

THIRD STRIKE

Written by

Randy Cook

4262 Woodcliff Rd
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
randy@rcook.com
(323) 207-5492

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

HARRIS and KENT (40s, tough) cross the lawn of a modest home, the mailbox reads "The Flanagans."

TOM FLANAGAN (40s, heavy) answers their knock.

Harris and Kent flash badges.

HARRIS
You Tom Flanagan?

TOM FLANAGAN
Yeah. Is there a problem?

Harris and Kent pull pistols fitted with suppressors and SHOOT. Tom falls back inside his house.

KENT
Not anymore.

INT. CITY OFFICE - DAY

TOMMY FLANAGAN (30s, energetic) greets various OFFICE WORKERS as he rushes to the desk of DORIS (60s, grumpy). The sign on the door behind her reads "CHARLIE MAYWEATHER -- NEW JERSEY POLICE DEPARTMENT PAROLE OFFICER" but a paper sign under it reads "MICHAEL EPSTEIN."

TOMMY
Morning, Doris.

DORIS
You're late, Tommy.

TOMMY
The new guy. What's he like?

DORIS
Like me. Young and ambitious.

TOMMY
Help me out here.

DORIS
He's waiting for you.

Tommy grabs the handle. Doris holds up a warning hand.

TOMMY
What?

DORIS
Knock first.

Tommy KNOCKS three times.

No reply.

TOMMY
Okay?

Doris keeps her hand up, shakes her head.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Come in.

Doris waves her hand in a grand gesture.

TOMMY
Really? Sheesh, I miss Charlie.

Tommy puts on a big smile and enters.

DORIS
Me, too, kid. Me, too.

INT. MICHAEL EPSTEIN'S OFFICE

MICHAEL EPSTEIN (20s, nerdy) types quickly on his computer.
He doesn't take his eyes off the screen.

TOMMY
Good morning, Mr. Epstein. I'm
Tommy Flanagan.

Michael ignores Tommy's outstretched hand as he continues
typing and nods at the EMPTY URINE SAMPLE BOTTLE on his desk.

TOMMY
Want me to fill it from here?

MICHAEL
Use the washroom.

TOMMY
Sorry, I was just kidding. Be right
back.

Tommy goes to the private washroom.

MICHAEL
Door stays open, Mr. Flanagan.

TOMMY
Whatever you say, Mr. Epstein.

MICHAEL

Over 5 minutes late, not including
the idle chatter with my assistant.

TOMMY

(as he urinates in the
bottle)

Me and Doris go way back. She's got
a tough shell, but you know what?
Underneath that, you know what
you'd find? Underneath her tough
shell is a big rock!

(laughing)

Rock. Get it? I'm kidding. Doris is
great. A real sweetheart.

Tommy puts the specimen bottle on Michael's desk.

TOMMY

There you go, Mr. Epstein. Freshly
brewed.

Michael stops typing and stares.

TOMMY

Sorry, just trying to break the
ice.

MICHAEL

There is no ice to break. You have
a responsibility to report to me
twice a week at 8 A.M. I have no
doubt that my predecessor allowed
you the luxury of lowered
expectations from a man on his way
to a government pension, but I am
many, many years from that luxury,
and I intend to be just as tough on
my last day as I am on my first.

TOMMY

Your first? Are you kidding me?
This is your first day? No shit?
How old are you?

MICHAEL

I'm the New Jersey Police
Department Parole Officer assigned
to your case. My age is completely
irrelevant.

TOMMY

You're what? Twenty-five? Twenty-
six tops, am I right?

MICHAEL

I am twenty-eight-years-old, Mr. Flanagan.

TOMMY

(laughing)

Twenty-eight? You got to be shitting me! Charlie Mayweather had shoes older than you!

MICHAEL

(irritated)

Mr. Flanagan, you will...

TOMMY

I was out of line there. I just miss Charlie. He was a good egg, you know?

MICHAEL

Your relationship with my predecessor...

TOMMY

"Relationship"? You make it sound like we were dating. We had an understanding. I don't cause any trouble for him, he don't cause any trouble for me.

MICHAEL

Mr. Flanagan, just because...

TOMMY

Can we drop the "Misters"? I'm Tommy. You're Mike, right? Great name. My dad's name was Mike, God rest his soul.

MICHAEL

Your father's name is Patrick, and he's still alive.

TOMMY

Maybe I'm thinking of one of my uncles.

Michael shakes his head.

TOMMY

My mom then. Come on. Give me a break. You don't have to be a hard-ass all the time.

MICHAEL

Are you still employed by the
Veritas Printing Company?

TOMMY

Great place. They love me there.

MICHAEL

And your home life? Things are good
with you and your wife?

TOMMY

Never better. Like newlyweds. Going
at it like rabbits 24/7.

MICHAEL

And your finances? Keeping on top
of your bills?

TOMMY

No problems there.

MICHAEL

You sure about that?

TOMMY

I'm on top of my bills. Absolutely.
Got both feet right on the neck. If
you don't believe me, go ahead and
check.

MICHAEL

Alright.

Michael types.

TOMMY

(suddenly nervous)

You don't believe me? That's how it
is? Right off the bat, we can't
trust each other?

MICHAEL

(off computer screen)

Interesting.

TOMMY

The thing is, if I can just
explain...

MICHAEL

Nothing to explain. Your credit
score is high.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Higher than mine, in fact. No
outstanding debt either. Good work.

Michael hands the printed copy to Tommy.

TOMMY
What? I mean, yeah. We good? I've
got to get to work. Don't want to
be late.

MICHAEL
(off specimen bottle)
Anything in here I need to know
about?

TOMMY
Mike, I just smuggled the shit, I
never smoked it.

Michael waits.

TOMMY
No, Mr. Epstein. My urine sample
will test clean. May I go now?

MICHAEL
Wednesday, 8 A.M. Have a good day.

INT. CITY OFFICE

Tommy stands outside Michael's office for a beat, copy of his
credit report in hand.

DORIS
Everything go okay?

TOMMY
You ever had one of those days,
Doris?

DORIS
Yeah, Oct. 28th, 1960.

TOMMY
See you Wednesday.

He heads toward the exit.

DORIS
Don't be late!

INT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY - PRINTING PLANT - DAY

Tommy rushes by CARL TUNNEY'S (40s, fat) office.

CARL
You're late!

Tommy backtracks, bends into Carl's doorway.

TOMMY
Carl, you know I got to see my
parole officer on Mondays.

CARL
I'm docking you an hour.

TOMMY
You don't need to do that.

CARL
Two hours! I've had it with you,
Flanagan. You get your shit
together or you're fired.
Understand?

TOMMY
Is that a new tie?

CARL
Get to work!

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Harris and Kent enter. Computer stations line both walls,
COMPUTER TECHS rattle away on keyboards while chugging energy
drinks and smoking.

CONSTANTINE ORLOV (50s, tough) sits at his desk. A large
handgun sit in front of him.

ORLOV
It's Pete and Repeat. Always with
the same excuses.

HARRIS
Mr. Orlov, it wasn't our fault.

KENT
We went to the address you gave us.

ORLOV
Shut the fuck up! I don't want to
hear your bullshit! You kill the
wrong Flanagan!

HARRIS
I didn't have a copy of the photo.

KENT
(to Harris)
You asshole. You...

Orlov silences them by picking up the large handgun.

ORLOV
Somebody got to pay for this
fucking mess.

He waves the gun back and forth between a cringing Harris and Kent before swinging his arm around to SHOOT the nearest computer tech.

ORLOV
(laughing)
You fucked up, but he fucked up
more. He gave you the wrong Tom
Flanagan. Get rid of the body and
go make the right Flanagan dead.

He tosses another driver's license printout to them.

HARRIS
Yessir, Mr. Orlov.

KENT
He's dead, you can count on us.

Then,

ORLOV
Who told you code monkeys to stop
working?

The computer techs quickly get back to work as Harris and Kent drag the body out.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Tommy stares at his credit report printout while eating with several CO-WORKERS.

CO-WORKER 1
What are you kicking about? It's
like winning the lottery. If all my
bills were paid, I wouldn't be
complaining.

TOMMY
According to this, I own a company
called Flanagan Enterprises.
There's even a phone number.

CO-WORKER 1

Maybe they got you and some rich guy mixed up? So what? When I die I want people to say, "Hey, he owed me money."

TOMMY

That reminds me...

CO-WORKER 1

Remind me next week.

CO-WORKER #2 speaks around a mouthful of sandwich.

CO-WORKER 2

Maybe you got a benefactor?

TOMMY

Can you say that without spraying me with chunks of ham?

CO-WORKER 2

A benefactor. Somebody who owes you did you a favor.

TOMMY

Nobody owes me nothing. Nobody does me any favors. Especially nothing like that.

CO-WORKER 2

Quit worrying. It's the Luck of the Irish.

CO-WORKER 1

I wish I was Irish.

TOMMY

So does your wife.

They all LAUGH.

CO-WORKER 1

So call the number and see who answers.

Before Tommy can dial, his phone RINGS with an "Indian Wife Warning" ringtone.

TOMMY

(into phone)

Hey, baby. Miss me?

LORI (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 You son-of-a-bitch.

He covers the phone.

TOMMY
 (to the guys)
 'Scuse me, guys. I think she wants
 to talk a little dirty.

Tommy hurries into the quiet printing plant.

TOMMY
 (into phone)
 Lori, take it easy. What are you
 talking about? I didn't do it.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME

LORI (30s, attractive) holds a squirming TOMMY JR. (2). Her
 mother ANN (60s) listens from the kitchen doorway.

LORI
 (into phone)
 Didn't do what, Tommy? What is it
 you didn't do?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

TOMMY
 Nothing! I didn't do nothing so
 there's nothing I didn't do. I
 mean, uh, whatever is wrong, just
 tell me so I can fix it, but I
 didn't do it.

Tommy's voice ECHOES as he walks.

LORI
 Ma! Take him, will you?

Ann takes the squirming child.

ANN
 (at phone)
 You're a son-of-a-bitch, Tommy. You
 know that?

TOMMY
 Hi, Ann. Tell her I said hi.

TOMMY JR.
 Son of bitch!

TOMMY

You got the kid cursing like a real Flanagan now. Nice work there.

LORI

Don't start with me, Tommy. This is all down to you.

TOMMY

Me? I'm not even there! You took off to your mom's with our kid. How is his learning-to-curse on me? Is that what you're so pissed about?

LORI

The bank called to thank me for paying off the car early.

TOMMY

I'm taking care of it.

LORI

Taking care of what? You're back in it again, aren't you? Damnit! You swore to me. You swore on our kid!

TOMMY

I'm not running weed. I swear to you. I'm out of the business.

LORI

(the tears begin)

I can't do this. Next time is your third strike. You go away forever. Is that what you want? You want to see your son through glass for the rest of your life?

TOMMY

I don't know what's going on, but we can figure it out. Just come home, baby, please.

LORI

(crying)

You promised me. I was going to come home, but now this. You son-of-a-bitch!

She HANGS UP.

TOMMY

Lori? Damnit.

CARL (O.S.)
What the hell is this?

Carl scowls from the entrance to the loading dock.

CARL
Lunch is over! The Turner order
better be boxed and loaded by 5 or
I swear by almighty Jesus, I'll
fire all of you!

The plant workers sullenly move back into the plant.

Carl spots Tommy trying to avoid him. The printing machines
START UP filling the large space with noise.

CARL
Flanagan! I'm going to count to 3!
If you're not back at the feeder, I
swear by almighty...

TOMMY
Jesus, I know, I know. I'm going
already.

CARL
One!

TOMMY
I really hate it when you do that.

CARL
Two!

TOMMY
Knock it off, Carl. Not today.

CARL
What're you going to do, convict?
One phone call from me, and you're
gone.

TOMMY
(mutters)
Piss off, you fat turd.

Carl grabs Tommy's arm.

CARL
(like an umpire)
STREEEEIIIIKE THREE!

Tommy drops him with a QUICK PUNCH to the jaw.

Then,

TOMMY

Shit! Carl! Come on. Get up. I'm
sorry.

CARL

Help! Somebody! Help!

Tommy pushes Carl into a closet. Jams a broom into the handle. Carl POUNDS on the door but the printing presses are in full gear now and drown out his shouting.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING - SAME TIME

Harris and Kent sit in their car, across the street. They spy Tommy walking quickly to his beat-up, rusted out sedan.

HARRIS

(off photo)

That's got to be him, right?

Kent snatches the photo.

KENT

That's him. Where's he going in
such a hurry?

They can hear Tommy's engine trying to start as they pull into the parking lot.

HARRIS

He ain't going anywhere in a hurry.

They pull in behind Tommy's car, blocking him.

I/E. TOMMY'S BEAT-UP SEDAN

Tommy goes through a complicated series of moves to get his car started; he pumps the gas and turns the key in a particular rhythm.

