

Corruption

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET 1962 - DAY

Four under 11 boys, BEN, FRED, PETE and the obligatory fat kid, KEN WOOD, all of them with 'Junior Police' T-shirts on in various stage of disrepair and baseball hats are pushing their bikes down the street. Off in the distance there is a dull but persistent clanging that gets louder as they walk down the street.

BEN

You don't know what you're talking about. This is their year. Monbouquette and Wilson are going to be tough this year. And I'm not even going to mention Gene Conley.

FRED

I thought Conley was a Celtic?

Ben slaps Fred in the head. You can tell this is standard operating procedure.

BEN

He is, you jerk. This is his off season job.

PETE

You're so wrong, Ben. The Yankees are going all the way this year. They got this new guy, Tom Tresh. He's going to be the new Mick.

FRED

Lou Brock.

Fred flinches as he says it but everyone just stares at him. Ben scrunches up his face like he's smelled something bad.

BEN

What?

FRED

Lou Brock. This guy from the Cubs. My father says he's a good one.

PETE

What does your father know?

BEN

He knows enough. He's the one that  
said Higgins will turn the Sox  
around.

KEN

Higgins is a drunk.

Everyone stares at Ken. The clanging is getting louder.

PETE

How would you know?

KEN

My father told me.

PETE

That proves it. It takes one to  
know one.

KEN

So then why don't you ask your  
father about it. He should know  
too.

Ken and Pete start squaring off. As they move closer Fred  
moves between them pointing.

FRED

Look.

Ken and Pete stop the 32nd of their scheduled 93 square-offs  
today and divert their minimal attention to whatever it is  
Fred's captured by.

We see that the constant clanging has been the alarm on the  
'Kilmartin Furniture Emporium' because the front window has  
been shattered.

What we also see is three police cars being loaded down with  
the latest in transistor based electronics. The kids stand  
there in their 'Junior Police' T-shirts absorbing this scene.

FRED (CONT'D)

They're probably putting them in  
their cars for safe keeping.

BEN

Yeah, and you're right about that  
Brock guy, too. They're ripping the  
place off, idiot. All they'd have  
to do is park a car in front of the  
window.

Who'd be stupid enough to rip off a store with a cop car in front of it?

Fred looks at Pete and Ken looking for support. He'd better just put on a jock strap because that's the only support he's going to get. Pete is nodding in agreement to everything Ben says and Ken is just staring at the cops loading their cars.

BEN (CONT'D)

Yeah, my father says all cops are crooks.

FRED

It takes one to know one.

Ben reaches over and smacks Fred who takes it without comment.

BEN

Think about it, retard. Someone breaks into a place and who's the first one there?

FRED

The crooks.

Ben aims to hit Fred again but Fred leans back. The swing lands squarely on the back of Ken's head. He doesn't even react as his baseball hat slides down his face. He calmly pushes the visor back up so it doesn't infringe upon his view.

BEN

Retard. Okay, so the crooks do get there first. But they can't take everything, right?

Fred doesn't really want to but he concedes the point to Ben. Pete, on the other hand, is in the middle of enthusiastic agreement.

BEN (CONT'D)

So, the cops take a few things and blame it on the crooks.

PETE

And they don't even have to be nervous because they're the cops.

BEN

Exactly!

PETE

Brilliant.

KEN

Not bad.

Now that Ben sees he has everyone he begins to embellish.

BEN

Like the time my uncle, you know,  
the one who was in jail? He was  
telling me that he and a couple  
friends from the joint knew this  
guy whose business had a lot of  
cash on Friday's and. . .

OFFICER HENDERSON (O.S.)

. . .what are you kids doing here?

They all jump out of their proverbial skins as OFFICER  
HENDERSON, a towering figure of authority in his mid 20's,  
questions them. When Ken sees who it is he goes back to  
watching the action. The others are less cavalier.

PETE

We were on our way to, uh. . .

OFFICER HENDERSON

. . .um, our Junior police meeting.  
. . .

Pete, Fred and Ben pull out their Junior Police T-shirts as  
evidence.

BEN

. . .ah, and we saw this crime  
scene and thought maybe we could  
learn something.

Pete, Fred and Ben nod enthusiastically at this, at best,  
half truth. Officer Henderson stares at them for a moment  
before smiling.

OFFICER HENDERSON

Well then, you'd better get a move  
on shouldn't you? You don't want to  
be late for the meeting.

Officer Henderson begins to gently push them out of inertia.  
All it really does is cause them to shuffle in tight circles.  
They all want to ask questions but none of them want to be  
the first. Fred wants to regain some of the respect he  
recently lost so he turns to face Officer Henderson.

FRED

Officer Henderson, we were wondering why those other officers are loading that stuff into their cars?

They all face Officer Henderson now, even Ken, to hear this answer. He stares at them for a long moment before what he knew would happen happens.

FRED (CONT'D)

I think it's because they're protecting the stuff. They don't want anything else to be stolen.

OFFICER HENDERSON

Is that what everyone thinks?

The other kids shuffle around and acquiesce with no enthusiasm. Fred, on the other hand, is full of enthusiasm.

FRED

That's what I thought right away. It took me a long time to convince them that this was the reason.

Officer Henderson pats Fred on the head.

OFFICER HENDERSON

And I bet it would. Always remember, Junior Police Officers, not everything is as it seems. They are securing the goods. You see, when the bad guys broke in they started a small fire and the sprinkler system started a small flood. So we're taking the precaution of relocating the merchandise.

It sounds plausible so they seem semi-satisfied. Well, except for Ken who is back to staring at the scene.

OFFICER HENDERSON (CONT'D)

So why don't you kids move along and get to the meeting?

KEN

Where's the fire truck?

OFFICER HENDERSON

What?

KEN

If there's a fire shouldn't there  
be a fire truck here?

The other kids nod and murmur in agreement. Officer Henderson has officially tired of this. The good humor man has left the building. He spreads out his arms and begins moving the kids along.

OFFICER HENDERSON

It's on its way. Too bad you won't  
get to see it because you've got a  
meeting to get to.

Ken, Fred and Pete give in to the not so gentle guidance but Ken continues to stand there. He has a knowing grin on his face as he nods his head slowly and slightly up and down.

KEN

Being a cop might be a good thing.

The camera begins to zoom in to Ken's face and go out of focus. The clanging and any street sound begins to fade out. It is exchanged with an adult Ken in a frenzied speech and his equally frenzied audience. When the screen is a total blur we begin to zoom out and we go back into full focus.

KEN (CONT'D) (O.S.)

I became a police officer to help  
our community all because of these  
three friends I had while growing  
up. We were the best of friends. .  
.

INT. AUDITORIUM PRESENT - DAY

An adult, but still heavy, Ken is a cocksure and confident speaker. As he stands there speaking without notes he has the audience is in rapt attention. It's a masterful performance and Ken is definitely a crowd favorite and at the top of his game.

KEN

. . .we were just normal kids. We  
argued baseball. Joined the Junior  
Police. Spent more time together  
than we did with our families.

(Pause)

But then something tore us apart.  
And you all know there is only one  
substance that can break the strong  
bond of friendship we shared.

The audience reacts because they do know. They feel he is speaking to each and every one of them individually.

KEN (CONT'D)

And that substance is drugs.

(Pause)

How many of you today have lost  
good friends, loyal friends, best  
friends to drugs?

A few hands scattered around the auditorium go up while everyone looks around. Ken smiles at them.

KEN (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure that's not all.

The audience laughs.

KEN (CONT'D)

What I'm also sure of is that some  
of you are losing friends right  
now. But what's also very unnerving  
to me is that you are also losing  
family members.

Ken pauses, wipes his brow and comes back screaming.

KEN (CONT'D)

Right now as you sit there someone  
you know; someone you love; someone  
who, even though they are lost in a  
drug induced haze, loves you.

The audience stares at Ken while uncomfortably squirming in their seats. Ken brings his voice down into a whisper. People lean forward not wanting to miss a word.

KEN (CONT'D)

Don't let that love die.

Ken pauses to allow those words to sink in before coming back with a rapid fire, well modulated delivery.

KEN (CONT'D)

And with every pop, snort, toke,  
shot that friend, that family  
member, that human being, that  
love, gets one step closer to  
dying.

There's a pause as Ken allows his words to roll over the audience.



KEN (CONT'D)

So please, go to them after you  
leave here and then you love them.  
Tell them before the love leaves  
their eyes. Tell them so that in  
some way I can assuage my guilt for  
never telling my friends, my best  
friends, that I loved them.

Ken pauses to allow the audience to catch their breath before  
he builds to his crescendo.

KEN (CONT'D)

I don't want anyone in this room,  
in this city, damn, in this world  
to carry the burden, to live with  
the guilt of allowing love to die.

Ken stares at them for a moment before the audience stands  
and cheers wildly. Ken waves at them and bows as he backs off  
the stage.

The cheering continues as the curtain is opened and the  
MASTER OF CEREMONIES shakes Ken's hand on the way to the  
podium as Ken disappears behind the curtain.

INT. BACKSTAGE OF THE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Ken is surrounded by two plain clothed assistants, MAURICE  
TATE and RON ROSETTI, and two UNIFORMED OFFICERS who are  
leading the way out auditorium. Ken smiles and shakes any  
offered hand but it never slows them down from making their  
way out of the auditorium.

MC (O.S.)

Wasn't that a rousing message from  
our own Chief of Police, Ken Wood.  
Now if that doesn't incite us to  
action nothing will. And to keep  
our momentum going I'd like to. . .

Ken and his men reach the exit. The large steel door slams  
behind them.

EXT. DINGY ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Uniformed Officers walk directly to the Police Car in  
front of Ken's limousine and get in. Maurice opens the door  
for Ken and he gets in. Maurice and Ron jump in quickly and  
the cavalcade begins to pull down the street with sirens  
blaring.

INT. BACK OF THE LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Ken is sitting with his head resting on the back of the seat. His eyes are closed and he seems exhausted.

WOMAN (O.S)  
How'd the speech go?

MAURICE  
Excellent.

RON  
You were never better, sir.

MAURICE  
And that bit at the end about your friends. Classic.

RON  
I've never heard that one before.

Ken opens his eyes and looks at Maurice and Ron. A smile slowly begins to fill his face.

KEN  
How could you have. I made it up on the spot.

Ken enjoys the look of surprise on his minions faces.

KEN (CONT'D)  
I was having a slow midsection and knew I needed something. I happened to remember the three kids I used to hang out with and the rest is history.

RON  
So they never were on drugs?

KEN  
How the hell would I know? I haven't seen them in over thirty years.

Ken leans back again and closes his eyes. Even when lying Ken gives it his all.

WOMAN  
You give so much. Does officer friendly need a pick me up?

The Woman's hand enters the frame with a mirror, a couple lines of cocaine and a straw.

Ken opens his eyes, picks up the straw and snorts the two lines. He sniffs and rests his head back as the Woman withdraws the mirror.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And what about officer friendly's little buddy? Does he need a pick me up?

SND FX Ken's zipper being pulled down.

Ken's eyes remain closed. A bemused smile crosses his face.

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

The bar seems exceptionally full but something definitely strange is going on. Beside the obligatory caste system that's in effect (even out of uniform) we see that most of the officers are sitting alone or in groups of two. There are a few parties of three and the rare four but they're mainly contained in the upper echelon of rank.

Two officers, MIKE FORTIER, the younger one and TOM BOLLING, his mentor and long timer, are having a discussion. Mike is much more animated than the bemused Tom.

MIKE

I'm telling you, Tom, it's solid.

TOM

Mike, listen.

Tom pauses because he knows Mike is too wound up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Listen. I know you want to move to that end of the bar by next week but before you go you should learn the game first.

MIKE

And what's the game? Why can't I act on a solid tip?

TOM

Let's just say that some places are hands off and even if your information was dead solid perfect  
(Chuckles)  
especially if it was, it wouldn't help your cause.

Mike just stares at Tom with a mixture of disbelief and anger.

MIKE  
I can't see how. . .

Mike is interrupted when Ken, Ron and Maurice burst into the room.

KEN  
Hey, how are my boys?

Ken walks to the elite end of the bar and starts shaking hands. We see a few officers begin paying their tabs. Ken address the bartender, GEORGE.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Why don't we set up the bar,  
George?

George nods, turns on a blue light and starts getting drinks for everyone. Some officers who just finished their drinks begin to reach the door. Ken notices them.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Hey, where are you guys going? You  
don't even have time to have one  
drink with your beloved commander?

The officers continue moving out the door with vague excuses. As some talk others walk past. It's not a large number, six, maybe seven, but it's a noticeable exodus.

COP #1  
My wife's expecting me.

COP #2  
Got a detail.

COP #3  
Early perp walk, Chief. I'll grab a  
rain check.

