

AMONG THIEVES

by

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A BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "In a world of thieves, the only final sin is stupidity." -- Hunter S. Thompson, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*"

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN OF A SMALL HOUSE -- DAY

An OLD WOMAN prepares to bake cookies. She sets the ingredients on the counter in front of her; sugar, butter, eggs. The ceramic flour jar perches precariously on the counter's edge.

As she reaches up to the cupboard above her to retrieve her measuring cups, her arm bumps the flour jar, sending it crashing to the ground. The jar shatters upon hitting the floor, causing the old woman to jump out of the way in an uncharacteristically quick motion.

OLD WOMAN

Oh dear!

After surveying the scene for a few seconds, she shuffles over to the closet, from which she retrieves a broom.

She returns to the scene of the spill and sweeps the flour into a dustpan.

After emptying the dustpan, she returns to the closet to put the broom away.

From another cupboard, she retrieves the bag of flour to replenish her stock. She looks around momentarily for a new container before spying a similar sized ceramic jar sitting atop the refrigerator.

INSERT - CERAMIC FLOUR POT

BACK TO SCENE

Sliding a small footstool next to the refrigerator, she steps up to get the new pot. Setting it carefully on the counter, she removes the lid. Struggling under the weight of the bag of flour, she refills the ceramic jar.

EXT. CROWDED CITY STREET -- DAY

Two men, CODA and RIOS, strut along among the other pedestrians. Both are dressed similarly in black pants, boots and long black overcoats. Both are smoking.

Coda spreads his arms out wide as he walks, causing the oncoming traffic to duck out of his way.

CODA

Can you feel it in the air, my friend?
This weather...it's beautiful.

Rios tosses away his cigarette.

RIOS

Beautiful? It's fucking freezing.

CODA

That's where you're wrong, Rios.
This is good weather. Money making
weather.

RIOS

Yeah? Well they're not calling for
a big storm any time this week.

CODA

Who? The TV weathermen? Fuck them.
The fact that they're not predicting
bad weather almost guarantees it's
going to snow. Besides, it's gonna
happen soon. I can feel it.

RIOS

You can feel it?

CODA

It's instinct, bro. Listen, I don't
need no fucking weatherman in some
cheap fucking suit to tell me when
its going to snow. All you need is
instinct. I mean, do you think the
Romans and Greeks had weather balloons
and barometric whatevers to tell
them when it was going to snow?
Hell no. They had instinct.

Rios stops walking and turns toward Coda.

RIOS

What the hell are you talking about,
Coda?

Coda stops as well and turns toward Rios.

CODA

My point is, nowadays they have all this fancy bullshit to predict the weather and they're only right about it, what, fifty percent of the time? I mean, half the time it's like they're just taking a fucking guess. And as for the Ancient Greeks and Romans, they didn't have any of this great modern technology and I'll bet they predicted the weather just as accurately as these assholes on TV today.

RIOS

Because of instinct?

CODA

(flailing his arms)

Because of whatever. All I'm trying to say is, it's going to happen soon...the big snowstorm.

(he taps himself in the chest)

I feel it.

Rios stares quietly at Coda, nodding his head in thought.

RIOS

I don't think it ever snows in Greece.

CODA

(pointing at Rios)

Fuck you.

RIOS

It doesn't snow much in Rome either come to think of it.

Coda shoots him an annoyed glance and they resume walking. Rios fumbles to light another cigarette.

CODA

So is everything all set for when it does go down?

RIOS

(nodding)

Just about. I'm going to rent the Uhaul later today. I'll wait until the day of to get the other car. Tanner and J.P. took care of the sleds. You got your own piece, right?

Without regard for the passersby, Coda opens his coat to reveal the handle of a .357 Magnum tucked in his belt.

RIOS (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Jesus Christ, Coda.

(takes a drag off his
cigarette)

We all set on the cabin?

CODA

Yeah, it's all set. I've been through the route several times now. Most of its through the woods. We'll only be on the main roads for a couple hundred yards. This place is sweet too -- secluded. No other houses around for miles. It's set right against this big hillside -- very private. No one will even know we're there.

Coda takes one last drag off his cigarette, then flicks the still-lit butt at an oncoming pedestrian. He ignores the angry glare and shouting he receives in return.

CODA (CONT'D)

We'll lay low at the cabin for a few days, then it's off to sunnier times.

RIOS

With more green than we can count!

Rios reaches out his fist and Coda smacks it with his own fist.

CODA

What about these other two guys?
They OK?

RIOS

Yeah, man. You met Tanner before.

CODA

I met him. I've never worked with him before. You have.

RIOS

He's fine.

CODA

I don't want any fuck-ups Rios.

RIOS

Don't worry about it. He can handle himself. He does a good job.

CODA

And the other guy? J.P.?

RIOS

He's cool too. Trust me, you have nothing to worry about.

Coda stops walking and grabs Rios by the shoulder, spinning him around to face him.

CODA

Wrong, Rios. I've got everything to worry about. This is big time. We're not talking about a run and grab at some liquor store. This is a fucking bank. And I'm not going back to jail. You understand me? Even if it means killing everyone that gets in my way. Including these two fuck-up friends of yours.