TOMMY

You are the worst car in the
history! Nobody has ever had to
deal with a shittier car than you!
The one time I need you to work,
and this is how you treat me?

(off rearview)

Shit.

(then)

That was fast.

Harris and Kent are out of their car, holding up badges.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING

Tommy slips out of his ride, looking innocent.

Harris and Kent slyly glance around the empty parking lot, hands on pistols.

HARRIS
You Tom Flanagan?

TOMMY
Flanagan? No, I'm uh, Pedro, Pedro
Martinez. I think Flanagan's on the
roof, again.

HARRIS
Pedro?

KENT
What roof?

Tommy points to the building behind them.

TOMMY
That roof. See him? Yo, Flanagan!
Get your ass down here!

As Harris and Kent turn to look, Tommy dashes through a door marked "Sales Only" by the loading dock.

KENT
God dammit!

They run after him...

INT. VERITAS PRINTING - SALES OFFICE

Tommy races through the cubical farm.

OFFICE WORKER (O.S.)
Anybody seen Carl?

Just as Harris and Kent burst in the door, Tommy circles away using the cubical walls to hide.

HARRIS
We're cops! Where's Flanagan!

They stop at the end of the row.

Tommy shushes one of his CO-WORKERS and --

-- SHOVES a cubical wall into them.

The cops curse as pictures, paper and books hit them and assorted office workers SHRIEK.

KENT

Shut the fuck up! I said we're
cops!

Tommy slips out the door he came in...

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING - PARKING LOT

His car still blocked, Tommy spots a train rumbling down the elevated tracks toward the station.

INT. TRAIN CAR (STOPPED)

Tommy moves through the crowded commuter. He takes a seat, smug -- he thinks he lost them.

INT. ANOTHER TRAIN CAR (STOPPED)

The doors just about close and --

-- Harris and Kent limp aboard, out of breath.

KENT

I'm gonna kill him twice.

HARRIS

Ditto.

INT. TRAIN CARS (MOVING)

Harris and Kent move through, looking for Tommy.

INT. TOMMY'S TRAIN CAR (SLOWING)

The train approaches the next station.

Tommy joins the crowd jostling around the door and --

-- Harris grabs his arm.

HARRIS

You're coming with us, "Pedro."

TOMMY

He tripped, and I was only trying
to catch him. Lemme talk to him.

KENT

Who?

TOMMY
This isn't about Carl?

KENT
How about you just keep your mouth
shut? We'll get off here.

Tommy eyes the suppressors on their guns and the expensive
labels on their suits.

As the doors open, Tommy SHOVES Harris into Kent.

TOMMY
Get your hand out of my pocket!
Thief! Thief!

He jumps through the doors out onto the platform.
Harris and Kent get swallowed by the exiting mob.

HARRIS
Move! Get the hell out of my way!

An OLD WOMAN (70s, mean) swings her shopping bag.

OLD WOMAN
Thief! Thief! Stop them!

They push through and run after Tommy...

EXT. CITY STREET

HORNS blow, tires SCREECH as Tommy desperately tries to lose
his pursuers, dodging across the busy street.

HARRIS
Fuck this.

He takes a few WILD SHOTS as Tommy ducks into an alley.

Harris and Kent finally make it across the street...

They've lost him.

KENT
This is on you.

HARRIS
Shut the fuck up.

INT. MICHAEL EPSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

AGENTS MILLER and MARTIN (30s, dark suits) enter.

DORIS
Hey! You can't just...

AGENT MILLER
Close the door on your way out,
dear.

Beat.

Doris slams the door on her way out.

The agents flash their credentials.

AGENT MILLER
I'm Agent Miller, he's Agent
Martin, Homeland Security. We need
to talk to you about your buddy,
Thomas Flanagan.

MICHAEL
My "buddy"?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tommy ducks into a doorway and checks the street. He is
startled by his RINGING cell phone, normal ringtone.

He almost answers, but stares at the Caller ID -- *something
about it.*

He fishes out his credit report. It's the same number for
Flanagan Enterprises.

TOMMY
(into phone)
Who is this?

INT. MICHAEL EPSTEIN'S OFFICE - SAME

MICHAEL
(into phone)
Michael Epstein, your parole
officer.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

TOMMY
(covers the mouthpiece)
Motherfucker!
(then; into phone)
Mike, buddy. How's it going? You're
working late. Can I call you
tomorrow? I'm at the gym and--

MICHAEL

I just had two agents with Homeland Security in my office. Apparently, you have millions in a bank in the Cayman Islands and a contract with a shipping company called Hercules. I checked into it. You've also got a company, Flanagan Enterprises, which I'm a partner in...

TOMMY

Welcome aboard. I look forward to working with you.

MICHAEL

You think this is a joke? Homeland wants to know how a twice-convicted smuggler was able to finance an international import business, and so do I.

TOMMY

Mike, I could get in a lot of trouble with my superiors for bringing you in on this operation. I don't have time to go through official channels to clear you. We didn't expect you'd be so thorough. But now that you've uncovered the facts, we'll need to brief you.

MICHAEL

"We"? Who's "we"? What do you mean "official channels"?

TOMMY

Are you calling from a secure phone?

MICHAEL

It's my cell, but...

TOMMY

Dammit! I've said too much already. Meet me at Hercules Shipping.

Tommy HANGS UP and hails a cab.

Michael stares at his phone, blinks.

EXT. STREET - HERCULES SHIPPING - SUNSET

Michael stands by his car, down the street from the shipping company's front gate and neon sign.

He is startled to see Tommy standing behind him.

MICHAEL

Do you know how long I've been
waiting here?

Tommy THROWS a handful of dirt in Michael's eyes then a
whistling RIGHT HOOK, knocking Michael off his feet.

Michael tries to draw his gun...

Tommy kicks it out of his hand and stomps him in the chest,
pinning him to the ground.

MICHAEL

You're under arrest!

TOMMY

That's rich -- you're going to
arrest me? After what you did? You
think I wouldn't find out?

He waves the credit report in Michael's face.

TOMMY

This is your phone number, asshole!
How stupid are you?

MICHAEL

What phone number?

TOMMY

Right here on the... shit!

Michael grabs his leg and throws him...

And it's on. They FIGHT, Tommy with wild street-fighting
moves, Michael uses serious martial arts skills.

Soon Michael has Tommy in a SLEEPER HOLD.

MICHAEL

Stop fighting!

TOMMY

(blacking out)
Why me? I never did anything to
you.

As he PASSES OUT, Michael puts him carefully on the ground
and gathers his gun and the credit report.

LATER, NIGHT

As Tommy regains consciousness, he sees Michael pointing his gun at him.

TOMMY

Best two out of three?

MICHAEL

What is Flanagan Enterprises being used for?

TOMMY

Drop the act. You win.

MICHAEL

I have no idea what you're talking about. Homeland is going to keep digging until they find out what you're up to. I have to bring you in to get in front of this.

TOMMY

You really don't know anything about it?

MICHAEL

(off pistol)

Why would I need to lie to you? Besides, do you really think I'm stupid enough to leave my name all over the evidence?

Tommy stares at him, sizing him up.

TOMMY

I don't know how stupid you are.

(then)

Do you really think I'm smart enough to set all this up?

MICHAEL

I'm smart enough to know you're not that smart.

TOMMY

At least we agree on that.

(then)

Two guys tried to kill me today. They had badges, but I don't think they were legit.

MICHAEL

Cops? I don't believe you.

TOMMY

The badges looked real enough, but
real cops don't wear Armani and use
fancy silencers on their guns.

MICHAEL

I want the truth.

TOMMY

My hand to God, I've done nothing
wrong here. Somebody set me up and
now they're trying to kill me. And
whoever it is wants it to look like
you're involved.

Behind them the big sign over the gates suddenly FLICKERS ON.
It reads "HERCULES SHIPPING a Division of FLANAGAN
ENTERPRISES" in brilliant neon glory.

Michael stares at it.

Tommy stares at it.

Michael reaches into his car for the police radio.

TOMMY

Mike, come on. Don't do that.

MICHAEL

Hands on the hood. Now! You're
under arrest.

TOMMY

Don't do this. I'm not lying, and
I'm not crazy. I swear on my kid.

MICHAEL

What was all that about official
channels?

TOMMY

I was bullshitting. I wanted to
kick your ass for setting me up.

MICHAEL

(into radio)
Unit 8-8-7 to base.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

(over radio)
Go ahead, 8-8-7.

TOMMY

If you take me in, I'm as good as dead, and all the fingers point at you.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Go ahead, 8-8-7.

MICHAEL

(into radio)

10-6, base.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Standing by, 8-8-7.

TOMMY

If they're willing to kill me, you think you're safe? We need to help each other out here.

Beat.

MICHAEL

(into radio)

Disregard, base.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

10-4, 8-8-7.

TOMMY

Thanks, Mike. You're a good egg.

Michael keeps the gun on Tommy.

MICHAEL

Keep your hands on the hood. What exactly do you expect me to do?

TOMMY

Like you said, get ahead of all this. We need to find out what Flanagan Enterprises is shipping. Flash your tin and get us by those guards. I'll do all the talking.

He indicates the TWO GUARDS at the front gate.

MICHAEL

And you think they're going to buy whatever bullshit you toss at them?

TOMMY

They will. Trust me.

Michael cautiously holsters his pistol.

MICHAEL

We're a long way away from that,
Mr. Flanagan. So what's your plan?

I/E. MICHAEL'S CAR (IDLING) - NIGHT

Michael and Tommy eye the front gate.

MICHAEL

You want me to make them think
we're looking for a container
filled with illegal immigrants?

TOMMY

These grunts won't argue with your
badge, and I'll supply the
attitude. It'll work, just follow
my lead.

MICHAEL

You're not leading me anywhere.
Just be quiet. I'll get us inside.

TOMMY

Really? How?

MICHAEL

I'm going to tell them the truth.

TOMMY

What? That'll never work. Do I look
like a big-shot, a shot-caller, a
rain-maker, the head honcho?

MICHAEL

I thought you said you were being
set up.

TOMMY

I am.

MICHAEL

So that's not the truth then.

TOMMY

No, but I thought that was the
truth you were talking about. Shit,
now you've got me confused.

MICHAEL

That's one of the problems with
being a pathological liar.

Michael checks his rearview mirror, concerned...

TOMMY
(off side mirror)
What?

Michael suddenly SLAMS Tommy's head into the dash, twice.

MICHAEL
Don't ever sucker-punch me again.

TOMMY
Ow shit! How else am I suppose to
hit you?

EXT. HERCULES SHIPPING - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Michael rolls down his window and smiles at the GUARD.

GUARD
Can I help you?

Michael flashes his badge.

MICHAEL
I know it's late, but is there
anyone in the office we can speak
to?

GUARD
Shirley. I'll call and tell her
you're on your way. Head straight,
take the first left, office is on
the right.

MICHAEL
Thank you very much for your help.

Michael smugly drives through...

I/E. MICHAEL'S CAR (MOVING)

TOMMY
You gotta be kidding me? I could've
just asked to get in? I didn't need
you at all.

MICHAEL
Apparently using the truth wouldn't
have occurred to you.

TOMMY
No, it's brilliant. Good one.

EXT. HERCULES SHIPPING - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

SHIRLEY (50s) leads Tommy and Michael down a row of freight containers as she consults a clipboard.

SHIRLEY

It's so nice to meet you finally,
Mr. Flanagan.

TOMMY

You too, Shirley. You're even cuter
than I imagined.

She giggles, totally charmed.

SHIRLEY

Your container arrived yesterday.
It should be down here. You know, I
thought you were Russian. I swear
when we talked you had an accent.

TOMMY

Russian? Me?
(voice cracking)
No, I was getting over a cold.

SHIRLEY

Oh. A cold? Okay.

Michael rolls his eyes at Tommy who just smiles and shrugs.

They reach the CONTAINER.

SHIRLEY

Here we go. Not in the right space,
of course. Just dump things
anywhere, Shirley'll figure it out.

MICHAEL

We appreciate your help. Do you
mind if we inspect the contents?

SHIRLEY

(coolly)
I didn't think you came all the way
out here just to look at the
container, sir.

TOMMY

It is a nice container, though.

Shirley smiles at Tommy as she hands him the clipboard.

TOMMY

Thank you so much, Shirley.

Tommy and Michael regard the container's door -- various PADLOCKS and CHAINS secure it.

SHIRLEY

The keys were sent to your office.

TOMMY

Keys? Right. Got 'em in my pocket.

SHIRLEY

You have a hauler coming?

TOMMY

Hauler? Right. The guys with the hauler will be coming later.

SHIRLEY

(to Michael)

You should give him a break. He's paid his debt for whatever he did and now he's a thriving businessman. I think it's terrible you dragging him out here like this just so you can snoop around his private business.