Ken waves them off. Maurice, on the other hand, makes a few notations in a notebook.

KEN  
That's what I like my force to be  
filled with. Hardworking family  
men. We should all be more like  
them.

Ken hoists a drink in the direction of the now closed door. Then turns to Maurice and leans in to him.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Get 'em all?

Maurice nods yes and Ken smiles. Ken looks around the bar and sees Tom. He nods at him and Tom smiles and raises his drink to him. Mike smiles and does the same. Ken ignores him.

MIKE  
What is it with that guy? You'd think I was shit on his shoes. I bet he doesn't even know my name.

TOM  
He knows your name.

MIKE  
Only because his baby-sitters wrote it down on the shit list. I want some of the cake that comes their way.

Tom laughs at Mike.

TOM  
Be patient and your day will come.

Mike stares glumly into his beer. Tom looks at him pout and rolls his eyes.

Ken catches Tom's eye and nods. In their unspoken language Tom knows it's time. Tom finishes his beer, picks up some change and pats Mike on the shoulder startling him from his dour mood.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Have a great evening, partner. I'll pick you up in the morning. Mike looks at Tom confused. This obviously hasn't happened before.

TOM (CONT'D)  
We're aligned with a special task force.

Tom's confusion breaks into a beaming smile.

MIKE  
How come you didn't tell me?

TOM  
I did.

Tom walks down the bar patting guys on the back and shaking hands on the way.

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't stay here too long. You've  
got to be sharp in the morning.

Tom is a few feet from Maurice when he walks over to the men's room door and opens it. Tom doesn't miss a stride walking straight in. Maurice walks in behind him.

After a few seconds a COP comes out still tucking in his shirt. Mike is the only one in the bar who watched this. Everyone else was intent on their frosty beverage.

INT. COP BAR'S MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom leans against the wall watching Maurice check out his reflection in the mirror above the sink. After a few seconds of this, Tom reaches into his coat, pulls out an envelope and tosses it into the sink. Maurice never takes his eyes off his reflection.

MAURICE

Is your partner going to be ready  
tomorrow? There's been some talk.

TOM

I've heard. He'll fall in line.

Tom begins to walk out the door.

MAURICE

He'd better.

Tom opens the door and leaves without glancing back. Maurice waits a few seconds before he begins to walk toward the door. He stops to take one more look at himself in the mirror but he never looks at the envelope.

INT. COP BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ken is telling a story to a few officers sitting around him laughing at everything he says.

KEN

So after the 'it's the  
responsibility of the community'  
speech. . .

COP #1

. . .that one always gets them.

KEN

Yeah. So, I get in the car and what  
do my guys. . .

Ken gestures behind him to the ever present Ron as Maurice  
walks back into the bar.

KEN (CONT'D)

. . .have waiting for me?

All of the officers are awaiting this like it's the most  
surprising ending of all time. Even though they've heard the  
story, or one of its ilk, a thousand times.

KEN (CONT'D)

The old blonde with a double B.

Everyone laughs. None louder than Ken though. This is a man  
who believes he is above rules.

KEN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, one of the best triple B's  
I've personally ever had.

Ken turns to Maurice and Ron and toasts them.

KEN (CONT'D)

You guys continue to amaze.

Ken turns back to the bar.

KEN (CONT'D)

Speaking of amaze. . .

With nothing more than that to go on Ron reaches into his  
coat and pulls out a vial of cocaine and hands it to Ken who  
takes a couple of hits and then passes it on to the other  
officers at the bar. They accept it and thank their  
benefactor effusively.

Mike watches this with a combination of revulsion and envy.  
They didn't prepare him for this at the academy. But the  
other part of him, the part that has an enormous desire to  
climb the ladder, looks at the crowd around Ken and all he  
sees are detectives, lieutenants and other high ranking  
officers. The envy starts to overtake the revulsion before  
he's started into the here and now.

OFFICER HENDERSON

Don't let it get to you, kid.

Mike turns and stares at a hard looking old timer.

OFFICER HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
It'll only make you bitter.

MIKE  
Like you?

Officer Henderson smiles.

OFFICER HENDERSON  
Hardly bitter. Just realistic.

Henderson gestures down to Ken and his crew.

OFFICER HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
I've known him since he was a kid.  
Always conniving.

Henderson stands up, tosses some money on the bar and leans in to Mike.

OFFICER HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
I figured I'd be arresting not  
saluting him.

Henderson begins to leave.

OFFICER HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
Remember what that smart guy said,  
Fortier, watch out what you wish  
for because it might come true.  
Watch yourself, kid. These people  
play for real.

Henderson walks down the bar saying his good-byes and out the door. Mike watches him walk out the door. He doesn't quite understand and more or less blows it off like as the ramblings of another bitter cop. He didn't grab it while he could and now he's regretting it.

KEN (O.S.)  
Fortier.

Mike shakes out of reverie for a moment but can't place who called his name.

KEN (CONT'D) (O.S.)  
Fortier.

Mike notices that Ken is calling his name. He's flustered to see who's calling his name and waving him down. Mike picks up his drink and hurries down the bar. He reaches Ken's party and the others part the way. Ken flashes his TV smile and greets Mike warmly.



KEN (CONT'D)

Make room for Fortier, boys. I've  
been hearing good things about him.

GEORGE, the bartender, enters and puts a new drink in front of Mike. Mike reaches into his pocket to pull out money. Ken places his hand on Mike's to keep it in the pocket while vigorously shaking his head no.

KEN (CONT'D)

No, no on. The money of my friends  
is no good here, isn't that right  
George?

George forces a smile, nods yes, tears up Mike's tab from the other end and walks down the bar.

MIKE

Thanks, Chief.

Ken pats Mike on the shoulder paternally.

KEN

That's just one of the perks of  
being one of us, Fortier.

Ken takes his hand off Mike and leans in closely.

KEN (CONT'D)

And you are one of us, aren't you,  
Ken?

Mike looks at the other friends of Ken and they are also smiling and nodding their heads yes. Well, except for Maurice and Ron, They're just standing there staring at Mike. There is a moment where Mike questions himself. The words of Henderson but he also knows that everyone in this inner circle drives at least a new Lexus each year. Houses begin at \$250,000. Vacation homes. Condo's for mistresses. All on a cops salary. Mike smiles at everyone.

MIKE

Of course I'm one of you. I'm a  
brother blue.

Everyone raises their glass to Mike who eats up the attention of people who, just a few minutes ago, thought they didn't even know his name.

KEN

Glad to hear that, Ken, real glad  
to hear that.

And with that, Ken offers Mike the vial of cocaine. Mike is frozen for a second. Ken continues to hold the vial out. It seems as if time is standing still before Mike makes up his mind. He reaches out, takes the vial and knocks back two big blasts.

KEN (CONT'D)

Now where did an officer of the law  
learn to do that so professionally?

Mike, who is now a little staggered, wipes his nose and smiles.

MIKE

From the movie 'Boogie Nights.'

Everyone laughs. Again, no one louder than Ken.

KEN

Good one, Mike.

Mike holds the vial back out to Ken who shakes his head no.

KEN (CONT'D)

You keep that. There's plenty more  
where that came from.

Mike, still a little unnerved by all this but desperately wanting to fit in, pockets the vial.

MIKE

Thanks.

Ken smiles when he sees that. He sees the greed in Mike's eyes. There's nothing Ken knows better than greed. He puts his arm around Mike's shoulder and pulls him close.

KEN

So, what are you doing tonight,  
Mike?

Mike is thrilled. He can't believe he's being accepted so quickly. What did that old guy Henderson know?

MIKE

Nothing, sir. What do you guys have  
in mind?

Ken smiles while the others look away. Ken's voice carries throughout the bar.

KEN

Well, I'm going home to the best  
piece of ass in the world.

Ken leans in closer to Mike.

Mike leans in expectantly.

Ken whispers in Mike's ear.

Maurice walks into the men's room.

KEN (CONT'D)

And because of that I have to keep  
Maurice and Ron out a little late.  
So, if you'd go into the men's room  
with Maurice he has a favor to ask.  
He has this thing about sending a  
cop to the house to check on his  
wife when he has to work late.

Mike's disappointment is palpable. He now realizes he  
expected too much too fast. What was it Tom said? Something  
about being patient. Well, if patience comes with doing a few  
favors for your bosses minion, so be it.

Mike starts walking towards it. Ken grabs his arm.

KEN (CONT'D)

I really thinks he does it so that  
if he gets killed on duty the sight  
of a cop walking to the door  
doesn't kill her. Kind of  
considerate if you ask me.

Ken pats Mike on the back as he heads to the men's room.

INT. COP BAR MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maurice, once again, is checking himself out in the mirror.  
He is standing next to the sink where Tom tossed the  
envelope. And it's still there. Next to the sink is a piece  
of paper with an address printed on it.

Mike walks in and stands at the sink in front of the  
envelope. He looks at it and then at the primping Maurice.  
Maurice glances at him. Mike smiles. Maurice turns away and  
continues to look at himself. Mike's smile fades but he's  
trying hard to be friendly.

MIKE

Ken says you have. . .

MAURICE

. . .are you talking about Chief  
Wood, patrolman?

At this moment, if Mike could fit down the drain he would.

MIKE  
Yes, sir.

MAURICE  
Let's not overestimate your  
position, patrolman.

MIKE  
Yes, sir.

Maurice continues to look at himself as Mike fidgets. The silence is killing him. Finally he scares up enough courage to continue.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Chief Wood asked me if I'd mind  
swinging past your house to tell  
your wife you have to work late.

Maurice finishes adjusting himself and steps away from the sink.

MAURICE  
Take that. . .

Maurice points to the envelope in the sink.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
. . .there.

Maurice points to the paper next to the sink as he walks past Mike towards the door.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
And hurry up. She won't answer the  
door while The Simpson's are on.

Maurice opens the men's room door. Mike frantically looks from the address to the envelope to Maurice.

MIKE  
Ah, sir?

Maurice holds the door open and slumps into the time honored 'now what?' position.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Don't you have any messages for  
your wife?

Maurice glares at Mike and lets the door close. He leans over Mike.

MAURICE

What do you think's in the  
envelope? You think I'm going to  
give my personal business to you?

Mike picks up the envelope and the address. He's convinced himself he's screwed up his only chance. And it was such an easy request. He berates himself as Maurice opens the door again.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

And get a move on. I'll say bye to  
the Chief for you.

Maurice exits.

Mike looks at himself in the mirror. He knows that, one way or another, his life is never going to be the same. He can feel it in his bones.

EXT. CITY STREET IN AN EXCLUSIVE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Mike is consulting the piece of paper with the address on it. Yes, it's the correct address. Mike puts the car in park and looks up at the skyscraper and smiles.

MIKE

This is the way to go.

Mike exits the car and heads to the front door of PASSEMATO TOWERS, one of the newest buildings to grace the skyline of the city. And also one of the most exclusive.

The DOORMAN smiles and opens the door for Mike.

INT. PASSEMATO TOWERS RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks through the sumptuous entrance of Passemato Towers to the front desk. A well dressed female CLERK smiles at Mike.

CLERK

Welcome to Passemato Towers. How  
may I help you?

Mike begins to take the envelope out of his jacket.

MIKE

I have a delivery for apartment  
7317.

The Clerk opens a leather appointment book and reads for a moment. She finds what she's looking for and looks back at Mike with her ever present smile.

CLERK

I'm sorry, that resident has stepped out.

Mike has a moment of fear. 'Now what do I do,' he thinks as the Clerk goes about her job.

CLERK (CONT'D)

But they did leave word that we should secure this package in their safe in the building.

Mike is confused.

MIKE

A safe? It's just a note from her husband.

CLERK

It may sound silly, sir, but this is our standard procedure for accepting any of residents package.

The Clerk steps away from the counter.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Please follow me.

The Clerk steps around the desk and Mike follows her into

INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX DROP OFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Clerk holds the door open for Mike. When he enters the room she closes and locks behind them. His head spins towards her but she just smiles at him.

CLERK

There is a clang of finality, isn't there, sir?

Mike can only muster a weak smile while the Clerk moves through this room. The room is filled with night deposit boxes. Each one has a separate number on it.

The Clerk finds the one with number 7317 on it and, using a key from her key ring, opens it. The door opens and it's an empty space that will safely float the envelope into it's appointed chamber.

The Clerk holds the door open while smiling at Mike who looks back at her questioningly. Her smile becomes bigger in an attempt to assuage Mike's nervousness.

CLERK (CONT'D)

You have nothing to worry about,  
sir, your envelope will be waiting  
for our resident safely until they  
retrieve it.

MIKE

I was supposed to give it to one of  
my boss's wife herself.

CLERK

Well, sir, she's not here. If you'd  
rather retain it. . .

That thought frightens Mike more than dropping it into the  
jaws of security.