RIOS

Will you relax, Coda. These guys are professionals.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- DAY

TANNER is seated sideways with his back against the wall of the subway car and his feet stretched out across the seat next to him.

J.P. is one row in front of him, facing forward. Both are dressed similarly to Rios and Coda. J.P. is smoking a cigarette.

Tanner clears his throat, rears back his head and spits across the subway car. J.P. turns his head and watches the wad of saliva fly across the car.

J.P.

Nice one, dude!

J.P. turns to his left and puts his cigarette out on the "NO SMOKING" sign hanging on the wall.

TANNER

Hey man...you come up with a name yet?

J.P. peers back over his shoulder at Tanner.

J.P.

A name for what?

TANNER

Your name. You can't be no bad-ass bank robber with a name like J.P.

J.P.

What's wrong with my name?

TANNER

Nothings wrong with it. It's just...I don't know...you need something better. Alright, let me ask you this; would you be scared if you got robbed by a dude named J.P.?

J.P.

No...I guess not.

TANNER

Exactly. Which is why you need to come up with a cool name. Something that the cops are gonna remember for years. Something that's gonna, I don't know, scare little children and shit.

J.P. strokes his goatee, obviously in deep thought.

J.P.

A cool name...something like...Blackbeard.

TANNER

Blackbeard?

J.P.

(smiling)

Yeah. Blackbeard.

With his right hand, Tanner slaps J.P. in the back of the head.

TANNER

What's wrong with you? You're a bank robber, not a fucking pirate.

J.P.

What? You don't like Blackbeard?

TANNER

Not unless you plan on robbing the bank with a fucking parrot on your shoulder.

J.P.

OK, Mr. BigTimeFuckingBankRobber, what's your fucking name?

Tanner leans back against the wall of the subway car.

TANNER

I don't know. I haven't thought of one yet.

The subway car comes to a stop. Passengers shuffle in and out.

J.P. takes another cigarette out of his pack, then reaches back to offer one to Tanner. As the train begins to move, J.P. lights both cigarettes with a gold Zippo lighter. He takes a long drag off of his cigarette.

J.P.

This is a sweet plan, man.

Tanner leans forward again.

TANNER

Hell yeah, it is. It's golden! I mean, nobody robs banks in the suburbs. I never understood that. Every bank you hear about getting hit is either in the city or in some fucking slum neighborhood where that kind of shit happens every goddamned day. But this is different.

He takes a long drag off of his cigarette, then points in J.P.'s direction.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Let me ask you a question. What's the first thing you do when you go into a bank?

J.P.

Take out the cameras.

TANNER

(shaking his head)

No...not to rob it. Just to go in.

J.P.

Just to go in...I don't --

TANNER

You check shit out. First thing you do is look around to see where the security guard is, right? You wanna know where he's at in case shit goes down. Now the beauty about these banks in the 'burbs is, they don't got no security guard. Or if they do, it's some ninety year old prick who's probably sleeping, but sure as fuck ain't going to beat you to the draw. You see what I'm saying here? The security in these joints isn't as tight as the banks downtown.

(MORE)

TANNER (CONT'D)

You'd think people other than us would've figured this out. But no, these dumb sons-of-bitches you see on the six-o-clock news are trying to stick up fucking Fort Knox with two armed guards and the police station right across the street.

Tanner takes another hit off his cigarette. He notices a man sitting across from J.P. staring in their direction.

TANNER (CONT'D)

(pointing his cigarette at the man)

What the fuck are you looking at?

The man turns quickly to avoid further confrontation. Tanner stares in his direction for few seconds longer.

J.P.

Hey...did you tell anyone?

CLOSE ON TANNER

INT. BAR -- AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Tanner and his brother JAKE are seated in a dark bar. Both are smoking and have mugs of beer in front of them.

JAKE

Now what did you want to talk to me about?

TANNER

We're onto something big here, bro. Really big.

He glances over his shoulder to make sure no one is within earshot.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Snowmobiles.

JAKE

What the fuck are you talking about...snowmobiles?

TANNER

Lemme explain. See, first thing we do is we rent us a truck. One of those big fucking Uhaul trucks. Under a fake name, of course.

JAKE

Who's "we"?

TANNER

Me, J.P., Rios and this other cat that he knows. Anyway, we rent this truck. Then, we go out and we steal a couple of snowmobiles. Shouldn't be too hard. This time of year most people just leave them outside.

JAKE

Now, when you steal the snowmobiles, do you ride away on them?

TANNER

What the hell does it matter?

JAKE

I'm just trying to understand is all. You gonna ride away on them?

TANNER

How the hell else would we get them?

JAKE

Put 'em in the back of the truck.

TANNER

What truck?

JAKE

You just said you were gonna rent a fucking Uhaul.

TANNER

Right, but not yet. The Uhaul's for something else. I ain't got to that part yet.

JAKE

So how you gonna steal these snowmobiles?

TANNER

I don't know. We ain't thought of that yet, alright. Fuck. Got me so confused I don't even know what the fuck I'm talking about.

Tanner leans back in his seat and takes a long drink from his mug.

JAKE

You're stealing snowmobiles.

TANNER

Right.

Tanner leans forward, toward Jake and the table.