TOMMY

He's just doing his job.

SHIRLEY

See? How sweet is that?

(to Tommy)

Take all the time you need. I'll be in the office.

She gives Michael a "hurumph" before leaving.

TOMMY

She's right, you really should lighten up on me. I'm a thriving businessman.

MICHAEL

If there's nobody around, do you bullshit yourself for practice?

(off padlocks)

And why'd you tell her you have the keys in your pocket?

Tommy pulls out a lock-picking kit and goes to work.

TOMMY
Because I do.

MICHAEL
Just having those is a parole
violation.

TOMMY
They were my grandmother's.
(fake whimper)
This is all I have left of her.

MICHAEL
(not buying it)
Just hurry up.

TOMMY
You know, you could be nicer to
people.

MICHAEL
Nicer? What are you talking about?

TOMMY
Like they say, you catch more flies
with honey than vinegar.

MICHAEL
What kind of idiot wants to catch
flies?

Tommy swings the big container door open revealing stacks
of... paper-covered pallets.

TOMMY
Let's see what I got. Gold?
Diamonds, maybe?

MICHAEL
Guns? Drugs, maybe?

TOMMY
Harder to move, but not impossible.
(off Michael's glare)
But, of course, that would be
wrong, and I'd never, ever get
involved in anything like that.

MICHAEL
Just stay back. Give me the light.

Michael tears back the wrapping paper on one of the pallets.

TOMMY

What is it? Is it valuable?

MICHAEL

It's a painting.

TOMMY

A painting? Like a masterpiece?

MICHAEL

It's definitely a classic.

Michael holds up a painting of a GROUP OF DOGS PLAYING POKER.

TOMMY

You call that a classic? I've painted better than that by accident.

MICHAEL

My grandmother had one of these hanging in her basement for as long as I can remember.

TOMMY

Somebody in your family had a sense of humor? What happened to you?

MICHAEL

Why would anyone go to the trouble to smuggle this crap?

TOMMY

Maybe they got something underneath or a hidden compartment?

Tommy checks the other pallets as Michael consults the clipboard documents.

MICHAEL

It's been cleared by Customs...

SHIRLEY (O.S.)

Mr. Flanagan? You still there?

Beat.

Tommy steps out of the container. Shirley is calling from the end of the row.

TOMMY

(shouting)

What's up?

SHIRLEY
 (shouting)
 Your hauler is here. Want me to
 send it on down?

Oh shit.

TOMMY

Oh shit.

MICHAEL

SHIRLEY
 (shouting)
 What?

MICHAEL
 We've got to get out of here.

TOMMY
 (shouting)
 Tell 'em to hurry. We'll close it
 up and leave. Don't bother telling
 'em I was here.
 (indicates Michael)
 Kind of embarrassing, you know?

She flashes a "got-it" hand sign and bails.

Tommy jumps back into the container.

TOMMY
 Close the door.

MICHAEL
 Get out of there.

TOMMY
 No. I'm gonna stay with the goods.
 I've got my phone, once they
 deliver it, I'll call you.

An APPROACHING HEAVY TRUCK ENGINE can be heard.

MICHAEL
 They'll find you. Get out!

TOMMY
 No! I'll hide! Let go of the door!
 They're coming!

They have a tug-of-war with the door.

MICHAEL
 You'll be locked in! Get out!

TOMMY
 No! Don't lock it! Let go!

MICHAEL

Get out! We'll follow them in my car!

TOMMY

No! They're too smart for that. They'll spot a tail. Let go!

MICHAEL

Get out!

TOMMY

No! Let go!

Headlights light up the end of the row. Tommy yanks the door out of his hands.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Get the hell out of here! Don't let 'em see you!

MICHAEL

This isn't going to work!

TOMMY (O.S.)

Yes, it will. Trust me!

MICHAEL

You've really got to stop expecting that.

Michael runs away like a felon as the truck's headlights splash the container.

Beat.

TOMMY (O.S.)

You still out there? I need the flashlight! Shit!

INT. TOMMY'S CONTAINER

Tommy uses his cell phone for light.

TOMMY

This was a really dumb idea.

He hides as the truck RUMBLES closer

TOMMY

Life was simpler when I was a crook.

EXT. HERCULES SHIPPING - LOADING DOCK - SAME

The big truck stops next to the container. Two mean-looking thugs, BERTOLD (30s) and ANATOLI (30s), get out and check the numbers on Tommy's container.

They both have thick Russian accents.

BERTOLD

This is it. Number 2-3-4-4.

ANATOLI

Start the engine, you fucking fool.
I need it to run the crane.

BERTOLD

Don't tell me what to do. I know my job.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR

Michael piles in, reaches for the radio.

MICHAEL

Why'd I let him talk me into this?
Life was simpler when I was a
street cop.

His cell CHIRPS with a text message.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM TOMMY: "They got Elvis paintings! LOL"

Michael has his cell in one hand, the radio in the other.

Beat.

He re-hooks the radio and thumbs a reply on his cell:

TEXT MESSAGE FROM MICHAEL: "QUIT SCREWING AROUND!!!!!"

MICHAEL

Idiot.

EXT. HERCULES SHIPPING

Shirley waves at the two thugs as they motor by, their truck loaded with Tommy's container.

SHIRLEY

I need the signed copy of the
manifest!

ANATOLI
 (laughing)
 Here you go.

He tosses some paperwork out the window.

I/E. MICHAEL'S CAR (IDLING)

Michael watches the truck rumble through the gate as Shirley picks up the paperwork.

MICHAEL
 They didn't have to do that.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Russians roll.

I/E. TRUCK CAB (MOVING)

Bertold drives. Anatoli scowls at the rearview mirror.

ANATOLI
 I think maybe that black car is following us.

BERTOLD
 Let's see.

Bertold signals and changes lanes.

I/E. MICHAEL'S CAR (MOVING)

Michael puts on his signal and changes lanes.

I/E. TRUCK CAB (MOVING)

Bertold signals and changes lanes again. They watch as Michael's car mirrors them.

ANATOLI
 Bastards.

BERTOLD
 What if it's cops?

ANATOLI
 Don't be a pussy.

Bertold reveals the handgun jammed in his waistband.

BERTOLD
 Call me a pussy again.

ANATOLI

You want to shoot somebody, Mr.
Jessie James? Shoot that following
motherfucker back there!

BERTOLD

You think I won't?

ANATOLI

He thinks like I do, you are a
pussy.

BERTOLD

I show him!

Bertold wrenches the truck into the far left lane. Cars
swerve wildly to avoid a collision.

ANATOLI

(laughing)

You are wild man! Drive like a
crazy motherfucker!

BERTOLD

I show him who is a pussy!

I/E. MICHAEL'S CAR (MOVING)

Michael swerves, avoiding Bertold's crazy driving.

MICHAEL

Reckless driving is a Class 1
misdemeanor.

His phone CHIRPS.

TOMMY'S TEXT MESSAGE: "Whad ber fugk / arw o dobng?"

MICHAEL

Why is he texting me?

Michael calls Tommy's cell.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

Why are you texting me? I can't
drive and text.

INT. TOMMY'S CONTAINER (MOVING)

Tommy stumbles about, on the phone.

TOMMY
 (into phone)
 What the fuck are you doing? Are
 you following me? I told you not to
 do that!

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

MICHAEL
 Keep your voice down, you idiot!
 They'll hear you. I'm going to pull
 them over!

Michael pulls out a Kojak light still in its box.

TOMMY
 No! Don't do that. Stand down,
 soldier! Quit chasing 'em! I'll
 call you when I know where I am.

Michael HANGS UP.

TOMMY
 Hello? Idiot!

I/E. MICHAEL'S CAR (MOVING)

Michael rips the box open with his teeth and slaps the red
 flashing police light on the car's roof.

I/E. TRUCK CAB (MOVING)

Bertold and Anatoli see the red flashing light as Michael
 gains on them.

BERTOLD
 A cop! I told you.

ANATOLI
 We shut this motherfucker down.

Both men produce WEAPONS, lock and load and...

I/E. MICHAEL'S CAR (MOVING)

MICHAEL
 (into radio)
 Dispatch, this is 8-8-7! I've got a-

GUNFIRE from the truck; the windshield spiders...

MICHAEL
 --holy fucking shit!

Cars brake and veer to avoid the GUNFIRE. Michael sideswipes several cars but keeps going.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
(over radio)
Say again, 8-8-7. You've got a
what?

INT. TRUCK CAB (MOVING)

BERTOLD
Enough of this motherfucker.

He SLAMS on the brakes...

EXT. FREEWAY

Michael stands on the brakes almost rear-ending the truck.

INT. TOMMY'S CONTAINER (COMING TO AN ABRUPT STOP)

Paintings and pallets SHIFT. Tommy takes a tumble -- he loses his phone; it spins away in the darkness.

EXT. FREEWAY

The Russians hop out of the cab, guns leveled --

BERTOLD
Hey, motherfucker!

Michael throws it in REVERSE as the Russians... OPEN FIRE.

Bullets LAY WASTE to Michael's ride as it powers backward.

INT. TOMMY'S CONTAINER

Tommy covers his ears as the GUNFIRE thunders.

EXT. FREEWAY

When the Russians' weapons click empty, SIRENS approach.

ANATOLI
Our work is done.

Bertold nods, triumphant.

BERTOLD
(toward Michael)
Now who's the pussy, pussy?

They climb back in the truck and roar away.

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lori looks at a PHOTO of she, Tommy and their infant son at a prison visitor's center. All three smiling and happy. She quickly wipes away a tear as she hears Ann approaching.

ANN

Hon, you hungry? You want me to warm up some of that shepherd's pie?

LORI

No, Ma, I'm going out. Watch the kid for me, will you?

ANN

You're going to see him? Now? After everything he done?

LORI

I just want to hear his side.

ANN

It's never his fault, is it?

LORI

I don't need this. Just watch Tommy Jr.

ANN

I won't let you do this!

LORI

I'm not asking you for advice, Ma! You don't wanna watch my kid, I'll take him.

She hugs a scared Tommy Jr tight.

LORI

It's okay, baby. We're just going to take a little ride, okay?

(to Ann)

Will you calm down? You're scaring him.

ANN

He's just like him.

LORI

What are you talking about?

ANN

You're going to end up alone, just like I did. Get out now. Don't go back to him.

LORI

He's nothing like dad, and I'm nothing like you. I'll see you later, Ma.

Ann watches as Lori carries Tommy Jr out to her car.

EXT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Orlov watches porn on his laptop. A NERVOUS TECH (20s) hangs up his cell phone.

NERVOUS TECH

Uh, Mr. Orlov? Bertold is back with the goods, but there was a problem.

Orlov doesn't take his eyes off the porn.

ORLOV

I don't like surprises. Can't you see I'm busy? Get back to work. I go see when I'm ready. And none of you are leaving until I get 500 more credit card numbers. You are hackers? Hack some shit.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

An EMT (30s) cleans a cut on Michael's head. Detectives WILL OVERTON and JAKE TASS (40s) wait.

MICHAEL

I'm fine. Really. It's just a cut.

EMT

Hold still. All you cops think you're invincible.

MICHAEL

I'm a Parole Officer.

EMT

Just hold still.

MICHAEL

(angry)

I said I'm fine. There are people over there who need your attention.

The EMT slams her medical kit shut and moves away.

WILL

Take it easy, Michael, she's just trying to help.

JAKE

We need you to give a full deposition.

MICHAEL

Will, can I have a minute? Alone?

JAKE

For what? We're investigating a shooting here.

MICHAEL

Will?

WILL

Jake, give us a minute, will you?

JAKE

Alright. Fine. Geez.

Jake moves off.

WILL

What's going on here? You know the rules.

MICHAEL

I need you to hold back my name for 24 hours.

WILL

You know I can't do that.

MICHAEL

Yes, you can. Just fill out the D-D-8-0-4, but submit it to Internal Records instead of Internal Reviews. Happens all the time.

WILL

You said you were just driving by when this shit went down. We got dozens of injured civilians. You telling me you gave false info? I don't want to hear this.

MICHAEL

I need your help.

WILL
You're helping out some mutt again?
Why you always taking in strays?

MICHAEL
I'm in trouble, and you owe me.

WILL
I could get put away for this.

MICHAEL
I took a bullet for you. You're
telling me you won't sit on one
report for me?

WILL
Just because we were partners
doesn't mean I got to spend the
rest of my life paying you back.

MICHAEL
I need time to work through this or
more people could be hurt.

Jake approaches.

JAKE
You two finished cuddling? We've
got work to do.

Beat.

WILL
I'll take the D-D-8-0-4 on this
one.

He gives Michael a quick wink as he and Jake move away.

MICHAEL
Now, where the hell are you?

INT. TOMMY'S CONTAINER - SAME

Tommy, groping in the dark.