MIKE

No, no, I'd better deliver it.

Mike leans forward and tosses the envelope into the box.

The Clerk closes it and opens it back up to show Mike that it  
has been safely delivered.

CLERK

Thank you, sir. Is there anything  
else I can do for you tonight?

'Yeah,' Mike thinks, 'figure out how I can afford to live her  
on my salary.' But, he just shakes his head no.

MIKE

No, thank you.

The Clerk moves past Mike to the door, unlocks it and holds  
it open for Mike who dutifully exits.

INT. PASSEMATO TOWERS RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Clerk closes the door but this time instead of the  
industrial bolt action that we heard in the safety deposit  
box drop off room we can barely hear the door close much less  
the lock. The Clerk smiles at Mike again and hold out her  
hand to shake his. He smiles back, reaches for and shakes  
hers.

CLERK

Thank you, sir. If there is anything else that we at Passemato Towers can do for you, please ask.

MIKE

Can you get me a scholarship to live here?

The Clerk laughs loudly for a moment before catching herself. She looks around with concern in her eyes but the Passemato Towers smile plastered on her face. No one seemed to have noticed. She looks at Mike and gives him a real smile.

CLERK

Sorry, sir, I'd be first in line for that.

Mike laughs.

MIKE

And I'd have it no other way.

Mike shakes her hand again.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Thank you for all of your help.

CLERK

My pleasure, sir.

The Clerk turns and begins to walk back to the reception desk.

Mike watches her for a moment before turning and walking out of Passemato Towers.

We watch the Clerk settle in behind her desk. She begins to make some notations on a pad of paper when, to her right, a figure comes into view. We see the figures back as the Clerk looks up and a real big smile explodes across her face. She stands up reaching over to hug the figure. As she's hugging him we dolly around to see the figures face.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Daddy. I didn't expect to see you so soon.

They stop hugging and Chief Wood smooths out his coat. The Clerk sits back down.

KEN

I happened to be here and figured I'd check up on you.



Ken turns and looks out the door Mike just exited. Mike's car is gone.

CLERK

That one was cute. Who was he?

He turns back to his daughter.

KEN

I was watching him watch you walk away. He's just a cop and you know what I've always said about cops. They're. . .

CLERK

. . .off limits. I know, Daddy. you've only been telling me since I was three.

KEN

I just don't want you to forget.

Ken leans on the desk.

KEN (CONT'D)

Did he leave those crime reports for me?

CLERK

Yeah. He was real nervous about just leaving them.

KEN

As long as he left them I don't care about his nerves.

CLERK

How come he said it was a note from her husband?

Ken doesn't even miss a beat as he lies to his daughter.

KEN

Oh, thanks for telling me that. It's cop code for the project.

Ken's not going to linger on that and changes the subject adeptly.

KEN (CONT'D)

So, are you coming straight home tonight?

The Clerk looks at him like he's lost his mind.

CLERK

Daddy! Don't you remember getting  
me those backstage passes for the  
Nine Inch Nails show tonight?

KEN

That's tonight? It totally slipped  
my mind.

Ken begins to move towards the safety deposit box area.

KEN (CONT'D)

Well, have a good time and don't  
stay out too late.

CLERK

Bye Daddy.

A well dressed MAN and WOMAN approach the desk. the Clerk  
looks up with the patented Passemato Towers smile.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Welcome to Passemato Towers. How  
may I help you?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ken walks up to an unmarked door, puts in a key and walks  
into the room.

INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room has a large table with chairs surrounding it. It  
looks like any other conference room except for a collection  
of keyholes and numbers on the wall to the right of the door.

Ken walks up to number 7317, puts in a key, the far wall  
splits in the middle and we now see a collection of different  
sized boxes.

Ken walks over to box number 7317, puts in another key and  
pulls out a small box. He reaches in, pulls out the envelope  
and puts it in his coat.

Ken walks over to the door, opens it and exits. The moment  
the door closes the lights go out automatically.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - DAY

Tom is sitting in the drivers seat of a patrol car while Mike sits in the passenger side excitedly relating the story of his adventure the night before. Tom sits there barely paying attention.

MIKE

So that vain ass Tate gives me this envelope. . .

TOM

. . .did he give it to you?

Mike thinks for a moment.

MIKE

No, he just told me to take it to this address. Oh, man, and you should have seen this place. He must make some serious cash to live in Passemato Towers. Have you ever been there?

TOM

No.

MIKE

You've got to go check it out. Maybe they'll be a crime there and you'll get a chance to see it. Damn, I'd love to take a look at one of the apartments. They must be something. How much do you think being Wood's flunky pays?

TOM

Don't know.

MIKE

Why didn't you go for the job? I've heard you and Wood are long time friends.

TOM

Didn't want it. I like being on the streets.

MIKE

Yeah, that's noble and all but what about all that cash you're missing?

TOM

I do okay.

MIKE

But, I hear that those top guys buy  
up real estate cheap and turn it  
over for a pretty good profit.

TOM

Don't believe everything you hear.

Tom now wants this conversation changed so he turns and looks  
into the back of he patrol car.

TOM (CONT'D)

But we can believe everything you  
say, can't we, slick?

We now see that there's another person in the back of the  
patrol car. He's a small time hood and big time snitch, RICK  
JOHNSON.

RICK

My names not slick. And, yeah, my  
words solid. He has some serious  
shit stored up there and I know  
where it is.

Tom turns from looking at Rick to looking at Mike. He's  
shaking his head in disgust.

TOM

Can you believe that, partner? For  
a few little trinkets this  
upstanding citizen here is going to  
sell out his cousin.

RICK

Damn right I'm an upstanding  
citizen and right now I'm standing  
up for this citizen by keeping my  
ass out of jail.

TOM

That's if your information is  
solid.

RICK

Hey, if I'm lying I'll be sucking  
your dick.

Another patrol car pulls up. Henderson and his partner, BOB  
VENTULLO are in it.

TOM

Save that sweet talk from prison,  
slick.

Tom gets out of the patrol car. Mike follows his lead. Tom walks over to Henderson. The air is filled with tension between these two.

TOM (CONT'D)

Henderson.

HENDERSON

Tom. What do you need the back-up for? Your partner can't take the heat?

Mike seethes but a hand from Tom on his arm silences him.

TOM

Everything's fine. We just need you to watch slick here while we check out his information.

RICK

You don't need to check nothing. The news is mine so the news is good.

Everyone ignores him.

TOM

If we need him I'll call you and tell you we need the package and you bring him.

Henderson nods never taking his eyes off Mike. Mike feels this but he's forgotten Henderson's warning last night so he just feels he's being fronted.

Tom taps Mike on the shoulder and they begin to head into a dilapidated building.

Mike begins to jump the stairs two at a time.

Tom walks after him shaking his head and laughing.

TOM (CONT'D)

You've obviously never heard the sheep joke about walking down the hill so you can fuck 'em all, huh?

Mike stops right at the entrance door when he hears Tom's voice. He turns around and sees that Tom is waving him back down the stairs.

TOM (CONT'D)

Relax. Stay with me or you could  
get me killed and I'd really hate  
that.

Side by side they continue to climb up the stairs.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Mike follows Tom as he walks up the well worn stairs. Mike is working on his last nerve. Tom looks like he's going out for milk.

They get to the second landing and Tom pulls Mike away from the target door. Mike looks at Tom concerned. He's not sure if he's already done something wrong or he's going to be getting last minute advice. Either way, Mike is all ears.

TOM

That was a real nice thing you did  
last night.

Mike's look of concern snaps to confusion. Here they are about to rush into the apartment of a snitched on drug dealer and he's telling him he did a nice thing last night?

TOM (CONT'D)

You don't understand. Ken was going  
to take us off this one. He wasn't  
sure if you were one of us. That we  
could trust you.

Tom pauses and aims a chilling stare through Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)

But we can, can't we?

Mike's throat is dry. The combination of this line of questioning and the adrenaline rush of this bust makes him speechless. So, to get an answer out somehow, he nods yes.

Tom continues to stare at him. Finally he breaks into a big grin and slaps Mike's shoulder knocking him off balance.

TOM (CONT'D)

Good. I knew we could trust you.

Tom turns back to the appointed door with Mike following quickly behind. Tom raps on the door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it?

TOM

Police.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Patrice? I don't know no Patrice.  
Baby, do you know a Patrice?

Mike begins to run towards the door but Tom waves him back.  
Mike has a hard time stopping.

TOM

It's the police. Open the door. We  
have a search warrant.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I don't know no Patrice either. You  
sure you have the right door?

TOM

I did not say Patrice. I said  
police and if you don't open the  
door by the count of three I am  
going to bust the fucking thing  
down and. . .

The door opens and DOUG stands there smiling. He's a fairly  
large man dressed in bike shorts and a chest full of gold.

DOUG

Sorry about the confusion. With the  
TV on and everything sometimes I  
can barely hear myself shit. So,  
what can I do for you gentleman?

Tom hands Doug the search warrant, pushes past him and stands  
in the middle of the room looking around.

TOM

We have a warrant to search the  
premises.

Mike leads Doug into the house and closes the door.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's a small but neat apartment. Everything in it's place and  
everything just a little more upscale than you would have  
expected from a neighborhood of this type. All the  
electronics are top of the line. The furnishings are what  
you'd expect someone who grew up in this neighborhood to  
consider classy. Mike leads Doug to the couch.

MIKE

Please sit down on the couch, sir.

Doug stares at Mike.

DOUG

Could you please tell me what this is all about? I mean, I'd threaten you with calling my lawyer but I don't have one. Don't have a use for one if you've never had any problem with the police.

MIKE

Until now, sir. Would you please sit down?

You can tell that Doug is righteously pissed but he doesn't want to do anything to spin this into a real bad situation so he begins to walk towards the couch.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And where is the woman you were talking to?

Doug steps around the coffee table.

DOUG

She's in the bedroom putting on some clothes.

Doug stands with his arms spread showing off the bicycle shorts and gold.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Why do you think I'm dressed like this? You caught us just after a moment.

TOM

Then you must have been tearing the shit out of her tits with all that gold on.

Doug's expression becomes icy.

TOM (CONT'D)

Miss, could you please come out of the bedroom?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Be right there.



TOM

I'll give you ten seconds before I  
come in with a bullet in the  
chamber.

Doug begins to sit on the couch. Just before his ass hits the couch Tom sprints over and pulls him up by the chains. Some break. Mike stands there in shock. Tom begins to shake Doug as more chains break.

DOUG

What the fuck are you doing, man?  
You're busting my gold all over the  
place.

Tom addresses Mike as he spins Doug around and cuffs him.

TOM

Did you check the couch?

Mike is still in shock and doesn't answer as quickly as Tom would have liked.

TOM (CONT'D)

Miss, come out of that room now  
with your hands over your head or I  
swear I'll shoot you.

Tom turns his attention back to Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fortier, did you check the couch  
for weapons?

Mike snaps out of it and begins tossing seat cushion across the room. Stuck under the cushion in the back of the couch are two 9mm's and a few knives.

Tom looks at Doug who shrugs his shoulders. Mike picks them up and tosses them in the corner near the front door.

DOUG

They're registered and clean. I got  
some nice stuff here and a wife to  
protect. This neighborhood ain't  
what it used to be. I remember when  
I was a kid. . .

TOM

. . .shut the fuck up.

Tom places Doug directly in front of him facing the door the woman is going to walk out of. He pulls his gun, places it near Doug's shoulder and aims at the door.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ma'am, I'm giving you one more opportunity to come out of that room with your hands over your head or I'm going to come in their shooting.

The woman, SUSAN, comes bounding into the living room with her hands over her head.

SUSAN

All right, I'm here. I've got nothing.

Mike rushes over, roughly spins her around, pins her against the wall and begins to cuff her.

DOUG

Hey, that's my wife. She don't. . .

Tom hits him in the ear with the gun, bangs his knee into the back of Doug's knee and pushes him to his stomach to the ground.

Mike pulls Susan over to where Doug is and places her on her stomach next to him.

Tom leans down, places his gun on Doug's back and begins to unclasp the gold. Doug squirms at first so Tom picks up the gun and gives him another shot to the head.

Mike stands there watching amazed.

TOM

Mike, grab her gold and try not to snap any.

Mike isn't quite believing what he's hearing. Tom just shakes his head disgusted.

TOM (CONT'D)

I guess Ken was right. You're not one of us.

Mike knows that for the second time in less than twelve hours he's at another crossroads. With barely a second thought he straddles Susan, kneels on her back and begins to unclasp her gold. He lingers over the first very ornate strand that he takes off her neck. He holds it up and stares at the large onyx pendant attached. Susan squirms.

TOM (CONT'D)

If she struggles just give her a couple shots in the head with the butt end of your gun.

Susan is stock-still as is Doug as Tom and Mike strip them of their gold.