TANNER (CONT'D)

We steal two snowmobiles. Then we find a place to stash them for awhile until we're ready.

INT. A SMOKE-FILLED LIVING ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Two young STONERS are seated on opposite ends of a long couch.

STONER #1

Ready for what?

Tanner, who is seated in between the two men on the couch, now appears into view as he sits up and exhales, blowing out a huge cloud of white smoke.

TANNER

(grinning)

The big day!

The two stoners stare blankly at Tanner who waves his cigarette at them, indicating he will go on.

TANNER (CONT'D)

After we get the truck and the snowmobiles, we wait. We wait for a really big snowfall. Now, Rios' buddy already checked some book and it says there's supposed to be a shitload of snow this winter.

STONER #2

(blows out a big cloud of smoke)

What book?

TANNER

I don't know, man, some book.

STONER #1

Was it the Farmers' Almanac?

TANNER

Ah, yeah, that sounds right. Now, we --

STONER #2

Those things are never reliable, you know.

STONER #1

Bullshit, man. My sister planned her wedding because of the Farmers' Almanac. It said it was going to be nice and sunny that day, so that's when they had the wedding.

(MORE)

STONER #1 (CONT'D)

And it was really sunny out...no, wait. It rained. Maybe I'm thinking of my cousin.

STONER #2

See man! See!

TANNER

Hey! You two idiots want to shut the fuck up? OK. Now, we wait for a really big snowfall. Then we strike. We load up the two snowmobiles in the back of the Uhaul and drive to the bank.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- DAY

Tanner lowers his head. A nervous expression covers his face.

TANNER

Hell no. I didn't tell anyone. Why? Did you?

CLOSE ON J.P.

INT. BEDROOM OF AN APARTMENT -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

J.P. and a young woman with long, black hair are laying in bed. They appear to be unclothed, but the sheets are pulled up to their bare shoulders. J.P. has his hands locked behind his head while the girl rests her head on his chest.

YOUNG WOMAN

Which bank?

J.P.

I don't know. I mean, I think the one dude knows, but he hasn't told us. Then, three of us go into the bank...I'm talking guns, ski masks, the whole deal. The fourth guy, he waits in the truck and gets things ready for the getaway.

YOUNG WOMAN

The getaway?

J.P.

Yeah. Now here's the best part. We escape...on the snowmobiles.

YOUNG WOMAN

Why on the snowmobiles?

J.P.
Think about it.

He rolls onto his side to face her.

J.P. (CONT'D)
We strike during a terrible snowfall.
If the alarm gets tripped and the
cops come, we got the advantage. I
mean, the roads will be icy, covered
with snow...they'll never catch us.
Then we take a path through the woods
up to this old hunting cabin, lay
low for a few days. Even if the
roads aren't that icy, once we take
off through those woods, ain't nobody
gonna follow us. It's golden.
Fuckin' golden!

EXT. A BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A tall, thin man, CLIFF, stands with his shirt off and a
basketball in his hand.

CLIFF
Then what?

J.P.
What do you mean, then what?

J.P. signals for the ball, which Cliff passes to him.

CLIFF
I mean, then what? What next?

J.P. shoots the ball, then retrieves his shot and walks back
toward Cliff.

J.P.
(shrugging)
I don't know. We're gonna stay at
the cabin for a few days 'til things
cool down, then probably head to the
beach for a few weeks. Who fucking
cares what we do. We're gonna be
rich. Richer than we ever coulda
dreamed!

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- DAY

J.P. stares ahead for a few seconds, deep in thought.

J.P.
No way, man. My lips are sealed.

The subway car comes to a stop. Passengers hustle in and out of the open door. J.P. watches as a beautiful young woman steps into the car. She takes hold of the metal pole and stares directly at him.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- DAY (J.P.'S DREAM)

J.P. smiles at the girl. She looks shyly away before returning the smile. As the subway starts to move forward, the girl approaches.

She sets her purse down on the seat next to J.P. then slides onto his lap, straddling him.

She brushes his hair back with her fingers. He leans forward and begins to kiss her neck. She rears her head back as he does and arches her back, sliding her body even closer to his.

Suddenly, she bolts forward, pressing her lips hard against his. His hands reach around behind her, caressing her lower back and eventually working their way up her back to the dress' zipper.

He starts to slowly unzip the dress. As he does, she pulls her lips away from his.

GIRL

Where's your gun?

J.P.

(dumbfounded)

Wha...what?

BACK TO SCENE

TANNER

I said where's your gun?

J.P. snaps back to reality upon hearing Tanner's question. He continues to stare lustfully at the girl who, upon noticing, turns away in disgust.

J.P.

Umm...my gun.

TANNER

Yeah, asshole, your gun. We're robbing a bank. You plan on using your cock --

J.P.

No. I have a gun.

TANNER

With you?

J.P.

No way, man. It's hidden. Hidden nicely.

TANNER

Where'd you put it?

J.P.

In an old flour jar up on my grandma's refrigerator.

TANNER

What the hell did you put it there for?

J.P.

Well, I didn't want to keep it on me...didn't want to just leave it in my room. Figured that'd be the safest place. No one's gonna look for it there.

