RAMP - CONTINUOUS**

Dozens of LAPD Officers flood the ship and spread out, looking for Jimmy. Carl is last to step aboard. He looks almost like a concerned parent...concerned and pissed.

**EXT. OCEAN LINER - DECK - DAY**

Jimmy finally finds the crate he's looking for. He rips the door open and finds--

BINGO! A half-dozen or so terrified RUSSIAN MEN AND WOMEN hiding among the CARGO. Jimmy raises his weapon.

JIMMY

Out! Now!

The Russians shuffle out, their hands in the air. Jimmy inspects each of their faces, looking for someone in particular. Jimmy grabs hold of a WOMAN.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Where is he?! WHERE IS ROMANOVSKI?!

The woman looks confused, terrified. Just then, the LAPD Officers catch up to Jimmy. They approach him cautiously, guns raised.

ROGERS

Hands behind your head! Down on the ground!

Jimmy doesn't have a play here. All he can do is comply.

Carl finally rounds the corner to see Jimmy being handcuffed. The old friends lock eyes. Carl is stern, judgemental. Jimmy is defiant, unapologetic. As Rogers drags him away--

RAMIREZ

Sir?

Carl turns to see Ramirez and Harris hovering over a barrel, sifting through the cargo in the crate. Harris cuts a PACKAGE open and tastes the WHITE POWDER inside.

HARRIS

Heroin...

Ramirez pulls brick after brick of tar heroine from the barrel. Gondoli steps up next to Carl, livid.

GONDOLI

Congrats, Morris. You just traded a hundred plus arrests, tens of millions in assets, the dismantling of an entire syndicate...all for a crate full of illegals and a couple barrels of heroin. State's Attorney's gonna have your ass...



**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAWN (A FEW DAYS LATER)**

As the sun rises over the Pacific, the ROAR of the world's most powerful V-12 engine slowly fades into prominence. After a beat, we see it--

A 2006 FERRARI ENZO blazes by at 150mph.

**INT. FERRARI ENZO - CONTINUOUS**

Behind the wheel of this million-dollar automobile is GARO NAZARIAN (37), Armenian party-boy. European HOUSE BEATS explode from his high-end speakers.

As Garo wipes the WHITE POWDER from his nose, a suspicious smile pours over his face.

Garo, you see, is getting road head. And he's *loving* every second of it. As he grabs a handful of silky dark hair, we finally see...it's not a woman down there--

Garo is getting blown by A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD ASIAN BOY.

The SLURPING quickens. Garo MOANS in ORGASMIC ECSTASY. Just as he's about to explode--

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

CRASH! The Enzo smashes into a tree. The engine FLIES out onto the street!

No one stirs inside. No man, no beast could have survived that. Somehow, though, the stereo lives on and--

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING**

The sun has crept a bit higher in the sky. The place swarms with COPS. POLICE CARS, FIRE TRUCKS, the works.

Those HOUSE BEATS still pour from the wreckage. Detective Ramirez tinkers inside.

Harris looks over at the destroyed Enzo and shouts (loudly to compensate for the music)--

HARRIS

My ears are bleeding here...

Ramirez finally manages to cut the music. He takes a bow while everyone APPLAUDS. Harris rolls her eyes.

Just then, Carl's Lincoln Town car pulls up. He walks with purpose toward the busted Enzo. Harris and Ramirez follow at his heels, eager to please.

RAMIREZ

Gar0 Nazarian. Product of Yerevan.  
Did a stretch in Lancaster for  
selling weapons to the Armenian  
mob.

HARRIS

Fuckface is screamin' down the PCH,  
doin' 150, 160 and he wraps his  
whip around the tree there.

RAMIREZ

Shame, too. Only four hundred of  
those Enzos ever made.

HARRIS

Uni's roll up and find a gang of  
party favors in the trunk.

Harris hands Carl an EVIDENCE BAG. Inside is an UZI.

RAMIREZ

We should head up to the house,  
Captain. I hear they got a cache--

CARL

--Nah. Stay put. You assholes ain't  
outta the doghouse yet.

RAMIREZ

But sir, we're *done* here.

CARL

Well...Sweep the road or some shit.

**EXT. GARO NAZARIAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

A garish blue MANSION sits atop a hill on Franklin Ave.,  
overlooking the dilapidated apartment buildings that make up  
Little Armenia. A stark dichotomy. Rich vs. poor.

**INT. GARO NAZARIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Every nook and cranny of the mansion is being searched by  
OFFICERS. Boxes are piled up in virtually every room, the  
furniture is covered in plastic.

Carl enters with Rogers. He's very impressed with the spread.

CARL

Looks like business was good.

ROGERS

Arms dealing is recession-proof.  
Guns are piled up in the garage.  
There's a fleet of new Beamers  
sittin' out back. And Lt. Banks is  
going through a bunch of boxes in  
the bedroom--

CARL

(tenses up)  
--*Banks* is here?

**INT. GARO NAZARIAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Carl enters to see another man from the opening flashback--

LIEUTENANT HOWARD BANKS (40s now, laid back and affable). He  
sits on the bed, meticulously sifting through documents.

CARL (O.S.)

Didn't know the *Cop of the Year*  
still got his hands dirty.

The tension between these two is immediately evident.

BANKS

Helps morale to see us old-timers  
rolling up our sleeves. Where're  
the kids?

CARL

Sweepin' glass off the PCH.

BANKS

You're too hard on those two.

CARL

Well, State's Attorney's being too  
hard on me.

BANKS

And shit rolls downhill...

CARL

You find anything?

BANKS

Nazarian was still moving in.  
Nothing worth a damn inside. Garage  
is your gold mine.

Rogers enters holding a SMALL WOODEN BOX.

ROGERS

Uni found this in the wall safe.

He hands the box over to Banks. Inside are thin STRIPS OF RED PAPER, almost like you'd find in a Chinese fortune cookie, only the writing on them is typed in YELLOW CYRILLIC LETTERS.

CARL

What do you make of 'em?

BANKS

Guy eats a lot of Chinese?  
(to Rogers)  
Have division send over a translator.

ROGERS

And Captain...ATF just rolled up.

Banks smiles. Carl sighs indignantly.

CARL

*Motherfuckers...*

**INT. GARO'S GARAGE - DAY**

Carl enters to find a frightening stockpile of weapons. CRATES full of AK-47s. Soviet RPGs. RPKs. Uzis...

ATF Agent Jaspar Gondoli is back in action, looking over his SUBORDINATES as they inventory the weapons. He sees Carl approaching and knows he's in for a fight.

GONDOLI

Looks like the Armenians are gearing up for a little party.

CARL

This is *my* bust, Gondoli.

GONDOLI

Your guys fucked us big time, Carl. Figured I'd give you a chance to make things right. Maybe give us the lead on this thing.

CARL

Maybe I'd have thought about it, if you hadn't thrown my ass under the bus. Now pack up and get the fuck outta here.

Gondoli reluctantly turns to his men.

GONDOLI  
Alright guys. You heard him.

The ATF Agents start to pack up. Gondoli turns back to Carl.

GONDOLI (CONT'D)  
Guess you need this a helluva lot  
more than I do... Don't forget to  
smile for the cameras.

After a laugh at Carl's expense, the ATF Guys follow Gondoli out. Carl shakes off the slight and steps out of the garage to find...a MEDIA CIRCUS.

**EXT. MARINA - DAY**

A busy Marina. FISHERMEN unload the morning's catch. YUPPIES load picnic baskets onto their yachts. Amid all this is a dilapidated BOAT. The paint is peeling. The motor rusting. It looks far from sea-worthy.

Banks approaches. He steps aboard, careful to avoid the jaws of the MASSIVE BEAR TRAP laid out on the deck.

**INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Pigsty would be a compliment. Empty STOLI BOTTLES and STEEL RESERVE CANS litter the floor. An entire Russian library is strewn about. Books, magazines, even porn.

As Banks enters, his face tells us this place smells even worse than it looks. Suddenly, his eyes flood with fear--

A table is flipped over. There are BLOODY HAND PRINTS all over the far wall. A trail of blood leads into the bathroom.

BANKS  
Jim?!

Nothing. Banks draws his weapon and tip-toes into the--

**BATHROOM**

Banks cautiously enters, fearing the worst, only to find--

JIMMY, soaking in the tub, reading a skin mag, sucking on a fifth of Stoli. His nose is bleeding. His muscular body is badly bruised. Looks like he took a beating last night.

JIMMY  
Gimme five minutes, huh? I was  
about to rub one out.

**INT. HOUSE BOAT - LATER**

Jimmy, now dressed, cracks a small egg into a highball glass. He then drowns it with some ice cold vodka and a shot of sake. Banks reels back in disgust.

BANKS  
Russians got you drinkin' some  
repugnant-ass shit.

Banks finally gets a good look at Jimmy here. Cuts. Bruises.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
What happened to you last night?

JIMMY  
Your mom crossed her legs.

BANKS  
And what's with the booby trap on  
the deck there?

JIMMY  
You like that? Brought it back from  
Vyborg. Georgians use it to catch  
bears. They yank out their teeth,  
make them fight dogs. Bet major  
coin on it.  
(points to the TV)  
Big day for you guys.

ON SCREEN: A news report. Carl is in front of the cameras. Talking up the weapons bust. He's comfortable, charismatic.

BANKS  
What's the word on the street?

Jimmy shrugs. Info isn't free. Banks grudgingly forks over a couple of twenties.

JIMMY  
You carted off three and half  
million dollars of Armenian heroin  
the other night. Armos paid the  
Russians to bring it in.

BANKS  
They're fighting over who pays the  
bill?

JIMMY  
Exactly. Russians see this shit on  
TV. Nazarian's little gun show and--

BANKS

--They figure the Armos are gearing up for war.

JIMMY

Only the Armos are saying Nazarian cut ties with them months ago, that he's supplying someone else now.

BANKS

They expect the Ruskis to believe that? I got a bridge to sell 'em, then. Some money the crown Prince of Nigeria needs moved.

JIMMY

Nobody knows what to believe. So everybody's looking over their shoulder.

Banks nods, *makes sense*. A quiet beat passes.

BANKS

You seen Grimes lately?

JIMMY

No, but I ran into Deb last night.

BANKS

Girlfriend?

JIMMY

Sort of. Streetwalker he hooked up with. They got a house, a dog...

BANKS

Guy thinks he's Ward Cleaver now?

JIMMY

I guess. She ain't seen him in a week. She's worried.

BANKS

That makes two of us. You bump into him, have him get with me.

Just then, the alarm on Jimmy's digital watch SOUNDS. He drops down and starts doing pushups. Banks raises an eyebrow.

BANKS (CONT'D)

The fuck are you doing now?

JIMMY

I try to do eight hundred a day.  
Fifty, every hour on the hour.

BANKS

You training for the Olympics or  
something?

Banks looks a little closer and gets his answer--

Jimmy's desk has been converted into a COMMAND CENTER. A  
physical record of years spent hunting for Vitale Romanovski.

Photographs and articles from Russian newspapers are  
meticulously noted. A map of the world has dozens of PUSH  
PINS marking countries where Jimmy's tracked Vitale.

Banks takes all this in. Jimmy is simply *obsessed*...

BANKS (CONT'D)

God damn it, Jim. Vitale is *dead*.  
You need to knock this shit off.

Jimmy ignores him, but Banks isn't stopping.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Ruining your own career is one  
thing, but you torpedoed a major  
Federal case and stuck Ramirez and  
Harris with the bill. They're good  
cops, man. And you played them.

JIMMY

I couldn't get on that ship without  
them. Even if I did, the Chinks  
would have strung me up on deck.

BANKS

Yeah? Was it worth setting their  
careers back a couple of years?

JIMMY

That girl's daddy is the Deputy  
Chief of Police. They'll land on  
their feet. Anyway, fuck those  
guys. And fuck you too.

BANKS

That's right, Jimmy. Fuck everyone.  
All that matters is this lunatic  
suicide mission of yours. You're  
pushin' away the last two guys who  
still give a shit. Me and Carl are--



JIMMY

--Carl never did shit for me.

BANKS

Who you think kept you outta jail  
the other night? It sure as shit  
wasn't me. Fuck, I told him to let  
your ass rot.

Just then, a small, awkward man, BILL (20s, blonde hair, blue eyes), steps onto the boat. Jimmy and Banks don't see him.

BANKS (CONT'D)

So pull your head outta your ass  
and think about somebody else for a  
change, you selfish piece of--

Bill clears his throat. Jimmy and Banks finally notice him.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Shit, man. You ain't worth it.

Banks storms out and a livid Jimmy turns toward Bill.

BILL

You Jimmy Marino?

JIMMY

Who's askin'?

BILL

I'm looking to hire a PI. I need to  
find someone...

(gets a whiff of him)

Are you *drunk*?

JIMMY

Not yet.

Jimmy grabs what's left of his Stoli and downs it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You got cash?

BILL

At my apartment.

JIMMY

Then off we go. *You're driving.*

**INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - EVENING**

The room is sparse. Some furniture, but no television. No computer. Jimmy sits on the couch, inspecting a PHOTO of a beautiful Russian woman (we'll come to know her as ILEANA).

Bill's counting some money.

BILL

So, I've got about two thousand here. It's all I have left. But--

JIMMY

--Let me guess, she disappears and the big ticket items go with her.

Bill reluctantly nods. Jimmy sighs, it's so obvious to him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I see it all the time. Half of these mail order brides are mobbed-up. They come in and take you for all they can. Before a missing persons report's filed, they're on a plane to Moscow, or back with whoever whored them out. I could really use a paycheck, but I don't want to waste your time. Keep your money. Try again.

BILL

No way. Not Ileana. She loved me.

There's purity in Bill's words, he's emotional, teary. He eyes the WEDDING RING, still on Jimmy's finger.

BILL (CONT'D)

I sit in front of a computer screen eighty hours a week. The only thing that gets me through the day is knowing I get to come home to her. You're married, Jimmy. You must understand.

They lock eyes. Jimmy's genuinely affected. He looks back down to the picture. Dark hair. Blue eyes. She *really* resembles Cathy. It almost makes him shiver.

JIMMY

This is a recent picture?

BILL

Very. Dark hair. Blue eyes. And her *laugh*.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)  
You'll know it when you hear it.  
Jimmy, I've asked around. You know  
the world. They say you're the only  
one who can help me...

**INT. UPSCALE HOTEL SUITE - EVENING**

Suitcases are strewn about, half-unpacked. Take-out food containers spill out of the garbage can. By the looks of things, somebody has been living here for quite a while.

We find Carl, standing in front of a full-length mirror, putting the finishing touches on his immaculate black tuxedo. He smiles proudly. *Damn he looks good.*

He finally turns and eyes the HOT NAKED WOMAN (29) sleeping in the bed. He nudges her awake.

CARL  
Hey... Dana...

The Naked Woman stirs, annoyed.

NAKED WOMAN  
My name's Jennifer...

CARL  
Yeah. Uh. Listen... I gotta split.

NAKED WOMAN  
Cool. I'll grab a shower, show  
myself out.

CARL  
Nah, I need you out now.

She stares back at him. *Are you serious?* He clearly is. She rips up in a huff and starts throwing her clothes on.

A KNOCK at the door. Carl hurries over.

CARL (CONT'D)  
What part of *Por favor de no*  
*molestar* don't you understand?

Carl rips the door open, expecting to find the Cleaning Lady. Instead he finds...a VENICE MEATHEAD (30).

VENICE MEATHEAD  
You Carl Morris?

Carl sinks. He knows what this is about. He nods. The Venice Meathead hands him a LARGE YELLOW ENVELOPE.

VENICE MEATHEAD (CONT'D)  
 You've been served, bro.

The Meathead saunters off. Just then, the now-clothed Woman (Jennifer) pushes past Carl and stomps out of the room.

JENNIFER  
 Fucking dickhead!

Salt in the wound. Carl closes the door and slumps down on the bed. He eyes the Yellow Envelope with a heavy heart.

**EXT. ALL AMERICAN TEXTILES - NIGHT**

A dirty old warehouse. The sign is written in both English and Cyrillic. A giant American flag waves majestically above the door. Jimmy heads inside.

**INT. ALL AMERICAN TEXTILES - CONTINUOUS**

A DOZEN GEORGIAN WOMEN sit at sewing machines, working their fingers to the bone. A stern RUSSIAN MAN supervises, walking the aisles, peeking over their shoulders.

Jimmy approaches the GIANT RUSSIAN guarding a rusty iron door on the back wall. The behemoth grips an AK-47 and sports a Kevlar flack jacket with a red "C.C.C.P." logo on the front.

He pats Jimmy down, checking for weapons.

**INT. YURI'S BACKROOM CLUB - CONTINUOUS**

A house-music mix of Cher's *Believe* pulls Jimmy through a dark, narrow hallway and into the spirited drunken melee that is YURI'S BACK ROOM CLUB.

In one section, STRIPPERS work the poles and suck up dollar bills. In another, a sea of grizzled old RUSSIAN MEN rot at card tables, chewing on cigars and downing cheap vodka.

As Jimmy approaches the bar, heads turn. Most all of the patrons are eye-fucking him. Jimmy tries to play it cool.

The Russian bartender, ALEXEI (30) approaches, SHOTGUN hanging from a strap around his neck.

JIMMY  
 Lotta new firepower...

Now, Alexei's eye-fucking him. Jimmy just can't win.

ALEXEI  
 Armos are stockpiling weapons. When they come, we'll be ready.

JIMMY  
Where's Yuri?

Alexei points to the rather raucous crowd spilling out of a BACK ROOM. Jimmy smiles knowingly.

### BACK ROOM

Jimmy enters. A crazy-eyed Russian, YURI (40s), is working the crowd. He's short, but absolutely *ripped*. It looks like he was carved out of stone. He's covered in tattoos. Stars on his knees. Spades on his chest. A giant cobweb on his back.

YURI  
Who's next?!

The biggest and baddest RUSSIAN in the room steps forward and ponies up a hundred dollar bill.