Tom stands up with an obscene amount of gold and sticks it in his jersey. He motions for Mike to do the same. Mike hesitates.

TOM (CONT'D)

Better hurry up before anyone else gets here or they'll want a share.

Mike sticks the gold in his jersey. Tom smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)

The preliminaries over let's carry out this warrant and see if we can make ourselves some real money.

Tom heads right over to the stereo, pulls out the tape deck. Doug and Susan spin their heads to look at each other. Both of their faces say, 'Well, someone told.'

TOM (CONT'D)

Kind of amazing that this piece of fine stereo equipment isn't even hooked up, isn't it, Officer Fortier?

MIKE

I would say it is, Officer Bolling.

Tom places the tape deck on the coffee table and easily pulls the top cover off.

TOM

And let's see what we. . .

Tom swivels his surprised look from Mike to Doug and back again.

TOM (CONT'D)

. . .what the fuck is this?

Tom pull out a small baggie of cocaine. Obviously this is less than they were told was here. Tom stands up pissed. He leans down to Doug.

TOM (CONT'D)

Where's the rest of it?

DOUG

The rest of what? So, you got me.  
Me and my wife like to do a few  
line over the weekend. Bust us.  
You've got us in the position.  
We're ready to go to jail now.

Tom stands up livid. He's scanning the entire room. Thinking.  
If the drugs aren't here the money must be. But where? The  
wife. She spent too much time in the other room. That must be  
it.

Tom addresses Mike.

TOM

If they so much as fart shoot 'em  
in the ass.

Tom walks into the backroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom looks around the room trying to figure out where the  
money is. Nothing looks out of place. The furnishings here  
reflect the same taste used in the living room. Tom stands  
there for a second knowing that if he starts tearing the  
place apart this will end up a total mess so he just walks  
over to a dresser and begins to rummage thorough. Nothing  
that you wouldn't expect. Tom goes over to the night stand  
next to the bed and opens the drawer. Just some sex toys and  
another gun. He closes the drawer and then opens it again. He  
pulls out a vibrator and turns it on. A buzz fills the room.

DOUG (O.S.)

Having fun in there?

Tom turns it off, tosses it back and pulls out another one.  
This one doesn't work. He unscrews that one and cash falls  
out. Not a lot of cash. Maybe a couple of thousand dollars.  
Definitely not what you'd expect from a major drug dealer.  
Tom pockets the cash and rummages through the drawer for  
other sex toys that can be opened. Not finding any he closes  
the drawer and unclips the microphone from his shoulder.

TOM

Henderson, this is Tom. Bring the  
package up.

HENDERSON (O.S.)

Be right there.

Tom begins to walk out of the bedroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is in the same position as when Tom left. He walks past the prone Doug and Susan and up to Mike.

TOM  
Henderson's bringing the package  
up. Let's meet them in the hallway.

Tom and Mike are in the hallway watching Henderson pushing Rick up the stairs.

Rick stumbles on the landing and Tom pulls him away from the open door. Tom motions toward the apartment.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Can you go watch them, Henderson.

Henderson nods yes to Tom and stares at Mike as he walks into the apartment and closes the door.

Tom puts his hands on Rick's shoulders and moves his face close. Real close. Biting close. Obviously, this didn't go the way Rick expected.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Well, Rick, it seems that you lied  
to us.

RICK  
No man, I. . .

Tom head butts him. Just a quick one but it lands on the bridge of his nose.

TOM  
I didn't ask for excuses. I want  
results. And here's the result I  
want. I'm going to walk you in  
there. . .

RICK  
. . .no fucking way, man. My cousin  
will kill me if he knows it was me.

TOM  
You should have thought of that  
before you bullshitted me.

RICK  
I didn't. . .

Bang. Another head butt.

TOM

Do I have your attention, Rick?

Rick semi-nods through the blood and disorientation.

TOM (CONT'D)

Good. As I was saying, we're going to walk in there and you're going to tell me where they keep the money.

RICK

I don't know where. . .

Bang. You'd think he'd get the message by now, wouldn't you?

Tom pulls Rick off the wall and begins to push him into the apartment.

Mike, who's stood by gape mouthed during all of this, moves and opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

With Mike taking up the rear and closing the door behind him Tom helps Rick step over Doug and Susan. Doug strains to look up and anger that pours out of his face when he sees that it's his trusted cousin cannot be measured by today's technology.

DOUG

You fucking little prick. I'm going to kill you.

Tom places his foot on Doug's head and forces it into the carpet.

TOM

You're really not a smart man, are you, Doug? Here you are threatening this upstanding citizen.

Tom pauses to make sure Rick get's his point.

TOM (CONT'D)

Isn't that what you called yourself, Rick?

Rick stands there with his head down motionless.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Rick's in one of his quiet moods.  
You know how he is, cuz, don't you?  
Doug's body vibrates with anger.

HENDERSON  
You seem to have this under  
control.

Henderson begins to exit.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
Call me if there's a problem. We'll  
be in the neighborhood. Henderson  
exits as Tom watches him.

TOM  
Thanks Henderson.

Henderson closes the door and Tom gets back to the work at  
hand.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Well, enough of this heartwarming  
family reunion shit.

Tom shakes Rick. The blood sprays off his face.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Rick, where's the money? Do you  
hear me? Where the fuck is the  
money?

RICK  
I don't know. I only knew he kept  
the drugs in the tape deck.

Tom pulls Rick's cuffed hands up as far as they will go. When  
Tom has Rick slightly off the ground he kicks his legs out  
from under him and slams him to the ground.

TOM  
I don't know, Rick. I think you're  
lying to me. Now, we can play this  
two ways.

Tom kneels down next to Rick.

TOM (CONT'D)  
One, you were mad at your cousin.  
Maybe he didn't share with you and  
you made him out to be a dealer to  
us to get him roused.

If that's the case we'll have to  
let you and him go right now.

Rick tried to turn around. He squints through the blood but  
you can see that's not a good option for him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Don't like that one, do you? Well,  
the other one is you tell me where  
the money is and we put him in jail  
and you get a chance to start a new  
life.

Rick rests his face in his pool of blood.

RICK  
His Mercedes.

Doug begins to bounce towards Rick. Tom stands up.

DOUG  
You fucking asshole. I'm going to  
kill you.

Mike stomps on his back to make him stop. Tom just smiles.

TOM  
See, Rick, you were just holding  
out on me. Now, where's the car?

Rick's body slumps.

RICK  
I don't know. He parks it someplace  
different all the time.

DOUG  
It's a bad neighborhood.

TOM  
Rick, that's not much help, you  
know.

Tom looks at Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What do you think, Mike? These guys  
just having a little domestic and  
Rick here just wanted to bust  
Doug's balls?

Mike is uncomfortable with this entire thing. He thought this  
was going to be a simple bust but it's turned into a Miranda  
nightmare. He nods uncertainly in the affirmative.



TOM (CONT'D)

Glad to see we're on the same page  
on this.

Tom leans down and begins to uncuff Rick.

TOM (CONT'D)

You know, Rick, I should take you  
to the station and charge you with  
endangering the life of a police  
officer.

Tom stands up and walks over to Doug and begins to uncuff  
him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mike, don't just stand there.  
Uncuff the lady.

Mike leans over and uncuffs Susan. She heads to the couch and  
grabs a cigarette.

TOM (CONT'D)

And sir, I'm so sorry but you must  
understand that we had very solid  
information about your drug  
activities. I mean, he's your  
cousin. You can't get better  
information than that.

Doug stands up quickly, jumps back and glares at Rick. Rick  
won't return the stare. The rage that's seeping from Doug's  
eyes hasn't reached his hands for only one reason: cops are  
standing in his living room.

Tom walks over to Doug smiling.

Doug glares at him.

Tom puts his arm on Doug's shoulder and turns him away from  
the petrified Rick.

Mike walks over to Rick and sits him down.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now listen. Doug, we both know you  
got lucky today. So you know what  
I'm going to do? I'm going to let  
you go.

The anger in Doug's face isn't softened by this relatively  
good news.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's right. I'm going to forget about the drugs and the guns and the threats and we're all going to call it a wash. Do you understand?

Doug continues to glare. It has no effect on Tom. Tom leans in and whispers to Doug.

TOM (CONT'D)

We both know you're dirty and you got lucky today. So, we keep this inside this house and I won't have to be back here every day for the rest of your life. Now do you understand?

Doug softens a little. He knows this is a business and a deal has just been made. Doug nods yes.

Tom leans back and looks at Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)

Good. We'll we're done here, Mike. Let's let these good folks go back to their afternoon delight.

Tom looks at Susan as Mike begins to walk away from Rick.

TOM (CONT'D)

I hope we didn't make too much of a fuss for you and your lovely home, miss.

Rick reaches Tom and then turn to leave. Rick bounces up and begins to run to Tom and Rick working very hard to stay as far away from Doug as possible.

RICK

You can't leave me here, man. He'll fucking kill me.

Tom looks at Rick and then Doug. Fear and murder.

TOM

Well, I did hear a threat so I guess we don't need another domestic here today so, okay Rick, we'll give you a ride home.

Rick starts to protest but is shut off before he makes an intelligible sound.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You don't have to thank me. It's  
all in a days work.

Tom, Mike and Rick walk out of the apartment as we watch the  
pinwheels of Doug's brain spin.

INT. PATROL CAR DRIVING DOWN A CITY STREET - DAY

Tom pulls the patrol car into Rick's very depressed  
neighborhood and stops in front of Rick's prototypical  
apartment building.

TOM  
End of the line, Rick.

Rick starts panicking.

RICK  
What do you mean? You can't leave  
me here?

TOM  
Well, you really didn't give us  
much help, Rick. Big time drug  
dealer. He was just a user with a  
few sex kinks.

Tom opens his door and gets out.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Thanks for nothing, Rick.

Rick looks at Mike who stares straight ahead. There's a fine  
line between contemplative and catatonic. Mike has erased  
that line.

Tom opens the back door as Rick begins pleading his case to  
Mike.

RICK  
Dude, you've got to bail me out  
here. You know my information was  
good. You know Doug's dirty. You've  
got to get me somewhere safe.

TOM (O.S.)  
Let's go home Rick.

RICK  
No, man, come on. You don't know  
him. He's going to kill me.

MIKE

You better go, Rick. It'll be okay.

Tom reaches in and pulls a battling Rick out of the car.

TOM

Stop worrying, Rick.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tom pulls a caked with blood and visibly nervous Rick from the patrol car and leans him on the patrol car.

TOM

We're just dropping you off here to pack up. I'll send some officers back to get you to a safe house.

Rick looks at him not truly believing him but he has no other choice.

RICK

Mike.

Mike is still staring straight ahead.

RICK (CONT'D)

Mike.

Mike looks in the side view mirror at Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

Is he being straight with me? You guys are going to take care of me.

Mike looks at Rick pensively and begins to nod yes.

MIKE

Yeah, Rick. We'll take care of you.

TOM

See? And don't worry. We'll have Doug under surveillance until we pick you up. If he comes within a block of this place we'll pick him up.

This kind of assuages Rick's fears.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now you better get inside and off the streets before you get spotted talking to us.

Rick gets nervous all over again and begins running into the apartment building.

RICK  
Don't forget to come back.

TOM  
Less than an hour, Rick.

Tom watches Rick disappear into the building. After a second he begins to walk to the drivers side of the patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom gets in, looks at the expressionless Mike for a second and drives off. Once he pulls into traffic he takes out his phone and dials a number. After a few seconds he begins to speak.

TOM  
No go. Short fall. Mercedes may  
make it a go. Need transport for  
the vermin.

Tom hangs up and tosses the phone on the seat. He looks at Mike again. He seems to be thawing somewhat.

Mike looks at Tom for the first time in quite awhile. All of a sudden he begins to unbutton his shirt and toss Susan's gold at Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Hey, watch it there, partner,  
you're throwing away the. . .what  
did you call it? Oh yeah, cake.  
You're throwing away your piece of  
the cake.

MIKE  
That's not what I meant, Tom. I  
want to be promoted on my abilities  
as a cop.

Mike tosses the last piece of gold he digs out at Tom.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Not my abilities as a crook.

Tom swerves the car over the curb and leans over to Mike.

TOM  
We're not crooks, Mike. We're the  
victors.

Tom holds some of the gold up.

TOM (CONT'D)

And to the victors go the spoils.

Tom begins to smile and laugh. But after a moment he sees that Mike's not in the smiling mood much less a laughing one. Tom settles down and begins to explain the game to Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)

Here's the way it runs, kid.  
There's a lot of money out there  
and everyone who touches it takes a  
piece. Our job is to get there  
first and get the biggest piece.  
It's only fair. We're the ones out  
there every day.

MIKE

Protecting and serving. Do you call  
what we did today protecting and  
serving?