TANNER

(nodding in thought)

I guess you're right. Good thinking, man.

J.P.

(grinning)

Yeah, I have my moments.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Coda is perched on the top of a park bench, while Rios stands beside him. Although it is cold out, the park is bustling with activity.

Kids are playing and running about as their parents watch over them. Lovers stroll along hand in hand. Wannabe poets and artists sit deep in thought on the various benches or under trees.

CODA

They're late, Rios. Where the hell are they?

RIOS

(checking his watch)

I don't know. This isn't like them. They're normally very reliable.

Rios glances around the park then points with his cigarette off in the distance.

RIOS (CONT'D)

Here they come now.

J.P. and Tanner are walking along a concrete path toward Rios and Coda. Their long black coats flap behind them in the breeze.

As they walk, a small boy, no more than five or six, peddles frantically on a tricycle. He crosses the path in front of the two men. J.P. barely manages to avoid the boy. Tanner, however, tumbles over him and falls face first onto the ground.

The collision tosses the boy from the tricycle. He starts to cry. Tanner hurries to his feet, then turns and kicks the child's bike.

TANNER

Fucking asshole!

Tanner and J.P. continue on down the path as the child's mother hurries to his side. Tanner and J.P. finally approach Coda and Rios.

RIOS

That kid giving you trouble?

Tanner turns and points back toward the site of his recent collision.

TANNER

Did you fucking see that? Little prick did that on purpose.

CODA

Want me to shoot him for you?

TANNER

I'd like to shoot him my goddamn self.

He turns back toward the little kid who is now cradled in his mother's arms on one of the park benches.

TANNER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

You hear that, you little bastard!
You better watch your ass!

RIOS

(laughing)

Jesus Christ, Tanner, settle down.
It's just a little kid.

TANNER

Yeah, anyway.

Tanner looks over at Coda, as if he were just taking notice of him.

TANNER (CONT'D)

What's going on, Coda.

CODA

Just lovin' life, man.

RIOS

(pointing to J.P.)

This is J.P.

J.P.

(nodding toward Coda)

Hey. How ya doin'?

CODA

Golden, brother. Fucking golden.

TANNER

How we doing on the cabin?

CODA

The cabin's taken care of. Where are the sleds?

Tanner fumbles nervously in his pockets for a cigarette.

TANNER

Sleds? Oh, the snowmobiles. It's done. No problems.

RIOS

No problems? C'mon Tanner. I know you better than that.

TANNER

I'm serious, man! It went down smooth. Tell 'em J.P.

EXT. BACKYARD OF A HOUSE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A driveway winds around from the front of the house. Two cars are parked in it. A stairway in the back of the house leads up to a screened-in back porch. Under the porch sit several garbage cans, a gas grill, and a snowmobile.

To the right of the back yard, which is covered under a blanket of fresh snow, is a pile of firewood. The yard is bordered by think woods.

From behind the woodpile, a flashlight quickly blinks on and off two times. The signal is returned from the left side of the yard.

Following the signal, Tanner, dressed entirely in black, emerges from around the side of the house and runs to the snowmobile.

He begins to fumble with the ignition while J.P. watches from behind the woodpile. After a few moments, J.P. again switches the flashlight on and off.

Seeing the signal, Tanner rolls off of the snowmobile, ducking behind it for cover. The headlights of a car passing down the street in front of the house temporarily illuminate the back yard. After the car passes, Tanner resumes his task.

He fumbles for another minute with the ignition, then signals J.P. with three quick pulses of light from his flashlight.

J.P. dashes from behind the woodpile and joins Tanner at the snowmobile.

J.P.

(whispering)

You sure you know what you're doing?

TANNER

Yeah. It's all set. Hop on.

J.P. jumps into the seat behind Tanner who, after playing with the ignition for a few seconds longer, is able to get the snowmobile started.

He gives it some gas and the machine jolts forward. They speed ahead only a few feet. A chain, one end of which is attached to the snowmobile and the other to one of the posts which holds up the porch, snaps into place, stopping the snowmobile dead in its tracks.

The sudden stop causes J.P. and Tanner to tumble forward over the handlebars of the snowmobile.

J.P.

What the fuck happened?

Lights suddenly come on in the house. Tanner hurries to his feet and runs back to the snowmobile, finally spotting the chain.

TANNER

The fucking thing is chained up.

J.P.

You didn't think to check that before?

More lights come on inside the house, accompanied by shouting.

MAN (O.S.)

What the hell is going on out there?

TANNER

Jesus Christ, we gotta get out of here!

He reaches into his coat and removes a gun. He points the gun at the padlock and fires. The padlock shatters.

J.P.

What the hell are you doing?

Tanner jumps back onto the seat.

TANNER

C'mon godammit!

J.P. again slides onto the seat behind Tanner. The man appears on the porch holding a rifle. As Tanner and J.P. speed off into the woods, the man kicks open the door to the porch, runs down a few steps, and fires at them.

MAN

You sons of bitches! I'll kill you!

EXT. WOODS -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A snow-covered wooded area. Tanner and J.P. trudge through the snow. Both are dressed in winter clothing; heavy coats, tussle caps, gloves and boots. J.P. is carrying a gasoline can.