He and Yuri hold their arms up and press them together, so they are joined from wrist to elbow. After a beat, another RUSSIAN approaches. He takes the HUGE LIT CIGAR from his mouth and drops it into the crevice between their two arms.

The two men sit there, the cigarette burning the flesh from their arms. Yuri smiles. He's *enjoying* the pain. The same cannot be said for his competitor. Eventually, the pain is overwhelming and he rips his arm away.

Yuri's won this game of chicken. He throws his arms up in victory and pockets the man's money. The crowd goes berserk.

YURI (CONT'D)  
When will you boys learn?! Ice  
water runs through these veins!!!

Yuri finally notices Jimmy. The crowd goes completely silent.

YURI (CONT'D)  
You got balls of steel, rolling in  
here after that shit you pulled.

Jimmy rolls his eyes.

YURI (CONT'D)  
Don't roll your eyes at me. That  
was three and a half million in  
product. Armos greenlit you. You're  
lucky one'a these ghouls doesn't  
take a shot at you. Shit, you're  
lucky *I* don't take a shot at you.

Jimmy looks around. A lot of mean looking Russian guys want a piece of him. Maybe this wasn't the best idea...

JIMMY  
I need a favor. Some info.

YURI  
(scoffs)  
*Of course you do. But you've used  
up your freebies. You want a favor,  
you gotta beat me.*

Jimmy didn't expect this. The crowd watches him intently, hoping he agrees to the challenge. A beat. And then--

*Fuck it.* Jimmy rolls up his sleeves! The crowd goes WILD!

Jimmy and Yuri hold their arms up and press them together. That same RUSSIAN drops another GIANT LIT CIGAR into the crevice between their arms and...

The two men stand, the cigar charring their arms. But neither budes. Neither shows any sign that they are in any pain at all. This could go on for a *while*...

**INT. YURI'S BACK ROOM CLUB - OFFICE - LATER**

Jimmy and Yuri tend to their burns, grimacing.

JIMMY  
You know who came at me last night?

YURI  
Some Armo who lost product? Some Russian made to pay the bill? Maybe some nigger or chink with nothing to sell? But you're still in one piece. Systema lessons worked, huh? You fight like a Russian now.

Jimmy hands over the picture of Ileana that Bill gave him.

JIMMY  
Where can I find her?

YURI  
Ha! The *new* girl! My cousin, he says she screams like banshee.

JIMMY  
A week ago she was some mope's mail order bride.

YURI  
For ten grand I can get him new girl. A better girl. *Virgin* maybe.

JIMMY  
Yeah, well... He loves her.

YURI  
You Americans and your love. You  
are dogs to your women.

JIMMY  
Go fuck yourself, Yuri.

Yuri shakes his head, *pathetic*.

YURI  
She works at *the Sputnik*. But I  
wouldn't walk in there if I were  
you...

Jimmy bites his lip. This is gonna be difficult...

JIMMY  
You can't make a call?

YURI  
What's Romeo paying you?

JIMMY  
A grand.

Remember Bill paid him TWO thousand. Yuri smirks.

YURI  
I want *half*.

Jimmy GROANS, then reluctantly throws a \$500 down on the  
desk. Yuri counts it with a devilish smile.

YURI (CONT'D)  
Big to-do tonight. A lot of angry,  
powerful people gettin' together.  
New fans of yours. Watch your back.  
(a beat)  
I'll be there later. Maybe we get  
ourselves a coupl'a girls, see if  
you can fuck like a Russian too.

# **INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT**

The place is packed with distinguished Angelenos dressed to  
the nines. A banner reads: *Los Angeles Police Association's  
Man of the Year*.

We find Carl sitting across from the BARTENDER, downing a  
glass of scotch. He stares intently across the room, watching  
a strong and sexy Latina, ROSA (40s), work the room.

BARTENDER  
Another one?

CARL  
Shit's free, ain't it?

The Bartender pours. Carl drops a ten into the tip jar.

BARTENDER  
Who's the broad?

CARL  
My wife.

BARTENDER  
(takes another look)  
He know that?

Carl turns back around to see Banks whispering in Rosa's ear. She laughs and then tenderly rests a hand on his shoulder. A nice, intimate gesture. It turns Carl's stomach. He downs his scotch and slams the glass back down on the bar.

CARL  
*Pour.*

#### **EXT. THE SPUTNIK - NIGHT**

New ethnic neighborhood. New hole-in-the-wall bar. *Support our Troops!* ribbons are proudly displayed in the window.

As Jimmy enters, we pan across the street to reveal--

A SHADOWY FIGURE, wearing an OXYGEN MASK, intently watches him from the safety of a BMW Seven Series.

#### **INT. THE SPUTNIK - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The RUSSIAN DOORMAN pats Jimmy down and waves him in.

#### **INT. THE SPUTNIK - BAR - NIGHT**

A party is in full swing. Businessmen and Russian mobster types frolic with scantily-clad, beaten-down young girls. *N'SYNC's Bye, Bye Bye* blares over the speakers.

A MAN watches, wide-eyed as the HOOKER on his lap exposes her breast and plays with her extremely long nipple. Two RUSSIAN JOHNS laugh their asses off, taking turns slapping another HOOKER's plump ass.

Jimmy enters and again, all eyes fall upon him. Stares of death. Against his better judgement, he heads for the bar.



The scarfaced bartender, NIKOLAY (35), approaches.

JIMMY  
Budweiser.

Jimmy scans the crowd, recognizing most all of his admirers.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Yuri wasn't joking. Lotta players  
in here. What's the occasion?

NIKOLAY  
(handing the beer over)  
We don't ask questions here. We  
just like party.

Just then, a creepy RUSSIAN BOY with a ponytail and a HAIR-LIP, enters. He makes a bee-line for the bar.

The Boy hands Nikolay a thin strip of red paper (one of the same fortune cookie-like strips the police found in Garo's home) and then quickly exits the building.

Nikolay heads into the BACK OFFICE and uses a RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S DECODER RING to translate the message on the strip of paper.

Jimmy watches this closely (through a crack in the door) until something distracts him. A BOISTEROUS FEMALE LAUGH--

It's ILEANA (30). Bill's girl. The rest of these women look like they've been rode hard and put away wet, but not Ileana. She just glows. And *man* does she look like Cathy...

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)  
You want girl?

Jimmy turns to see Nikolay. He's back, holding the red strip of paper to a LIGHTER'S FLAME.

He drops the singed remnant into an ASHTRAY on the bar...an ashtray full of singed remnants.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)  
You come for fuck, no?

JIMMY  
I want *her*.

Jimmy points to Ileana. Nikolay waves her over.

NIKOLAY  
Four hundred.

Jimmy reluctantly hands the \$400 over. And Nikolay slips him a small, colorful RUSSIAN TOKEN.

**INT. THE SPUTNIK - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

Ileana drags Jimmy (beer-in-hand) up the stairs. Sounds of coital ecstasy pour from the hallway.

The MADAME approaches and holds out her hand.

MADAME (RUSSIAN ACCENT)  
Your token?

Jimmy hands over the colorful Russian TOKEN the Bartender gave him.

MADAME (CONT'D)  
Room seven.

**INT. THE SPUTNIK - UPSTAIRS - ROOM 7 - MOMENTS LATER**

Lit CANDLES create a romantic mood. Jimmy opens his mouth to speak, but Ileana jams her tongue in it. He fights her at first, but she's too good a kisser. He quickly surrenders.

She yanks his shirt off and his pants down. She pulls a condom and pops it in her mouth. Girl's a real pro...

As she heads in, Jimmy chugs his beer. She's down there working for a good couple of beats, but nothing's happening. She finally looks up, frustrated and confused.

ILEANA  
You need the Viagra?

JIMMY  
Shit, I can't do this.

Jimmy staggers to his feet, pulls his tighty-whiteys up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm a private investigator. Your husband sent me to bring you back.

ILEANA  
(confused)  
Husband?

Suddenly -- RAT-A-TAT-TAT! A Machine Gun ROARS from the hallway. A woman SCREAMS!

Ileana is terrified, starting to panic. Jimmy sobers instantly. He puts his finger over his lips, *Shhh...*

JIMMY

Get down. They're here for *me*.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! More shots. More screams. Closer now--

Ileana finally snaps. She sprints out into the hallway, destined for an exit door. Jimmy lunges for her, to no avail.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ileana! NO!!!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! She is cut to pieces right in front of him. Jimmy is devastated.

He takes a beat to pull himself back together, then he cautiously peeks his head into the hallway.

#### **HALLWAY**

Jimmy's POV: TWO MASKED GUNMEN move to cut down a pack of JOHNS in the hallway. RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

OTHERS go room to room, kicking open doors, unloading their AK-47s on anything that moves. RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

#### **ROOM 7**

Jimmy spins back inside. They'll be here soon! His eyes dart frantically around the room, searching for a weapon, but nothing seems to fit the bill.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! More SCREAMING! Glass breaking!

Jimmy, still wearing only his tighty-whites, picks his BELT up off of the ground...

#### **HALLWAY**

The Gunman methodically moves on to Room 7. The door is already open here. It doesn't appear to be occupied. Just to be sure, he steps inside--

#### **ROOM 7**

--WHAM!!!! Jimmy HAMMERS the Gunman with his bare foot. The AK-47 flies from his hand.

In an instant, Jimmy's behind the Gunman, his belt wrapped around the man's neck, choking him.

WHAM! WHAM! The Gunman drives his elbows into Jimmy's ribs, but it just makes him angrier, stronger. Seconds away from unconsciousness, the Gunman is barely able to speak--

GUNMAN  
(in Russian)  
Fool. Your days are numbered.

Suddenly, TWO MORE GUNMEN charge into the room. One of them clubs Jimmy in the back with his rifle.

Jimmy loses hold of the belt and the original Gunman crashes to the ground, gasping for air.

The two new Gunmen set upon Jimmy and start kicking and punching, but he's able to fight them off. Yuri was right. He's become quite the SYSTEMA (Russian Martial art) master. Amid the chaos, the candles get knocked over and THE BED CATCHES FIRE.

The third Gunman finally joins the melee and Jimmy is overpowered. They yank him from the room, just as the fire starts to climb up the curtains.

**INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy is dragged out into the hallway, dazed and confused. A HACKING COUGH steals his attention. He looks up to see--

An OLDER GENTLEMAN in a white suit almost floating down the hallway. He approaches the dead one-by-one and puts a bullet between their eyes. Just to make sure they stay that way...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Then he launches into another violent coughing fit, spitting blood into a handkerchief.

The Older Man finally looks up at our hero with a pair of **PIERCING BLUE EYES.**

Jimmy is completely disarmed. He pales. His jaw drops. His legs go numb. All he can do is stare. He blinks once. Twice. The face is different. But...those eyes. *It's THE GHOST!!!*

Vitale approaches methodically, looks Jimmy dead in the eye.

VITALE  
Hello again, James. I've waited a  
long time for this.

Vitale raises his weapon and presses it to Jimmy's forehead.

Just then, the SPRINKLERS overhead start GUSHING WATER! It distracts Vitale and his goons for just a second, but that's all Jimmy needs.

He kicks the gun from Vitale's hand. He decks one Gunman, then the other.

The third Gunmen turns and opens fire on him: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!  
 Jimmy dives back into room 7, narrowly escaping bloody death.

#### **ROOM 7**

The fire is simply out of control. But Jimmy can hear footsteps nearing. He can feel the Gunmen closing in.

He only has a second or two to react. *Screw it.* In the blink of an eye, he's running full-speed into the fire!

The Gunmen round the corner and open up: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

Jimmy LEAPS THROUGH THE FUCKING WINDOW!!!

#### **EXT. THE SPUTNIK - NIGHT**

Jimmy CRASHES to the pavement, just as an LAPD SQUAD CAR SCREECHES to a halt outside the club...

He lays there, half-naked...amid a heap of broken glass, burnt, bleeding, wheezing. This guy is in *terrible* shape.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS approach, guns drawn. But once they see the state Jimmy's in, they lower their weapons.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
 Call an ambulance...

#### **INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT**

Rosa takes the podium to address the crowd.

ROSA  
 When Lt. Howard Banks and I founded the Wilshire District Reserve Officer program, my goal was simple: reduce gang activity in my district. But Howard's plan was *brilliant*: Deputize and train concerned, law-abiding citizens in high risk areas. Work together with the community to combat the plague.

A round of applause.

ROSA (CONT'D)  
 Lt. Banks didn't just hand these citizens a badge and an idle promise. He handed them empowerment, the means to take back what's theirs.

Another roar from the crowd.

ROSA (CONT'D)  
Here he is, the Los Angeles Police  
Association's *Man of the Year*...Lt.  
Howard Banks.

Banks takes the stage. Everyone is clapping, going crazy.  
Everyone except for--

CARL. He's *drunk*. The only thing his hands are doing is  
bringing another glass of scotch to his lips. Detective  
Rogers approaches.

ROGERS  
Sir, the station's called  
twice...they say it's urgent.

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ramirez peers into an EXAMINATION ROOM where a DOCTOR slams  
Jimmy's shoulder back into socket. It's a borderline gruesome  
sight, but it doesn't seem to bother Harris. She's ready to  
march right in, ready to tear Jimmy apart, but--

A NURSE (60s, stern) blocks her path.

NURSE  
The Doctor doesn't think he's up to  
it just yet. He needs rest.

HARRIS  
Listen, Grandma. We got a massacre  
on our hands. That douchebag's the  
only one who walked outta that  
brothel alive. He's not getting a  
fucking nap. Tell the doctor to rub  
some dirt on that shit and get  
outta my way.

The red-faced Nurse stomps into the examination room. Ramirez  
shakes his head, pensive.

RAMIREZ  
We should wait for the Captain...

**INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmy looks awful. His face battered. His hospital gown  
stained with blood. He winces as the Doctor patches up his  
broken ribs. Ramirez and Harris are not sympathetic.

HARRIS

What the fuck were you doing in that brothel, Marino?

JIMMY

I wanted a hand job. And you had your phone turned off.

HARRIS

*Shit.* Your flaccid-ass ain't had wood since Clinton was in his office.

RAMIREZ

You're not gonna fuck us over again. We're still paying the bill for that nonsense down at the port.

HARRIS

Traffic duty. Desk work. Things heat up, the Captain sits us in a corner with a dunce cap on.

JIMMY

Yeah? Well, give Daddy a call. I'm sure he'll set things straight.

Jimmy's touched a nerve here. Harris almost smacks him in the face. Ramirez has to hold her back.

The Doctor finishes up. Jimmy pulls him close.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Can I get a little Vicodin?

The Doctor shakes his head and reluctantly writes a prescription. Harris gets up in Jimmy's face.

HARRIS

Look, this was big time. Some major Ruski honchos ate lead tonight.

RAMIREZ

Word is the Armos were going to give them a chance to make things right. What changed?

JIMMY

The gunmen weren't Armenian.

HARRIS

*Bullshit.* Why were you in that brothel, Jimmy? What aren't you telling us?

Just then, Carl enters. He's livid. Ramirez tightens up. Harris rolls her eyes. She knows this interrogation is over.

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Carl with Ramirez and Harris.

HARRIS

He should be in jail. Scumbag PI. Wash-out cop. Why do you and the Lieutenant insist on holding his fucking hand?

Carl gets in Harris' face.

CARL

--You gonna question me, Detective?

HARRIS

No, sir. I just--

CARL

--You're too young. You don't know. And I don't have the time or inclination to explain it to you. All you need to know is as long as I'm in charge, he's off limits.

Harris reluctantly relents.

RAMIREZ

We're just trying to get to the bottom of this thing, sir. We want back in the game.

CARL

Yeah. Well, trust me. Marino's a dead end. You want off the leash? Then get out there and shake some trees. Armenians hit the Russians. Sure as shit the Russians are gonna hit back. Let's see if we can cool things down a bit.

Ramirez and Harris head off. Carl looks back into the examination room and sees Jimmy preparing to leave.

**INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmy, his arm now in a sling, is struggling to get a coat on. Carl enters and tries to help him out. Jimmy pulls away.

JIMMY

I don't need your help.



Jimmy finally just throws the jacket across the room.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't need you and Banks hiding around corners, pulling strings every time I get into a little trouble.

CARL

A *little* trouble?

JIMMY

You heard me. I'm no charity case.

CARL

That was a God damn *massacre*. And you were thrown out a window, half naked.

JIMMY

*Thrown?! Fuck that. I jumped.*

CARL

Either way, it sounds like BIG trouble to me. Sounds like you need all the *charity* you can get.

(a beat)

What the hell you still doin' in the middle of this Russian/Armenian bullshit anyway? You're gonna get yourself killed.

JIMMY

I told Cagney and Lacey. Gunmen weren't Armos. Guy spoke to me in perfect Russian.

CARL

Guys were using Nazarian's weapons. Same shit we seized this morning.

JIMMY

Word around the campfire is Garo ain't supplying the Armenians no more. He's dealing to someone else.

Carl rolls his eyes, skeptical.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

*Romanovski's here, Carl. I saw him with my own eyes. He put a gun to my head.*

CARL  
Jesus, man. You're fucking  
certifiable. Pension entitles you  
to psychiatric help. Do us all a  
favor and go get some.

JIMMY  
Just hear me out--

CARL  
--Vitale is dead, Jimmy. Three  
Agencies confirmed it.

JIMMY  
I went to Lensk. There was no body.

CARL  
Man, you've been seein' Ghosts,  
crying Wolf for too damn long. I'm  
done listening.

JIMMY  
You quit listening a long time ago.  
To anything outside of what your  
wife tells you, anyway.

Carl's eyes flash with anger. He gets up in Jimmy's face.  
Jimmy doesn't even flinch. Carl's had it.

CARL  
I'm done with you.

Carl heads for the door.

JIMMY  
The writing is on the wall here.  
Romanovski's back and this is only  
the beginning.

#### **INT. ALL AMERICAN TEXTILES - NIGHT**

The sewing operation has shut down for the night. Jimmy walks  
through the eerily quiet factory floor.