TOMMY
Where the hell am I? Where the hell
is my phone?

He hears loud voices approaching.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bertold and Anatoli lead Orlov and THUGS to the container.

ORLOV
Nobody was watching you at the
docks? You are sure?

BERTOLD
There was nobody. Anatoli spotted
him when we got on the freeway.

ORLOV
I don't like surprises.

ANATOLI
I think we kill him.

ORLOV
Why is it unlocked? You opened it?

ANATOLI
No, Mr. Orlov.

BERTOLD
Maybe it got shot off.

ORLOV
Another surprise. Okay, open up.

INT. TOMMY'S CONTAINER

The doors OPEN, revealing the scattered mess and Tommy's
phone in plain sight. No Tommy.

ORLOV
(laughing)
Damn, you drive crazy, yes? What a
fucking mess you make.

BERTOLD
Is it okay?

Orlov rubs his hand over the nearest painting, the men don't
notice Tommy's phone.

ORLOV
Sure. All is fine.

BERTOLD
Want to unload tonight?

ORLOV
Nah, it's late. We go to titty bar.

The men EAGERLY AGREE as Tommy -- hiding behind a painting of
a sad clown -- gives a silent "thank you" skyward.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Harris and Kent are parked across the street as Lori pulls her mini-van into the driveway of a small home.

HARRIS
That's the wife.

The mini-van disappears into the garage; the door closes.

KENT
Think she knows where her hubby is?

HARRIS
Does your wife know where you are?

KENT
So what's your big idea?

HARRIS
Chill the fuck out, will you? If he doesn't show in the next few, we go in and beat it out of her. That work?

KENT
Don't tell me to chill the fuck out. As soon as I'm ready, we go.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The lights go out as the men leave.

Beat.

Tommy cautiously peeks out of the container.

TOMMY
(mimicking Russian accent)
To the titty bar!
(normal voice)
Lucky bastards, wish I was at a
titty bar.

He dials his cell...

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME, NIGHT

Michael sits on his battered car when his cell RINGS.

MICHAEL
(into phone)
Where are you?

INT. WAREHOUSE

Tommy sneaks around. There are dozens of similar freight containers stacked around.

TOMMY
 (into phone)
 Some warehouse. I'm sending you the
 G-P-S. Hold on.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

MICHAEL
 Stay out of sight until I get
 there.

TOMMY
 I'm gonna have a look around.

MICHAEL
 No! Just wait till I get there.

TOMMY
 Just get here already!

Tommy HANGS UP.

He feels the canvas of the painting Orlov rubbed.

Gets nothing.

He opens another container...

TOMMY
 This one probably has a bunch of
 bootleg V-H-S tapes. These guys are
 the worst smugglers ever.

Suddenly, a warehouse door opens with a bang.

ORLOV (O.S.)
 I get some cash from the safe and
 we go. Titties don't take checks!

Tommy scrambles out of sight as he hears Orlov's men LAUGH.

Tommy's cell suddenly RINGS with Lori's ringtone, echoing around the warehouse. He quickly silences it.

Orlov STOPS at the top of the stairs to his office and listens. Quiet again...

ORLOV
 I hate surprises.

Tommy waits, not hearing anything, he answers the phone, cupping his hand over the mouthpiece.

TOMMY
 (whispering; into phone)
 Lori? I really can't talk. You
 okay?

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - SAME

Lori stands in the kitchen, holding Tommy Jr.

TOMMY JR.
 Son-of-bitch!

LORI
 That's right, baby. It's Daddy.
 (into phone)
 Tommy? I don't believe you. What
 are you doing?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

TOMMY
 (whispering)
 I can't tell you. I've really got
 to go.

LORI
 I'm fine. I'm just great. I got a
 kid who's gonna grow up never
 really knowing his father. I got
 two cops watching our house. I got
 a mother who--

TOMMY
 (whispering)
 You got two what? What do they look
 like?

Lori watches as Harris and Kent confer by their car.

LORI
 I don't know. Cops. Nice suits,
 though. You better just come on
 home and...

TOMMY
 (whispering)
 They aren't cops!

LORI
 You're so full of shit, Tommy. You
 think I don't know what you're
 doing? You always do this.

<p>LORI You confuse me with some ridiculous bullshit then it turns out it's what I thought it was the whole time. And another thing...</p>	<p>TOMMY (whispering) Lori, listen to me, it's not... (loudly) Will you just shut the hell up?</p>
---	--

Tommy winces as his voice ECHOES around the warehouse.

LORI
 You did not just say that to me.

TOMMY
 (whispering)
 I don't have time to explain--

Lori sees Harris and Kent marching to the house.

LORI
 That's great, Tommy, really great
 for you. I've gotta go, too. Your
 cop pals are heading up the drive.
 You better hope they get to you
 before I do. You are in so much
 trouble...

TOMMY
 (whispering)
 You have to run--

LORI
 Great plan. That way we can both
 get arrested.

Lori sees Harris and Kent pulling their handgun, attaching
 suppressors and checking the street for witnesses.

LORI
 Oh shit. You're not bullshitting
 me.

TOMMY
 (whispering)
 I swear you have to do this. Just
 run, baby, run!

INT. WAREHOUSE

Orlov stalks Tommy's voice.

BERTOLD (O.S.)
Everything okay, Mr. Orlov?

Orlov waves him in, while --

ORLOV
(loudly; cheerful)
Everything is okay. You wait
outside for me, I be right there
with some cash for us.

Bertold nods and waves in the other men.

BERTOLD
(loudly)
We wait for you outside.

Tommy watches as Orlov uses military hand signals to direct his men... *Uh oh.*

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE

Harris and Kent move to the front door, guns at their sides.

KENT
After we do Flanagan, what about
her?

HARRIS
She can I-D us.

KENT
And the kid? I ain't doing the kid.

Harris shrugs.

HARRIS
What do you want from me?

They hear an engine START in the garage.

KENT
You hear that?

They creep to the closed garage door as --

-- the garage door EXPLODES. Lori's mini-van crashes through backwards, knocking them off their feet in a shower of wood.

Lori steals a look at the downed cops, throws the van into FORWARD and flies toward the back yard.

KENT

You fucking kidding me?

Lori SMASHES through the backyard fence and drives through her neighbor's back yard.

HARRIS

Come on!

They quickly limp to their car and tear off after her on smoking tires.

MOMENTS LATER

Agents Miller and Martin pull up.

AGENT MILLER

(off garage door)

Somebody left in a hurry.

AGENT MARTIN

I guess we won't need a search warrant.

They pull their handguns and approach the house.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael pulls into the dark warehouse parking lot. He glances at his phone's GPS application.

SMART PHONE GPS APP (V.O.)

You have arrived at your destination.

MICHAEL

Great. Now what?

He sees SEVERAL GOONS going into the warehouse, guns drawn.

MICHAEL

All he had to do was sit still for 2 minutes. Idiot.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Tommy moves quietly, keeping to the shadows.

From the top of the stairs, Orlov directs his men.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN (MOVING)

Lori careens down the suburban streets as Tommy Jr squeals happily from his baby seat.

TOMMY JR.
Son-of-bitch! Wee!

LORI
Hon, you know other words, okay?
Can you sing a song while Mommy
drives? How about that one Daddy
taught you?

She presses PLAY on the dashboard CD player while taking a corner on two wheels. Iron Butterfly's "In-a-gadda-da-vida" blasts from the speakers.

LORI AND TOMMY JR.
(singing)
*...In a gadda da vida, baby. Don't
you know that I'll always be true.*

Harris and Kent's car races up behind her.

LORI
(off rearview)
Son of a bitch!

TOMMY JR.
(laughing)
Son of...

LORI
No, honey, keep singing. Sing loud
for Mommy, okay?

She whips into another yard, bashing through another fence. Harris and Kent miss the turn... skid to a stop.

I/E. HARRIS AND KENT'S CAR

Harris stares after Lori, mouth agape...

HARRIS
You believe this?

KENT
Go around the block! Cut her off!

Harris slams the gas pedal...

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Michael watches through a window as thugs search for Tommy. He notices a SECURITY STICKER.

Beat.

He SMASHES his gun against the glass, breaking it. An alarm BRAYS LOUDLY.

He suddenly panics. He wheels about, spots an electrical transformer on a pole.

He FIRES -- the electrical transformer EXPLODES and...

INT. WAREHOUSE

The lights GO DARK.
The alarm DIES.

For only a moment --

The emergency lights COME ON, and the alarm BLEATS again.

ORLOV

What the fuck was that? Cops are coming. Hurry up! He's over there! Get that son-of-a-bitch!

Bertold and goons jump around the container where Tommy was, but he's gone!

BERTOLD

You three, over that way. You, come with me.

Tommy lies flat on top of the nearest container, all eyes.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN (MOVING)

Tommy Jr and Lori SING as she drives through yard after yard, smashing fences, swing-sets and assorted garden gnomes, etc. Harris and Kent are close behind.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Tommy jumps from the top of one container to another to keep clear of Bertold and thugs.

BERTOLD

(calls out to Tommy)
We just want to talk. We're going to find you, just come out now.

Orlov uses a flashlight from the top of the stairs.

ORLOV
This is going to end badly for you,
my friend.

TOMMY
(sotto)
It usually does.

Tommy sees the flashlight heading his way. He also sees RED AND BLUE LIGHTS flash outside...

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN (MOVING)

Lori SHRIEKS as she wrenches the wheel hard to avoid a large above-ground swimming pool. Tommy Jr gleefully jams on his air-guitar as he sings.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

Harris and Kent SLAM into the pool, their car shudders to a stop as the pool collapses, swamping the yard.

Lori's mini-van screeches back onto the street and the faint sound of singing fades as she rockets away.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The flashlight picks out Tommy!

ORLOV
There! Shoot him!

Tommy leaps from one container to the next as shots RING OUT, chasing him -- he reaches the end of the containers and dives right through a window --

EXT. WAREHOUSE

-- and lands on the hood of a police car!

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - BACK YARD

An OLDER MAN watches from his window while on the phone. An assortment of NEIGHBORHOOD DOGS rush up and BARK at the car and roll around in the fresh mud.

I/E. HARRIS AND KENT'S CAR

KENT
This is on you.

HARRIS
Shut the fuck up.

He gets the engine started, gives Older Man the finger as they drive away, some of the barking dogs giving chase.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Tommy on the hood, GROANING painfully. TWO COPS (40s) jump out, draw guns and...

COP 1
Freeze!

TOMMY
Ugh, I'm fine. Really. I just slipped. I'll be on my way, thanks.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - SAME, NIGHT

Agents Miller and Martin inspect the tire tracks and gaping hole in the fence where Lori made her escape.

AGENT MARTIN
(off smart phone)
We've got reports of two vehicles driving through this neighborhood recklessly and a shoot-out on the freeway a few miles from Hercules Shipping. Think it's connected?

AGENT MILLER
You know what I always say: There are no coincidences. Let's go check out the shooting.

AGENT MARTIN
You never say that. I've never heard you say that.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael watches from a distance as the cops talk to Orlov. Tommy sits handcuffed in the back of the police car.

COP 1
We're going to need you to come down and swear out a complaint.

ORLOV
He broke in, but nothing was taken. Tell you what, how about you just let him go, and we'll forget the whole thing?

Orlov drops SOMETHING at the cop's feet.

ORLOV
You and your buddy just say he got
away and go back to doing a great
job being police, okay?

COP 1
(coldly)
You dropped something, sir.

ORLOV
Did I? I don't think so.

The cop points his flashlight at a CASH WAD on the ground.

COP 1
Pick it up. Now.

ORLOV
It's cool, okay? My mistake. Okay?

He scoops up his cash as Cop 2 approaches.

COP 2
They all got conceal carry permits,
no sign of forced entry, but he
made a hell of a mess on the way
out.

ORLOV
I'm just glad nobody got hurt.

Cop 1 hands Orlov a card.

COP 1
Here's the report number and the
precinct address. A detective will
be contacting you. Have a good
night, sir.

ORLOV
No hard feelings. Just trying to
support the local police, you know?

The cops head back to the damaged cruiser.

COP 2
What was that about?

COP 1
He tried to pay for some frontier
justice.

COP 2
 Russians, man. I wouldn't want to
 be on the wrong end of that.

They drive away as Orlov smiles and waves at them.

ORLOV
 Fuck.

BERTOLD
 Think they're on to us?

ORLOV
 I don't like surprises. Everybody
 back inside!

BERTOLD
 What about the titties?

ORLOV
 There will always be titties. You
 got work to do first. Move it. All
 of you, let's go!

Orlov makes a call...

INT. HARRIS AND KENT'S CAR (MOVING)

HARRIS
 (into phone)
 He's at the warehouse?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

ORLOV
 (into phone)
 No, you dumb shit! He got arrested.
 He's being taken to your own
 precinct. How much easier do I have
 to make it for you? Go get him and
 take care of him or I get you and
 take care of you!