TANNER

You sure about this?

J.P.

Positive. I always hear people riding up in these hills. We used to come up here with my uncle when we'd visit at Christmas.

J.P., stops walking and tries to light a cigarette while wearing the bulky winter gloves. He fails and, after a few attempts, tosses away both the cigarette and the lighter.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Fuck it. Besides, after last night, there's no way in hell I'm stealing another one from someone's house.

TANNER

Can you believe that fucking guy tried to kill us?

J.P.

Yeah, I can believe it! We stole his snowmobile and nearly tore down his goddamn porch in the process. He probably thought you shot at him first. I did. Scared the hell out of me.

Tanner holds up his hand, silencing J.P.

TANNER

Listen.

In the distance, the roar of a snowmobile can be heard. J.P. and Tanner quickly shed their caps and instead don ski masks. Tanner fumbles clumsily with his as he tries to tuck all of his long hair up under the ski mask.

J.P.

What in the hell are you trying to do?

TANNER

I'm trying to hide my hair.

As the snowmobile approaches, J.P. waves. The driver of the snowmobile directs it toward them, stopping just several feet away. KYLIE, a young girl of about fifteen, and BILLY, a young boy of about twelve are seated on the snowmobile.

J.P.

Hi there!

KYLIE

Hi. You and Great Pumpkin here having some trouble?

She motions toward Tanner who finally managed to tuck all of his hair under the orange ski mask. As a result, the mask is bulging out, causing his head to look abnormally large and round. J.P. turns toward him. He and the two kids burst into laughter.

TANNER

Very funny.

J.P.

Hey, listen. Our snowmobile ran out of gas about a half-mile or so up the hill.

He holds up the canister of gas for the kids to see.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Any chance you could give us a lift?

KYLIE

Yeah, you guys seem harmless enough.
(to the boy)
Billy, you wanna hop off. I'll come back and pick you up in a minute.

The boy gets off the snowmobile to make room for Tanner and J.P., who both slide on behind the girl.

J.P.
Thanks a lot. We really appreciate
this.

KYLIE
No prob. Hang on.

She speeds off through the woods.

EXT. AN OPEN FIELD -- MOMENTS LATER

The snowmobile speeds along a snow covered field. J.P. leans
forward to speak to the girl.

J.P.
Anywhere around here is good.

KYLIE
But I don't see your snowmobile --

J.P. grabs the girl by the shoulders and shoves her hard to
the left.

J.P.
Yeah? Well here's where you get
off.

He pushes the girl off the snowmobile. She screams. As she
falls, she manages to grab J.P. by the jacket, pulling him
off with her.

Tanner lurches forward, seizing control of the snowmobile
and bringing it to a stop. The girl shuffles backward along
the ground, trying to put some distance between she and J.P.

KYLIE
Help! Somebody help me!

J.P. hurries to his feet and rushed toward her.

J.P.
Shut up, godammit. We're not going
to hurt you.

The girl scrambles to her feet as well.

KYLIE
Help! Help me!

J.P.
I said shut up!

J.P. swings at the girl, landing a punch squarely on her
chin. The girl doesn't go down, but instead shakes off the
punch and glares at him, her fear turning quickly to rage.

KYLIE

You son of a bitch!

The girl rushes toward J.P. and takes a swing at him, also connecting with his jaw. She follows up the punch with a quick kick that lands perfectly in his groin. J.P. moans and doubles over in pain.

Suddenly, Tanner rushes the girl, tackling her to the ground. They slide together across the snow and down a small embankment.

Both rush to their feet and face off. Tanner takes a boxer's stance with his gloved fists raised. The bulging orange ski mask is still firmly in place.

TANNER

C'mon bitch!

The girl moves toward him, swinging with a huge uppercut. Tanner dodges the blow then connects with a punch of his own to the girl's stomach. She doubles over and he sends another fist smashing into her jaw. The second hit sends the young girl toppling to the ground, unconscious.

Tanner dances around the girl, hollering in delight. He delivers a kick to her side.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Hell yeah! Who's the Great Pumpkin now!

J.P. manages to drag himself back onto the snowmobile. He yells to Tanner, his voice, now a few octaves higher, reflects the pain he is feeling.

J.P.

C'mon godammit!

Tanner trots up the hill to the snowmobile.

TANNER

I kicked her ass, man!

J.P.

Fuck you. Get on.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. PARK -- DAY

J.P. also begins to fumble in his pocket for a smoke.

J.P.

Yeah...it's like he said. Smooth as ice.

A young couple walks hand in hand past the four men, stopping in front of a nearby bench. Both appear to come from wealthy backgrounds.

The girl, MELANIE, is dressed in khaki pants, with a white blouse and long navy blue overcoat. The man, BRUCE, is also dressed in khakis, with a sweater and blue blazer.

The girl takes a seat on the bench while the man heads toward a vendor. Upon making eye contact with the group of men, the girl offers a polite smile.

TANNER

Getting cold out, ain't it. Shouldn't be much longer now.

J.P.

Matter of days, I'd guess.

RIOS

(motioning toward
Coda)

Yeah, that's what Socrates over here was just saying.

Ignoring Rios' joke, Coda stands and pushes past the others, making his way toward the girl.