He approaches the iron door on the back wall. No guard...

#### **INT. YURI'S BACK ROOM CLUB - CONTINUOUS**

No music this time around. No whores. No scumbags. Just Yuri  
and his GOONS (including Alexei) gearing up for war.

Yuri takes a KEVLAR VEST out of a U.S.S.R-labeled CRATE and  
puts it on. Jimmy limps around the room, right on his heels.

JIMMY

I was at the Sputnik, Yuri. Those guys were *Russian*, not Armenian.

Yuri racks the barrel of his shotgun.

YURI

My cousin is dead, Jimmy. And if they'd come an hour later, I'd be dead too. Those men were not Russian. Believe me.

JIMMY

It was Romanovski. I saw him.

Alexei laughs out loud. The other Goons follow suit. Jimmy is nothing more than a bad joke to them. It embarrasses Yuri.

YURI

Not again, Jimmy. Not now.

JIMMY

The cops are looking for you to hit back. They'll be all over you.

YURI

Cops? We don't worry about cops.

Jimmy sighs, there's no stopping Yuri now. His soldiers start piling out the door, armed to the teeth, one after the other.

YURI (CONT'D)

Things will get ugly, friend. Keep your head down.

As Yuri and his crew exit, Jimmy walks over to the crate of Kevlar vests. He takes hold of one and--

**INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Carl is at his desk, pouring over crime scene photos from the Brothel. Banks enters. Carl doesn't look up.

BANKS

Burnin' the midnight oil?

CARL

Tryin' to make sense of this shit.

BANKS

Three and a half million is a lot of coin. Makes perfect sense to me. You take from me. I take from you.

CARL

I just don't like the timing. The scope...

BANKS

If you wanna see the conspiracy badly enough, you will. But the truth? It ain't there. Jimmy's holdin' onto a memory for dear life. You can't get sucked in. You can't validate his delusion.

That settles it. Carl's done. He puts the photos away.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Heard you got the papers today.  
Wanted to make sure you were okay.

Carl takes a beat, then looks up at Banks, fire in his eyes.

CARL

The papers...  
(takes a deep breath)  
Are you redoing my den, Howard?

BANKS

Carl, I--

CARL

--Neighbor said he's seen trucks at the house all week. Furniture comin' in and out.

BANKS

What do you want from me, man?

CARL

I want to know why you've moved in, why you're re-doing my God damn den when *the papers* aren't even signed?

Banks is speechless. Carl looks him squarely in the eye.

CARL (CONT'D)

I told you when you started fucking her, keep that shit outta this house. In here, you're my Lieutenant and there's nothing I can do about that. But we're *not* friends anymore, so lose the act.

**INT. FLAMINGOS BAR - NIGHT**

To call this a *dive* would be a compliment. Sticky floors. Low lighting. Dirty tables. However, it seems to suit the clientele, mostly shady-looking Russian ex-pats, just fine.

A wildly intoxicated Jimmy stares defiantly down at a PHOTOGRAPH. VITALE ROMANOVSKI's bullet-ridden corpse.

Just then, the alarm on Jimmy's digital watch SOUNDS. He slides off of his stool and starts doing pushups right in the middle of the bar.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - KITCHEN - MORNING**

A heavy-set PRISONER works kitchen-duty. He places a small plastic BAGGIE inside an empty bowl and smothers it with a ladle of oatmeal.

He looks over to the door and locks eyes with the GUARD...

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - MAXIMUM SECURITY WING - LATER**

The Guard takes the bowl of oatmeal from a FOOD CART and approaches a CELL, peeking inside...

**INT. PRISON - CELL - CONTINUOUS**

...where a massive, shirtless MAN barrels through his own set of push-ups. His long hair falls over his face, obscuring his identity, until... A KNOCK at the door.

The man rises to his feet and we finally get look at him. Rippling muscles, twenty-two inch neck, thick-graying beard. And a SCAR on his CHEST. An OLD BULLET WOUND.

His entire body is covered in tatoos. A cross on his chest. A tiger on each arm. Stalin's ugly mug over his heart. And a star on each knee. No doubt about it now--

This is THE WOLF, IVAN ROMANOVSKI. Well into his forties now, the hard-time has only made him stronger and more imposing.

The Guard slides the oatmeal through the slot in the door.

Ivan fishes the baggie out of the bowl. Inside he finds--

An all-too-familiar THIN STRIP OF RED PAPER! He pulls a RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S DECODER RING from under his mattress and works the dial. He deciphers the message and smiles.

**EXT. CIGARETTE HOUSE - LITTLE ARMENIA - EARLY MORNING**

A one-room Armenian Pre-School. This harmless, even hopeful setting contrasts sharply with what sits next door--

An Armenian mafia contraband house. Shot to shit. A war zone.

A crowd of ARMENIAN LOCALS is gathering. They're angry, SHOUTING at the Police. Demanding answers. Demanding justice.

Carl weaves through the crowd, careful to avoid the FEMALE REPORTER setting up for a shot with her CAMERAMAN. Banks and Harris approach.

BANKS

Five dead Armenians. Soldiers.  
Bosses. Even a kid...

CARL

Right next to a school no less...

HARRIS

A street full of purple-hairedes  
watch it go down, yet no one can  
tell us a God damned thing.

BANKS

Cultural amnesia. Get used to it.

Carl eyes the crowd of angry Armenian locals wearily. Banks pulls him close.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Hate to say *I told you so*, but,  
even the talking heads are wise.

He motions to the Female Reporter, now rushing over...

FEMALE REPORTER

Captain Morris! Is it safe to  
assume this was Russian retaliation  
for last night's brothel massacre?

Harris steps up and escorts the reporter away. The crowd is really starting to get belligerent. They're SCREAMING now. Wide-eyed and angry. Things are coming to a boil here.

Ramirez approaches, looks like he's got more bad news...

RAMIREZ

Armos just hit back. Russian bakery  
on Fairfax. Two dead.

CARL

I need to get with Armen. Have him  
put the brakes on. This shit is  
gettin' out of hand.

**EXT. BILL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Jimmy, hungover and sleep-deprived, takes a swig from a brown-bagged tallboy of Steel Reserve. As he limps toward the building's entrance, something steals his attention--

Through the reflection in the apartment window, he notices a SILVER BMW 7 Series with a couple of shady-looking characters inside. It creeps past him, then parks down the block.

He's so focused on the car that he almost gets run over by--  
A BLACK KID on a bicycle!

BLACK KID

Hey fool! Watch where you goin'!

The bike skids to a halt. Sensing an opportunity, Jimmy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a five dollar bill.

JIMMY

There's a silver BMW, 'bout half a  
block down. It's been following me.  
I need a plate number.

BLACK KID

Nigga, you drunk! And you stink!

He starts to pedal away. Jimmy sighs and pulls out a ten.

JIMMY

How about a Hamilton? That change  
things?

BLACK KID

You make it a Jackson, we cool.

Jimmy groans. He takes out a twenty and rips it in half.

BLACK KID (CONT'D)

Hey man, whatch'you doing?!

Jimmy hands one half of the twenty to the Black Kid.

JIMMY

Get me the plate number and the  
rest is yours.

**INT. BILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

Jimmy steps out of the elevator and into the hallway. He approaches Bill's door and notices--

It's CRACKED OPEN. Jimmy pulls his PATPARINE 9.2MM (the most powerful Russian-made hand gun). He pushes the door open and braces himself for the worst--

**INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

WHOOSH! Jimmy's head is immediately covered in a black cloth bag! And we're enveloped in darkness along with him. Then--

BOOM! Jimmy's Patparine FIRES! A male voice SCREAMS in agony. He rips the bag off his head, and sees--

A WOUNDED RUSSIAN GUNMAN writhing on the ground, howling in pain. Bleeding profusely. Then--

WHACK! ANOTHER MASSIVE RUSSIAN kicks Jimmy in the face! Jimmy drops his gun and stumbles back...

The Russian is on him instantly, delivering one devastating kick after another. Putting on one hell of a Systema display. He tosses the cloth bag back to Jimmy.

RUSSIAN (IN RUSSIAN)

Put it on. You're coming with me.

Jimmy isn't having it. He tosses the bag away and kicks the Russian right in the testes. The behemoth drops to his knees.

Now, it's Jimmy's turn. He pummels his opponent with a barrage of kicks and punches. But the Russian is quickly back to his feet. He lowers his head and charges at Jimmy. Then--

Jimmy SIDESTEPS him and uses the Russian's weight and momentum to send him FLYING OUT THE FIFTH STORY WINDOW!!!

**EXT. BILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The Russian falls five stories, SCREAMING the whole way down. He crashes through the roof of a PARKED CAR. Metal twisting. Alarm sounding. Glass spraying in all directions.

Jimmy stumbles out, in bad shape, still on high alert. He peers down the block, where the BMW was parked--

But the car is GONE. Nowhere to be found. The Black Kid approaches, checking out the dead Russian.

BLACK KID

*Damn! You fucked him up real good.*



The Black Kid's got the plate number. Jimmy tries to take it, but he pulls it away.

BLACK KID (CONT'D)

The twenty, nigga.

Nearby, tires SQUEAL! Jimmy looks up to see...THE BMW SPEEDING TOWARD THEM!

Jimmy pushes the Black Kid to the ground, and FIRES his gun--

BOOM! He gets one shot off before the GUNMAN inside raises his AK-47: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

Two quick BLASTS from the rifle. Jimmy goes down. The BMW SQUEALS off!

Jimmy lays on the ground, MOANING in pain. The Black Kid gets up, unharmed and surprisingly unfazed. He snatches the other half of the twenty from Jimmy's pocket, replacing it with the plate number and then he disappears down the street...

**INT. MIKHAIL'S RUSSIAN & TURKISH BATHS - THE WARM ROOM - DAY**

A couple of naked Russian BATHERS enjoy the continuous flow of hot dry air, which allows them to perspire freely.

A beat and Yuri enters, Alexei and another GOON behind him.

**INT. MIKHAIL'S RUSSIAN & TURKISH BATHS - BACK ROOM - DAY**

Jimmy's getting stitched up by a sweaty RUSSIAN DOCTOR, reflector on his head, blood stains on his white jacket.

Jimmy pops a Vicodin and washes it down with a swig of vodka. The Doctor snatches the bottle away.

DOCTOR

Bad for you. No drink with those.

Jimmy GAGS, almost vomits. Doctor wasn't kiddin'.

Across the room, Yuri inspects a CCCP-labeled Kevlar vest. Two gaping bullet holes where Jimmy was shot. He shakes his head, looks back at Jimmy. *Close call.*

JIMMY

You bring me flowers?

Yuri shoots the Doctor a look and motions to the door. The Doctor excuses himself immediately. Yuri turns to Jimmy, his look severe.

YURI  
They have my family. In Russia. I  
must go to them.

JIMMY  
*Romanovski.*

YURI  
I owe you an apology. You were  
right.

Jimmy's heart starts to race.

JIMMY  
Why *now*?

YURI  
I was hoping you could tell me.  
Jimmy is at a loss. Yuri expected as much.

YURI (CONT'D)  
You're the closest thing I have to  
a friend in this country. I fly out  
of Santa Monica tonight. Come with  
me.

JIMMY  
I'm not going anywhere.

YURI  
Vitale will kill *everyone*, Jimmy.  
Just like last time. I know you've  
been waiting for this. But trust  
me. You can't win here. You *won't*.

Jimmy notices something new in his old friend. *Fear.*

**INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - DAY**

A PINK SHIRT-clad Carl is on the phone. His secretary,  
PHYLLIS, walks in, upset.

PHYLLIS  
I told him you were busy, but--  
Jimmy limps in behind her. White. Ghastly. Beat all to hell.

JIMMY  
Nice shirt...

Carl quickly hangs up. He looks Jimmy up and down.

CARL  
*Jesus, man. I heard you were dead.*

JIMMY  
Yuri Petrov's headed back to Moscow  
with his tail between his legs.

Carl knows where he's going and he doesn't want to hear it.

CARL  
Don't come to me with more  
bullshit. I don't have the time.

JIMMY  
I need you to run a plate for me.

Carl LAUGHS like this is an absurd request.

CARL  
I got a gang war, seems to get  
worse by the minute. Got a call  
from the Mayor today, Jimbo. And it  
wasn't to congratulate me for  
keeping the town quiet all these  
years. After that ATF fiasco, my  
job's on the line. I can't get  
sucked into another one of your  
fits of craziness. I need you outta  
my way. If I have to lock your ass  
up, I'll do it.

Jimmy looks stung. Carl reaches into his wallet and tosses a  
twenty on the table. A peace offering.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Go get yourself drunk. Just keep  
your head down, let me handle this.

Jimmy looks to Carl with angry eyes.

JIMMY  
This is the last favor I'll ask. No  
more stories. No more bailouts.

Carl grudgingly takes the plate number from Jimmy and  
inspects it.

CARL  
Seven Series?

JIMMY  
Yeah. Brand new.

Carl consults a DOCUMENT on his desk.

CARL  
I'll be damned...

Jimmy's not following.

CARL (CONT'D)  
A load of Beamers were ripped from  
a truck a few weeks back. Found a  
coupl'a them at Nazarian's house.  
Souped-up. VINS changed. Along with  
a batch of bogus sequential plates.  
This is one of the ones that was  
missing...

Carl knows exactly what Jimmy is thinking.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I know that look, Jimmy. You're not  
in the game anymore. Shit, it's a  
miracle you ain't dead. Count your  
blessings. Sit this one out. My  
boys'll run this down.

Jimmy rolls his eyes. Carl's had it.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Fine. Gimme your piece.

JIMMY  
What? *Why*?

CARL  
This ain't a God damned discussion.  
Hand it over. Now.

Reluctantly, Jimmy hands Carl his Patparine 9.2mm.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Your spare too, Jim. Don't make me  
search your ass.

Jimmy pulls a .38 from an ankle-holster and hands it over.

JIMMY  
You're an asshole...

Jimmy snags the twenty from Carl's desk and then stomps out.  
As soon as he's gone, Ramirez and Harris enter.

CARL  
I want you two glued to his ass. He  
goes anywhere but a bar, drag him  
right back here. I don't care if  
he's kicking and screaming.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY**

A frustrated Ramirez and Harris covertly watch as Jimmy paces apprehensively outside a BAR. He's all-cleaned up, wearing a tight tank top to show off his muscles.

RAMIREZ  
City's on fire and we're stuck  
babysitting a bum.

Something's clearly bothering Harris. It finally hits her.

HARRIS  
That's a god damned fag bar.

RAMIREZ  
(laughs)  
What?

HARRIS  
Christ, I never would'a figured.  
What a shame...

Ramirez tries to pretend the comment doesn't bother him.

**INT. ANOTHER BAR - CONTINUOUS**

The bar is full of MEN. Madonna's *Like a Prayer*, plays on the speakers. Harris wasn't kidding...

Jimmy enters. The PATRONS eye him *ravenously*. Fresh meat.

Jimmy sits down next to his mark, WANG (20s). A real dainty Chinese guy. Meticulously quaffed hair. Long finger nails. Form-fitting jeans.

Jimmy hands Carl's twenty to the BARTENDER.

JIMMY  
Gimme a Bud. And let me buy a drink  
for my man here.

Wang smiles wryly. He and Jimmy lock eyes. Then--

**INT. ANOTHER BAR - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A room full of men in red velvet booths, all engaged in furious sexual activity. Wang has Jimmy by the hand, leading him through the melee. They settle on a booth.

Wang slides in next to Jimmy. Close. Jimmy's nervous. It excites Wang. He finally leans in for a kiss. Jimmy takes that as his cue--

He grabs Wang by the neck, choking him. Jimmy figured on scaring this kid, but Wang seems to *like* it...

WANG

Oh, yeah... Choke me, Daddy.

JIMMY

No, you don't-- I'm not--

Wang is *really* excited. He starts to play with himself...

WANG

Choke me, Daddy. CHOKe ME!

Jimmy is seriously about to vomit. He finally lets go.

JIMMY

Gar0 Nazarian had a load of Beamers chopped. You set it up. I need to know who did the work.

WANG

I don't know what you're talking about...

Wang tries to leave. Jimmy shoves him back into the booth.

JIMMY

Look, there are two, maybe three guys who could'a set this up.

WANG

So...go talk to *them*.

JIMMY

You're the only one who smokes cock... Look, I'm not a cop. I'm not here to mess with your business. I just need to know where you sent those BMWs.

WANG

I ain't telling you shit. Garo and I were in love.

Jimmy can't help but laugh. *Oh the irony.*

JIMMY

He died with some other guy's lips wrapped around his dick. You know that, right?

Wang is shocked. He clearly did *not* know that...

**INT. ANOTHER BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Ramirez tries to hold the door open for Harris. Quite a gentleman. She looks at him like he is insane.

HARRIS

No. After you. I insist.

Ramirez reluctantly steps in first, almost squirming. Smelling his fear, the patrons greet him with HOOTS and HOLLERS. Harris rolls her eyes and heads for the Bartender.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Guy in the beater. Where'd he go?

BARTENDER

(winks at Ramirez)

You kiss, I tell...

Ramirez turns bright red. Harris flashes her badge, annoyed.

HARRIS

Slow your roll, princess.

Bartender reluctantly points them toward the back room.

**BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Ramirez and Harris rush in and run smack dab into a flustered Wang. He knows exactly who they're after.

WANG

He just slipped out the back!

As Ramirez and Harris make for the back door, Wang hightails it out of there...

**EXT. ANOTHER BAR - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Ramirez and Harris spill into the alley, guns drawn. But Jimmy is long gone. Carl is gonna have their asses....

HARRIS

GOD DAMN IT!!!

**EXT. BUS STOP - SOUTH LOS ANGELES - DAY**

Jimmy steps off a CITY BUS. It pulls away, revealing--

RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY. American flags wave frantically atop the fence posts. A couple of grizzled old LITHUANIANS play Backgammon in a repair bay.

It's quiet, peaceful. Nothing out of the ordinary. Except for the EXPENSIVE SURVEILLANCE CAMERA above the front door.