TOM

What do you consider getting a drug  
dealer off the streets? Do you  
think that scumbag will stay in  
this neighborhood now that he's  
been flushed out? He's probably  
packing now.

MIKE

Sure, to make a get away after he  
kills Rick.

Tom shrugs his shoulders.

TOM

Two pieces of shit for the price of  
one. A good days work if you ask  
me.

Tom smiles but sees he's not getting anywhere with Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh come on, he's not going to kill  
him. We'll have someone over there  
to take him to a safe house. Is  
that the protecting and serving  
you're talking about?

Tom's sarcasm has little to no effect on Mike.

MIKE

It's just that when I was pulling off that woman's gold the only thing that was flashing in my head was my Mother's face. It was her face the day I graduated from the academy. A more brilliant smile I don't think I've ever seen. But slowly that smile dissolved into anger and hurt.

Mike looks at Tom.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I couldn't live knowing I'd disappoint her by getting caught doing something as stupid as this.

Tom looks at Mike for a moment. The look on Mike's face says he's just not cut out for this type of police work.

TOM

I respect that, Mike. I respect it but I don't understand it.

Tom holds out his hand and Mike shakes it. Tom pulls Mike close to his face.

TOM (CONT'D)

You try to get promoted doing good police work. Good luck with that. But remember one thing, some people won't trust you because they can buy you.

Tom applies added pressure to Mike's hand. Mike tries to recover but he's out of his league.

TOM (CONT'D)

And if you ever say anything trust me when I say it will do you absolutely no good. Do you understand me here?

Mike nods yes as he finally extricates his hand from Tom's death grip.

TOM (CONT'D)

Good.

Tom tosses the all the gold on Mike who reacts like it's electrified. Tom just laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, it's not a gift. Just  
do me a favor and put it in my bag  
in the trunk.

Mike hesitates.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Go ahead. You've made your point  
clear. I understand that.

Mike gathers up the gold, opens the door and exits juggling  
the gold trying to hide it and not drop it at the same time.

Without hesitation Tom picks up the phone and dials. After a  
short pause he begins to speak.

TOM (CONT'D)  
He doesn't have the stomach for it.  
He's safe but may need a reminder.

Tom hangs up the phone just as the trunk slams shut.

Mike gets back in the car and slumps in his seat as Tom  
smiles and begins to pull into traffic.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Thanks. Now let's go catch us some  
bad guys.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Tom and Mike are walking into the station as Ron and Maurice  
are walking out.

MAURICE  
Hey, we're going to pick up your  
rat.

Ron stands in front of Mike.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Could we talk to you two for a  
moment?

TOM  
Sure, let's go in here.

Tom gestures to a door to his left. Mike hesitates a moment  
before following Tom, Maurice and Ron.



INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ron stands on Tom's right side with Maurice flanking the left.

Ron has his hands in his coat pocket.

Mike walks into the room and stands a few feet away leaning on the conference table surrounded by chairs. He's leery as he stares at them.

MAURICE

We don't have much time so we'll make this quick. Tom says you don't want to cash in.

MIKE

Word travels fast.

MAURICE

Especially bad news. We just want your word that you'll be a good guy; keep your mouth shut and do what your partner says.

MIKE

I already told Tom I'll keep my mouth shut.

MAURICE

That's good because Tom's responsible for you and we like him so we don't want to see anything happen to him.

Ron pulls his hands out of his pocket slowly. Mike watches this closely.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

So we're just going to leave him with a reminder to keep you in line.

Ron's hand raises.

Mike catches the glint of brass knuckles a moment before Ron buries them into Tom's ribs.

Tom falls to his knees. Air knocked out of his lungs.

Ron takes a step forward reaching for his gun.

Ron and Maurice reach for theirs but Tom waves them off.

TOM  
Mike, stop.

Mike stops as Tom struggles to his feet.

Maurice grabs him and roughly pulls him close to him.

Pain registers in Tom's face.

MAURICE  
Will that remind you too keep him  
in line?

Tom weakly nods his head yes.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
We thought it might.

Maurice pushes Tom in the direction of the table.

Mike grabs him and pulls out a chair.

Tom gingerly sits down as Maurice and Ron exit.

Tom looks up at a confused and pissed off Mike.

TOM  
And remember, they like me.

Mike slumps against the table as Tom rubs his ribs.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

POV of a car following a Mercedes down the street. When it pulls into a parking garage we park in the street and begin to follow the car on foot.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

As we turn to the ramp of the parking garage Doug comes back down rushing past us. He looks at us for a moment, doesn't recognize us and continues to hustle down the ramp. We get to the top of the ramp; look right but don't see anything. Look left and there's the Mercedes parked about ten cars down.

We head towards it. We amazing dexterity we see a leather gloved hand slide a slim Jim between the window and the door. The lock pops open and the alarm goes off. Calmly, the slim Jim is tossed into the car and a small box is now visible.

The box is filled with toggle switches and a set of LEDs. After a few attempts all the LEDs light solid and the alarm silences. We get in the car, pop the ignition and begin to pull away.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

We're back to the original POV and we now see the Mercedes pull out of the parking garage. We begin to follow the Mercedes.

INT. FRONT ROOM OF RICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

He's pacing back and forth in front of a window. Careful not to spend too much time looking out. You never know who's trying to look back in.

RICK  
Where the fuck are they? If they  
think they're leaving my ass in  
the. . .

SND FX A fist hammering on the door.

Rick nearly has a stroke. He doesn't move out of the room.

RICK (CONT'D)  
What?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Police. Officer Bolling sent us.

Rick slowly begins to walk out of the front room into a hallway. He's moving quietly but you cannot help but hear his labored breathing. Standing a foot from the door, straddling the crime pole that extends to the door to the floor, he leans over and looks through the peep hole. Well, it's not Doug. More succinctly, he doesn't see Doug. That doesn't mean he's not there. He backs away from the door.

SND FX A fist hammering on the door.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D) (O.S.)  
Let's go, Johnson. I don't have all  
day. The trains leaving now with or  
without you.

Rick sure as hell doesn't want to open the door. But he also doesn't want to let them know he's definitely at the door. It's just as easy to shoot you through a door as when it's open. But his options are few.

RICK  
Hold your badge up.

Rick slowly moves to the peep hole. Yep, it's a badge all right. He has to make a decision and he has to make it now. Rick begins to unlock the two dead bolts, the chain and finally unlocks and lifts the crime pole from the door. Slowly he begins to turn the doorknob and opens the door. When the door opens it to reveal a sunglasses and leather glove wearing Ron.

RON  
You ready to go?

RICK  
Yeah, um, where are you taking me?

Ron looks around in the time honored 'who knows who's listening' maneuver.

RON  
It's probably better if we don't  
tell you here.

Rick agrees the less said in public the better. He rushes into the front room and emerges with a bag.

He walks past Ron and begins the elaborate machinations of locking the door. The last lock he secures is the crime pole and they begin to descend the stairs.

EXT. CITY STREET IN FRONT OF RICK'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Ron and Rick exit the building and Rick grows a wide smile when he sees the car that's here to take him away. They continue to move towards the car.

RICK  
Whoa, that's some ride you guy's  
sent for me. It looks just like  
Doug's car.

Ron opens the door and shoves Rick in.

RON  
It is his car.

Ron closes the door and jumps in the front as the car speeds away.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Ron turns around to speak to a now uneasy Rick.

RON  
Now Rick, here we are going out of  
our way for you and what do we get  
in return?

Ron smirks at Rick. This is Ron at his best. Malevolent and loving it.

RON (CONT'D)  
Lies. You lied to us about Doug's  
position. . .

RICK  
. . .no I didn't. He's. . .

RON  
. . .then you lied to us about the  
stash in this car.

RICK  
No, he keeps. . .

RON  
Shut the fuck up. We went through  
every inch of this car and needless  
to say, we didn't even find enough  
to fill the tank.

(Pause)  
You owe us twenty bucks for gas.  
You can get it from your cousin.  
Rick just stares. He's not totally  
sure what's happening but he's  
pretty sure it's not good.

RICK  
Where are we going?

RON  
Don't worry. Just sit back and  
enjoy this fine ride while you give  
some serious thought to why you're  
holding out on us.

Ron turns around and faces forward. Thousands of thoughts and emotions fly through Rick's face as he slumps back into the seat.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Mike is in plain clothes standing next to DANNY who continues to throw furtive glances down the alley.

MIKE

Listen to me, if you're fucking with me here I'll make your life a living hell.

DANNY

I'm not fucking with you. I help them package it up. I'm there when it happens.

Danny smiles and pats Mike on the shoulder.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I can set you up big time. This bust will put you on the map, big boy. And you'll remember me when you're a big shot now, won't you?

MIKE

Yeah, Danny, if this works out I'll make sure you get a cell with cable when you get caught.

Danny laughs.

DANNY

That's my man. Only the best for your friends.

Mike's not laughing. He's dead cold serious.

MIKE

Just don't fuck with me on this, Danny and I won't forget it.

Mike turns and begins to walk down the alley.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll be there tomorrow.

Danny stands in the alley waiting for Mike to disappear.

EXT. DARK TREE LINED ROAD - NIGHT

Maurice is standing next to Rick who is on his knees with his hands crisscrossed and cuffed to his ankles. The only illumination in the scene is the Mercedes headlights mere inches from Rick's face.

You can tell that Rick has been punched around a little. Nothing too serious just enough to get his attention. Rick is now defiant.

MAURICE

Now Rick, I still don't understand why you're being so uncooperative.

RICK

I gave you solid information last time and look what it got me? My cousin's going to kill me and you guys are running some game on me.

Ron revs the engine. Rick startles.

MAURICE

You're pissing Ron off, Rick. He doesn't have much patience to begin with and you've gone way past that.

Maurice leans into the headlight.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

And you still owe him that twenty for gas. He hates to be owed money.

Maurice stands back up.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

So, what is it, Rick? Are you going to tell us where the money is?

Rick looks up and smiles.

RICK

Fuck you. I told you everything I know.

Ron revs the engine.

Rick turns his head and looks at Ron.

From Ron's POV we see that he is watching Rick through the Mercedes' hood ornament. The target's been locked.

From Rick's POV we see Ron's expression in a state of demented rapture.

Ron puts the car in reverse and begins to slowly back up. The illumination spreads as shadows lengthen.

MAURICE

You've gone and done it now, Rick.

RICK  
What the fuck's he doing?

MAURICE  
Ranging.

From Ron's POV we see two barely lit figures. One off to the side of the road and the other kneeling in the middle. Ron puts the car in drive and begins to speed down the road.

RICK  
What the fuck's he doing?

MAURICE  
Giving you twenty seconds to tell me the truth.

RICK  
I told you everything I know.

MAURICE  
Fifteen seconds.

RICK  
Make him stop.

MAURICE  
Tell me and he'll go around you.  
Ten.

RICK  
In Susan's car. He sometimes uses Susan's car.

MAURICE  
That wasn't too difficult now was it, Rick.

RICK  
I told you now call him off.

Maurice begins waving to Ron. Ron smiles and punches the gas.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Call him off. I told you.

Maurice continues to wave as the Mercedes slams into Rick's chest and rolls right over him.

Rick's lifeless body bounces, tatters and rolls down the street as the Mercedes tires squeal to a halt. Red backing lights light Rick's motionless body as he backs into the shot.



Maurice walks over to Rick's body and begins to go through his pants pockets.

SND FX The Mercedes door open and close.

Ron walks into the scene as Maurice tucks things back into Rick's pocket. He holds something out to Ron.

MAURICE

Here's the twenty he owed you.

Ron takes the money and puts it into his pocket.

Maurice takes keys out of his pocket. He reaches down and pulls at the handcuffs. His legs and one arm lift up.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Hey Ron, do you see one of his hands?

Ron looks around and points to the hand about ten feet away as Maurice uncuffs what's left of Rick and holds up the battered cuffs.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Damn, am I glad these aren't mine.

Maurice gets a firm grip on the cuffs as Ron walks over and they begin to walk to the car.

RON

Remind me not to go to the road  
kill cafe for a few days.

Maurice laughs as he walks over to the drivers side and Ron gets into the passengers. Maurice does a three point turn casting bright and then red lights on Rick's splayed carcass. The red light fades as they drive down the road.

EXT. CITY STREET IN FRONT OF THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls into the parking lot. Another car pulls up and blocks the entrance. After a few moments Ron comes walking out and gets into the car. The car pulls away.

INT. SUSAN'S CAR DRIVING DOWN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

With Maurice behind the wheel Ron pulls out a phone and dials.

RON

We have the package and it's full.

He hangs up the phone and they continue to drive down the street.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Close-up of a tilted and moving crime scene photo. The background sounds are filled with a cacophony of sounds as we zoom out to reveal that a CHILD sitting in a high chair is chewing on the corner of the photo.