CODA

Excuse me.

He strides confidently over to the girl and sits down next to her. The others watch, laughing among themselves as Coda slides his arm across the back of the bench behind her.

RIOS

There he goes. The guy is insatiable.

J.P.

I don't know. She doesn't really look his type.

The three men laugh aloud. Suddenly, the boyfriend can be seen returning from the vendor carrying two cups of coffee.

TANNER

Look out. Here comes Romeo.

On the park bench, Coda inches closer to the girl, who smiles playfully at his advances.

MELANIE

I can't just give you my number.

CODA

Why not?

MELANIE

Well, lots of reasons. For one, I have a boyfriend.

CODA

That's alright. I don't mind.

The boyfriend approaches the bench.

BRUCE

(clearing his throat)

Excuse me, friend. You're in my seat.

Coda responds without taking his eyes off of the girl.

CODA

Excuse me. I'm working here.

(to Melanie)

So whatd'ya say? Maybe tonight we could --

BRUCE

C'mon buddy, move along.

CODA

I said I'm busy. And I ain't your fucking buddy.

BRUCE

Listen man, I'm only going to tell you --

Before the man can say another word, Coda springs to his feet, grasps him by the throat and presses him up against a nearby tree. The man drops both cups of coffee and instinctively clutches at Coda's hand.

CODA

OK. I'm listening. What did you want to tell me?

The girl jumps up from the bench and begins to pound on Coda's back.

MELANIE

Let go of him you bastard!

Coda releases his grip on the man, who grabs his own throat, gasping for air. Melanie pushes Coda out of the way and rushes to her boyfriend's side. She throws her arms around him and the two scurry away.

CODA

(shouting after them)

Hey...how 'bout that number!

Coda turns back toward the other men who begin to applaud wildly, prompting Coda to take a huge bow.

J.P.
Impressive. Very impressive.

TANNER
So, did you score?

CODA
What can I say? She digs me.

All four men burst into laughter, then pause to light fresh cigarettes.

RIOS
So are we all set on the plan?
Everyone knows what to do?

Tanner and J.P. nod in agreement.

CODA
Great. Then if were all finished
here, I've got to go buy some drugs.

Coda turns and begins to walk away, then stops and turns back toward the group.

CODA (CONT'D)
Oh, and by the way...I've already
told Rios this...anyone fucks
up...I'll kill 'em.

He stares ahead silently, making eye contact with each of the other three men.

CODA (CONT'D)
God, it's beautiful out today.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK -- DAY

Rios drives while Tanner sits in the passenger seat. Rios wheels the truck into the parking lot of a Uhaul Rental Lot and kills the engine.

Tanner puts on a fake mustache and tucks his long hair up under a bright, yellow baseball cap. He then puts on a pair of sunglasses and opens the car door, preparing to exit.

RIOS
What in the hell are you doing?

TANNER
I'm going to get the truck. What
the fuck do you think I'm doing?

RIOS

Can you make it any more obvious that you're in disguise? You don't look too fucking suspicious or nothing.

TANNER

What? I don't want the guy to remember what I look like.

RIOS

Tanner, you want to know the kind of people that these guys remember? Motherfuckers who look like you. Anyone strange officer? Yeah this one clown, with sunglasses, a fake mustache and all of his hair pulled up under some fucking...what the hell is this...

(he takes the hat
from Tanner's head)

A neon yellow Claus Trucking hat.

TANNER

(irritated)

Well what do you want me to do?

RIOS

Just walk in. You have a fake ID for Christ's sake. You know how many people come into this guy's store all day that look like you do. I mean, I hate to hand it to you, but you ain't that fucking unique. You look like every other half-bit redneck fuck that grew up in these parts and never left.

Tanner stares out the window in silence for a moment, before ripping off the mustache and exiting the car.

TANNER

OK. I'm going in.

RIOS

Hurry up.

TANNER

Fuck you.

Tanner slams the car door.

FADE OUT:

SUPER: "FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Rios is holding Tanner's yellow hat, looking at it while he drives.

RIOS

Where did you get this ugly fucking hat anyway?

TANNER

Fuck you, man. I know he's gonna remember me. He just stared at me with these old little beady eyes. He knew I was up to something man, he just fucking knew.

Rios tosses the hat at him.

RIOS

Would you listen to yourself, you paranoid little bitch. You know what you sound like? You sound the same way you did we when used to take your father's car out joy-riding when we were fourteen.
(mockingly)
He's gonna catch us Rios, he's gonna catch us.

TANNER

He did catch us, motherfucker!

RIOS

You left the engine on all night when you got home, you stupid fuck. Your old man woke up to go to work the next morning and the goddamn car was still running. He had to figure something was up.

Tanner stares quietly out the window for a few seconds longer.

TANNER

I shoul'da worn the disguise.

Rios reaches over and picks up the hat one more time.

RIOS

Who do you know that works at Claus Trucking?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. A SNOW COVERED STREET -- MORNING

A mini-van is sitting at a red light. It's driver taps the steering wheel as the radio plays. Snow falls heavily.

DEEJAY (V.O.)