Jimmy knows he's onto something. He sneaks down the back alley for a better look.

**EXT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jimmy peeks through a hole in the fence. Sitting right there in the parking lot is--

The BMW from the drive-by! The back window has a BULLET lodged in it. *His* bullet. This window, all the windows... They're made of BULLETPROOF GLASS. His heart races.

Just then, a Russian exits the GARAGE. This is SERGEI (35), a bodybuilder-type. He's wearing shorts, so we see the STARS TATTOOED on his knees.

He goes to work on a plain white PICKUP TRUCK, transforming it into an LAPD BEACH PATROL TRUCK in a matter of seconds simply by slapping a couple of DECALS on each side.

ANOTHER MAN steps out of the garage, dragging a MILITARY CRATE behind him--

It's BILL! The man who hired Jimmy to find Ileana. He motions to the BMW.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)  
You leave anything in there?  
They're ready to crush it.

SERGEI (IN RUSSIAN)  
(shakes his head)  
It's windy today.

Bill shrugs, not concerned. He and Sergei finally lift the military crate into the bed of the pickup truck...

**EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DUSK**

A strip mall Jewelry emporium, somewhere on the west side. Carl heads inside.

**INT. JEWELRY STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

A YOUNG ARMENIAN eyes Carl suspiciously.

YOUNG ARMENIAN  
No Armen here.



CARL  
Don't mess with me, kid. I don't  
have the time.

Just then, a VOICE from the back room.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Is that Captain Carl Morris I  
hear?! Vahe! Let him back!

**INT. JEWELRY STORE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Carl enters to find ARMEN (60s) carefully inspecting a RING  
through the LOUPE, attached to his eye.

ARMEN  
The last time you came to me, you  
were in hot water with the Misses.  
Picked up one of these babies to  
cool things off.  
(beat)  
What'd you do this time?

Carl smirks. Armen's more right than he knows.

ARMEN (CONT'D)  
A diamond ring can tame even the  
toughest of them. We just got some  
really nice bracelets in from--

CARL  
--I can't have anymore blood on the  
streets, Armen.

Armen sobers. Carl isn't here for more jewelry.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I want a word with the big man. I  
just need a couple of days to  
straighten--

ARMEN  
--You'll have no trouble from our  
side. A *truce* has just been  
arranged.

Carl is floored. A *truce*?

ARMEN (CONT'D)  
But there are others who do not  
have our experience, Captain. Or  
our wisdom. There are many yet, who  
will drown in their own blood.

Before Carl can ask any questions, his cell phone RINGS. He's got to take it.

CARL  
Morris.

A beat as Carl takes in some more bad news.

CARL (CONT'D)  
*The airport?!*

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - DUSK**

It's getting late. The tourists are long gone. The HOMELESS are setting up their cardboard beds for the night. Jimmy blends in surprisingly well.

He intently watches the LAPD BEACH PATROL TRUCK. It's parked next to a LIFEGUARD STATION, a foot from the water's edge.

Next to it: Bill fiddles with a WALKIE-TALKIE. Sergei grabs a handful of dry sand, tosses it in the air and watches the wind carry it away.

Suddenly, a shadow falls over Jimmy. Startled, he whips around to see...an ANGRY VAGRANT, armed with a BASEBALL BAT.

ANGRY VAGRANT  
You in my spot!

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - NIGHT**

Jimmy's on the pay phone, all worked up. It's dark out now.

JIMMY  
You're not listening! Something big's goin' down. I need backup!

**EXT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT**

Rogers drives. Carl rides shotgun, shouting into his phone.

CARL  
Call 911 and get the fuck outta there. I got trouble at the airport. I need every man I got.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - NIGHT**

Jimmy on the phone. An awful thought sinks in.

JIMMY  
What's going on at the airport?

CLICK. Carl hung up. Frustrated, Jimmy SLAMS the phone down.

**EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - MAIN DRIVE - CONTINUOUS**

CARL'S POLICE CRUISER fishtails past a pair of overturned, bullet-ridden SQUAD CARS and barrels toward the service gate.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Carl looks to the runway and his face contorts...

**EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A small SINGLE ENGINE PROP PLANE tears down the runway, followed closely by an AIRPORT CATERING VAN.

**INT. PROP PLANE - CONTINUOUS**

Yuri SCREAMS at the PILOT.

YURI  
Go! GET OFF THE FUCKING GROUND!

**EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The Catering Van's side doors rip open revealing FOUR masked, AK-47 wielding GUNMEN. They lean out and FIRE at the plane. RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

The plane takes a couple of hits, but continues down the runway, picking up speed...

Before the Gunmen can get off another series of shots, an AIRPORT POLICE CAR joins the melee.

BOOM! BOOM! The AIRPORT COP fires at the doors and windows of the van. But his bullets seem to have no effect.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! His car is littered with AK-47 fire. The hood peels off, the windows explode. The Airport Cop and his PARTNER are slaughtered.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Carl rolls down his window and loads up a SHOTGUN.

CARL  
Get me closer.

**EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Rogers steps on it. As they gain on the Catering Van, Carl takes aim at its tires and FIRES! BOOM! BOOM!

Two direct hits, but both shots bounce harmlessly off! As a frustrated Carl processes this--

YURI'S PLANE LIFTS OFF INTO THE HEAVENS.

**INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS**

Yuri screams for joy, patting his Pilot on the back.

**EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The catering van SCREECHES to a halt at the end of the runway. A pair of GUNMEN leap out and aim at the plane.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Carl turns to Rogers.

CARL  
*Hit'em.*

ROGERS  
*What?*

CARL  
RUN THEIR ASSES OVER!!!

From the passenger seat, Carl yanks the wheel left and stomps down on the gas pedal. The car barrels toward the Gunmen.

**EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Just as the Gunmen begin firing into the air--

BOOM! Carl's police cruiser RAMS INTO THEM! The Gunman roll up the hood and are launched over the roof of the car, firing wildly: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Rogers locks up the breaks. Carl looks over to see the airport catering van tear up alongside them.

CARL  
GET THE FUCK OUTTA THE CAR!!!

Carl and Rogers DIVE out the driver's side door, moments before the remaining Gunmen open fire: RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

**INT. CATERING VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Nikolay eyes the smoldering remains of the police cruiser while the wounded Gunmen climb back into the van. Suddenly, he hears more SIRENS approaching.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)  
Get out of here!

**EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Carl steps from behind the bullet-ridden corpse of his cruiser, unscathed, just in time to see the Catering Van disappear onto the streets of Los Angeles. *God damn it...*

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - LIFE GUARD STATION - NIGHT**

Sergei stares quietly out at the Pacific, waiting... Bill's WALKIE-TALKIE SQUAWKS, breaking the silence.

WALKIE-TALKIE (IN RUSSIAN)  
We missed. He's headed your way.

Bill tilts his head toward the sky...

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy looks up and sees it: A SINGLE ENGINE PROP PLANE, still climbing, coming this way. YURI'S PLANE.

Jimmy thinks about what Carl said: *Trouble at the airport.*

He shifts his focus back to the pickup. Bill pulls the military crate out of the bed. Sergei reaches inside and pulls: A SHOULDER-MOUNTED ROCKET LAUNCHER!

JIMMY  
Hey... HEY!

They don't hear him. Jimmy reaches for his gun, but it's gone. Carl took it. Took his spare too. *What the fuck is he going to do?*

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - LIFE GUARD STATION - NIGHT**

The plane is out over the water now. Sergei is tracking it, taking aim. Finally, he pulls the trigger--

SWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH! A brilliant orange surge and the rocket lifts off, screaming toward the plane.

**INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS**

Yuri watches in horror as the rocket gets closer and closer--

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - LIFE GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

BOOM! A FIREBALL in the air. Flaming wreckage crashes into the water. Bill and Sergei share a proud smile. Then--

WHAM! JIMMY HITS SERGEI WITH THE VAGRANT'S BASEBALL BAT!

WHACK! WHACK! He hammers the Russian over and over again, until he's barely moving.

A stunned Bill doesn't waste any time. He abandons his comrade, dives into the truck and SLAMS ON THE GAS!

Jimmy LUNGES and grabs hold of the truck's bumper. Somehow, he manages to claw his way into the bed of the truck.

#### **THE BED OF THE TRUCK**

As the truck tears across the beach, Jimmy makes for the cab. He puts his size 13 boot through the back window and reaches inside. He gets his hand around Bills neck and squeezes...

GASPING for air, Bill puts the pedal down to the floor and AIMS FOR THE BOARDWALK.

#### **ON THE BOARDWALK**

VAGRANTS dive out of the way as Bill's truck chews up refrigerator box houses and shopping carts full of junk.

Bill spins the steering wheel, left, then right, desperately trying to shake Jimmy. But somehow, our hero hangs on.

Now in *dire* need of oxygen, Bill spins the wheel one last time. Jimmy looks up to see that they're headed right for--

#### **ANOTHER LIFEGUARD STATION**

The armor-enforced vehicle CRASHES through it. The Station EXPLODES, sending shards of wood and glass flying in all directions. Jimmy hits the sand. HARD.

He rises to his feet and dusts himself off, watching as the truck disappears onto the Venice streets.

All is not lost, however. Jimmy looks back toward the water where...SERGEI is still laying unconscious.

#### **INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

The place is buzzing. Phones ring off the hook. A livid Carl spots Harris and Ramirez amid the chaos.

CARL

Where the fuck is Marino?

The detectives can't look him in the eye. Carl grabs Ramirez' tie, pulls him in close.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I give you assholes ONE simple God  
damn task...

Before Carl can really get on a roll, ATF Agent Gondoli enters. Carl rushes right over to him.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Hold a grudge, kick me in the teeth  
another time. Shit's hit the fan  
and I don't have the manpower.  
You said you wanted the lead here.  
It's all yours.

GONDOLI  
Intel's saying this is old world  
Russian shit. I ain't touchin' that  
with a ten-foot pole. I got kids,  
man. My men have kids.

CARL  
Jaspar--

GONDOLI  
--Way I see it, all the Ruskis are  
doing is killing each other. It's a  
power grab. A changing of the  
guard. There's a new sheriff in  
town. A bold one, no doubt...but  
that's all we're looking at. Do  
your men a favor and stay outta his  
way. The dust'll settle in a  
coupl'a days.

Gondoli heads for the door.

CARL  
I'm gonna remember this, Gondoli.

GONDOLI  
Figure it just makes us even.

Gondoli exits. Frustrated and angry, Carl turns to Ramirez and Harris.

CARL  
Find Jimmy. That asshole's the only  
one who knows what's going on.

On cue: BOOM! A GIANT MAN spills through the main door and onto the floor. The entire station turns their heads to see--

Sergei...his hands are tied behind his back with fishing line. Jimmy limps in behind him, a savage smile on his face.

JIMMY  
You looking for me?

MUSIC plays over the following:

**EXT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - MORNING**

SWAT OFFICERS cautiously approach the fence line...

**INT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - MORNING**

Suddenly, a cannister CRASHES through the window. BANG! Then a brilliant FLASH OF LIGHT.

The Lithuanians inside hit the ground, covering their eyes/ears, as SWAT OFFICERS storm the garage.

**EXT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - MORNING**

SQUAD CARS. FORENSIC TRUCK. PADDY WAGON. A cop convention.

We find Harris in the crowd, smiling wide as OFFICERS pull more WEAPONS CRATES from the garage.

**INT. RED, WHITE & BLUE AUTO BODY - REPAIR BAYS - CONTINUOUS**

A UNIFORMED OFFICER leads Ramirez into a REPAIR BAY.

Inside is a perfectly reproduced LAPD SQUAD CAR. One of its TIRES has been slashed open. It's been stuffed full of SILICONE. Ramirez' jaw drops.

**INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - DAY**

Carl and Banks stand awkwardly outside the interrogation room, staring through the two-way mirror at Sergei.

Banks looks to Carl. He almost says something. But then Ramirez and Harris approach. A welcome distraction.

HARRIS  
Auto shop was a gold mine. RPGs.  
Bulletproof glass. Armor plating.  
All sorts of official decals.

RAMIREZ  
They're filling their tires with  
silicone. Makes 'em virtually  
indestructible.

CARL  
Shit. You're telling me...



HARRIS

Those Lithuanians are fucking artists. We found a mocked-up squad car that would even fool you.

Jimmy limps over.

JIMMY

It's been three hours. Get in there and knock him around.

BANKS

We're still waiting on the translator.

Jimmy shakes his head. *Damn it.* He's done waiting.

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Carl is right on Jimmy's heels.

CARL

Quit screwing around. Wait for--

Jimmy gets right up in Sergei's face.

JIMMY (IN PERFECT RUSSIAN)

--I *know* he's behind this. I saw him. Different face. Same eyes. Tell them now, or I'm gonna let "Pink Shirt" over there fuck you in the ass.

CARL

...the translator.

Carl is flabbergasted. Sergei lets out a boisterous laugh.

SERGEI (IN RUSSIAN)

That is how we do things in Russia, but here you have soft stomachs.

CARL

Since when do you speak Russian?

JIMMY

Don't worry about it...

CARL

What'd he say?

JIMMY

Says your shirt is gay. Figures you have a soft stomach.

CARL  
Oh, I'll show him a soft stomach.

Carl, sensitive about his pink shirt, gets up in Sergei's face. The Russian laughs again.

SERGEI (IN RUSSIAN)  
Idle threats. This queer is a  
Police Officer. He cannot hit me.

JIMMY (IN RUSSIAN)  
Yeah? Well guess what?

WHAM! Jimmy smashes him in the face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I ain't no cop...

**INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

WHAM! Banks, Ramirez and Harris watch Jimmy hit Sergei again. Ramirez moves to stop him. Banks grabs his arm.

BANKS  
Just like the old days. Watch and  
learn, kid. Sometimes you gotta  
improvise.

Harris is loving this. Jimmy does have his charms...

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

WHAM! WHAM! Jimmy wails on the Russian. Sergei just *laughs*.

SERGEI  
(thick Russian accent)  
Yuri Petrov was just the beginning.  
You are *all* marked. Walking dead.

Carl and Jimmy share a look. *Of course, he speaks English.*

SERGEI (CONT'D)  
*The Ghost*. He's coming for you.

Carl's eyes go wide. Jimmy smiles, vindicated.

**INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Banks' heart skips a beat. Harris notices.

HARRIS  
Who the fuck's *The Ghost*?

Banks ignores her, speeding off, into--

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Just as Banks steps in--

CARL

You're telling me Vitale Romanovski  
is *alive*? He's back in the States?

Sergei stares back at Carl, confidently, defiantly.

BANKS

*Bullshit.* Romanovski was gunned  
down in Lensk six years ago.

JIMMY

I went to Lensk. There was *no* body.

Carl's not sure what to believe.

CARL

Why come back after all these  
years? Why make all this noise?

SERGEI

He has...*unfinished business*.

Sergei smiles wryly. It makes Carl's skin crawl.

**INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Carl and Jimmy sit with Ramirez and Harris. Banks steps in.

JIMMY

Bout twelve years ago, Vitale  
Romanovski and his brother Ivan  
rolled into Los Angeles and set up  
their very own Little Odessa.

CARL

Assholes wanted to take over  
*everything*. Girls, weapons, drugs.  
So they started a war. With  
*everyone*.

JIMMY

Mexicans. Blacks. Armenians.  
Chinese. Motherfuckers mowed down  
anyone who got in their way.

CARL

Me. The Lieutenant. Jim. Another  
detective, Chester Grimes. We ran  
this Eurasian Task Force. Got stuck  
refereeing a God damn blood bath.

HARRIS  
So why's the fuck still standing?

Carl and Jimmy share a sober look. Banks finally steps up.

CARL  
Ivan's in a cage at Lancaster.  
Vitale got away.

BANKS  
*Until the FSB shot him dead.*

Jimmy ignores Banks, hands Ramirez and Harris an old PICTURE of Vitale.

HARRIS  
Ugly motherfucker.

JIMMY  
He's older. Obviously had some plastic surgery. But it's more than that. Guy just looked...I don't know. Frail. Sick. He was coughing up blood.

Banks turns to Jimmy, he's not buying a word of it. And his tone is more than a little condescending.

BANKS  
Let's get you with a sketch artist, get his face out there.

JIMMY  
It was dark. Guns blazing. People screaming...

BANKS  
You were drunk!

Jimmy wants to argue, but he can't...

BANKS (CONT'D)  
Come on, Carl. You can't really be swallowing this bullsh--

CARL  
--That's enough, Lieutenant!

Banks reluctantly backs off. Harris and Ramirez share a look.

HARRIS  
Let's get back in there, beat on the Russian some more. I'm sure he--

JIMMY

--We got all we're gonna get outta Sergei. You see those stars on his knees?

HARRIS

I love a guy with ink...

CARL

Means he's a bad motherfucker.  
Lives by a code.

JIMMY

You could light him on fire and he wouldn't tell you the sky is blue. He did time in the Artic Circle. Pelican Bay'll be a vacation.

(a beat)

He only told us what Vitale *wants* us to know. He's fucking with us.

Carl gets serious, demanding the young detectives' attention.

CARL

Look, when Jim said they took down anyone who got in their way, he wasn't kiddin'. These guys don't discriminate. They'll shoot you just to see if their gun works. They'll come for your family, your friends...

Jimmy sizes them up, then looks to Carl.

JIMMY

No. No way. Barbie and Ken skin their knees and her daddy'll hang us by our balls.

HARRIS

Fuck you, Marino.

(to Carl)

We're in. What's next?

JIMMY

Carl--

Harris looks Jimmy dead in the eye.

HARRIS

--*What's next*, old man?

Jimmy smiles. He's starting to like her.

**INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

The entire crew is exiting the office. Banks approaches Carl.

CARL

Guess we know why the Armenians  
were so quick to call a truce.

Banks stares at him, incredulous.

BANKS

We go down this road and he's wrong  
again...Mayor'll have your badge.  
You know that, right?

What Carl is about to say is hard for him...