The zoom out continues until we see a family around a dinner table. The MOTHER looks up from serving food to her family to see what the Child is chewing on.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Mike, would you look at what the  
Baby is doing? Take that away from  
him.

Mike, seated to the left of the baby, pulls the photo away and puts it under his plate.

MIKE  
Sorry Mom.

Mother sits down shaking her head at Mike as his WIFE laughs.

MOTHER  
You really shouldn't let him see  
things like this, Mike.

WIFE  
You think that's bad, they're all  
over the house.

The Baby uses them as scratch paper.

Mike goes back to eating looking over the table at his family laugh and talk. His WIFE and baby. His BROTHERS and SISTERS. His FATHER sitting next to his Mother.

BROTHER #1  
Hey, he might end up as one of  
those abstract art guys who  
specializes in sculptures of famous  
dismembered ears.

SISTER #1  
Yeah, Mike, what kind of start does  
this kid have? He'll probably want  
to bring people you arrest to show  
and tell.

BROTHER #2

Yeah. This is Tony One Eye. He's called Tony One Eye because his eyes was gouged out with a melon baller by Ricky Fruit Fly who's called Ricky Fruit Fly because he's gay.

BROTHER #3

What about his first date? Mike will probably run a check on her.

SISTER #2

I'm sorry, young lady, you can't date my son. It seems that in kindergarten you were busted for Crayola theft.

Mike and everyone laughs at the extrapolation of the Baby's life. Mike seems the most serene we've seen him. For all the bantering none of it is mean spirited. This is a family that loves and supports each other. Mike would never do anything that brought shame to them.

SND FX Mike's Beeper

Mike pulls his beeper off his belt and reads the number.

FATHER

They must be calling him to tell him he reached his parking ticket quota for the month.

The table erupts in laughter as Mike stands up. At the other end of the table his Mother does the same.

MIKE

No Dad, you're wrong. It's the code for I've got twelve more to go.

Everyone laughs again as Mike kisses his Son and Wife.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And if I recall when I came in here you're parked pretty close to a crosswalk.

BROTHER #1

Oh shit, I think I parked in the crosswalk.

MIKE

Yeah, but I like you. You might just have some juice.

More laughter as Mike starts to exit followed close behind by his Mother.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Have a great dinner, guys.

Mike and his Mother walk into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They hug and kiss at the doorway.

Mike looks down at his Mother and smiles. The love and respect they have for each other is palpable. It's moments like this Mike wouldn't ruin for all the money in the world.

Mike opens the door.

MOTHER  
You be careful out there.

MIKE  
Thanks Sarge. I will.

Mike gesture back into the dining room.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
You be careful in there.

They laughs as Mike exits. His Mother closes the door and walks back into the raucous dining room.

MOTHER  
Now I hope I didn't hear anyone in here talking about me playing favorites while I was gone.

EXT. RAINY CITY STREET - DAY

Mike is standing in a door way watching the door of the bar, SCOOTERS. He's wet and cold. It looks like he's been there for awhile.

The door opens and he snaps to attention. Just as quickly his at ready fades as two GUYS walk into the rain and rush down the street. He slumps back into the doorway.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

Four SWAT OFFICERS stands at the door. Gun drawn. Shields at the ready. DETECTIVE #1 pounds on the door. His partner, DETECTIVE #2, stands to the side of the door.

DETECTIVE #1  
Police. Open up.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Doug in bicycle shorts, sans gold, stands up from the couch and walks to the front door. Susan remains on the couch.

SUSAN  
We don't have anything. Go away.

DOUG  
What the fuck is this? Don't you  
guys have anyone else you can piss  
off?

Doug opens the door and is swarmed by Two SWAT Officers and knocked to the ground.

The other Two SWAT Officers run towards Susan, lifts her up and pins her against the far wall.

SUSAN  
What the fuck are you doing? Doug!

SWAT #4  
Shut up and get against the wall.

Susan is spun, cuffed and made to sit down. By the time Doug is picked up his face is bloodied and he's dazed.

Detective #1 walks up to Doug.

DETECTIVE #1  
You're under arrest.

SUSAN  
For what?

SWAT #3 kicks her.

DETECTIVE #1  
For the murder of Rick Johnson.

Even in through his daze Doug is able to comprehend.

SUSAN  
What? He couldn't. . .

DETECTIVE #1  
. . .take her out of here.

SWAT #3 and #4 pick a kicking and screaming Susan up and carry her out of the apartment.

Doug helplessly watches Susan get pulled away. He looks up at Detective #1.

DOUG  
Murder?

DETECTIVE #1  
A parking attendant during a routine lot check found a Mercedes with some broken grillwork. Upon closer inspection he also found some blood and called us.

Doug is incredulous.

DOUG  
I haven't left the house since yesterday.

DETECTIVE #1  
How convenient.

DOUG  
Fuck you. I didn't. . .

SWAT #1 pops him in the mouth with an elbow.

DETECTIVE #1  
Thank you. Now, as I was saying, we know there were a couple of officers here yesterday and it says in their file that you threatened the life of the decedent. So, we went to his house and he wasn't there. One of his neighbors told us that he left some time yesterday in a Mercedes.

Detective #1 lifts up Doug's face.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)  
What do you want to bet that blood comes back as a match for your missing cousin?

Detective #1 lets go of Doug's head and it drops down.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

Let's go.

The Two SWAT members force Doug out of the room. The two detectives look around the room.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

They should all be as open and shut  
as this one.

The two Detectives exit Doug's apartment.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The rain has stopped but Mike is still in the doorway. You can see that he is dispirited. Mike twists his head to crack his neck. When he opens his eyes and focuses back on Scooter's he sees Danny standing in the doorway touching his nose.

When Danny sees that Mike got the signal he hurries down the street. Mike pulls a police radio from his back pocket.

MIKE

This is Officer Fortier. I need  
back-up at Scooter's on Salem  
Street. We have an eye witness to a  
large scale drug operation.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Roger.

INT. CHIEF WOOD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ken hears the call and looks at someone sitting across from him.

KEN

What's up with your boy, Tom?

We see Tom sitting in front of the Chief's desk.

Maurice and Ron are sitting on either side of him.

Tom just shrugs his shoulder.

KEN (CONT'D)

Take care of him.

Ken looks at Maurice

KEN (CONT'D)

Call them.

Maurice picks up a phone and dials.

MAURICE

Clean up. Visitors are coming.

INT. SCOOTER'S - CONTINUOUS

The bartender, VINCENT, hangs up the phone and calmly walks into the backroom.

INT. SCOOTER'S BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The backroom is filled with plastic covered tables filled with kilos of cocaine. A group of MEN and WOMEN work diligently to break down the packages.

VINCENT

Clean up. We got a call. They're on the way.

Vincent goes back to the bar and like that all of the plastic covering the tables is picked up; all the scales and other paraphernalia boxed; no one leaves through the back door without being loaded down with something. The last man gives the room a once over - spotless - just cases of booze and other bar accessories. Satisfied, he turns off the light and exits.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mike watches Scooter's and sees no activity. He's getting antsy. They should have been here by now. Just then the first police car pulls up. Mike starts to run across the street just as Tom gets out of the car. Mike is happy to see him.

MIKE

Tom, I'm glad to see you. How are your ribs?

Tom runs his hand over his ribs.

TOM

You doing the right thing?

MIKE

Yes.



TOM  
Then they're fine.

Mike smiles uneasily as two other cars pull up.

Tom directs one of the cars to go around the back. It dutifully heads to the back.

The other TWO OFFICERS get out of their car and walk up to Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

The four of them walk through the door. The police car that was assigned to the back pulls back to the front and blocks off the street. A line of cars and vans pull from the back and into the street. When the last car pulls out the patrol car drives back in.

INT. SCOOTER'S - CONTINUOUS

Vincent is pouring a drink when the four officers come in. He looks up.

VINCENT  
Can I help you guys?

MIKE  
We have information that there are drugs on these premises.

Vincent holds out his arms to show them his broken down clientele.

VINCENT  
Yeah, it's the real fountain of youth here, boys. You may find some bootleg viagra. If you're lucky maybe some nitro but I'm telling you boys. . .

Vincent pours himself a shot of top shelf scotch.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
. . .this is the drug of choice in this here establishment.

Vincent downs the shot. A few others join him.

MIKE  
Then you wouldn't mind us looking around?

Vincent is pouring a few shots for his customers.

VINCENT  
Knock yourself out.

Vincent goes back to his bar duties as Tom, Mike and the other two Officers walk through the bar.

Mike reaches the back door and opens it.

Tom looks at Mike sadly.

The two Officers look at him like he's wasting their time.

This isn't good enough for Mike. He checks out every corner of the room. Nothing. He begins to open the back door when Two Officers bust in with guns drawn. Mike falls back as they pin him down.

TOM  
Hold it, hold it. He might not be  
all that good but he is one of us.

The two Officers look at Mike's face and back off.

OFFICER #1  
Sorry.

Mike stands up and brushes himself off as Tom walks over and puts his hand on Mike's shoulder. Mike shrugs it off.

TOM  
We all get bad tips from time to  
time, Mike.

Tom looks at the other Officers and gives them the signal that they can leave. They all walk out smirking at Mike.

After they exit Tom looks at Mike and shakes his head.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? What the fuck  
do you think you're doing?

MIKE  
It was good information and. . .

TOM  
. . .and nothing. Do you know who's  
going to get the shit for this?

Mike stands there defeated.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Me. I'm going to get the shit.  
Everyone's going to think that I'm  
teaching you this shit.

Tom looks at Mike like he's a maggot infested rodent.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I don't know what I'm doing here.  
Do what you want, cowboy.

Tom begins to walk out of the room.

MIKE  
Tom.

Tom opens the door and stops. His back is still to Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Tom. It won't happen  
again.

TOM  
No shit.

Tom exits and Mike stands there looking around the room. It's  
not one of his prouder moments.

INT. CHIEF WOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike is standing in front of Wood's desk. Ken is sitting at  
the desk in very agitated form.

KEN  
Not only did you make a fool out of  
yourself and our force you pulled  
other officers from where they may  
have actually done some good.

MIKE  
Sir, my information was. . .

KEN  
. . .shit. You can't listen to  
every half-assed junkie. They  
always have a grudge to pay.

MIKE  
Like Rick.

Ken's controlled demeanor flusters but just for a moment.

KEN

Well, there must have been something to it. He was killed by the guy earlier today.

Mike is shocked but only for a second. Ken uses this moment to adopt a paternal tone.

KEN (CONT'D)

You know, Mike, we really did have high hopes for you. But after a good start you have really disappointed me in the last few days.

MIKE

Sir, I'm just. . .

KEN

. . .going to listen.

MIKE

Yes sir.

KEN

Tom told me you were uneasy about the way we handle things around here. I respect that. So, you must respect the way we do business. By that I mean what you know never leaves your head. Do we understand each other?

Ken stares at Mike. It seems to take Mike a long time to agree. Neither man believes the other.

KEN (CONT'D)

Good. Now I want you to go to the DA and tell him what happened during the search of that guys place.

MIKE

Yes, sir.

Mike turns to exit.

KEN

You do know what you leave in and what to leave out now, don't you?

Without turning around he answers.

MIKE

Yes, sir.

Mike exits. Ken waits a moment before picking up the phone.

KEN

Did you find out who Fortier got  
his information from?

(Pause)

Take care of it. We need to cut our  
loses.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ron and Maurice are sitting in a car. Ron is in the passenger  
seat on the phone.

RON

It's done.

Ron puts the phone down and he and Maurice get out of he car.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The DA and Mike sit across from each other. The meeting looks  
like it's about to wrap up.

DA

So, that's you're story Officer  
Fortier?

MIKE

Yes it is.

The DA stands up and extends her hand. Mike doesn't take it.  
She lets her hand fall.

DA

Well then, I'll see you in court,  
Officer.

The DA exits with Mike close behind. She stops short, turns  
around and looks at Mike.

DA (CONT'D)

I think you're holding out.

MIKE

I think you're standing in my way.

Mike pushes past the DA. The DA calls after him.

DA  
Be careful, Officer. They've eaten  
tougher people.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Ron and Maurice are standing in front of a door. Maurice,  
standing to the right of the door, knocks.

DANNY (O.S.)  
Who is it?

RON  
It's Fortier. What happened, man?  
The place was bare. You really  
fucked me up.

The door begins to unlock.

DANNY (O.S.)  
Man, I'm sorry about that. I didn't  
think that were that connected.

The door begins to open.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
But this time I've got some grade  
A. . .

Danny sees that it's not Mike and tries to slam the door  
shut.

Maurice slamming into the door renders that attempt futile.

Ron pushes in and grabs Danny.