That was Steely Dan and "King of the World." You're listening to R102 Roxx. I'm your man, Wild Jack Adams. Hey, don't go outside! That's right, unless you're living in a cave and hadn't noticed, it is killer out there. Eight inches so far and at least another three to four expected. Driving is a nightmare. Plows are out but old man winter is throwing it down faster than they can clean it up. So do yourself a favor; grab a cold one, get warm and hang out with the wild man...

The mini-van pulls away, bringing into view a blue Ford Explorer. Suddenly, Rios, who had been ducking out of sight, pops up in the driver's seat of the SUV. He puts both hands on the steering wheel.

CLOSE ON RIOS

He stares ahead.

INT. A CHURCH -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Rios walks down the center aisle of the dimly-lit church. He crosses in front of the altar, pausing to bow before it as he does. He makes his way to the door of the confessional and enters.

INT. CONFESSIONAL -- CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Rios shuts the door to the confessional and kneels on the kneeler, making the sign of the cross as he does. From behind the screen, the muffled voice of the priest pierces the air.

PRIEST

In the name of the Father, the Son
and Holy Spirit.

RIOS

Amen.

Rios folds his hands in front of him and stares ahead.

RIOS (CONT'D)

Forgive me father. For I am about
to sin.

PRIEST

About to sin? Son, I Cannot absolve
you of something you haven't done.

Rios sighs deeply and pauses in thought before responding.

RIOS

Whatever I tell you is said in
confidence?

PRIEST

Of course.

RIOS

In that case...I've done plenty of
sinning in the past as well.

PRIEST

Go on.

The priest waits for Rios to continue, but for the next few
seconds, there is nothing but silence.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I can only assume that you came here
seeking forgiveness.

RIOS

I'm not sure that my sins can be
forgiven.

PRIEST

You may be surprised at the Lord's
tolerance.

RIOS

(chuckles)

Let's just say that there isn't one
of the ten commandments that I haven't
broken.

There is a moment of silence before the priest answers.

PRIEST

That's a serious claim, son.

RIOS

I know it is, Father. I wish it
weren't true.

PRIEST

And now you come here asking God to
absolve you of these past sins?

RIOS

I'm not sure what it is I seek.

PRIEST

Then what brings you here? You're not a regular at this church.

RIOS

No.

PRIEST

So why come in today? What compelled you to seek out the Lord's guidance.

RIOS

I'm not sure. I'm not sure of anything right now.

PRIEST

You're not giving me much to work with, son.

RIOS

We're planning something. In a few days.

PRIEST

Who is?

RIOS

That's not important. It's illegal, what we're planning.

PRIEST

And you want me to try and talk you out of it?

RIOS

(shaking his head)

I don't think I can be talked out of it. I've come too far. We've come too far. Like I told you, this won't be the first time I've...sinned. I just...I have a bad feeling about this. I don't want anyone to get hurt.

PRIEST

Son, if you're asking me to say a prayer or give a blessing so that whatever it is you're planning goes down without anyone getting killed, I'm afraid I cannot oblige.

Rios leans back and unfolds his hands, running them through his hair.

RIOS

No, I know. That's not it.

PRIEST

Look. Whatever you've done in your past, whatever sins you've committed, you're not too far gone. If you were, you wouldn't have set foot in this church. I think you still know good from evil; still know God's path from that of darkness. I don't need to tell you that what you've done in the past is wrong. Or that what you're about to do is wrong. You already know that. You may have come here seeking answers. But I think what you'll find is that the answers lie within you.

RIOS

(begins to sob)

How do I know, father? How do I make that choice?

PRIEST

It's not one that you have to make alone. Say a prayer, my son. Ask God to show you the light. And I'll pray too. I'll pray that you make the right choice.

He pauses.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Make the right choice, son.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. A SNOW COVERED STREET -- MORNING

Rios is still gripping the wheel of the Ford Explorer. He shakes his head, snapping out of the trance he had been in.

He reaches under the dashboard of the car and, after fumbling around for a few moments, starts the engine.

RIOS

Four wheel drive, baby. Fucking golden!

INT. KITCHEN OF A SMALL HOUSE -- MORNING

J.P. enters.

J.P.

Grandma? Hey Grandma, you home?

Upon hearing no reply, J.P. chuckles and grabs a cookie from the plate of freshly baked cookies sitting on the table.

J.P. walks toward the refrigerator. He glances up to the refrigerator's top, expecting to see the flour jar. Nothing is there.

J.P. (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

He steps up on the foot stool to get a better view. Still seeing nothing, he jumps down from the stool and begins to look frantically around the kitchen.

J.P. (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is it?

He continues to search, finally spotting the jar sitting on the counter among other different colored jars.

J.P. (CONT'D)
Oh thank Christ!

He grabs the jar and lifts the lid, only to find it filled to the rim with flour. He looks at the jar then quickly back up at the top of the refrigerator.

J.P. (CONT'D)
You gotta be kidding me.

He sticks his hand into the flour jar and begins feeling for his gun. Having no luck, he turns away from the counter and holds the jar out in front of him.

He continues to dig frantically in the flour jar. Suddenly, the gun goes off, shattering the ceramic pot and covering the kitchen and J.P. in a billowing cloud of white.