CARL

You need to go to Rosa. Keep her  
safe. I already got a couple unis  
on their way. He's coming for us,  
Howard. All of us.

Banks shakes his head. He's tired of arguing.

CARL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take Jimmy, find Grimes.

Banks stomps off. Ramirez and Harris approach.

RAMIREZ

So, Jimmy. He was true blue?

CARL

Best God damn cop I ever saw.

Ramirez and Harris look over to Jimmy with new perspective.

**EXT. CHESTER GRIMES' HOUSE - NIGHT**

ADDICTS stumble in and out of a CRACK DEN, jonesing for a  
fix. FIVE-DOLLAR WHORES attempt to flag down passing cars.  
ONE of them brightens when she sees--

Carl's TOWN CAR pulls up in front of a RUN-DOWN HOUSE. Before  
he can exit, she's got her goodies stuffed in his face.

CARL

Not tonight, doll.

Jimmy glances toward the house and immediately draws his  
weapon. We turn with Carl and see why--

The front door has been completely BLOWN TO SHREDS.

Carl pulls his weapon and cautiously approaches the porch.

**INT. CHESTER GRIMES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The place is disgusting. A pigsty. Shades of Jimmy's boat.

Jimmy moves down the hallway where a DOG lies still. It's been SHOT. He braces himself before entering...

**INT. CHESTER GRIMES' HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy inches toward the bed. He lifts the blood-stained sheets to find--

A naked DEAD WOMAN. She's been shot three times in the face.

Jimmy closes his eyes, affected. Carl appears in the doorway.

CARL  
Chester?

JIMMY  
His girlfriend.

Carl bites his lip. *Motherfuckers.*

**INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - CARL'S OLD DEN - NIGHT**

Banks is drunk and upset, flipping through some paperwork. We take a quick look--

It appears to be a series of DOSSIERS. Pictures of hard-nosed men, each accompanied by a full background check. It's all printed on HARRINGTON INDUSTRIES letterhead.

Banks stuffs the dossiers into a FILE FOLDER and then makes his way over to a VIDEO CAMERA sitting on a tripod.

**INT. FLAMINGO'S BAR - NIGHT**

Jimmy's talking on a pay phone.

JIMMY  
Take a God damn cab if you have to!  
I told you we'd pay. Just get here.

Jimmy hangs up and walks over to a table, where a frustrated Carl snaps his cell phone shut.

CARL  
I had Ramirez and Harris pick up  
where we left off.

JIMMY

You did a good job bringing them up. They're sharp.

Carl smiles like a proud father.

CARL

Still can't get Banks on the phone though. Asshole.

JIMMY

I got a hold of some junkie  
Chester's been hiding out with.  
He's on his way over now, but he's  
expecting to get paid.

CARL

Everyone's these assholes has  
wanted a handout and we don't have  
a single lead to show for it.

Jimmy pours a couple of beers...

CARL (CONT'D)

How long's it been since we had a  
beer together?

JIMMY

Six years, easy...

CARL

Lot's changed...

JIMMY

I go off the reservation. You and  
*the battle-ax* get hitched...

This makes Carl smile. Jimmy too.

CARL

She always *hated* when you called  
her that.

JIMMY

*Me?* You started it. And it stuck.  
(a beat)  
How the fuck did that even happen?

CARL

Rosa and I, we spent a lot of late  
nights together. Pourin' over case  
files. Prepping her to send up  
Ivan. Lotta threats came her way.

(MORE)



CARL (CONT'D)  
She was scared. She needed someone.  
I was just there I guess...

Jimmy watches Carl closely. He sees genuine sadness in his friend's eyes. Carl eventually snaps out of his funk and takes a look around.

CARL (CONT'D)  
You always knew this day would  
come. Eight years, people telling  
you you're crazy. But you were  
right, Jim. God damn it, you were  
right.

The old friends lock eyes for a beat.

CARL (CONT'D)  
And you did good. Learning the  
language, drinking in shit-stains  
like this, buddying up to commie  
lowlifes.

JIMMY  
These guys ain't so bad. Yuri...he  
was like family.

Carl shows genuine remorse here. He feels like he could've done more for Jimmy. *Should've* done more. He takes a long look into Jimmy's eyes. He sees a man thriving on revenge. A man with nothing to lose. It concerns him.

CARL  
You know... We're gonna get this  
asshole and then life's gonna go  
on. You gonna be ready for that?

Before he has to answer, a strung-out JUNKIE enters the bar.

JIMMY  
Break out the cash. That's our boy.

#### **EXT. MARINA - NIGHT**

Carl and Jimmy stumble down the dock. They're both extremely drunk. Extremely loud. They finally come upon Jimmy's beat-to-shit BOAT. Carl barely recognizes it.

CARL  
Christ, guess a late night ride's  
out of the question.

#### **INT. JIMMY'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Jimmy stumbles in, notices the time...

JIMMY

It's late.

Carl pulls out his cell phone, checks the clock.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're not gonna get any reception here. You need to check in with the Battle-axe, there's a pay phone down the way.

CARL

Nah... I'm good.

Jimmy raises an eyebrow. Trouble in paradise. Carl clearly doesn't want to talk about it. Before he has to--

The ALARM on Jimmy's digital watch sounds. And despite his lack of sobriety, he drops to the ground and begins a set of drunken push-ups.

Carl checks out some framed PHOTOS by the door. One shows Jimmy and Cathy on this very boat. It was brand new then and so were they. Newlyweds. Their whole lives ahead of them...

CARL (CONT'D)

She never named this heap, did she?

Jimmy continues his push-ups as he speaks.

JIMMY

Nah. You know her. It had to be perfect. She never found it...

Carl moves on to another photo--

This one features a younger Jimmy, Carl, Banks and Grimes, standing in front of Jimmy's old house. Carl smiles.

CARL

Forgot what a pretty boy Chester was, back in the day... Ladies couldn't keep their hands off him.  
(looking closer)  
And that *tiny*-ass house of yours--

It finally hits Carl. He does a lap around the cabin, taking everything in. He notices a blanket and pillow laid out on the couch. Clothes. Food.

CARL (CONT'D)

*Shit...* You're *livin'* here.

Jimmy finishes his pushups, stands up.

JIMMY

For a few years now...

Carl is suddenly overcome with guilt. He never realized things were this bad for Jimmy.

CARL

What happened to the house? The pension? The savings?

Jimmy motions to his COMMAND CENTER. The World Map with the PUSH PINS marking the countries he's visited.

JIMMY

I've chased Vitale all over the world. Armenia. Prague. Israel. Ocean liner tip came from a smuggler on the Georgian border. Sonuvabitch took my last dime.

Carl moves in for a closer look and finally stumbles upon--

A PYRAMID-SHAPED WEB OF INDIVIDUAL PHOTOS, each with a note card underneath, a "who's who" directory of the 90s LA underworld. The Ghost & The Wolf at the top...

Next to it is ANOTHER PYRAMID. The guys that carved up the empire once they were gone. Yuri and his Russians and a whole host of other gangs: Armenians, Georgians, Albanians, Chinese, Vietnamese, the list goes on and on...

CARL

Christ almighty...

Beneath Yuri, are his Russian Lieutenants. We recognize many of them from the Brothel massacre. They've been LABELED DECEASED with RED MAGIC MARKER.

Jimmy's look is grave. He eyeballs the shot of Yuri and takes hold of the RED MARKER. He tries, but he just can't. Carl takes the marker and labels Yuri as *deceased* himself.

CARL (CONT'D)

Sergei was right. Yuri, you, the Armenians. That's just for starters. Vitale won't stop until he kills all these motherfuckers.

Jimmy doesn't doubt it for a second. A long beat.

JIMMY

Look, Carl. For what it's worth...

Carl waits, expectant.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
All the bullshit. I'm sorry.

Off Carl's reaction--

**INT. JIMMY'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Jimmy's on the couch. Carl's on the floor. Passed-out, catching some Zs.

**EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS**

THREE Masked, AK-47 wielding GUNMEN tip-toe down the dock and surround Jimmy's boat.

One of the Gunman carefully boards the ship. Just as he steps down on the deck...SNAP!

**INT. JIMMY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy is wrenched awake by the Gunman's blood-curdling SCREAM! He reaches into his COOKIE JAR and pulls another Patparine 9.2mm.

Suddenly, an ALARM BLARES! SPOTLIGHTS FLASH on deck!

Carl sits up, groggy, disoriented. Then--

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! The screaming stops.

**EXT. JIMMY'S BOAT - ON DECK - CONTINUOUS**

ALARM still BLARING. LIGHTS still FLASHING. Jimmy and Carl emerge from the cabin, weapons raised, to find--

One of the Gunman is CAUGHT IN THE JAWS OF JIMMY'S BEAR TRAP.

CARL  
Jesus, man. What *the hell* is this?

Jimmy turns off the alarm and checks the body. The Gunman is stone dead. Shot several times in the face.

JIMMY  
They wouldn't shoot him if he could be trusted. Vitale must be breaking in some new blood...

**EXT. JIMMY'S BOAT - ON DECK - MORNING**

Another crime scene. Harris is on deck, marveling at the sight of the dead Gunmen stuck in the bear trap.

HARRIS

That is badass. Where can I find one of these?

JIMMY

My kinda girl... I know a guy in Vyborg. Get with me later.

She smiles. Carl shakes his head. Ramirez approaches.

RAMIREZ

Dispatch has been trying Lieutenant Banks all morning. He's M.I.A.

CARL

Asshole. Rosa's got a fund-raiser tonight. She's probably got him pickin' out tablecloths or some shit. Tell them to keep trying.

RAMIREZ

Check just came back. Gunman's name is Pavel Rustev. He's SpetsNaz. Former special forces. Got sent up for armed robbery in '05. Was released from Lancaster last month.

Jimmy and Carl share a loaded look.

HARRIS

That's where Nazarian did his time.

CARL

Interesting coincidence, Ivan Romanovski being a permanent resident and all...

JIMMY

Looks like little brother's calling shots from his five-by-five.

CARL

Get in the car. We're gonna drop in on his ass.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Carl drives. Jimmy sleeps soundly in the passenger seat. The car comes around a bend, finally revealing: CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON at LANCASTER.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - DAY**

The Guard Captain, JOE MASON (50s) leads Carl and Jimmy down a dark, cold hallway.

CARL

How's the new gig treating you?

MASON

Hours are better. Consistent. Love the health plan. And all our animals are locked up in cages. I got a house out near Lake Fortune. Three times the size of what we had in the city. Truth is, I wouldn't come back if you doubled my salary.

CARL

Shit, I may put in for a transfer.

MASON

After that ocean liner debacle, you may not have much of a choice...

Carl shoots Jimmy a look. Finally, they reach the end of the hall. Before Mason unlocks the door, he gets serious.

MASON (CONT'D)

Warden gets word of this, he'll have my ass. You wanna set up an interrogation, you need him to sign off. That can take weeks... Do you really think Ivan's wrapped up in all this?

CARL

I *know* he is.

A scary thought. Mason's gonna help. They head on through the door.

JIMMY

Place don't look like much...

MASON

This is Administration. We house minimum security inmates here. Romanovski's across the river. Maximum security compound. Spends twenty-three hours a day in a five-by-five.

CARL

What'd he do?

MASON

Gutted some poor schlep out in the yard with a spoon. Thought the guy took his jacket. Turns out it was a different guy. He gutted him too.

Jimmy and Carl share a look. Some things never change.

MASON (CONT'D)

He's still got half the inmates doin' his bidding though. Guards slipping him contraband. Life could be worse...

Jimmy seethes. Carl pulls him aside.

CARL

Look, you gotta promise me...we do this *by the book*. I can't run with some half-crazed vigilante.

Nothing. Carl pulls Jimmy close, looks him dead in the eye.

CARL (CONT'D)

*Promise me.*

Jimmy finally nods.

**INT. CAL STATE PRISON - MAXIMUM SECURITY WING - CELL - DAY**

A TEAM OF GUARDS forces Ivan Romanovski into a heavy-duty set of wrist and ankle chains and drag him out of the fortress-like maximum security wing.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY**

ARMED GUARDS lead Ivan into the less-menacing Administrative Building.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Carl and Jimmy wait impatiently. Suddenly, the door bursts open and they are standing toe-to-toe with IVAN ROMANOVSKI.

Jimmy bites his lip. The sight of this guy is enough to enrage him. Ivan takes a seat. The guards file out.

IVAN

Gentleman. Surprised to see you in one piece. After your little adventure last night...

Jimmy and Carl share a look. Just as they suspected.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
Detective Marino... Well, it's not  
*Detective* anymore is it? How's your  
wife doing these days?

Jimmy lunges at the Russian. Carl rips him back. Ivan smirks.

CARL  
Simmer down. You *promised*.

Jimmy calms down. Carl turns to Ivan.

CARL (CONT'D)  
We know your brother's alive. That  
he's back in the States. You're  
gonna tell me why.

JIMMY  
He's *sick*, isn't he?

Ivan's smile disappears for the briefest of moments. Jimmy  
knows he's onto something...

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Too bad you're rotting in here. I'm  
sure he'd love to see that pretty  
face of yours one last time.

He's getting at Ivan now. Carl pulls out his cell phone.

CARL  
Give him a call. He turns himself  
in, you assholes can share a bunk  
bed again.

JIMMY  
How much time he got left?

IVAN  
*Enough*. He will watch you die.

Satisfied to be back on the offensive, Ivan looks to Carl.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
Your friend, maybe he has nothing  
to lose. But the same is not true  
for you, Captain... Money. A  
career. A wife. Two-timing whore  
that she is.  
(Carl's steaming)  
Can't say that I blame her though.  
I've seen the heat these niggers  
pack. Truly humbling. Banks, he  
must have *magnum* in there, no?



Carl rips up in anger and starts pummeling Ivan. The Guards outside charge in and peel him away.

JIMMY

What happened to *by the book*?

CARL

Fuck you...

Ivan looks up defiantly. Lip split, eye turning black.

IVAN

She gives a speech tonight, no?  
Wish I could be there. Perfect spot  
for another reunion.

**INT. CARL'S TOWN CAR - DAY**

Jimmy stares out the window, lost in thought, unhappy. Carl is getting earful from his cell phone.

CARL (INTO PHONE)

What good's a fundraiser if you end  
up dead? You gotta trust me here,  
Rosa. We find Romanovski and--

CLICK. Carl got hung up on. Jimmy turns to him.

JIMMY

Motherfucker's living like a king  
in there. That's too God damn good  
for Vitale.

Carl is pissed and in absolutely no mood for arguing.

CARL

This ain't *Death Wish*. And you  
ain't Charles Bronson. We get  
Vitale. We lock him up.

Jimmy decides now isn't the time to push it. An awkward beat.

JIMMY

Why didn't you tell me? About Rosa  
and Banks...

CARL

Shit's complicated.

JIMMY

Couldn't keep your dick in your  
pants, could you?

Carl can't look Jimmy in the eye. He punches another number into his cell phone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What're you doin'?

CARL  
Callin' in a favor.

**INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Carl leads Jimmy past a couple of UNIFORMED OFFICERS and into the foyer of Rosa's home.

Carl removes his shoes and heads for the living room. Jimmy follows, but doesn't bother with his shoes.

**INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rosa is on her cell phone.

ROSA  
Howard, baby. I need you to call me back. I'm starting to worry.

**INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Carl looks back to Jimmy.

CARL  
Look man, she's gonna be pissed.  
Real pissed, so--

Carl notices something. He's instantly livid.

CARL (CONT'D)  
The fuck you doin'?

Jimmy has no idea what Carl's talking about.

CARL (CONT'D)  
You see how I took my shoes off before walking on the carpet? You ever stop and think there might be a reason?

Carl points to the white carpet. It's now covered in Jimmy's muddy footprints.

CARL (CONT'D)  
That's why, motherfucker! This look like a barn to you? How the hell you even manage that? This is L.A.  
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

You find the one puddle in the city  
and take a bath in it?

Rosa rushes over, her face red with anger. Carl stands on top  
of the mud stain, hoping she doesn't notice...

ROSA

Mayor shut my fundraiser down. You  
happy now, asshole?

CARL

I was just trying to protect--

ROSA

--You ever go over my head like  
that again, I'll rip your dick off.  
You cost me half a million-dollars  
in campaign contributions.

JIMMY

Lesson learned, Battle-Ax. Next  
time, we won't even bother. We'll--

ROSA

--I was elected because I'm tough  
on crime, Carl. Now you've got me  
*hiding* from it. Howard told me this  
piece of shit was back in your  
head. I didn't want to believe it.

JIMMY

People are getting blown to hell  
out there and you're bitching about  
campaign contributions?!

CARL

Jimmy--

JIMMY

--No, Carl. Why are you even  
listening to this shit?! You were  
gonna eat lead tonight, lady. We  
saved your ass. Stop acting like a  
petulant brat and *thank* us.

Jimmy's crossed a line. Rosa's ready to blow--

**EXT. ROSA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT**

Jimmy walks out toward the edge of the pool. He looks down at  
the water and takes a deep breath. It's lit up, glowing  
green. It relaxes him. Carl finally joins him.

CARL  
What the fuck do you--

JIMMY  
--Don't start. She's not pissed at  
me. She's pissed at you. So don't--

Something steals Jimmy's attention, leaves him speechless.  
Standing on the other side of the pool is--

A MAN (38) - white and ghastly. Half of his face is deformed.  
He's obviously had acid splashed all over it. He paces back  
and forth like a madman, clutching a 9mm, muttering  
incoherently. Looks like he's strung out on mescaline.

The pool's green glow has an eerie effect on him. As if we're  
suddenly in a horror film, face-to-face with a zombie.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
*Chester?*

The Man locks eyes with Jimmy. This is CHESTER GRIMES. The  
final player from the opening flashback. He touches his face.

CHESTER  
Not so pretty anymore, am I, Jimbo?

Jimmy is floored. Just then, Rosa bursts out of the house.