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - SAME, NIGHT

TOMMY
 If you'd just call my parole
 officer, I know he'd get this all
 straightened out.

COP 1
 That's a new one.

COP 2
 Don't worry, Flanagan. He'll get a
 call.

Lori's RINGTONE sounds from the plastic evidence bag.

TOMMY
 Thank God. That's my wife. Can I
 talk to her? I just need to hear
 her voice.

COP 2
 Keep it short, huh?

He puts the phone on speaker, holds it to the cage.

TOMMY
 Lori? You both okay?

LORI (V.O.)
 You son of a bitch!

TOMMY JR. (V.O.)
 Son of a...

LORI (V.O.)
 Quiet, baby. Mommy's talking. They
 weren't cops!

TOMMY
 That's what I said!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME

Lori stands looking at her dented mini-van.

LORI
 (into phone)
 How was I supposed to know this was
 the one time you weren't full of
 shit? What have you done now? Who
 were they? What do they want?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

TOMMY
 I'll have to get back to you. Just
 keep your head down, okay?

LORI
 Don't you dare hang up on me again!

TOMMY
I gotta go. I'll call you when I
can.

LORI
Do not hang up!

Tommy nods and the cop POWERS OFF the phone.

COP 2
That your wife?

TOMMY
Soon to be ex.

COP 2
You got a kid, too?

TOMMY
Yeah, a boy. Just turned two.

COP 1
Ouch. That's rough, man.

COP 2
Should've thought about that before
breaking and entering. Third
strike, too. Tough luck.

COP 1
This your third strike? Judges love
that shit. Makes their job easy.
Man, you are fucked.

TOMMY
You think?

COP 1
You might be thinking you're having
a shit day, but it could've been
worse. Those Russians were planning
a party, and you were the pinata.

TOMMY
A Russian pinata? Is that a thing?

COP 1
I'm just saying, you might want to
count your blessings.

TOMMY

Good idea. I'm going to shut my eyes and do that while you guys drive me to prison for the rest of my life.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

Lori re-dials, gets Tommy's voice mail.

LORI

Tommy?

She HANGS UP and tries to hold back the tears.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael pounds the steering wheel in frustration.

MICHAEL

Dammit! All he had to do was wait.

He makes a call.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

I need your help.

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL - LATER

Tommy sits against the wall in a crowded cell. A SCARED TEEN (19, skinny) fidgets next to him.

SCARED TEEN

I hear it's like a good thing to start a fight with somebody first thing. You know, just so everyone sees you're not a punk. But why should I throw hands with another convict like me? I mean, we're all in this together, right?

TOMMY

Can't wait to hear where this is going.

SCARED TEEN

I figure if I jump one of the guards, then the cons will all think I'm the shit. I'd get a bad-ass rep on day one, bro!

TOMMY

Great plan. Go for it.

SCARED TEEN

Cool. Are the guards really big?

INT. POLICE STATION WATCH DESK - NIGHT

Harris and Kent enter. SGT. BILLEN (30s, nerdy) looks up from his computer.

SGT. BILLEN

Detectives, can I help you?

HARRIS

Yeah, Billen, you can shut the fuck up and get out of my way.

He elbows Billen aside and uses his computer.

SGT. BILLEN

Come on, Harris, that's my login. You're not supposed to do that.

KENT

Did you miss the part where he told you to shut the fuck up?

HARRIS

He's still in Holding.

SGT. BILLEN

Who is?

HARRIS

Buzz us in.

SGT. BILLEN

But...

KENT

Call down to Holding and tell 'em to get T. Flanagan ready for transfer.

SGT. BILLEN

Thomas Flanagan? He's--

HARRIS

And then shut the fuck up again.

Harris and Kent go through the security door...

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL

A HOLDING CELL OFFICER (50s) rattles the bars.

HOLDING CELL OFFICER
Flanagan, Thomas! Flanagan!

TOMMY
Right here.

HOLDING CELL OFFICER
Get up. Step to the door. Hands
behind your back.

SCARED TEEN
Do they let you request cell mates?
I was thinking we could bunk up.
You know, if that's cool.

TOMMY
You're not on your way to summer
camp. You got that?

SCARED TEEN
I got it. Good luck, man.

TOMMY
Just do your time and find a reason
to never go back.

SCARED TEEN
Right. Got it. Thanks. Maybe I'll
see you in the gym or whatever.

Tommy rolls his eyes as the officer cuffs him.

HOLDING CELL OFFICER
(laughing)
Maybe you two could grab a quick
soak in the hot-tub before you head
over to the movie theater?

TOMMY
Give him a break, huh?

HOLDING CELL OFFICER
Get moving.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Orlov and men pull the paintings from the frames, wash the
paint off and toss the canvas into industrial dryers.

ORLOV
Come on! You're leaving paint on
the canvas! It's all gotta be
washed off, you stupid shits!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Tommy sits alone in a barren room. Just him and his thoughts. His dark thoughts. He can only shake his head.

INT. HALLWAY

Harris and Kent march. Men on a mission. Harris removes the suppressor from his handgun.

HARRIS

Lose the sock. When he tries to escape we've got to take him down with regulation pieces.

Kent removes his suppressor.

KENT

Almost forgot.

HARRIS

You did forget.

KENT

Fuck off.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Tommy waits; he suddenly nods off...

INT. HALLWAY

Harris and Kent reach the door. Harris grabs the door handle...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The door handle twists...

Tommy snaps awake, looks at the door as --

-- Michael enters.

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL AREA

Harris and Kent push in.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TOMMY

I got nothing to say to you.

MICHAEL

I find that hard to believe.

TOMMY

Bastard! Where were you?

MICHAEL

I'm the one who killed the power
and set off the alarm.

TOMMY

Nice work. You got me arrested, you
dumb ass! Why didn't you flash your
tin at those cops who showed up?

MICHAEL

It's a badge, not a magic wand. You
were about to be shot from at least
two different directions. Getting
arrested saved your ass, dumb ass.

TOMMY

(scoffs)

Saved it for what? This is my third
strike! I'm gone. That's it! Done.
You are looking at a ghost, I'm not
in the world anymore.

MICHAEL

Are you finished?

TOMMY

Yes, I'm finished! That's what I
just said!

MICHAEL

No, I mean, if you're finished
ranting like a crack head, we need
to go.

TOMMY

Where?

MICHAEL

Out.

TOMMY

(skeptically)

We're just gonna walk out of here?

MICHAEL

That's right.

He opens the door and waits for Tommy.

TOMMY

You sure? No alarms? No getting shot while escaping? Just walk right out?

MICHAEL

That or I can walk you back to the holding cells.

Tommy suspiciously checks the hallway and keeps an eye on Michael as he steps out.

TOMMY

Abra-fucking-cadabra

Michael follows.

TOMMY

I take back all the bad things I said about you. Even the stuff you didn't hear.

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL AREA

Harris and Kent look into the crowded holding cells.

KENT

Flanagan! Where's Flanagan?

SCARED TEEN

Hi. Over here.

HARRIS

What the fuck? You're not Flanagan.

SCARED TEEN

No, I mean, he just left.

HARRIS

With who?

SCARED TEEN

You guys are cops, right?

HARRIS

What the fuck do you think?

SCARED TEEN

(whispering)

I'll tell you what I know, but come here. I don't want to, you know...

As Harris leans in closer, Scared Teen PUNCHES him in the nose! The holding cell erupts in HOWLS.

HARRIS
You fucking shit! I'll kill you!

Scared Teen grins at his cell-mates and takes a bow. Harris struggles to unlock the door before Kent pulls him away.

KENT
Later! We've gotta find Flanagan!

HARRIS
(to teen)
First him, then you, hear me?
You're next!

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

Michael acts as if this is all routine, but there's a nervousness about him.

TOMMY
Where are we going? What's going on?

MICHAEL
I'll explain on the way. We don't have much time.

They exit into the underground parking lot...

INT. POLICE STATION WATCH DESK

Harris and Kent POUND on the security doors.

Sgt. Billen takes his time unlocking the door.

SGT. BILLEN
You're bleeding, do you need...?

HARRIS
Shut the fuck up! Why didn't you tell us Flanagan was already transferred?

SGT. BILLEN
I tried, but you--

KENT
Shut the fuck up!

They run out a side door marked "EXIT TO PARKING LEVEL."

SGT. BILLEN
Why does this shit always happen on my shift?

Agents Martin and Miller enter and flash their credentials.

AGENT MILLER
We're here to pick up Thomas
Flanagan for transfer on a matter
of national security.

SGT. BILLEN
(amazed)
Shut the fuck up.

AGENT MARTIN
Excuse me, Sgt?

INT. POLICE UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT

TOMMY
Thanks for bailing me.

MICHAEL
You're not actually out on bail.

TOMMY
What do you mean?

Michael continues to his car.

MICHAEL
It doesn't matter. I bought us
enough time to get this cleared up.

TOMMY
Wait. Where's all my stuff? I need
to call Lori. We need to go back
and get my phone.

INT. POLICE STATION STAIRWELL

Harris and Kent hurry. Harris stumbles and falls into Kent;
they both tumble painfully down the stairs.

INT. POLICE UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT

MICHAEL
I got all your things right here.

He gives Tommy the package containing his personal items.

TOMMY
Hold on.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

TOMMY

I'm counting my money. I've known plenty of light-fingered cops.

MICHAEL

There was 8 dollars when you were processed, there's 8 dollars in there now.

TOMMY

(off cash)
Holy Shit.

MICHAEL

What?

TOMMY

I know what the paintings are.
Unlock the door already.

A MOMENT LATER

Harris and Kent burst out of the stairwell just as Michael's car pulls away into traffic.

KENT

This is on--

Before he can finish, Harris PUNCHES him in the nose.

As Kent MOANS on the ground, Harris dials...

HARRIS

(into phone)
We've got a problem.

I/E. MICHAEL'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

TOMMY

Voice mail.
(into phone)
Hey, baby, it's me. I'm sorry for before, but everything's fine now.
Call me. Love you.

CLICK.

MICHAEL

You're saying they're smuggling cash? I don't understand.

TOMMY

Not cash. Paper. The canvas isn't canvas, it's paper they'll use for money. They're gonna print up bogus bills, I'm sure of it.

MICHAEL

I don't know.

TOMMY

What do you mean, you don't know? It's perfect. They find some jerk like me, steal my I-D, bring the paper in, kill the jerk. They even managed to make it look like you're the one who stole my I-D. You're dead, too. Nothing but dead-ends if anybody starts sniffing around.

MICHAEL

Seems like a lot of trouble to go through for a counterfeiting scheme.

TOMMY

Trouble? The only trouble was me. Since I'm still alive, it screwed up their whole world.

MICHAEL

Sounds like something you'd do, but why go through all this just for the paper?

TOMMY

The artwork is tough, but it's the paper that's damn near impossible to fake.

MICHAEL

You had much experience with counterfeiting?

TOMMY

Nothing to brag about. I was a kid, you know?

MICHAEL

You just seem pretty knowledgable.

TOMMY

Now you think I'm a counterfeiter? You still don't trust me? You're a very suspicious person.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Were you always like this? Were you
 a suspicious baby?

MICHAEL
 (suspiciously)
 Why do you ask?

Beat.

TOMMY
 You're trying to make a joke there,
 right?

MICHAEL
 Yes. How was it?

TOMMY
 Have your other senses compensated
 for your lack of a sense of humor?

EXT. HERCULES SHIPPING - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Michael and Shirley watch as Tommy makes a show out of
 inspecting a new "hauler" and a used container.

MICHAEL
 How much longer is this going to
 take?

Shirley consults her tablet.

SHIRLEY
 We're just waiting for the
 confirmation from the bank.

Tommy hides his nervousness while kicking a tire.

TOMMY
 It's nice. I'm not saying I don't
 like it, but I'm wondering, is red
 really the color I want?

MICHAEL
 I don't think the color is going to
 be the problem, do you?

SHIRLEY
 I think Mr. Flanagan is very smart
 to consider his purchase carefully.
 You don't become as wealthy as he
 has by making bad decisions with
 your money.

Her tablet BEEPS.

SHIRLEY

And there we are. Your purchase is approved!

MICHAEL

(flustered)

You sure? I mean, can we go now?

TOMMY

(amazed)

It's all good? I can just take the truck and drive away now?

SHIRLEY

It's all good, Mr. Flanagan.

TOMMY

(to Michael)

You hear that? It's all good.

MICHAEL

I heard. It's all good. We should leave. Now.

TOMMY

(flirting)

Shirley, if I was 10 years younger, we'd be having a whole different conversation.

He gives her a big kiss, she blushes.

TOMMY

Put yourself down for a 10 percent, no 20 percent raise.