Maurice walks in calmly and closes the door.

Ron is pulling Danny through the hallway.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
. . .who the fuck are you guys?

Ron punches Danny in the face.

RON  
Shut up.

Ron continues pulling Danny into the kitchen.

Maurice follows close behind, grabs a chair and places it in  
front of the stove.

Ron throws him to the chair and cuffs his wrists to the arms of the chair. Ron take a few steps back.

MAURICE

You got anything to eat? I'm so hungry.

Maurice begins to go through Danny's cabinets.

DANNY

Hey, man, why don't you two step out and grab a burger or burrito or something.

Maurice pulls out some pans, hits Danny on the top of the head with an aluminum one. No pain just a pang.

MAURICE

Didn't you hear my pal tell you to shut up?

Maurice turns on all the burners.

DANNY

Hey, watch it there. That shit costs money.

Maurice fills a pan with water and puts it on a burner. He fills another one and moves the first one and dumps the water from the second one on Danny who jumps.

MAURICE

Oh, sorry. Man, are you lucky it wasn't the one of the hot one.

DANNY

What's up with you guys? What do you want?

MAURICE

Food. We heard you had some kick ass pasta around here.

Maurice goes through some more cabinets and turns his head to look at Danny like he just farted.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Oh, this is sad.

Maurice holds out a few packages of Ramen noodles.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

This is a travesty. How can you eat this crap? This is the only food known to man cheaper than water.

Maurice opens a package and crushes it on Danny's head. He opens another package and gets some in every pan on the stove.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

This is probably one of the reasons you're part of the criminal element today. Bad diet.

DANNY

Hey, if you don't like the food I've heard there're a few four stars down town. You take these things off and I'll treat.

Maurice continues to move the pans around. Spray noodles around and sometimes in a pan. It's quite distracting. Especially to Danny who keeps looking behind him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Listen, what's up with you guys? You want my stereo? It's in the other room. Just stop making a mess of my kitchen.

Maurice stops and looks around the professionally messy kitchen.

MAURICE

Damn man, I'd have to take a chain saw to this place just to get to the dirt.

Danny's tired of all this playing around and starts to thrash in his seat. His chair bounces across the floor.

DANNY

What the fuck do you guys want? Who the fuck. . .

Ron walks over and kicks him in the chest sending him bounding off the stove.

Maurice jumps out of the way.

MAURICE

Hey I'm cooking here.



Maurice picks up the gasping Danny and places him close to the stove.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Damn man, you've got to learn some  
patience around my boy here. You  
okay?

Danny nods his head yes and Maurice hauls off and lands one large on Danny's chin. Maurice takes a step away flexing his hand.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
That hurt me so I'm pretty sure  
that stung your ass.

Maurice looks at Ron.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
I've got to start hitting more  
people or just leave it all to you.  
That sucker stung.

Ron laughs to the best of his meager ability.

Maurice picks up Danny's still wobbling head and starts slapping him to revive him.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Danny, hey noodle boy, are you in  
the here and now?

Danny has a hard time focusing on Maurice.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Hey, you up to answer a couple of  
questions?

One of the pans begins to bubble over.

Maurice moves it and spills a little down Danny's back causing him to scream.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, sorry about that but it did  
make you a little more attentive.

Maurice starts moving pans around the stove again.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
So, tell me, did you give my pal  
Fortier any other hot tips?

Danny looks confused.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Fortier? Officer Fortier?

Danny gets a glimmer of recognition and shakes his head no.

Ron walks over and grabs his head.

RON  
How come I don't believe you?

DANNY  
I'm telling the fucking truth. I  
worked there and it was solid. The  
place was loaded when I left. They  
have to be connected way high up to  
have pulled that cleaning off.

Ron leans in closer.

RON  
Even higher than you know.

Danny freezes as Ron picks up a pot holder.

RON (CONT'D)  
So I'm going to ask you one more  
time. And you'd better hope I  
believe you.  
(Pause)  
Did you give Fortier any other  
leads?

DANNY  
No, I don't know anything else. I  
shot my load with that one.

RON  
You can say that again.

Ron reaches for a pan. It's assumed he's going to get a hot water bath but Ron wraps the pot holder around a red hot pan that has no water in it. As Ron turns it over a few crispy noodles fall out as Ron places the scalding pan on top of Danny's head. His screaming is deafening.

MAURICE  
Damn, when the fuck does shock kick  
in. This is one screaming ass  
mother.

Ron ignores the cacophony and leans down to Danny.

RON

This is your last time, did you  
give anyone else to Fortier?

Mingled in with the scream Danny nods his head no.

MAURICE

I don't think he did. What do you  
think, Ron?

Ron stands up.

RON

He seems sincere.

Maurice puts his hands over his ears.

MAURICE

Is there anything we can do about  
the screaming?

Ron pulls out his gun and shoots Danny in the pan.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Ron uncuffs Danny.

Maurice pulls the pans off the stove and tosses them towards  
the already packed sink.

Ron picks him up and kicks the chair to Maurice who stands on  
it and carefully removes the battery from the smoke detector.

Ron throws Danny and his pan head on top of the stove. His  
clothes begin to flame up pretty quickly.

Maurice and Ron leave the kitchen.

MAURICE (CONT'D) (O.S.)

That pan idea of yours worked good.

RON (O.S.)

Yeah but this guy was a real  
screamer.

MAURICE (O.S.)

In a situation like that they're  
probably are all screamers.

SND FX The front door closing

Danny and his kitchen engulfs further into flames.

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

Mike is sitting by himself at the far end of the bar. He looks around and he's not sure who to trust. He looks at the end of the bar and there's Ken entertaining his gang that includes Tom.

Interrupting his deep thought OFFICER WALTER SORENSON plops down next to him. This startles and then aggravates Mike.

WALTER

Hey Fortier, I hear your big bust turned out to be nothing. Too bad but, hey, it happens. I remember one time I. . .

MIKE

Listen, I really wanted to have a couple of peaceful beers and then get out of here. I don't want to talk about my fuck-up and I sure as hell don't want to relieve yours.

WALTER

Oh, come on, hey, the best way to get over it is to talk about it. So, as I was saying. . .

MIKE

Walt, please, can a guy just have a peaceful beer in this place?

Walter thinks for a moment.

WALTER

Not really. Okay, hey, I can see that maybe you wouldn't want to reminisce. But, hey, how about a little friendly advice?

Mike tosses his head back while Walter continues talking. He's got to find some way to discourage Walter from even breathing near him.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Don't hot dog, kid. You've got a great partner. You should listen to Tom and do what he says. I'm tell you, he can get you into a lot of good. . .

Mike coughs up a weighty collection of phlegm and spits it into his hand.

Walter is disgusted.

Mike looks at it and then at Walter. Mike turns his hand over and shows it to Walter who recoils.

MIKE

Does this look malignant to you?

Walter looks at Mike like he's nuts and starts to stand up.

WALTER

Hey, you're fucked, kid. You're sick.

Walter begins to walk away.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You should get some help. As June Cleaver said in that movie, 'Chump don't want the help, chump don't get the help.'

Mike watches Walter walk down the bar mumbling as he wipes his hand.

Maurice and Ron enter the bar. Mike watches Ken shake their hands. After that greeting Tom and Maurice go into the men's room.

Mike orders another beer from George who nods and brings it over. Mike pulls out some money as George brings the beer to him.

George takes the money and rings up the sale.

Tom and Maurice come out of the men's room and Tom walks up to Mike.

TOM

Why so glum, partner? Everyone fucks up. It's like the time. . .

MIKE

. . .what the fuck is it with everyone? I fucked up, okay? Let's move on. I don't want to hear everyones fuck up stories.

Mike looks down the bar. Everyone is looking at him. He didn't realize he was talking so loudly. He looks at Tom and leans in closely.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And I sure don't want to spend my career ripping off criminals like you and your friends.

TOM

Back off, Mike.

MIKE

You back off. I sure as hell know I'm not cut out for your brand of policing.

TOM

You'd better keep that to yourself, partner. Listen to me, you can be cop of the year, that's fine by me. But if anyone finds out you're not in the game but have information let's just say it won't be pretty.

MIKE

How can you not be trusted by not committing a crime?

TOM

Quite a paradox, isn't it?

Tom puts his arm around Mike's shoulder.

TOM (CONT'D)

But, enough of that one. We have other things to discuss.

Ken's mighty pissed at you.

MIKE

From what I've heard everyone's fucked up and had him pissed at them.

TOM

True, but you're the latest fuck up so you're still fresh. I do know a way for you to start getting back on his good side.

Mike just stares at Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. It's nothing illegal.

Ken's got his goons working late tonight and Maurice wanted me to deliver that 'Honey, I'll be late' note but I've got to get home. Lee Ann's got tickets to see some dumb ass chick singer that I have to go. So if you'd. . .

MIKE

. . .deliver the note. . .

TOM

. . .you catch on quick.

Tom stands up.

TOM (CONT'D)

You remember the address and apartment number, don't you?

MIKE

Yeah, Passemato Towers number 7317.

TOM

Good memory, Mike. Maybe one day you will be a good cop. See you in the morning.

Tom walks down the bar.

MIKE

Ah, Tom?

Tom stops and turns around.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Where's the note?

Tom laughs.

TOM

It's in the normal place.

Mike looks a little confused.

TOM (CONT'D)

The sink. He doesn't want the guys to think he's pussy whipped so he hides it.

Tom turns and walks out of the bar nodding to Ken on the way out.

Mike finishes his beer and heads to the men's room. He doesn't even glance in Ken and his gangs direction.

INT. PASSEMATO TOWERS - NIGHT

Mike seems less impressed with the opulence of Passemato Towers this time around. With grim determination he walks through the lobby to the reception desk with the envelope in his hand. The same Clerk as before is working. She smiles just as broadly as the last time Mike was here.

CLERK

Welcome to Passemato Towers. How  
may I help you?

Mike smiles back out of reflex.

MIKE

I have a delivery for. . .

Mike's smile quickly fades to semi-shock. He continues to stare at the Clerk. More to the point, he continues to stare at the ornate strand of gold and a large onyx pendant. He knows that it's Susan's pendant. He is now 100% sure that he's way out of his depth.

CLERK

Sir, are you all right?

Mike regains his composure. Slightly.

MIKE

Uh, yeah, I just, um, forgot what  
apartment I was supposed to deliver  
this to.

Clerk without thinking the Clerk responds.

CLERK

7317.

All at once they both realize what she's done. But she recovers quickly with a big smile.

CLERK (CONT'D)

I remember the cute guys.

She smiles and Mike chuckles at her.

MIKE

Why thank you.



Mike extends his hand to shake her hand. The Clerk accepts it.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
I'm quite flattered, Miss. . .

The Clerk turns slightly to show Mike her name tag. It reads: Heidi Wood. Mike releases the handshake.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
. . .Wood.

Mike looks at his watch.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
I hate to ask you this, Miss Wood.  
. .

HEIDI  
. . .Heidi.

Mike smiles.

MIKE  
Heidi. I'm running late so could I just leave this package with you?

HEIDI  
That's against our regulations, sir.

MIKE  
I understand and do respect regulations. But I promise this will be the only time I'll ask.

Mike smiles and Heidi acquiesces.

HEIDI  
Just this once.

Heidi holds out her hand and Mike hands her the envelope.

MIKE  
Thank you very much, Heidi. Well, I must be going but I'm sure I'll see you again.

HEIDI  
That will be nice. Have a good evening.

Mike begins to turn.

MIKE

You too. Oh, and, nice necklace.

Heidi beams and pulls the onyx from her shirt.

HEIDI

Isn't it beautiful? My father gave it to me.

Mike smiles.

MIKE

He must be a great guy.

HEIDI

He has his moments.

Heidi lets the pendant drop back to her chest as Mike continues to turn and exit.

EXT. TOM'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike's car screeches to a halt in front of Tom's house.

A frantic Mike gets out of the car and runs across Tom's lawn to the front door and begins to ring the doorbell repeatedly.

TOM (O.S.)

Who the fuck is this?

Tom opens the door and the scowl on his face is a serious manifestation.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mike? What the fuck are you doing here? What are you, shitfaced?

MIKE

I just got back from Passemato Towers and do you know what I saw?

Tom slumps against the door frame and wearily looks at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fucking Wood's daughter wearing the gold we snatched from Doug's wife.

Tom looks inside the house and quickly steps out closing the door. He grabs Mike roughly and pulls him onto the lawn. Tom uses Mike like a rag doll as they speak.

TOM

What the fuck are you talking about?

MIKE

The fucking gold. The shit we stole.

TOM

Listen to me, you little shit, we didn't steal anything. How can you steal something that was never there?

Mike pulls away.

MIKE

Fuck you. How can you stand there and lie to my face? I was there you fuck.