ROSA  
*My fucking carpet too?!*

She spots Grimes and stops dead in her tracks. A couple of  
UNIs see what's going on and rush out behind her, guns drawn.

CARL  
Stand down, guys. (re: Rosa) Take  
her inside. We'll handle this.

The Officers do as they're told. Chester points the gun at  
himself. He looks directly down the barrel. It would be so  
easy to just end it.

CHESTER  
They shot my God damn dog, man...

Jimmy approaches slowly, surely. Startled, Grimes points the  
gun at him.

CARL  
*Chester...*

Jimmy puts his hand up, quieting Carl.

JIMMY  
Everything's okay here...

Grimes drops his weapon, hugging Jimmy like his life depended on it.

CHESTER  
They killed him, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
It's okay. It's not your fault.  
None of this is...

CHESTER  
No. No, you're *wrong*. It's all my  
fault. *Our* fault. We sold our souls  
to the devil, man. And now he's  
come to collect.

CARL  
Chester, what're you saying?

CHESTER  
Me and Banks. Back in the day. We  
were working for the Romanovskis.

Carl and Jimmy are speechless. What we notice, but our guys do not, is the RED DOT from an assassin's laser-sighted rifle, dancing around on the wall behind them.

CHESTER (CONT'D)  
Dog and Pony. That's what Vitale  
called us. Banks was obedient, he'd  
say. Useful... Me? I was just  
pretty. Pretty like a pony.  
(he sits)  
They were gonna kill me from the  
get-go this time. Said I'd become a  
liability. But Banks wouldn't let  
them. Vitale needed him. He wanted--

Just then, the red dot lands on Grimes' forehead. Jimmy immediately recognizes it--

JIMMY  
NOOOOO!!!!!!

BANG! A gunshot. Grimes' head EXPLODES!

As Carl reaches for his gun, Jimmy sees something: A GRENADE rolls out from under the chair and comes to rest at his feet.

With blinding speed, Jimmy dive-tackles Carl into the pool.

**THEY PLUNGE UNDERWATER**

Carl's eyes are wide, his cheeks bloated. Jimmy holds him down. BOOOOOM! The grenade detonates! Debris rains into the pool. Gunfire is exchanged in the distance. And then--

**JIMMY AND CARL BREAK THE SURFACE**

Gasping for air. But alive...

**INT. POLICE STATION - BANKS' OFFICE - DAY**

Carl hangs over Ramirez and Harris as they pour through Banks' files. Jimmy stews off in the corner, still rattled from last night.

RAMIREZ

If he was dirty...he hid it well.  
There's nothing here.

Harris slams a stack of papers on the floor, angry.

HARRIS

Of course there's *nothing*! Grimes  
was a smack-head. Fuck him!

A KNOCK at the door. Carl opens it. Phyllis is on the other side, unable to make eye contact.

PHYLLIS

Lt. Banks. They...

MUSIC fades up and carries us over the following--

**INT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - DAY**

Amongst the dense foliage is a crime scene. Banks' body is being loaded into a Medical Examiner's van.

Carl has a tough time watching. Harris is struggling to hide her tears. Ramirez has his arm around her, trying to console.

But Jimmy is a very different story. He's *angry*. Full of purpose. He stands near the edge of the cliff, overlooking the city. His city. Somewhere out there, the Ghost is hiding.

JIMMY

I'm gonna fucking kill him, Carl.

**INT. CITY HALL - HALLWAY - DAY**

Carl walks down the hallway, somber. IGNORANT PEOPLE cheerfully greet him.

Carl peers inside ROSA'S OFFICE, sees her laughing with one of her AIDES. He takes a deep breath and heads inside...

We don't hear what he says. We just see the blood drain from Rosa's face. She grabs onto Carl and clings to him for dear life. And the MUSIC fades out...

# **INT. MORGUE - DAY**

Carl looks over Banks' corpse. There's a visible blood stain on his crotch and all down his pant leg. It triggers horrible memories. Jimmy and the opening flashback.

# **ACROSS THE ROOM**

Jimmy examines some items laid out on a table. He turns to the KOREAN MORTICIAN.

JIMMY

All this stuff, he had it on him?

MORTICIAN

All his. No Badge. No gun, though.

Jimmy takes hold of something on the table and smiles knowingly. Just then--

CARL

Jimmy, come'ere...

Jimmy heads over. Carl has hold of Banks' wrist. There is something written on his hand. A set of numbers: 10-27-08.

CARL (CONT'D)

Looks like a date.

JIMMY

He was trying to tell us something.

CARL

Ramirez! Harris!

They step in. It's hard for them, seeing Banks' like this.

CARL (CONT'D)

October twenty-seventh, two thousand eight. I want anything you can find on the significance of that date. Anything involving the Russians, Banks. Us, maybe?

Ramirez and Harris rush off. Jimmy finally hands Carl--

A COLORFUL RUSSIAN TOKEN. We remember this one.

JIMMY

Banks had this on him. You give it to the madam on your way into the brothel. It's how she knows you paid. He was obviously plucked away before he could cash it in.

CARL

So, they take him out. Get him drunk. He thinks he's headed in back for a blow job and Vitale's sittin' there waitin' for him.

JIMMY

Sounds like you weren't the only one that couldn't keep his dick in his pants. Romanovski must have a new place open.

**INT. THE NEW SPUTNIK - DAY**

Enrique Iglesias' *Hero* softens the mood. Carl and Jimmy enter. The DOORMAN approaches, moves to pat them down. Carl flashes his badge.

CARL

Not today, friend.

The Doorman puts his hands up and takes a step back.

CARL (CONT'D)

Get the manager.

The Doorman heads into a back room and we take a look around the new joint. It's a little cleaner, a little classier.

JIMMY

New place is nice.

Just then, they round the corner and see--

A RUSSIAN in a TRACK SUIT is on stage, performing oral sex on a FEMALE STRIPPER. Quite a sight. Carl shakes his head.

CARL

Yeah...real Martha Stewart-type shit.

Jimmy is suddenly tense. There's just something about that guy in the track suit. Jimmy pulls his gun and makes for the stage. Carl is lost...

CARL (CONT'D)

Jimmy? What're you doin'?



What we see, but our boys do not, is NIKOLAY, the SCAR-FACED BARTENDER from the old Sputnik, stepping out of a back room.

He sees Jimmy and draws his weapon, instantly peeling off a couple of shots: BOOM! BOOM!

Carl and Jimmy hit the floor!

The guy in the track suit finally rips his face from the STRIPPER's crotch--

It's ALEXEI! Yuri's old right-hand man. He spots Jimmy and Carl and bolts for the back door!

BOOM! BOOM! Nikolay just keeps firing at our heroes, not the least bit concerned about who may get in the way.

Carl attempts to return fire, but there are STRIPPERS and PATRONS EVERYWHERE, SCREAMING and RUNNING for the exits!

BOOM! BOOM! Nikolay fires off a couple more rounds and then slips out back door himself!

Jimmy lumbers off after him. Carl grudgingly follows...

CARL (CONT'D)  
God damn it!

**EXT. THE NEW SPUTNIK - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy and Carl are a good ten or twenty feet behind.

In seconds, the much younger Nikolay and Alexei scale the fence at the end of the alley.

Jimmy hits the fence and starts climbing. Carl's too tired. He stops, struggling to catch his breath.

Jimmy eventually nears the top of the fence, but he's having trouble getting over.

CARL  
Get down off of there old man. You  
look like an asshole.

Jimmy's not stopping. Carl has to walk over and physically pull him off.

CARL (CONT'D)  
GET DOWN, JIM! They're *long gone*.

**INT. THE NEW SPUTNIK - BAR - LATER**

A crime scene. HOOKERS and EMPLOYEES are carted off by UNIFORMED OFFICERS. Patrons are being patched-up by EMS.

We find Jimmy in the BACK OFFICE, looking for something. It takes a good beat, but then...BINGO!

Jimmy pulls an ASHTRAY out of the desk. It contains a lighter and a pile of BURNT RED PAPER REMNANTS. He understands now.

He digs back into the drawer and after a beat, he comes up with it: THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S DECODER RING.

**INT. THE NEW SPUTNIK - BACK ROOM - DAY**

A FORENSIC TEAM tears the place apart. Blood is splattered across the white walls. A chair with rope restraints sits in the middle of the room.

Jimmy examines some items on a nearby table. He sees it and winces...a sock filled with dirt. It's soaked in blood. Brings back bad memories. Carl approaches.

CARL

Banks had bruises on his kidneys.  
Blood and urine in his drawers.

(Jimmy nods)

We found his gun and badge in the  
corner there. And check this out...

Carl hands over a handful of unused BULLETS. Shells for a .38 with a DISTINCT RED TIP.

CARL (CONT'D)

Armor piercing. Found a whole case  
of 'em over there. Different  
calibers. Guess we can leave the  
kevlar at home now.

JIMMY

Muff-diver used to work for Yuri.  
Guy with the scar was behind the  
bar at the old Sputnik the night of  
the raid.

CARL

How the fuck he make it out?

JIMMY

Someone tipped him off. Fifteen  
minutes before. Freaky-looking kid  
came in with a little red strip of  
paper. He used *this* to decode it.

Jimmy shows him the DECODER RING. Carl remembers something.

CARL  
Little red strips of paper?

**INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY**

Harris and Ramirez are at a table, armed with SMALL PADS OF PAPER and rolls of scotch tape.

Detective Rogers dumps 5 RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S DECODER RINGS onto the table.

Carl and Jimmy enter with an EVIDENCE BAG containing dozens of the strips of red paper taken from Garo Nazarian's place.

CARL  
Everybody get a ring, don't be shy.

They all scramble to get a hold of them.

ROGERS  
Are we getting overtime for this?

The detectives chuckle, eagerly awaiting Carl's response...

CARL  
Yeah...fill out a slip...then shove  
it up your ass.

**INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - LATER**

We move through the break room. Everyone's hard at work...taping, decoding, writing. A well-oiled machine.

Ramirez tapes a red coded slip to his pad of paper. He turns the dial on the decoder ring a couple of times and scribbles something down on the pad. He then heads over to the next table and hands it off to Jimmy.

Carl hangs over him as he pours through stacks of paper, translating the Cyrillic and writing up the English version of each message. He finishes one up and smirks...

JIMMY  
"The Baba Yaga act stops now."

CARL  
Baba *what* now?

JIMMY  
Russian Folklore. Baba Yaga was a  
witch that kidnapped and ate  
children.

Carl chuckles, understanding it all too well now.

CARL  
Sounds like Nazarian...

JIMMY  
Then it says "Sputnik leaves the sky." And there's a date. The brothel massacre. This is the order.

**INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Harris and Ramirez stand by as Carl looks over a typed summary of what's been translated.

HARRIS  
The brothel massacre. Petrov's plane. The tanks at the auto shop. Nazarian supplied the party favors. Vitale ordered it all.

RAMIREZ  
Jimmy did a hell of a job here.

CARL  
Make sure you tell *him* that.

HARRIS  
One problem. Nazarian croaked too soon. Most recent message is a week old. Romanovski's got something else brewing here...

CARL  
What'd you find on 10-27-08?

RAMIREZ  
It's a dead end.

Harris shoots Ramirez a troubled look. Carl notices.

CARL  
What is it?

HARRIS  
We called Mrs. Morris. She and the Lieutenant, it's the day they...

Carl gets it real quick. And it stings like a bitch.

**INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY**

All the messages have been decoded. Jimmy's still hard at work, however, pouring over the translations. Suddenly--

JIMMY

Holy shit!

**INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

Carl's working with Ramirez and Harris. Jimmy approaches, notepad in-hand.

JIMMY

What did the Romanovskis call Banks and Grimes?

CARL

Their code names? (searching) Uh... Dog and Pony?

JIMMY

That's what I thought. A couple of strips here. They talk about, "The Dog" setting up "a move."

CARL

A move?

JIMMY

Yeah...it doesn't get any more specific than that. And then there are two others...about "the Dog" providing "Shvenkas."

HARRIS

What the fuck's a *Shvenka*?

JIMMY

It's Russian slang, usually means "pin." You know, like a campaign button or something...

A beat. They're close. Then, Ramirez has something...

RAMIREZ

Could it mean...a *police badge*, maybe?

Jimmy smiles. BINGO!

CARL  
You think that's what Grimes was  
trying to tell us? Banks got  
Romanovski badges?

JIMMY  
The squad car in the garage,  
everything we've seen. Makes sense.

HARRIS  
How the hell could the Lieutenant  
get these guys legit badges?

A long beat as Carl considers.

CARL  
The Reserve Officer Program...

**INT. POLICE STATION - RESERVE OFFICE - DAY**

Carl emerges from the file room. He slaps a couple of papers  
down on the counter in front of Jimmy, Ramirez and Harris.

CARL  
Order was processed a month ago.  
Eight badges for the Fall class.

RAMIREZ  
But we don't have a Fall class.

HARRIS  
Jesus fucking Christ...

Jimmy sifts through the paper work.

JIMMY  
Apps say half these guys are  
employed by a company called  
*Harrington Industries*.

Carl looks to Ramirez and Harris. They get it.

HARRIS  
We'll check it out.

**INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - CARL'S OLD DEN - NIGHT**

Jimmy's set up shop here. He's fully immersed in his work,  
culling through the translated messages yet again.

Carl enters and takes a good look around. Banks' full-on  
remodel is almost finished.

CARL

*Plaid* God damn carpeting. Asshole suddenly thinks he's Ralph Lauren.

Carl tries to hand Jimmy a beer, but he doesn't even look up.

Carl sets the beer down on the desk and heads across the room where PLANS for Banks' remodel are laid out on a WORK BENCH.

CARL (CONT'D)

Look at this shit. *Riding trophies?*  
Guy never mounted a horse in his  
life. He was terrified of'em.  
(a solemn beat)  
Place used to be a God damn oasis.  
Now it's just...

Jimmy still isn't listening. Carl finally calms down and makes his way over to--

The NEW PYRAMID-SHAPED WEB tacked up on the wall, behind Jimmy. The Ghost and the Wolf are back on top. Nikolay, Alexei, Bill, Nazarian...all the new players are included.

CARL (CONT'D)

Harrington Industries was a dead end. Address on file with the city was just an empty warehouse down at the harbor.

JIMMY

I know we've missed something here. The answer's in this room. Banks left that number for a reason. He was telling us something.

CARL

Jimmy. October 27th, 2008. It was the day he and Rosa got together. That's all. Shit was just one last fuck you.

JIMMY

You're wrong. Banks wouldn't leave his friends hanging. He left something for us. I know it.

Carl sighs indignantly. He shuffles around the room and finally comes upon--

That same FRAMED PHOTO of Banks, Carl, Grimes and Jimmy hangs on the wall. It softens him.

CARL

I'm worried about Rosa. I've never seen her like this. This funeral tomorrow, it's gonna be hard on--

JIMMY

--What're you doin' down here, man? Go up and tell this shit to her.

CARL

She don't wanna see me.

Jimmy realizes his friend is really hurting here. He softens.

JIMMY

Again. You're wrong. Look, do you know what I'd give to have Cathy sittin' upstairs right now?

CARL

It's not the same, Jim. You don't understand.

JIMMY

Cut the bullshit. Do you love her?

Carl thinks about that for a moment.

CARL

...yeah. I do.

JIMMY

Then nothing else matters. Life's too short. You got a lot of shit to apologize for. Go upstairs. Get it done.

**INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rosa lays in bed, writing on a legal pad. There is a KNOCK at the door. She scrambles to wipe the tears from her eyes.

ROSA

Yeah?

Carl enters. She sits up, surprised to see him.

CARL

What're you doing?

ROSA

Writing the eulogy.



CARL

Rosa, honey. These guys are going to come for you and if you're out in the open like that I can't--

ROSA

--I don't give a God damn, Carl! I'm done hiding. I'm going to that funeral. And I'm going to say what I need to say.

She means business. Carl isn't happy, but he relents.

CARL

I don't want to fight anymore.

(a beat)

Look, I owe you an apology. I owe you a whole lot more than that. I won't get there tonight, but...

It doesn't look like Rosa's swallowing it. Carl backs off.

CARL (CONT'D)

It's getting late. I'll be down on the couch if you need to talk...

Carl heads for the hallway.

ROSA

Carl?

He stops, steps back in...

ROSA (CONT'D)

I'm scared... Could you just lay here with me?

Carl is completely disarmed. He shuts the door and lays down next to her. We roll on them for a long quiet beat.

**INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - CARL'S OLD DEN - DAWN**

The sun is starting to peek through the window. The beer Carl left for Jimmy sits on the desk. Remarkably, it's untouched.

Jimmy hasn't slept a wink. He's clumsily banging on the keys of a laptop, sifting through google search results on "10-27-08." But he's not finding a thing. After a beat, the alarm on his digital watch SOUNDS.

Jimmy finds a spot over by the work bench. He's about to start in on his push-ups, when he catches a glimpse of Banks' renovation plans.

Plaid carpeting? Riding trophies? Carl was right. *What a fucking mess.* But then something steals his attention. He checks the plans again, just to be sure...

He scans the room. His eyes ultimately fall upon that PHOTO of the four friends. He rushes over and pulls it away from the wall revealing--

A WALL SAFE. Jimmy's heart races as he enters a combination: 10-27-08. CLICK! It opens! Inside is a FILE FOLDER and a PACKAGE.

Jimmy rummages through the contents of the file folder labeled: "HARRINGTON INDUSTRIES." It contains the dossiers we saw Banks examining earlier.

We get a good look at them. One of the dossiers has BILL'S (the guy who hired Jimmy to find Ileana) PICTURE ON IT!

Jimmy then takes hold of the package. Inside is a VIDEO TAPE labeled: "TO CARL..."

**INT. ROSA'S HOUSE - CARL'S OLD DEN - MORNING**

Carl pops in the video tape and presses play. He and Jimmy watch with bated breath.

ON SCREEN: BANKS. Worked up. Scared. He stares into the camera, looking his friends posthumously in the eye.

BANKS

Hey, guys... God, I hope you're still out there....