SHIRLEY

Oh my, well, thank you! Drive carefully! Enjoy your new truck!

Tommy gives her a wink as he drives away.

INT. TOMMY'S TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Tommy drives. Takes a big SNIFF.

TOMMY

Gotta love that new truck smell, huh? I could get used to having good credit.

MICHAEL

If you were 10 years younger? How do you get away with saying crap like that? She's old enough to be your...

TOMMY

Remember the honey and vinegar thing? I was flattering her.

MICHAEL

It's more like lying to her.

TOMMY

She feels pretty. We got a truck. Who's getting hurt here?

MICHAEL

I could never do that.

TOMMY

Yes, you could. Try it. Flatter me.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

TOMMY

Tell me something that I want to hear, doesn't have to be true, that makes me feel good about myself.

Beat.

MICHAEL

I think your plan has an excellent chance of succeeding.

Tommy slumps back in his seat.

TOMMY

Vinegar. Pure vinegar.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael and Tommy pull up. A RUSSIAN THUG (40s, mean) approaches.

I/E. TOMMY'S TRUCK

MICHAEL

You sure they're all gone?

TOMMY

They're all surrounded by glitter-covered boobs right now. Except this loser.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

They climb down out of the truck, and Tommy gives the guard a friendly wave.

MICHAEL

You got this?

TOMMY

I got this. Flattery. Just watch.
(to guard)
Hey, man, you must be in charge.

GUARD

Fuck off.

MICHAEL

Still watching.

TOMMY

Whoa, we don't want to mess with a big guy like you. We're just trying to make our delivery and go home.

The guard produces a LARGE HANDGUN.

GUARD

No deliveries. Nobody is here.

TOMMY

Right, you're in charge. You're the man. It's just that we went to the wrong address, then he had to stop and ask for directions, and he's got the bladder of a 10-year-old so we're always stopping...

GUARD

You are stupid? Fuck off away. I not say again.

TOMMY

Sorry. Tell Mr. Orlov we'll call him about rescheduling the drop. Good-night.

GUARD

Wait! You say you have delivery for Mr. Orlov?

TOMMY
That's the name on the manifest.

GUARD
Open up. I want to see.

He motions brusquely and watches them carefully as they move to the rear of the container.

TOMMY
Take it easy.

Tommy opens the back and a CLOUD OF SMOKE pours out!

GUARD
Fire!

MICHAEL
Get an extinguisher! Quick!

TOMMY
I don't have one!

GUARD
I have!

He shoves his gun back in his belt and grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall.

MICHAEL
Hurry!

TOMMY
It's burning!

GUARD
Ready!

He BLASTS the dark interior with the fire extinguisher.

TOMMY
I think you got it. Good work!

As the smoke clears, the guard can see the space is empty except for a metal can stuffed with smoldering newspapers.

GUARD
What the fuck?

Tommy SHOVES him inside and slams the door shut.

GUARD (O.S.)
You motherfuckers! When Mr. Orlov finds you...

TOMMY
Stay low. There's still lots of
smoke in there. 'Night.

Tommy slaps the door in triumph.

TOMMY
See? And you said it wouldn't work.

MICHAEL
I can't believe it did. Did you get
his...?

THREE QUICK SHOTS blast holes in the door next to Tommy's
hand. He and Michael duck and scramble to the warehouse.

TOMMY
I'm sorry, what were you saying?
Get his what?

MICHAEL
You think this is funny?

TOMMY
Lighten up. He can't see us. Just
stay low while we swap the
containers.

INT. CONTAINER

The guard has stopped shooting, his grinning face suddenly
illuminated by his cell phone.

INT. STRIP CLUB

Orlov is surrounded by glitter-covered boobs. He and men
drink and laugh along with a group of STRIPPERS.

ORLOV
Yes! This is how life is meant to
be lived! I love you!

A BUXOM STRIPPER (20s) squirms on his lap.

BUXOM STRIPPER
Something is moving.

ORLOV
You bet it is, you hot piece of
ass!

BUXOM STRIPPER
No, really, I think you've got a
phone call or something.

ORLOV
Huh? Shit, what now?
(into phone)
You should see all the boobs here!
What? I hate surprises!

He stands up so suddenly the stripper flies across the table.

ORLOV
We go! Now!

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy wanders up and down rows of similar containers.

MICHAEL
You can't find it.

TOMMY
Yes, I can. It's this one. No.
Wait. Wasn't it dark green?

INT. CONTAINER

GUARD
(into phone)
I heard them go inside warehouse.
They argue like idiots. I think
they look for container we brought
in tonight.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Tommy checks down another row of containers.

MICHAEL
How can you forget where the
container was?

TOMMY
Calm down. We've got plenty of
time.

MICHAEL
No, we don't! We've got to load up
our container, get it to Veritas
Printing and unload it before your
boss shows up.

TOMMY
All these things look alike to me.
If you're so smart, you find it.

MICHAEL
 (off container)
 Here, I found it. 2-3-4-4. Come on,
 let's get it loaded.

TOMMY
 That's not it. Wait, it is. Okay,
 you just got lucky.

INT. ORLOV'S CAR (MOVING)

Orlov and men lock and load.

ORLOV
 (into phone)
 What are they doing now?

INT. WAREHOUSE

Tommy operates a crane -- he lifts the container from the
 hauler and DROPS it on the concrete.

GUNSHOTS rip holes in the container...

Michael ducks for cover.

TOMMY
 (to container, guard)
 My bad. Sorry.

I/E. ORLOV'S CAR (MOVING)

Orlov's car flies off the freeway...

ORLOV
 Shoot first. No cops this time.
 Just bodies.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Tommy drops his container onto the hauler as Michael
 nervously paces.

TOMMY
 Help me tie it down.

MICHAEL
 Do we need to do that now? We need
 to get out of here.

TOMMY
 Of course, you're right. If it
 falls off on the freeway nobody
 will notice.

Beat.

They lock down the container...

I/E. TOMMY'S TRUCK (MOVING)

MICHAEL
I don't believe you.

Tommy drives out of the warehouse lot, turns right...

MICHAEL
You're sulking because I wouldn't
let you search the rest of the
place for something to steal?

TOMMY
I never said anything about
stealing, but would it have killed
us to have a look around?

...and disappears around the corner just as Orlov's car races
up from the other direction, skids into the lot.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY - NIGHT

Tommy's hauler sits alone at the loading dock.

INT. VERITAS PRINTING - STORAGE AREA

Tommy uses a fork-lift to place the last pallet into Loading
Bay 3. Michael watches anxiously.

TOMMY
Would you quit worrying? We're
good. I've got a new truck, the
paper is stashed, and the crooks
are confused...

MICHAEL
And we're definitely not going to
prison.

Beat.

TOMMY
More vinegar.

Tommy does a 360 with the fork-lift.

TOMMY
Hey! Look what I can do!

Michael tries not to laugh.

TOMMY

Lighten up. The paper is safe here.
Carl never checks inventory. Let's
get some breakfast. I'll drive, you
buy. Fair enough?

Tommy jumps out of the fork-lift and walks briskly toward the parking lot.

MICHAEL

How can you eat?

TOMMY

I'm not a plant like you. I need
meat and eggs and a milkshake...

Michael reluctantly follows.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They walk to Tommy's car. Michael stops, stares at it.

TOMMY

What?

INT. TOMMY'S BEAT-UP SEDAN

Tommy's car starts immediately.

TOMMY

Now you start? You are the worst
car ever made in the history of
making cars.

MICHAEL

You talk to your car?

TOMMY

You don't?

INT. DINER - DAWN

Tommy and Michael sit in a booth. Tommy stuffs bacon and eggs
in his mouth as Michael picks at a grapefruit.

TOMMY

Would you quit worrying? Once they
have a load for disposal, I'll
start mixing our paper in. Until
then, it's safe.

MICHAEL

Weren't you fired?

TOMMY

Carl fires me about once a week.
It's how everybody knows it's
Friday. I'll talk my way back in.

MICHAEL

The paper's evidence. We shouldn't
destroy it.

TOMMY

Evidence with our names all over
it. You okay? You look more
constipated than usual. We should
get you some prune juice.

MICHAEL

I'm fine.

TOMMY

And eat some real food, will you?
You're embarrassing me. People know
me here.

MICHAEL

I bet they have a set of cardiac
arrest paddles named after you.

TOMMY

At least I don't eat like a girl
trying to fit into her prom dress.

MICHAEL

Then you got your ass kicked by a
girl in a prom dress.

TOMMY

You got lucky. Sleeper holds are
cheating.

MICHAEL

And sucker-punching isn't?

TOMMY

You know what they call a sucker-
puncher in my old neighborhood?

MICHAEL

What?

TOMMY

The winner!

Michael LAUGHS and takes a handful of bacon from Tommy's
plate.

TOMMY
That's more like it.

Lori's RINGTONE interrupts.

TOMMY
Finally!
(into phone)
Hey, baby, you okay?

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER (V.O.)
(over phone)
It's Charlie Mayweather, Tommy.

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - SAME

Harris and Kent guard Lori and Ann. Tommy Jr plays in a playpen. CHARLIE MAYWEATHER (60s) uses Lori's phone.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
(into phone)
We got a little problem here. I need you to come on out to Ann's with the paper so we can get it all straightened out.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

TOMMY
Charlie? What have you done?
Where's my family? What's going on?

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
I'm not going into details over the phone. I'm not mad, you did me a favor. Just bring the paper to Ann's. Better move. We're waiting.

He HANGS UP.

TOMMY
What? Charlie? Dammit!

MICHAEL
What is it?

TOMMY
That was Charlie Mayweather, my old parole officer. He's got my family. He wants the paper.

MICHAEL
What does he know about the paper?

TOMMY

I don't know, but he wants it.

MICHAEL

You can't give Mayweather the paper. I'll explain everything. Trust me.

TOMMY

Trust you? I don't even know you.

Tommy throws some money on the table and rushes out. Michael follows.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Tommy tries to start his car -- it won't go.

He hops out, angry.

TOMMY

(re: car)

...it's official... you're worst than a Yugo, there I said it!

Michael runs around, grabs the keys from Tommy --

MICHAEL

Let me try.

TOMMY

Be my guest.

He takes to the hoof as Michael piles in behind the wheel and... sticks the key into the ignition and...

...the car starts.

MICHAEL

Tommy!

I/E. TOMMY'S BEAT-UP SEDAN (MOVING)

Tommy drives, Michael shotgun.

TOMMY

This has nothing to do with you.

MICHAEL

I can help, but you have got to trust me.

TOMMY

Trust you? You know everything there is to know about me. I'm a liar, a smuggler and a thief, but you still trust me enough to put your career, your freedom, hell, your life in my hands. Why?

MICHAEL

Because... this may all be my fault.

TOMMY

Your fault? What are you talking about?

MICHAEL

I know all about how Mayweather was blackmailing you.

TOMMY

It wasn't blackmail. It was a pretty sweet setup until some hotshot I-A investigator started sticking his beak in.

Nothing from Michael.

TOMMY

Shit. It was you, wasn't it?

MICHAEL

I did a tour in Internal Affairs. I found discrepancies in Mayweather's reports. My investigation uncovered his "side business" including your smuggling operation.

(then)

Mayweather made a deal with the D-A and got early retirement...

TOMMY

...And I got 2 years and a second strike. I missed my kid being born. It's never been the same with Lori. Son-of-a-bitch.

MICHAEL

Don't take it personally. He rolled over on everybody.

TOMMY

I wasn't talking about him.

(then)

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

All this time, you just kept this to yourself. How am I supposed to trust you now?

MICHAEL

Trust? What do you know about trust? You've used everyone you've ever known. I did my job. I used Mayweather to bring down dozens of lawbreakers. You included.

TOMMY

Any of them have families?

MICHAEL

Don't go there. You knew the risks, and you got caught.

(then)

I thought I could make a difference, but all they did was make deals with the big fish like Mayweather and the little fish like you caught all the hell. You think I wanted to be a Parole Officer? Checking bank statements and collecting piss for a living? I took over your case 'cause I needed to bring Charlie Mayweather and his whole damn operation down once and for all.

TOMMY

You knew about this... the whole time? You've been using me to get at Charlie?

MICHAEL

That's how you catch a big fish: by using a smaller one for bait. This isn't about you, Tommy. It's about me. Mayweather's doing all of this to get at me.

EXT. FREEWAY

Tommy SLAMS on the brakes, skids to a stop in the center lane. Angry HORNS BLAST as cars whip around them.

I/E. TOMMY'S BEAT-UP SEDAN

MICHAEL

What the hell are you doing?

Tommy THROWS an elbow at Michael's head.

TOMMY
Bastard! I'm going to lose my
family because of you!

MICHAEL
Wait!

Tommy gets out of the car...