TOM

Yeah and I didn't see any gold. And, if you know what's good for you, neither did you.

Mike glares at Tom before becoming dejected.

MIKE

What happened to you? I hear all these stories about what a great cop you are.

Mike laughs at Tom.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I guess they're really grading on a curve.

Tom punches Mike in the face knocking him to the ground. Tom jumps on Mike and pulls his gun out of his back holster, cocks it and jams it into his face.

TOM

Fuck you. You don't know shit. I'm trying to show you how things run, get you hooked up and you shit on me? I don't think so.

Tom uncocks the gun and puts it back in his holster. He begins to stand up. He extends his hand out to Mike who accepts it and stands up. They stand silent for a few more seconds.

Mike staring at Tom.

Tom looking at the ground. He finally looks up at Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)

I was a good cop. A lot like you actually. Then a few harmless free nights out turned into a divorce. Then money got tight and it didn't seem like a bad idea to take a few short cuts. Next thing you know I'm one of the boys handling a pretty big piece.

Tom looks at Mike and Mike looks away. Tom figures he has him so it's time to go in for the kill.

TOM (CONT'D)

Then came divorce number two. So that meant more money. Then, and it seemed like it only took a minute, there were three tuition's. The vacations. The summer home. I just kept having to feed the machine, kid.

Tom looks at Mike. Mike doesn't know whether to feel sorrow or pity. Tom leans in close.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm just part of a machine, Mike. Same as you.

MIKE

No. You're nothing like me.

TOM

I'm closer to you than you know. Maybe not today but one day.

MIKE

It doesn't have to be that way.

TOM

Maybe you're right. For you. But it does have to be that way for me and a lot of other guys. And, I'm being honest with you, Mike, they're not going to be too happy about your behavior.

MIKE

I don't know shit, Tom.

TOM  
That's even more dangerous.

MIKE  
I'm going to ask for a transfer.

TOM  
Your choice.

Tom turns and begins to walk into the house.

TOM (CONT'D)  
But you're going to miss out on a  
lot of good stuff, kid.

Tom gestures to his home.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You'll never be able to afford this  
on your salary.

Tom stops at his front door and turns to Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I admire your ethics, kid, I really  
do. But ethics don't pay for  
orthodontics.

Tom turns and opens his door.

TOM (CONT'D)  
See you tomorrow. I'll help you get  
out of here quickly. See Mike, it's  
good to have friends.

Tom closes the door.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom ambles over to the telephone. He picks it up and dials.

TOM  
The kids hot. He's talking  
transfer.  
(Pause)  
Yeah, I know. It has to be done.

Tom hangs up the phone.

EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Tom is driving with lights and sirens whaling. Mike is speaking into the radio microphone.

MIKE  
Car 73 responding.

Mike releases the talk button and tosses the microphone onto the seat. Mike checks his pistol. Anything not to have to have conversation with Tom.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Thanks for pushing the transfer through for me. The desk said it shouldn't take more than a week.

TOM  
It's nice to have friends, Mike.  
Always remember that.

Tom pulls the car into a space. He and Mike exit the vehicle and rush up to the TWO OFFICERS.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

OFFICER #1  
Shots were fired, a guy was hit down the street. We were told the suspect went down one of these alleys.

TOM  
All right, we'll cover this one.

Tom points to the alley in front of them and he and Mike begin to walk down slowly.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Mike is on the left; Tom the right as they begin to walk down the dark alley.

You can see the tension in Mike's face.

Tom looks more relaxed.

They both slowly move down the alley hiding in doorways, behind dumpsters, anything they can shield themselves with.

Halfway down the alley there is a motion followed by rapid gunfire.

Mike ducks in a doorway.

Tom hits the ground.

Mike looks over and sees Tom on the ground.

MIKE  
Are you all right?

TOM  
Fine. He's on the move.

Mike looks out and sees that a RUNNER racing down the alley.  
Mike steps out of the doorway with his gun drawn.

MIKE  
Halt police.

SND FX footsteps running down the alley.

Mike begins to run down the alley. His speed increases. He  
sits a wet spot and stumbles.

As he's stumbles we see a SHOOTER standing next to a dumpster  
with a gun pointed where Mike's head would have been if he  
hadn't fallen.

The Shooter is thrown off by Mike's stumbling and his first  
shots are off target.

This allows Mike time to return fire and take out the  
Shooter.

The Shooter falls on Mike who rolls him off and brushes the  
Shooter's gun away with his hand. He begins to get up but  
then

SND FX Footsteps running back up from the alley

RUNNER  
Did you get him?

SND FX Gun shot The Runner running up the alley falls.

Mike drags himself behind the dumpster and crouches with gun  
drawn.

TOM  
Mike? Are you hit?

MIKE  
Tom. Stay where you are?

TOM

What are you talking about?

MIKE

I don't know if there're any more shooters out here.

TOM

There's no one here except you and me.

MIKE

Right now, Tom, that doesn't make me any more comfortable.

TOM

What are you saying?

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Is everyone okay down there?

MIKE

We have two down. Get some light down here.

Almost immediately light floods the alley.

Tom is standing ten feet away from Mike with his gun still drawn. Their eyes lock.

Tom holsters his gun and walks towards Mike.

Mike stands up and begins walking toward him.

TOM

Are you okay, partner?

Mike looks at him for a moment.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're lucky I saw the other guy.

Mike looks down the alley. The body is still there alone.

MIKE

Yeah thanks.

Mike passes Tom on his way out of the alley.

TOM

Consider it my going away present.



Tom watches Mike for a second before walking down the alley. As he reaches the Runner he leans down, takes a gun out of his pocket and puts it in the Runner's hand. He stands up and then kicks the gun out of his hand.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Found this guy's gun. Someone get  
the lab down here.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mike is standing at a collection of cubbyholes stuffing envelopes and papers into them. This is obviously where he's been transferred to. The bowels of police work. He passes a won cubbyhole and finds it stuffed with a large manila envelope. He takes it out and opens it. What he sees with his cursory inspection startles him and makes him look around. He closes the envelope, walks over to his desk and puts it into his gym bag.

INT. COURT HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Mike is sitting on a hard, wooden chair waiting to be called in to the court room. He has an envelope on his lap.

TOM (O.S.)  
Well, look who it is?

Mike looks up and uneasily smiles at Tom.

When Tom reaches him he stands up and shakes his hand.

MIKE  
How's it going, Tom.

TOM  
That's all you have to say to your  
former partner? Come here you  
little shit.

Tom grabs him and hugs him. When he has him close Tom whispers into his ear.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You've been a real good boy. We  
like that. I told you things would  
work out if you kept your mouth  
shut.

Tom releases Mike.

TOM (CONT'D)

I've heard you're doing so well in the steno pool you may be made head bitch soon.

Tom laughs uproariously at his lame joke. Mike just smiles.

MIKE

What are you doing here? I thought you testified yesterday?

TOM

You think I'd let my partner go it alone? Not on your life. I'll be watching out for you until the bitter end.

Mike smiles at Tom.

MIKE

It's good to have friends.

Tom laughs.

TOM

Yes, it is.

A COURT OFFICER opens the door and sticks his head into the hallway.

COURT OFFICER

Fortier, we're ready for you.

Mike begins to head into the court room with Tom close behind.

TOM

Fry his ass, buddy.

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks to the front of the court room as Tom takes a seat in the back. Mike walks past the DA who looks give him a weary look. He smiles at her. Mike goes to the stand and the BAILIFF comes over and swear him in. Mike puts his hand on the bible.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you god?

MIKE

I do.

The Bailiff exits and Mike sits down as the DA approaches.

DA

Officer Fortier, let's cut right to it, when you brought Rick Johnson in to assist you in the investigation of the defendant did you hear any threats or witness any aggressive behavior towards the decedent?

MIKE

Yes.

DA

And did you feel Mr. Johnson was in danger?

MIKE

Yes, that's why we scheduled to have him transferred into a safe house.

DA

But they didn't show up in time?

MIKE

No ma'am, they showed up.

DA

So you  
(Startled)  
what?

MIKE

They showed up.

DA

And how do you know this?

Mike reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a cassette tape.

MIKE

They said so.

Mike hands the tape to the DA. She looks at it like it's electrified.

DA

Ah, your honor, may we play this?

JUDGE

Let's hear what's on it.

The Bailiff pulls out a boom box and puts the tape in. The first sound you hear is a group of people in the throes of laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - PREVIOUS

TOM

So then what happened, Ron?

RON

So I back up the car about fifty yards and gun it right at him.

MAURICE

Yeah, he's going, 'What the fuck's he doing?' so I said, 'Ranging.' Then Ron starts flying towards him. I thought Johnson was going to shit his pants.

RON

I can see him squirm more the closer the Mercedes gets. And you know how I love that.

MAURICE

So I start counting down, you know, twenty seconds, fifteen seconds, and I tell him that Ron will drive past him if he just tells us where the fucking cash is.

RON

All of a sudden I see Maurice wave me off so I did what you'd expect me to do. I ran his fool ass over.

They all laugh.

MAURICE

You should have heard the thud, Ken. It was worse then the time you shoved that kid into a dry dive.

Ken enters the scene putting the finishing touches to his still wet hair.

KEN

That may be true but I bet he  
didn't scream as long.

MAURICE

Shit, Ken this guy didn't have  
enough time to enjoy his last shit.  
They all laugh.

RON

But that guy who you panned.

Maurice laughs.

MAURICE

Ow, that was monster.

SND FX a door opening

Ken looks at them and they go about finishing getting  
dressed. But with no frivolity or camaraderie.

Officer Henderson walks into the scene and goes to his  
locker.

Ken, Tom, Ron and Maurice all nod at him as they pick up  
their gear and exit.

Officer Henderson opens his locker, smiles and the tape goes  
silent.

SND FX a chair sliding back

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JUDGE

Please sit down, Officer Bolling.

Court Officers move towards Tom who sits back down.

The Judge looks at Mike.

Doug and his LAWYER and members of the audience are  
celebrating.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

This is quite an interesting bit of  
tape, Officer Fortier. Could you  
tell me why this wasn't presented  
sooner.

MIKE

It was left in my box at the  
station yesterday along with this.

Mike holds the envelope up to the Judge who takes it and  
dumps it on his bench. He gives it a cursory look before  
looking back at Mike and then the court room.

JUDGE

Bailiff, I'd like you to bring  
Officer Bolling into chambers and  
get Chief Wood and his henchmen  
here now.

The Judge stands up.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

And please seal the courtroom. No  
on is to leave.

The Judge bangs his gavel and motions Mike to join him.

Two Bailiffs drag Tom past the Judge and Mike. The hate in  
Tom's eyes aimed at Mike would kill a lesser man.

TOM

You're a fucking dead man.

MIKE

You fucked up the last time you  
tried. I doubt you'll be any more  
successful this time.

The bailiffs pull a struggling Tom away as Mike follows the  
Judge into the backroom.

INT. JUDGES CHAMBER - DAY

Bailiffs and law enforcement officers cover every inch of the  
room. They are surrounding a shackled group of men. These  
men, Ken, Tom, Ron and Maurice stare ahead blankly.

JUDGE

This is some very damning evidence,  
gentlemen. And we're just on the  
tip of the iceberg. Strap in, boys,  
this one's going to get ugly.

The Judge looks around the room at the other law enforcement  
officers.

JUDGE (CONT'D)  
And you'd better hope that none of  
you are involved in this.

The Judge motions to the bailiffs.

JUDGE (CONT'D)  
Take them away, please.

MIKE  
Hold on.

Mike steps out from the corner of the room.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Could I say one thing, your honor?

JUDGE  
I guess that's the least we can do.

Mike walks to the front of the desk in front of Ken, Tom, Ron  
and Maurice. He looks at them with a bemused smile for a  
moment before his face fills with rage and he screams.

MIKE  
Fuck you.

Mike walks out of the room and out of the court house. Mike  
exits the court house over the following bumpers:

Ken Wood Conspiracy to murder, extortion, other charges: 35  
years

Maurice Tate Accomplice to murder - 2 counts, extortion,  
other charges: Double life

Ron Rosetti Murder - 2 counts, extortion, other charges:  
Double life

Tom Bolling Attempted murder, extortion, other counts: 75  
years

Mike reaches exits the court house and walks up to his car  
over this bumper:

Mike Fortier: Is currently a peace officer for a vacation  
seaport in Maine. The closest he's been to corruption since  
this day was the time Mrs. Cramer gave him a sweet potato pie  
for pulling her cat out of a dry well.

Just as he's about to get into his car he pauses and looks  
across the street. He sees Officer Henderson walking his beat  
watching Mike. They catch eyes and smile for a moment.

Henderson nods and continues walking down the street as Mike gets into his car. As he drives past Henderson this bumper reads:

Officer Henderson is still patrolling his beat.

FADE OUT