Carl and Jimmy share a look. This is gonna be tough.

BANKS (CONT'D)

Carl, I loved you like a brother, man. Rosa and I. I never meant it to happen. Sometimes, that shit just creeps up on you. For what it's worth. I'm sorry. I am.

Carl swallows hard.

BANKS (CONT'D)

It's about time I come clean with you... Vitale Romanovski. He didn't give us the slip back in '01. While you were bringing in Ivan. Cryin' over Cathy... Grimes and I, we put him on a plane.

Jimmy bites his lip. He's starting to relive everything.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry, Jimmy. Cathy... Man, we  
 never thought it'd go that far...

Banks is full-on crying now. Jimmy's pretty close. Carl isn't far behind either.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
 He popped up again. Said I had to  
 make things right for what happened  
 to Ivan. Promised to keep Rosa out  
 of it as long as I played ball.

Banks takes a long beat, catches his breath.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
 They wanted badges. I didn't know  
 why until the next demand came,  
 just a coupl'a days ago.  
 (a beat)  
 They had me make a few calls...an  
 appointment for an LAPD contingent  
 to visit the California State  
 Prison at Lancaster. To interrogate  
 Ivan Romanovski. They're gonna bust  
 him out, Carl. Those two assholes,  
 together again...

Carl's eyes go wide.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
 (a look of determination)  
 You need to stop this. Put these  
 monsters away for real this time.  
 Put'em in the ground.

ONSCREEN: Banks stands, approaches the camera and turns it off. He disappears into the static. A ghost.

#### **EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MORNING**

A PACIFIC BELL TRUCK is parked next to a TELEPHONE POLE.

We start a long 360 arc up and around the WORKER in the CROW'S NEST. He raises a pair of BOLT CUTTERS. Just as he CUTS THE LINE the camera reveals--

CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON AT LANCASTER.

#### **EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - DAY**

An LAPD SQUAD CAR approaches the front gate, followed by two heavy-duty LAPD VANS.

**EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - DAY**

The convoy is parked inside the prison walls. Bill, Nikolay, and five THUGS in PATROLMAN'S UNIFORMS enter the Administration Building.

**INT. THE FIRST LAPD VAN - DAY**

Alexei pulls a ski mask over his face. His breathing is erratic. He's obviously nervous. He and three other MASKED THUGS lie in wait, armed to the teeth.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - OFFICES - DAY**

The faux LAPD posse approaches the GUARD desk, Bill leading the way. He flashes a badge.

BILL  
(perfect English)  
We're here to see Ivan Romanovski.

GUARD 1  
Which one of you is Banks?

Bill and Nikolay share a loaded look. A tense beat, then Joe Mason (Carl's Guard Captain friend) steps over.

MASON  
Banks is *dead*...

Bill suddenly looks angry, flushed with emotion. He points his finger down the hall.

BILL  
*Asshole* in there ordered the hit.

It's really an Oscar-caliber moment. Mason looks satisfied.

**INT. POLICE STATION - CARL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jimmy, Ramirez and Harris sit. Carl is on the phone.

CARL  
Thanks, Jaspar. I owe you one.

Carl hangs up the phone.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Gondoli made some calls. ATF's gonna move him.

RAMIREZ

How the hell does Vitale think he's gonna bust his brother out of a maximum security lockup? It's impossible.

CARL

Impossible if he's locked up in his five-by-five. Cell block is a fortress, but they're gonna move him into the Administrative Building. There, all bets are off.

JIMMY

Yeah. Only hard part would be getting inside.

HARRIS

Crazy fucking cunts...

JIMMY

Vitale's taking his empire back. And he wants to hand it off to his brother before he dies.

Carl shouts out onto the floor.

CARL

Phyllis, how we doing?

PHYLLIS

I can't get anyone over there...

CARL

What do you mean?

PHYLLIS

I don't know. It's not even ringing.

The Detectives are suddenly alarmed. Jimmy particularly.

JIMMY

*The funeral.* They're gonna do it today.

CARL

Phyllis, Joe Mason's cell phone number is in my rolodex. He's a Guard Captain over there. Keep calling til you get him.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY**

Ivan Romanovski (eye still black from Carl's beating) is dragged in by a couple of GUARDS, all shackled up.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Bill and his crew wait. The Guards finally bring Ivan in.

BILL  
Take his cuffs off...

GUARD  
You kiddin'?

He's clearly not. The Guards reluctantly unshackle Ivan. Once they exit, Bill smiles.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)  
*Uncle...*

**INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY**

Carl drives, Jimmy rides shotgun. The RADIO chirps:

RADIO (FILTERED)  
Captain Morris?

It's Phyllis, Carl grabs the handset...

CARL  
Jesus Christ...what took so long?

PHYLLIS (FILTERED)  
Phone Company says the lines are just a mess out there... I finally got Captain Mason on his cell. He's standing next to Warden Tinsdale.

CARL  
Warden...having a little trouble out there?

TINSDALE (FILTERED)  
Yeah. Phones. We're working on it... You're lucky I'm even talking to you after that shit you pulled the other day.

Jimmy and Carl share a smirk.

WARDEN  
Look, I just spoke with your ATF cronies--

CARL

--Warden, I'm headed your way right now. ATF's gonna meet me there and we can hash it out then.

TINSDALE (FILTERED)

Yeah, I don't have time for your bullshit. Gondoli's got an order from the Governor. Romanovski's all yours. What do you say I spare you the shouting match and just leave him with your boys here?

CARL

What's that?

TINSDALE (FILTERED)

Your contingent. They're in with him now. I'll just--

Jimmy's eyes go wide. Holy shit!

CARL

--Warden...crash the building.

TINSDALE

What's that now?

CARL

Those aren't cops! CRASH THE BUILDING! CRASH THE BUILDING!

**EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY**

Carl flips on the SIREN and his car tears out of frame. The other squad cars follow suit. One-by-one.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - GUARD HOUSE - DAY**

ANOTHER GUARD CAPTAIN turns toward his MEN.

GUARD CAPTAIN

CRASH THE BUILDING!

His GUARDS leap to attention. The ALARM SOUNDS: WHOOOP! WHOOOP! It continues over:

**EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - DAY**

The MAIN GATE is closing. ARMED GUARDS flood the catwalks.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Bill and his boys ready their weapons. Onto *Plan B*. Nikolay puts a KEVLAR VEST on Ivan.

**EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - YARD - DAY**

Alexei and the other masked, AK-47 wielding Gunmen pour from the LAPD van outside and enter the building.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

A CONCERNED GUARD rushes in to warn them...

GUARD  
They're coming in!

Bill draws his gun! BOOM! The Guard takes one in the face.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - ADMIN BUILDING - DAY**

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! The Guards at the front desk are mowed-down. Alexei and the Gunmen speed past them into the hallway.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! A gang of GUARDS are roasted as Alexei and the Masked Gunmen scream down the hallway.

They reach the door of the Interrogation Room and take up defensive positions around it. Alexei heads inside.

**INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONT.**

Alexei enters. Bill smiles.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)  
Let's move.

**EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - YARD - CONTINUOUS**

Alexei and the Masked Men come out first and fire at the catwalks. RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

Nikolay and the other Patrolmen trickle out after them. They shield Ivan from the gunfire and stash him safely in the middle van. Bill and Nikolay slide back into the patrol car.

In the blink of an eye, everyone is packed up and headed out, barrelling toward the fence.



**EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS**

Bullets rain down from the catwalks and towers, but they bounce harmlessly off of the Armored Russian vehicles.

A GUARD pulls a SPIKE STRIP into the road, but the Russians roll right over it... Silicone tires.

Finally, with a brilliant shower of sparks and a thunderous BOOM, the vans crash the main gate and fishtail onto the highway. Bill's out right behind them.

**EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - YARD - CONTINUOUS**

A couple of Guards scramble into a CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS (D.O.C.) SQUAD CAR and give chase.

**INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - DAY**

Siren blaring, Carl and Jimmy are catapulting down the road. A line of cops behind them.

BILL'S CONVOY roars past them, headed in the other direction. Carl snatches hold of the Radio.

CARL  
That's them, God damn it!!

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Carl's Squad car bangs a sudden and violent 180 degree turn to go back after Bill. The other Squad cars follow suit.

The D.O.C. car falls in behind them.

**INT. BILL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Bill glances in his rear-view mirror, sees Carl and the boys doubling back. He shouts into his walkie-talkie.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)  
We've got company.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Carl and the boys sneak in behind Bill's convoy. Very suddenly, the D.O.C. car accelerates.

**INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Carl watches the D.O.C. car zip past and move for the convoy. He screams into the radio.

CARL  
D-O-C, hold on now!

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The D.O.C. car pulls up along the driver's side of the second van. The GUARD riding shotgun hangs out the window--

BOOM! BOOM! His rifle spits fire. No effect.

Suddenly, the Van SWERVES violently toward him.

The Guard is SMASHED between the squad car and the van and finally spit out, flailing onto the road.

Carl and the other LAPD boys veer suddenly left and just barely miss him. Then--

The Van SWERVES again. This time it HAMMERS the D.O.C. car.

The D.O.C. car launches off of the highway, flipping end over end into the desert.

**INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - DAY**

Carl watches as the D.O.C. car bursts into flames. Jimmy pulls the .38 from his ankle-holster and starts loading.

CARL  
That what I think it is?

Jimmy smiles. We get a closer look at his ammo's DISTINCT RED TIP. Armor piercing bullets from the Sputnik.

CARL (CONT'D)  
You asshole... Hold on.

Carl steps on the gas. VROOOOM!!!!

**INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

The driver sees Carl speeding up in his rearview mirror.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Carl pulls up along the passenger side of the second van. Jimmy crawls out, sitting in his window, taking aim over the roof of the Squad car. Before he can get a shot off--

The van SWERVES towards them.

**INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Carl jerks the wheel and narrowly avoids contact, but Jimmy's hands come loose and he's almost spit out onto the road.

**INT. RAMIREZ' SQUAD CAR - DAY**

Ramirez and Harris. Their eyes go wide as Jimmy barely avoids kissing pavement.

HARRIS  
Old man's crazier than those  
Russians'll ever be.

**INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy steadies himself. He leans back inside.

JIMMY  
TAKE IT EASY, GOD DAMN IT!

CARL  
QUIT YOUR BITCHING AND SHOOT!

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Carl zooms back up along-side the van, still being tailed closely by Ramirez and Harris. Jimmy takes aim. The overly confident Thugs taunt him from inside. Then--

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Jimmy's armor piercing bullets burst through the "bullet proof" glass, obliterating the Thug in the passenger seat and wounding the Driver.

**INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

The Driver SCREAMS IN PAIN and LOCKS UP THE BRAKES!

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

In the blink of an eye, the van drops from 90 M.P.H. down to almost nothing, grinding to a halt.

The three Squad cars tailing it are too close. It's too late.

**INT. RAMIREZ' SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Ramirez stomps on the brakes. Harris braces herself.

HARRIS  
Fuck! FUCK! FUUUUCCCCCKKK!!!!

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! One-by-one the Squad cars PLOW into the van and are immediately crushed in accordion-like fashion.

The van finally JACKKNIFES and slides several hundred feet down the highway on it's side, sparks spewing onto the road.

All the good guys have left now are Carl and Jimmy.

**INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Carl points to the remaining Russian van and Squad car.

CARL  
One down. Two to go.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Carl's squad car challenges the remaining van on the Driver's side. Jimmy leans out of his window, taking aim. When--

The van's side door tears open revealing IVAN and the AK-47 wielding THUGS inside...

Ivan locks eyes with Jimmy. Jimmy boils.

**INT. CARL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Carl looks over, sees the thugs preparing to fire!

CARL  
Get down!!!!

Carl turns the steering wheel violently right.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! Carl's car is pasted with gunfire.

It tears off the road, turning over in the air and finally crashing on its roof.

**INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

As the thugs cheer, Ivan turns to the driver, stone-faced.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)  
Tell them to turn around.

**EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY**

We stand about 100 feet away from Carl's overturned squad car. Our friends are banged up, but it looks like they might be okay. Until--

Two sets of BLACK BOOTS step into frame in front of us.

OVERLAP -- An Ocean Liner's horn WAILS!

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

We hear a lot of activity from outside. Sounds like a busy port or harbor. The HAIR-LIPPED KID (the one who warned Nikolay before the brothel massacre) is crouched in a corner, poking a DEAD RAT with a stick.

Nikolay enters, fresh from battle and makes his way over to--

Vitale. He's working on an old-fashioned typewriter. He doesn't acknowledge Nikolay's presence. And Nikolay doesn't dare interrupt. DING!

Vitale pulls the page out. The paper is red. The type is yellow. He finally looks up at Nikolay.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)

He's here.

Vitale takes a few breaths from an oxygen mask...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER**

A couple of GUARDS open the massive BAY DOOR and the faux LAPD Van rolls in. Vitale charges over to meet it. With each step he seems younger, more vibrant. Healthy even.

Ivan exits. He and Vitale exchange a warm embrace.

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)

*Brother...*

Eight years have separated these two. They take a moment to adjust to the other's new visage. A powerful silence.

Seeing Vitale in this weakened state is very hard on Ivan. He's quickly overwhelmed with emotion.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)

I never thought this day would  
come. You've risked everything...

Vitale raises his hand, dismissive.

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)  
I can die happy now, knowing you  
are free. Knowing you will be there  
to look after things. I only regret  
it could not have been sooner...  
(noticing his black eye)  
Your face...

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN)  
A gift from our old friends...

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)  
They will pay soon enough.

Ivan shakes his head.

IVAN  
They will pay now.

Bill and a couple of RUSSIAN GOONS, pull Carl and Jimmy from  
the back of the van and spill them onto the warehouse floor.

Jimmy and Vitale share a long, loaded look. Carl can't  
believe it. He's looking at a ghost...

You couldn't sandblast the smile off Vitale's face. But  
Nikolay looks particularly nervous.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)  
We can't stay here. Nazarian's  
mercenaries are in custody. Those  
aren't our men. Someone will talk.

VITALE  
Then we'll have to make it quick...

OVERLAP -- RUSSIAN MUSIC CRACKLES from an old boom box.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER**

Carl and Jimmy are tied to chairs in the center of the room.

Vitale sings along with the music, clapping his hands and  
hopping around them. He's been waiting for this moment so  
long, it seems to have driven him mad.

Ivan, having traded in his prison-issue orange jumpsuit for  
street clothes, is having the time of his life.

The Hair-lipped Kid limps up to Carl and starts rummaging  
through his pockets. Carl jerks and squirms, but it's no use.  
The Hair-lipped Kid gets a hold of his wallet. He liberates a  
wad of twenties from it. Vitale pulls him away.

VITALE  
My toolbox. Bring it to me.

The Hair-lipped kid scurries off. Bill approaches.

BILL  
It's time.

Vitale hands Bill the RED SLIP OF PAPER he typed up earlier.

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)  
Make me proud...

NIKOLAY approaches with a LONG RIFLE CASE.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)  
You need to wrap this up. The  
police *will* come.

Vitale looks to Ivan and smirks.

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)  
He worries too much.

Nikolay shakes his head and reluctantly follows Bill over to the faux LAPD Van.

As the Van rolls out, the Hair-lipped kid approaches with the TOOLBOX. But Vitale isn't quite ready for it.

VITALE (CONT'D)  
When the doctors first discovered  
my illness, they gave me only three  
months to live... *Three months,*  
James! I had always taken life for  
granted. I thought I had all the  
time in the world. But now they  
were telling me that wasn't so.  
(a labored breath)  
I had so much left undone. I sulked  
for a while. Felt sorry for myself.  
But one morning, I woke  
up...*changed*. Energized. I looked  
at myself long and hard in the  
mirror and made a promise. I would  
not die until I was *finished*.

Jimmy tries to keep cool, not wanting to give him any satisfaction.

VITALE (CONT'D)  
That was *four* years ago, James. For  
four years, I have kept death at  
bay. My need to free my brother.  
(MORE)

VITALE (CONT'D)  
 My need to take back what's mine.  
 My need to watch you die... This is  
 what's kept me breathing...

Vitale turns to the Hair-lipped kid.

VITALE (CONT'D)  
 Open it.

The Hair-lipped Kid opens the toolbox, revealing: Ivan's old CATTLE PROD and a bloody, DIRT-FILLED SOCK.

Ivan takes hold of his deadly instrument, flips a switch and listens as it HUMS TO LIFE. Music to his ears. He is THE WOLF once again...

VITALE (CONT'D)  
 You were so close that day at the  
 docks, James. I watched you from  
 the bridge of the ship.

Jimmy's eyes flood with hate. Vitale smiles.

JIMMY  
 You're lying.

VITALE  
 You played right into my hands. I  
*wanted* you there. I *needed* you  
 there. But I never dreamt it would  
 work out as well as it did.  
 Especially after Nazarian's little  
 mishap... My brother free. My  
 enemies falling by the wayside.  
 Soon, my empire will be fully  
 restored. And I'll owe it all to  
 you...

Jimmy shakes with absolute rage. Ivan steps out of frame, headed for Carl and...FLASH-CRACK! Carl SCREAMS!

MUSIC plays over the following:

**EXT. CEMETERY - GATE - DAY**

The FUNERAL PROCESSION pours through the gate, car-by-car. The HEARSE is out in front.

**EXT. CEMETERY - ROAD - DAY**

Rosa is one of many somber FUNERAL-GOERS stepping from their cars. Press PHOTOGRAPHERS snap photos.



**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. The casket is pulled from the hearse and carried by a TEAM OF OFFICERS in their DRESS BLUES.
2. A CATHOLIC PRIEST reads a prayer.
3. BOOM! SEVEN OFFICERS fire into the air. The first seven shots in a 21 gun salute.
4. A TEAM OF OFFICERS removes an AMERICAN FLAG from the casket and ceremonially folds it.
5. BOOM! The Officers fire into the air again. Shots 8-14.
6. The folded flag is handed over to Banks' PARENTS.
7. BOOM! The Officers fire into the air. Shots 15-21.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Detective Rogers leans over to Rosa.