EXT. FREEWAY

...and stands in front, glaring at Michael. Traffic flies by
on both sides.

TOMMY
Come on, cop. Me and you. Right
here.

Michael leans on the HORN. Tommy doesn't budge.

MICHAEL
Get back in the car, Tommy.

TOMMY
Come get me.

Cars WHIZ BY on either side, horns blaring.

MICHAEL
(muttering)
Stupid, stupid son-of-a-bitch.

Michael finally joins Tommy at the front of the car.

TOMMY
I'm going to kick your ass.

MICHAEL
We both know you can't...

Tommy THROWS a haymaker, Michael dodges. Enraged, Tommy
SWINGS WILDLY a few more times, but Michael is too fast.

TOMMY
(breathless)
Hold still, you kung-fu fuckhead!

MICHAEL
This is ridiculous. Get back in the
car.

Tommy misses again and stumbles forward into the path of a
big truck. At the last second, Michael grabs his collar and
yanks him out of the way.

TOMMY

Thanks.

MICHAEL

Now will you...

Tommy finally lands a decent UPPER-CUT --

Michael is knocked backwards toward the other lane of fast-moving traffic. Tommy grabs his shirt at the last second.

MICHAEL

Thanks. You done?

Tommy nods but gives Michael a wicked HEAD-BUTT. Michael responds by grabbing Tommy's shirt as he stumbles backward.

TOMMY

Let go!

MICHAEL

You let go!

Both keep hold of the other's shirt as they struggle, throwing WILD PUNCHES and KICKS. Both try another head-butt at the same time and nearly knock themselves out.

Now they're hanging on to each other as much for support as out of anger.

They stumble in and out of traffic.

TOMMY

You shit for brains!

MICHAEL

Sucker-punching asshole!

Eyes unfocused, barely conscious, they swing at each other, neither realizes they're back in the traffic lane until a LOUD HORN BLASTS.

TOMMY

Let go! Shit!

He jumps, dragging Michael with him into another lane just as another truck races by.

MICHAEL

You let go! Dammit!

Michael sees another car bearing down on them, he swings Tommy to the next lane, Tommy hangs on so they both end up in the lane.

TOMMY

Are you trying to kill us both?

He lands another PUNCH while Michael is looking at another oncoming car. And races for his car and jumps in...

TOMMY

(laughing)

You just hang out, cop. Trust me --
I'll come back and pick you up.

His laughter dies as his car refuses to start.

TOMMY

You piece-of-shit! You useless, non-
starting hunk of rust!

Michael makes his way across traffic and gets in the passenger side.

I/E. TOMMY'S BEAT-UP SEDAN

MICHAEL

I can help you. I can help your
family. Truce? Let me try.

He turns the key and... Tommy's car starts.

TOMMY

Dammit. Okay, truce.
(then)
Am I clear over there?

Michael leans forward to check the right side mirror.

MICHAEL

You're good on--

Before he can finish, Tommy SLAMS his head into the dash and PUSHES him out of the car.

EXT. FREEWAY

Michael jumps to his feet as Tommy roars away.

MICHAEL

Stupid, sucker-punching son-of-a-
bitch.

INT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY - LOADING BAY 3 - DAY

The printing machines run o.s., the noise ECHOING.

Tommy quickly motors up on a fork-lift, to where he'd stored the paper.

It's empty.

He blinks, stares for a beat.

He kills the fork-lift, climbs out, has a closer look. Checks the adjacent bays.

Yep, the paper's gone.

TOMMY

But I put it right here! Where is it? Dammit! It's not fair! It was right here!

He stomps around, picks up an empty wooden pallet and SMASHES it against the wall.

A FORK-LIFT OPERATOR swings by....

FORKLIFT OPERATOR

Yo, Tommy! What the hell you doing?

Tommy grabs him.

TOMMY

Where is it?

FORKLIFT OPERATOR

Where is what?

TOMMY

The paper that was in three?

FORKLIFT OPERATOR

Take it easy, huh? Carl had us do inventory...

TOMMY

Carl never checks inventory!

FORKLIFT OPERATOR

I know, but he said anything that wasn't on the list goes on the Turner order...

TOMMY

The Turner order?

FORKLIFT OPERATOR

Yeah. What the hell do you care?

TOMMY
Which press?

FORKLIFT OPERATOR
Press 7.

Tommy races away.

FORKLIFT OPERATOR
You're welcome.

INT. PRINTING PRESS #7

Tommy SLAPS the red emergency stop button --

The printing machine grinds to a halt as several PRINTING PRESS OPERATORS rush over. Tommy pops open the feeder and pulls a few remaining sheets of currency paper out.

PRINT PRESS OPERATOR
What's the problem, Tommy?

TOMMY
Is this all that's left?

PRINT PRESS OPERATOR
I don't know. Why? Am I in trouble?

TOMMY
No, but I am.

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Ann and Lori sit on the couch as Harris and Kent watch TV. Tommy Jr sleeps peacefully in Lori's arms.

Charlie HANGS UP his phone as he enters.

LORI
I can't believe you'd do this to us, Charlie. You're a real son-of-a-bitch.

TOMMY JR.
(sleeping)
Son of a bitch.

Harris and Kent LAUGH.

HARRIS
Do it again. That's funny as shit.
(to Kent)
Did you hear what the kid said?

KENT
Now teach him to say "fuck you."

ANN
Shame. Shame on both of you. What kind of cops are you?

HARRIS
The smart kind.

KENT
The rich kind.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
(wincing)
Oh, what's that smell?

HARRIS
Don't look at me.

Tommy Jr has a grumpy face.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
It's the kid.

LORI
He needs changing, and he needs to be fed.

KENT
Jesus, what do you feed him?

ANN
Oatmeal, toast, some juice.

HARRIS
Sounds good, grandma. I could go for breakfast, but I want eggs.

LORI
I'll make it.

As she rises, Harris puts his hand on the gun in his belt.

HARRIS
Let's all go into the kitchen.

He herds the family into the kitchen as Kent watches TV.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Tommy slumps against his car.

Michael joins him.

MICHAEL

That was stupid. I'm trying to help you.

TOMMY

You can't help me. I'm all done. Charlie's holding all the cards, and I got nothing.

He lifts a few sheets of the currency paper.

TOMMY

That's all that's left.

MICHAEL

What happened?

TOMMY

They used the paper! Remember when I said Carl never does inventory? He did inventory. It got used on some charity order. Charlie's got my family, and he wants his paper. I don't know what to do.

MICHAEL

You're going to just give up? After all this, when your family needs you?

TOMMY

What else can I do, officer? The paper's gone.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Bring Mayweather and his crew here.

TOMMY

Why? How?

MICHAEL

You know why dogs can't play poker?

TOMMY

I can think of a few reasons...

MICHAEL

Because dogs can't bluff.

TOMMY

You want me to bluff?

MICHAEL

You could sell a map to a salmon.
Get them there, I'll take care of
the rest.

TOMMY

What does that mean?

MICHAEL

I told you I can help. I've got a
plan, but you're going to have to
trust me.

Tommy drops the paper.

TOMMY

Sure, why not? I got nothing else.

INT. ANN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lori puts an egg, shell and all, into a bowl full of oatmeal
as Ann changes Tommy Jr's diaper.

Lori catches Ann's eye as she puts the bowl into the
microwave and sets the timer way up.

HARRIS

(off bad smell)
Damn, is he sick or something?

LORI

You don't have kids?

Ann squirts baby oil on the floor when Harris isn't looking.

HARRIS

Hell no.

LORI

Glad to hear it.

HARRIS

You got a mouth on you. I like
tough bitches. I like knocking 'em
back a step or two.

LORI

Big man.

HARRIS

Keep your mouth shut and make my
breakfast.

Lori breaks a couple of eggs into a large iron skillet.

EXT. ANN'S FRONT PORCH

Charlie on Lori's phone.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
(into phone)
Not gonna happen.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY

Tommy paces.

TOMMY
(into phone)
It's gonna happen, Charlie. I'm not driving a truck load of counterfeit paper around town again. Not with the cops looking for me. We make the swap here. That's the deal.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
You're not fooling me, kid. You're not willing to lose your family.

TOMMY
I've already lost my family. I got my third strike thanks to you. I'm going away for good. You willing to lose all this counterfeit paper?

Beat.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
Have the engine running. We're not going to hang around.

Tommy HANGS UP.

TOMMY
(to Michael)
They're on their way.

INT. ANN'S KITCHEN

The egg EXPLODES in the microwave --

Harris jumps up, reaching for his gun. Ann slams the dirty diaper over his face. His MUFFLED SCREAM is cut off when Lori BANGS him in the face with the skillet.

HARRIS
You fucking bitches! My nose!

He stumbles backward and knocks the table over, his gun slides across the floor.

Kent races in.

KENT
What the fuuuu...!

He slips on the baby oil and hits the floor hard.

ANN
Run!

Lori scoops up Tommy Jr, car keys hanging from a hook by the door. They rush out the back.

HARRIS
Come back here!

He lurches after them, but slips and falls over Kent.

KENT
Fucking hell.

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Lori and Ann make for Lori's dented mini-van...

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
Nice try, ladies.

Charlie has them covered with his pistol. Harris and Kent stumble out the back door making excuses and cursing.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
You two could fuck-up a sunrise.

HARRIS
It's not my fault!

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
Shut up! We're all going for a drive. Nice and easy now, this will all be over soon.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY - DAY

Tommy (anxious) and Michael stand next to the truck. The roar of the printing press can be heard from the open loading dock behind them.

MICHAEL
Would you relax? You need to be more confident. Cool.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If they see you're nervous, they'll know something is up.

TOMMY

Don't worry, I have complete confidence in your plan. There's no way this is going to go wrong.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Vinegar. Pure vinegar.

Charlie's car pulls into the far end of the parking lot. Lori's mini-van with Harris driving follows.

TOMMY

Here they come. Can you see if they brought my family?

MICHAEL

I can't tell.

(awkward)

I'm sorry about that big fish, little fish thing. I never meant for your family to get pulled into this. I underestimated Mayweather. And you, for what it's worth.

TOMMY

That sounded almost sweet.

MICHAEL

Dammit, you had to go there. I was trying to tell you I'm sorry.

A beat as the cars approach...

TOMMY

I know. Thanks. And I'm sorry for kicking your ass.

MICHAEL

You didn't, whatever. I've got to go.

TOMMY

Go? Where go? What do you mean "go"? Now? You can't!

MICHAEL

Just trust me. Stall them until I get back.

Michael ducks away before they see him.

TOMMY
You son-of-a-bitch! Get back here!

Tommy suddenly puts on a BIG SMILE and waves at the approaching cars.

TOMMY
(muttering)
Great. Just keep smiling. What a brilliant plan...

Charlie and Kent get out of Charlie's car. Harris cruises by giving Tommy a look at his family --

Tommy gives his family a confident wave. Lori looks worried, Ann looks pissed, Tommy Jr returns the wave.

Harris parks off to one side.

INT. LORI'S MINI-VAN

Harris glares at Lori and Ann, both handcuffed in the back. Tommy Jr sleeps quietly in his car seat.

HARRIS
You probably don't want to watch this.

LORI
You're going to get what's coming to you, you bastard.

HARRIS
What is that? Some Irish curse?

ANN
No, go fuck yourself. That's an Irish curse.

LORI
Ma! The kid.

TOMMY JR.
(sleeping)
Son-of-a-bitch.

HARRIS
Look at me, I'm all scared now. Let me go say Hi to daddy. Sit tight, huh?

He leaves the car.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY

Harris joins Kent as Charlie walks toward Tommy.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Tommy.

TOMMY

Charlie.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Sorry it had to go down like this.

I always liked you.

(then)

Where's Epstein?

TOMMY

Who?

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Don't screw around. Your new parole officer. Where is he?

TOMMY

He bailed on me. I've got your paper.

Beat.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

I don't like this.

TOMMY

We had a deal, Charlie.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Your family's in the car. We get our paper, we let them go.

TOMMY

That's not the deal I'm talking about. This is twice you've screwed me over. Why me? I never did anything to you.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

(not going there)

The paper in that truck? You've got the keys?

TOMMY

Let my family walk.

KENT
 Enough of this shit. We don't need
 them, we got you.

Harris and Kent pull their weapons, suppressors on.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

Lori peeks over the edge of the car door.

LORI
 Son-of-a-bitch.

TOMMY JR.
 (sleeping)
 Son-of-a-bitch.

ANN (O.S.)
 What?

LORI
 Stay down, Ma. It's fine. He'll be
 fine. I know he will.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING

TOMMY
 Whoa! Everybody, calm down.

Michael steps around the building behind Tommy with Agents
 Martin and Miller behind him, guns out.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

LORI
 Thank God.

ANN (O.S.)
 What? I can't see anything.