ROGERS  
Where's the Captain?

She just shakes her head. She has no idea...

END MUSIC

**INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER**

Ivan lays into Carl. ZZAAPP!! Vitale gets another good whack in on Jimmy's kidney. Our heroes are in intense pain.

Vitale pulls a handkerchief and covers his mouth. Soon, he's coughing up BLOOD again. The Hair-lipped Kid quickly moves to retrieve something.

VITALE  
You ever stop and think, James,  
about how much different our lives  
would be, if you'd have just taken  
my money, like your partners did?

JIMMY  
Yeah. Because it really worked out  
great for them.

ZZAAPP! Ivan sends an electric jolt down Jimmy's spine.

The Hair-lipped Kid finally returns with an oxygen mask. Vitale takes a couple of breaths from it, then--

VITALE

So many years *wasted*... You've given Ivan and I a happy ending. But *you*... Your life ends in tragedy. Instead of drowning in vodka on that floating coffin of yours, you could've lived the American Dream. Beautiful wife at your side. A home. A *family*...

(a beat)

When I kill you. No one will miss you. No one will care. It will be as if you never existed.

**EXT. ROAD NEAR PRISON - DAY**

The crash scene from the jail break car chase. Smoke. AMBULANCES. POLICE CARS. FIRE TRUCKS. Something for everyone.

Ramirez, his face covered in blood, sweat and dust, stands at the back of an ambulance. He watches an EMT dress the leg wounds of a HANDCUFFED RUSSIAN. Something catches his eye...

He pulls Harris close.

RAMIREZ

Check out his knees.

HARRIS

Douchey's got a boo-boo.

RAMIREZ

Nah. Remember what Jimmy said?

HARRIS

The bad motherfuckers have stars on their knees.

RAMIREZ

This guy's a lightweight.

The two march purposefully over to the EMT.

HARRIS

Hey, we're gonna need to use your bus for a minute.

EMT

*Excuse me?*

Harris jams her gun in his face.

HARRIS  
You got a hearing problem?!

The EMT can hear just fine. He bolts.

Harris and Ramirez climb up into the ambulance and we finally get a look at the handcuffed Russian. It's Alexei!

HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Improvise?

RAMIREZ  
*Improvise.*

Ramirez closes the door. Alexei SCREAMS in agony...

**INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Harris puts the keys in the ignition, flips on the siren and slams on the gas. VROOOM!!!

**EXT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS**

The ambulance SQUEALS off. The back doors swing open and Ramirez kicks Alexei out into the street.

RAMIREZ  
Thanks. You been a big help.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

The FAUX LAPD VAN, Nikolay at the wheel, rolls to a stop near the funeral service.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The Priest is finishing a prayer. Rosa stands behind him, staring nervously down at her typed notes.

**INT. FAUX LAPD VAN - DAY**

BILL opens the CASE and starts to assemble a SNIPER RIFLE. Nikolay checks his watch.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)  
It's almost time...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Vitale takes another deep breath from his mask. This ordeal is really taking a physical toll. He pops a couple of pills then peers down at *his* watch. He turns to the Hair-lipped kid...

VITALE (IN RUSSIAN)  
Turn on the television.

The Hair-lipped kid flips on a small TELEVISION. Ivan turns Jimmy and Carl so they can see it.

ON TELEVISION: Local news coverage of Banks' funeral. Rosa is taking the podium.

Carl and Jimmy share a desperate look.

CARL  
You stay the fuck away from her!

Vitale shakes his head, *so sad... TSK, TSK...*

VITALE  
In Russia, if a friend beds your wife, to retain any shred of honor, you must kill them both. Friend and whore.  
(he smiles)  
But my brother and I, we have special place in our heart for you, Captain. You sit back and relax. We'll take care of your dirty work.

Carl looks like a raging bull. We haven't seen him like this.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Rosa takes a deep, emotional breath and starts in.

ROSA  
All who knew Howard Banks knew that he was a man of integrity...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

ON TELEVISION: Rosa, continues her speech.

In the distance, we hear a faint AMBULANCE SIREN over the commotion of the docks.

Vitale and Ivan relish watching Carl and Jimmy as they squirm helplessly in front of the television.

CARL  
You hurt her, I swear to God I'll kill you. Doesn't matter what armpit you hide under this time, I'll find you.

The brothers LAUGH uproariously. They're so loud that they don't hear the rapidly approaching SIREN. Carl hears it just fine though. Now *he's* the one smiling. Ivan takes notice.

IVAN

You think this is funny?

Suddenly, GUNFIRE from outside! BANG! BANG! FRANTIC SHOUTING FROM THE RUSSIAN GUARDS! SOMEONE SCREAMS. RAT-A-TAT-TAT! RETURN FIRE! Ivan and Vitale turn to see--

CRASH! Harris' ambulance barrels through the garage door!!!

Vitale dives out of the way just in time but--

Ivan isn't so lucky. The ambulance SLAMS right into him!

Vitale crawls back to his feet and heads for the back door.

The Hair-lipped Kid stays frozen in his chair. If he's not terrified, then the freaky bastard just got his first boner.

#### **INSIDE THE AMBULANCE**

Harris sits in the driver's seat. Groggy and disoriented. She hit her head pretty good and took a bullet in the shoulder.

Ramirez is only in slightly better shape. He spills out and stumbles over to Jimmy and Carl.

RAMIREZ

You guys still breathin'?

#### **WITH JIMMY AND CARL**

They're breathing, but just barely. Ramirez cuts them loose.

CARL

Took you long enough.

Jimmy staggers to his feet, pulls Ramirez close.

JIMMY

Give me your weapon.

Ramirez hands it over. Jimmy heads for the back door.

CARL

Jimmy! Wait!

Jimmy turns, reluctant.

CARL (CONT'D)

Kill his ass.

Jimmy nods, limps out after Vitale. Carl turns to Ramirez.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Get dispatch on the phone. I need  
them making calls!

**POV - BILL'S RIFLE SCOPE**

Rosa is in the cross hairs.

**INT. RUSSIAN LAPD VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Bill stares through his scope, carefully readying his shot.

NIKOLAY (IN RUSSIAN)  
Take the shot.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)  
It's beautiful. Let her finish.

**EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS**

Rosa is amid speech.

ROSA  
There is now no doubt in my mind as  
to the existence of heaven. For no  
good and just God could call this  
man away to any place else--

--RING! RING! Suddenly, a cell phone rings. Rosa looks up  
from her notes, annoyed.

**THE CROWD**

Rogers scrambles to quiet his CELL PHONE.

**THE PODIUM**

Rosa just re-finds her place in the speech when--

--RING! RING! Another phone starts screaming.

**THE CROWD**

Another TALL OFFICER turns his ringer off. Just then--

RING! BUZZ! RING! BUZZ! It spreads like wildfire. Dozens of  
phones start ringing and buzzing in unison.

The OFFICERS in the crowd look curiously to one another.

**THE PODIUM**

Rosa is floored.

**INT. RUSSIAN LAPD VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Nikolay is getting a *really* bad feeling about this...

**THE CROWD**

RING! BUZZ! RING! BUZZ! Finally, Rogers answers his phone. Then another Officer does. And another. And another.

After a short beat, one-by-one, every cop's head turns toward Bill's faux LAPD van.

**POV - BILL'S RIFLE SCOPE**

All the Officers are standing, staring directly at him. He doesn't have a clean shot anymore.

**INT. RUSSIAN LAPD VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Bill turns to Nikolay, flabbergasted.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN)  
Get the fuck out of here.

Nikolay fires the van up and slams it into gear, just as a pair of LAPD cruisers roll in and block his path.

BILL (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
BACK UP!

Nikolay throws it in reverse and another LAPD cruiser screeches to a halt behind them.

There's nowhere to go now. Game over. As panic starts to set in, Bill turns to see--

A FORCE OF LAPD OFFICERS descend upon them. The van starts to shake violently. Just as Bill and Nikolay shit their pants--

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Ramirez has the Ambulance door open, hovering over his partner, terribly concerned. Harris is going into shock.

RAMIREZ  
Come on, girl. Fight for that shit.

**NEAR THE OPEN BAY DOOR**

Carl hangs up his cell, wholly relieved. He shouts to Ramirez, across the room...

CARL

They got those motherfuckers in--

Carl's expression changes. Blood drains from his face--

IVAN IS BACK UP ON HIS FEET, battered and bruised, but no less ferocious. Ramirez is fighting tooth and nail to keep him away from Harris, but it proves futile.

Ivan palms Ramirez' head and SMASHES it into the ambulance door. Ramirez spills onto the ground, screaming in pain.

The collision causes Harris to stir. Ivan wraps his massive hand around her neck and rips her up out of her seat.

He takes a moment to feel her breasts. It's been eight years since he's seen a pair like this...

IVAN

Pretty girl...

And then, Ivan pulls out a SWITCHBLADE...

**WITH CARL**

Carl barrels across the room and lowers his shoulder into Ivan. The switchblade flies from his hand and skips across the floor. Harris falls, unconscious. Maybe even dead.

WHACK! To the stomach! WHACK! To the face! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Carl lands one hit after another...

Ivan just smiles. He feels no pain. He finally winds up and--

DOOF! A brutal kick to the chest sends Carl sprawling.

**ACROSS THE ROOM**

The Hair-lipped Kid watches with wonder as Ivan descends upon Carl. Then, something steals his attention--

The SWITCHBLADE has come to rest right in front of him. He smiles like a kid on Christmas.

**EXT. DOCKS - DAY**

Vitale works his way up a RAMP destined for the MAIN DECK of an OCEAN LINER. It's getting ready to set sail. A gaggle of CHINESE SHIPMATES rush to their stations.



Vitale peers through the CROWD to see...JIMMY, hot on his heels. Vitale fires wildly: BOOM! BOOM!

The Shipmates panic, SCREAMING and running, but...

Jimmy doesn't even flinch. Vitale disappears into the belly of the ship. Jimmy's right behind.

#### **INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Ivan has both of his massive hands wrapped around Carl's neck. Carl struggles valiantly, but it's no use.

#### **ACROSS THE ROOM**

Ramirez staggers to his feet. He's still seeing stars. But the sight of his struggling Captain sobers him quickly--

Ramirez knows he has to act fast. He reaches for his gun, but it's gone. Then he sees it...THE CATTLE PROD.

#### **BACK WITH CARL**

Ivan squeezes until it looks like Carl's eyes are going to pop from his head. With a thunderous ROAR, Ivan lifts Carl into the air.

It looks like the end, until: ZZZAAAPPP!!! Ivan's eyes roll back in his head.

Carl hits the ground, gasping for air.

Ivan turns to see Ramirez, just about to jab the cattle prod into his gut! ZZZAAAPPP!!!

Ivan staggers backward. Finally, something has an effect on this behemoth. ZZZAAAPPP!!! Again! ZZZAAAPPP!!! And AGAIN!

Ivan vomits ferociously and drops to one knee. He can't take much more. Just as Ramirez moves to finish him off--

THOOP! Ramirez' face contorts. He looks down to see Ivan's SWITCHBLADE sticking into his leg!!! The Hair-lipped Kid is right there, twisting the knife in deeper and deeper...

Ramirez drops the cattle prod, HOWLING in pain. But he still manages to KICK THE KID IN THE FACE!!!

Ramirez turns back for the cattle prod, but it isn't there.

IT'S IN IVAN'S HANDS! He drives the weapon into Ramirez' chest and: ZZZAAAPPP!!! The tide turns once again.

Outside. The ship's HORN WAILS. It's getting ready to leave.

**INT. OCEAN LINER - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Vitale has a sizable lead. Jimmy bobs and weaves through the crowded corridor, trying to get a clean shot... Finally, he has it: BOOM! BOOM!

But Vitale disappears around the corner just in time--

PING! PANG! POOM! Jimmy's bullets ricochet wildly off of the metal walls, sparks flying everywhere. A CHINESE SHIPMATE SCREAMS and runs for his life. Suddenly--

A RUSSIAN GOON bursts from a CARGO BAY, AK-47 in-hand. Jimmy grabs the barrel of the gun and YANKS it with all his might!

The Goon stumbles forward, trying to keep his balance, trying to reach the trigger. But he never gets a chance--

Jimmy delivers a roundhouse kick that sends the Goon over the railing and onto the floor of the ENGINEERING BAY below.

Jimmy turns to see THREE RUSSIAN THUGS charging toward him!!! He takes the original Goon's AK-47 and UNLOADS it on them!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! By the time the gun is out of ammo, all three have gone down like bowling pins.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Carl, dazed and confused, climbs up a nearby HI-LO to get to his feet. He sees Ivan descending upon a desperate Ramirez.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK**

Ramirez emerges from the warehouse, crawling on his hands and knees. Blood pouring from his eyes, nose and ears. Ivan is right behind him, cattle prod in hand: ZZZAAAPPP!!!

RAMIREZ

No more. Please...

Begging always did make Ivan smile. He turns the dial on the cattle prod, drastically cranking up the wattage. It HUMS electric death. The Russian winds up and--

The HI-LO BURSTS through the hole in the bay door and DEMOLISHES Ivan! He's flung head-first into the water.

The Hi-lo screeches to a halt at the waters edge. Carl's behind the wheel, a satisfied look on his face.

CARL

Tell your brother I said hello.  
Asshole.

**INT. OCEAN LINER - ENGINEERING BAY - DAY**

It's cold and dark...save for the ominous red glow emanating from the massive BOILER powering the ship. Jimmy steps over the Goon's corpse and creeps in, 9mm drawn, when--

CLA-CLACK! A gun cocks. Jimmy feels cold steel against his temple. And then there's that hacking cough.

VITALE. His hands trembling...

VITALE  
Party's over, James...

He pulls the trigger and: CLICK! Shit. Click. Click. Click.  
He's out of ammo.

VITALE (CONT'D)  
Oops!

Jimmy grabs Vitale by the throat and JAMS *his* gun into the Russian's mouth, taking out some of his teeth in the process.

Jimmy's waited eight years for this. He's just about to pull the trigger, but something stops him. He lowers his weapon.

Vitale laughs like only a madman can. With blood smothering the few teeth he has left, he looks like a devil.

VITALE (CONT'D)  
Everyone on this boat works for me.  
Get off while you can. Walk away  
and you and I are done. We both can  
live. Leave our fates to God.

Jimmy opens up the chamber of his gun, and drops all the bullets to the ground.

Vitale smiles. That horrible fucking smile.

VITALE (CONT'D)  
I always figured you for a  
reasonable man, Jam--

WHACK! Jimmy smashes his fist into Vitale's face. Vitale stumbles backward, spitting blood. He looks up, fear-in-eyes.

JIMMY  
I want to *feel* you die.

Jimmy's never looked so focused. He grabs Ramirez' 9mm by the barrel and just starts pistol-whipping the shit out of Vitale. WHACK! WHACK!

Vitale falls to his knees. Jimmy starts pounding on him with his fists now. WHAM! WHAM! Before the Russian can lose consciousness, Jimmy rips him back to his feet...

Jimmy looks into the cold dead eyes of the man who stole his life. Vengeance is now his for the taking...

Vitale knows the end is coming. He remains defiant.

VITALE

I'll send Cathy your regards...

Jimmy's eyes FLARE! He gives the Russian an absolutely devastating boot to the chest! Vitale flips over the railing and disappears into the fiery belly of the boiler.

Jimmy stands there, listening to Vitale scream in agony, huffing the stench of charred flesh. A beat and it's over...

**EXT. THE BAY - CONTINUOUS**

The sky is an evil, fiery orange. Like the gates of hell have just been opened up. SQUAD CARS flood the waterfront. An LAPD CHOPPER hovers over the scene.

We're out in the middle of the overly choppy water, watching as Jimmy emerges from the ocean liner.

He limps over to Carl. The two friends share a loaded look. The end of a long road. Then, something funny happens.

The alarm on Jimmy's digital watch SOUNDS. But this time, instead of doing his push-ups, he yanks the watch from his wrist and tosses it in the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY**

It's a beautiful, sunny day. We're out over the calm, serene ocean water, watching as Jimmy prepares his boat for a trip. It's been fixed up and repainted. It looks brand new.

**EXT. JIMMY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

As Jimmy puts the finishing touches on the motor, Carl approaches, tackle in-hand, dressed to fish.

CARL

Old tub's looking good. How does she ride?

JIMMY

You bring a suit? We may end up swimmin' back.

CARL

You know damn well I can't swim.

JIMMY

(smiles)

You single again?

CARL

Hopefully not. We're workin' on it.

JIMMY

Sorry to hear that. I was gonna introduce you to a nice Russian girl...

CARL

*Shit...* What she charge?

Jimmy laughs. Carl gets serious.

CARL (CONT'D)

You know, Jim. We turned some heads with this thing. Commissioner's got me puttin' together a new task force. I want you to lead it. How'd you like to get your shield back?

JIMMY

Task force? I can imagine the assholes you'd stick me with.

Just then, Harris approaches. She very gently helps Ramirez, limping and all bandaged up, onto the boat.

RAMIREZ

Ouch! Slow down, damn it.

HARRIS

Stop being a fucking pussy.

Jimmy shakes his head and smiles.

JIMMY

It's a hell of an offer. But I'm not sure I'm ready to decide what's next. Not yet.

CARL  
Think about it.  
(turns to Harris)  
You assholes bring the beer?

HARRIS  
Cooler full of it. Need a hand  
carrying it though. Gimpy here  
ain't worth shit.

Carl is about to walk off with Harris, when he remembers something. He turns back to Jimmy.

CARL  
You know, I was thinking. The boat.  
You should name her after Cathy.

JIMMY  
Good idea. But you're a little  
late...

CARL  
Why's that?

JIMMY  
I already named her after you.

We finally see it. The boat has been named: THE S.S. ASSHOLE.  
Carl shakes his head.

CARL  
You asshole...

Ramirez and Harris laugh uproariously. We pull slowly back  
across the water and finally...

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**