LORI
 Looks like cops. Probably feds. I
 think we're okay.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING

AGENT MARTIN
 Drop the hardware. Homeland
 Security is here.

MICHAEL
 (smugly)
 Charles Mayweather, Officers Kent
 and Harris, I arrest you all for--

AGENT MILLER
He said drop it.

MICHAEL
You heard them. Guns down, hands
up.

Michael doesn't notice the agents have their guns pointed at
the back of his head.

TOMMY
He's talking to you.

MICHAEL
What?

TOMMY
For a smart guy, you're not so
smart.

Michael drops his pistol.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

LORI
Oh, hell, it's going sideways.

TOMMY JR.
(sleeping)
Son-of-a-bitch.

ANN (O.S.)
What?

LORI
Come on, Tommy. You can do this.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING

MICHAEL
What's going on?

TOMMY
It's not counterfeit, is it? These
two feds stole real currency paper,
and Charlie brokered the sale to
the Russian mob.

MICHAEL
It's real?

TOMMY

Charlie got his cut and as long as it looked like I smuggled in counterfeit paper, nobody would be looking at our two feds here.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

If the right Flanagan was hit, it'd have been a clean job.

Kent and Harris mime exaggerated disinterest.

TOMMY

(to Michael)

He involved you, because he could.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

You had this coming, Epstein. I told you not to fuck things up. You could've looked the other way and gotten paid, but no. You had to be the crusading Boy Scout fighting for justice.

TOMMY

Crusading Boy Scout? Is that a thing?

MICHAEL

You took the deal, Mayweather. You ratted out all your partners.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

What choice did I have? You had all the evidence. I had to take an early out at half my pension thanks to you I-A rats. This is my new retirement plan.

TOMMY

How much are the Russians paying you?

(to Homeland agents)

What's your cut?

MICHAEL

You both took oaths. You should be ashamed of yourselves. How much is your honor worth?

AGENT MARTIN

Is that supposed to be an insult?

TOMMY
Come on, how much?

AGENT MILLER
One million, each. Pretty sweet.

TOMMY
Sweet.
(then)
Two million.

AGENT MARTIN
Right.

TOMMY
No, I mean... I'm offering you two
million. Each.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
He's lying.
(laughing)
You got the gift of gab, Tommy,
I'll give you that. It's over. Just
give us...

AGENT MARTIN
Wait. You still have access to
those funds they set up?

Tommy nods.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER
We've been busy, but he can't...

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

Ann and Lori watch, but can't hear the conversation.

ANN (O.S.)
What's he doing?

LORI
(smiling)
What he does best... confusing them
with bullshit.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY

As Tommy speaks, he steps slowly to one side, out of the line
of fire between the two groups. Michael does the same in the
other direction.

TOMMY

A Russian-mob funded line of credit, a veritable bottomless pit of cash, and I've got your paper. Let's sweeten the offer. How about three million? Each.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Hold still! Shut up! Just quit talking!

MICHAEL

Good luck with that.

AGENT MILLER

How do we know you can deliver?

TOMMY

I bought that brand-new truck over there for a signature.

Beat as they all glance at Tommy's "hauler."

Then,

The Homeland Agents change their aim, the cops do the same. Both groups point guns at each other.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Alright! That's enough! This is crazy! We had a deal!

AGENT MILLER

We're changing the deal. We'll take the money and the paper.

AGENT MARTIN

You clowns have screwed up every part of this. Why shouldn't we take a better offer?

Everyone is as tense as hungry pit bulls.

KENT

Say the word, Charlie.

TOMMY

Four million each for clean headshots.

HARRIS

Shut the fuck up!

TOMMY

You're right. I don't think they
can do it either. Feds might
receive more weapons training than
city cops, but head shots--

CARL (O.S.)

Flanagan! I hear you! Where the
hell are you?

Carl marches through the storage area toward the loading
dock. Boxes block his view of the parking lot.

TOMMY

(calling out)

Not now, Carl.

CARL (O.S.)

You don't talk to me like that! I'm
going to count to three.

TOMMY

I really hate it when he does that.

KENT

Who the hell is that?

MICHAEL

(calling out)

Sir! This is a police matter! Leave
the area!

Both sides are losing it.

CARL (O.S.)

What? One!

KENT

We got this.

HARRIS

Can't miss.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Last chance, kid.

CARL (O.S.)

Who's that? Two!

AGENT MILLER

Two taps each.

AGENT MARTIN

Roger that.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

LORI
Oh shit.

ANN (O.S.)
What?

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING

TOMMY
Oh shit.

MICHAEL
Oh shit.

CARL
THREE!

Both sides FIRE as Carl steps out into the parking lot --

-- Tommy knocks Carl to the ground behind a crate.

Michael dives for his gun, but is cut off by the FLYING BULLETS. He jumps for cover behind a car.

CARL
What the hell is going on?

TOMMY
Just stay down!

CARL
Get off me!

Carl tries to push Tommy off. Tommy KNOCKS HIM OUT with a quick punch.

Then,

The shooting stops. SILENCE.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

ANN (O.S.)
What the hell was that?

LORI
Some of the right guys got shot.

ANN (O.S.)
Who?

LORI
I don't know who, Ma. Just stay down.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Good work, Tommy. You just saved me
2 million.

Tommy can see Agents Miller and Martin lying dead, each
neatly shot in the head.

TOMMY

I guess I owe you guys, what was
it? Three million each?

HARRIS

It was four.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

It's our money, you idiot.

HARRIS

Don't call me an idiot!

KENT

Let's get this over with. Come out,
or we come in after you.

Michael motions to Tommy that he's going to make a run for
his gun. Tommy shakes his head. Michael braces himself.

Tommy stands up quickly, hands up, holding the truck keys.

TOMMY

Hold it. Don't shoot.

Kent grins, taking aim.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Stand up, Epstein.

TOMMY

Here, take the keys. Just drive it
away.

And Michael stands up.

TOMMY

What are you doing? Stay down.

MICHAEL

I got you into this. You're not
facing it alone.

TOMMY

Just let my family go, Charlie. You got what you want.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Not yet. Orlov knows you stole his paper. I've been paid. With you and Homeland out of the way, we'll keep the paper and the money.

ORLOV (O.S.)

Sounds like a pretty good plan.

Orlov steps up, with SIX THUGS all armed with AK-47s.

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

LORI

Whoa, things just got interesting. Seems the Russians are involved.

ANN (O.S.)

Who?

TOMMY JR. (O.S.)

Son-of-a-bitch!

LORI

No, baby. Daddy's fine. So far.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

(nervous)

Mr. Orlov!

ORLOV

Surprise.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

I got your paper. It's in the truck there.

(off Tommy and Michael)

These two are the ones that took it. I got it back for you.

TOMMY

He's lying. He already sold it.

ORLOV

Oh yeah? That true, Charlie?

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

I wouldn't do that to you. We made a deal.

TOMMY

He kidnapped my family and made me steal the paper from you. That's them in the mini-van there.

Orlov turns and looks, waves.

Lori tentatively waves back with handcuffed hands.

TOMMY

He killed these two feds to keep them quiet, and was about to kill us. And my family.

ORLOV

You'd kill his family? That's low, Charlie. I'm not sure I want to do business with you anymore.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

It's bullshit! I grabbed them after he stole it! He's lying! The paper is in that truck!

Orlov nods and... Bertold opens the container.

Everyone looks --

Empty.

CHARLIE MAYWEATHER

Uh, Mr. Orlov, you've got to believe me!

ORLOV

Maybe the paper is in there and I can't see it. Take a look, Charlie.

Orlov's men disarm Harris, Kent and Charlie and drag them to the container and slam the door shut on them.

ORLOV

(to Tommy)

You did a good thing by calling me.

TOMMY

You're not going to kill us, right?

ORLOV

You win some, you lose some.

TOMMY

You got a new truck.

He tosses Orlov the keys to the truck.

ORLOV

I got a new truck. And we make most
of our money back. You get to live.
We're good.

TOMMY

Thanks, Mr. Orlov.

MICHAEL

One second.

TOMMY

Just know when to fold, okay?

ORLOV

(laughing)

You going to arrest us?

MICHAEL

Not today. But you're done in this
town. Understand?

ANATOLI

Let me kill him.

BERTOLD

No, you said I could do it!

ORLOV

Like a couple of kids these two.

(impressed)

A tough cop. I like that. To be
honest, printing up dollars isn't
as profitable as it used to be.

(laughing)

You two are okay. You ever in Hong
Kong, look me up. We go to titty
bar.

Orlov and men leave, driving the truck and container away.

Carl GROANS as he sits up.

TOMMY

(off Carl)

You got this?

MICHAEL

I got this.
(off his family)
You got that.

TOMMY

I got that.

Michael pulls out his badge and heads to Carl. Tommy rushes to his family.

CARL

(dazed)
I want to go home. What happened?

MICHAEL

Flanagan saved your life when two Homeland Security agents attempted to stop a robbery.

CARL

(confused)
He did? What did? Homeland who?
What happened? Who are you?

I/E. LORI'S MINI-VAN

Tommy opens the door and hugs his family tight.

EXT. VERITAS PRINTING COMPANY - LATER

Yellow crime scene tape ropes off the area. Cops take pictures and statements. M.E.s wheel away the bodies.

CARL (O.S.)

Got a minute?

Tommy hands off Tommy Jr to Lori with a kiss.

TOMMY

Be right back.

LORI

Stay where we can see you.

Tommy gives her a smile as he walks off with Carl.

CARL

I didn't call the cops after you
slugged me. The first time.

TOMMY

So, I owe you.

CARL
You do, you did... until you save
my life.

TOMMY
So, we're even. You'd have done the
same for me.

Beat.

CARL
I'm going to put you up for that
job in Sales.

TOMMY
Me? In Sales?

CARL
(smiling)
You're not worth a damn running the
press and being a fast-talking bull-
shitter might come in handy in
Sales. At least you won't be my
headache anymore. Think it over.

TOMMY
I will. Thanks, Carl. You're a good
egg.

They shake hands.

Tommy snags Michael on the way back to his family.

TOMMY
Meet my family.

Big smiles all around as they join Tommy's family.

TOMMY
Lori, Ann, little man, this is my
parole-- I mean, my friend Mike.

MICHAEL
Michael Epstein. Michael. No, he's
right, I mean, it's Mike. Nice to
meet all of you.

LORI
How do you two know each other?

TOMMY
It's a long story. Let's get
something to eat, and we'll tell
you about most of it.

ANN
 (laughing)
 You really are a son-of-a-bitch
 sometimes.

LORI
 Ma! The kid.

Tommy Jr squirms reaching out for Tommy.

TOMMY JR.
 Daddy!

Tommy scoops up Tommy Jr.

TOMMY
 Hey! Did you hear that? He called
 me "daddy"!

LORI
 A new start.

TOMMY
 Yeah, a new start.

He and Lori kiss as they all head to the car.

INT. CITY OFFICE - DAY

Tommy rushes by various office workers on his way to Doris' desk. "MICHAEL EPSTEIN. NEW JERSEY POLICE DEPARTMENT PAROLE OFFICER" is painted in neat block letters on the door.

DORIS
 You're late, Tommy.

TOMMY
 I know, I know.

Tommy KNOCKS three times.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Come in.

TOMMY
 I almost forgot!

He pulls a package wrapped in brown paper from his backpack and hands it to Doris.

TOMMY
 I thought you'd like it. 'Scuse me
 a second.

INT. MICHAEL EPSTEIN'S OFFICE

MICHAEL
You're late, Mr. Flanagan.

TOMMY
I know, I know, but I closed the
Basserman sale. How about that?

MICHAEL
Congratulations, but we're going to
hit traffic.

They exit his office together.

INT. CITY OFFICE

Doris is just finished unwrapping the package.

TOMMY
I'm glad you're so pumped about
meeting Lori's sister.

MICHAEL
I'm guardedly optimistic.

Doris LAUGHS as she sees her gift: a painting of Michael and
Tommy playing poker with a group of dogs.

DORIS
I love it!

Michael examines the painting.

MICHAEL
Where'd you get the canvas?

TOMMY
A souvenir.

MICHAEL
What was the rest of the paper used
for anyway?

TOMMY
I don't know. I just hope it was
something useful.
(off suspicious look)
What? You don't trust me?

MICHAEL
I'm working on it.

Doris' laughter follows them as they leave the office.

INT. ST. MARY'S MISSION - DAY

SUPER: ST. MARY'S MISSION, HAITI

Boxes are stacked all around the entrance to the small church mission. TWO PRIESTS smile as they inspect the Bibles.

PRIEST 1

Very generous. And this paper is of high quality. We have a benefactor.

PRIEST 2

A what?

PRIEST 1

(laughing)

A benefactor. Come, let's unpack the rest and start handing them out, yes?

They unpack the Bibles...

FADE TO BLACK.