EXT. A SNOW COVERED STREET -- MORNING

Rios drives the stolen Explorer down a secluded, tree-lined road. He approaches a clearing off to the side and wheels the car into it.

Stepping out of the car, he buttons up his long coat and starts to walk down the road in the direction he had been driving. From behind, a Uhaul approaches and slows down when it reaches him. Rios opens the door and jumps in. Tanner is seated behind the wheel.

INT. UHAUL TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

TANNER
Is that it back there?

RIOS
That's it. Where's J.P.?

TANNER
We're picking him up now.

EXT. FIRST COUNTY BANK AND TRUST -- MORNING

A snow covered street in the commercial district of a suburban town. A post office, a restaurant and several small stores line the street, which is devoid of all cars. The Uhaul pulls into the parking lot alongside the bank. As it does, Coda emerges from a phone booth across the street and jogs to meet the Uhaul.

Tanner pulls the Uhaul head first into a parking spot. There are a few other cars in the lot as well. Rios and J.P. hop out of the truck's passenger side, while Tanner gets out of the driver's side.

Coda approaches. As he does, he notices that J.P.'s black shirt and pants are covered with the white remnants of the flour jar explosion.

CODA

What the fuck happened to you?

J.P.

Don't ask.

J.P. pulls on a pair of black gloves while Tanner walks around to the back of the Uhaul and opens the gate. Inside, facing the open door, are the two stolen snowmobiles. The bed of the Uhaul has been packed with snow.

Tanner slides a ramp out of the back of the truck and sets its edge against the ground. The others begin to check their supplies; guns, ski-masks, gloves.

CODA

Alright. We've been through this. From the police station to here is a five and a half minute drive. That's full speed, on clean roads with no traffic. I tried it myself a couple of weeks ago. We're in and out in three minutes. No more. Tanner, that enough time for you?

TANNER

Plenty.

(he motions to the snowmobiles)

They'll be fired up and ready.

CODA

When we come out, I'll drive one. Rios, you ride with me. J.P., you and Tanner follow. I have the entire route all figured out.

(MORE)

CODA (CONT'D)
 (he pulls the ski
 mask down over his
 face)
 Everyone set? Tanner?

TANNER
 You bet.

CODA
 J.P.?

J.P. nods in agreement.

CODA (CONT'D)
 Rios?

Rios smiles then pulls his mask over his mouth.

RIOS
 Golden. Let's rock and roll.

Coda slides the clip into his gun.

CODA
 No fuck-ups. Lets do this.

Coda, J.P. and Rios jog around the corner to the front of the bank, then begin to creep along toward the door.

Coda and J.P. each have pistols drawn, while Rios produces a shotgun from under his long, black coat.

INT. FIRST COUNTY BANK AND TRUST -- CONTINUOUS

The door to the bank swings open and the three men in black rush in. There are only a few customers and a few tellers, all of whom spin quickly upon hearing the door burst open.

Rios fires a shotgun blast into the ceiling of the bank.

CODA
 Nobody fucking move!

J.P.
 Get down on the floor, now!

Coda runs behind the counter, pointing his gun at the bank employees.

CODA
 Out from behind the counters! Let's go! Everyone! You make one wrong move and you fucking die. C'mon bitch, move your fat ass!

As Coda clears the employees out from behind the counters, Rios uses the butt of his gun to smash out the only two visible cameras. J.P. stands with his back to the door and keeps his gun pointed at the customers.

As the bank tellers hustle from behind the counter, Coda stops one woman.

CODA (CONT'D)

You. Open the safe.

TELLER #1

(crying hysterically)

I...I can't --

Before she can finish her sentence, Coda slams his gun into her chin, sending her toppling to the floor. He then turns his gun on a second woman who has just come from behind the counter.

CODA

You. Open the fucking safe. Next time I shoot.

As Coda handles the employees, Rios moves around the room shoving customers to the floor.

RIOS

Get on the fucking ground, now!

As Rios is occupied on one side of the room, an elderly woman slowly walks toward the door. J.P., who is holding the crowd at bay with his gun, suddenly notices the old woman. It is his grandmother.

J.P.

(under his breath)

Jesus Christ, grandma.

J.P. moves over to block the old woman's path toward the door. As he speaks to her, he alters his voice to avoid detection.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Hey! On the floor old woman!

She stops and stares at him, but doesn't speak.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Now! I mean it! D...don't make me shoot you!

The old woman takes a cautious step forward, her eyes still fixed on the man in the ski mask. J.P.'s hand is visibly shaking.

J.P. (CONT'D)
 Goddamn it old woman, get on the
 fucking floor!

The old woman opens her mouth, as if to say something. Suddenly, Rios arrives and strikes her on the back of the head with the butt of his gun, sending her toppling to the floor. J.P.'s eyes grow wide in disbelief. Rios approaches J.P.

RIOS
 (whispering angrily)
 Are you trying to get fucking caught?
 Get your head out of your ass and
 into the game godammit!

Coda, led by a bank employee, emerges from the safe with a sack of money. He shoves the employee to the counter. She smacks off of it and crumples to the ground.

CODA
 Yo! In the safe.

Rios rushes over to the safe to retrieve another bag of money. Coda moves to the center of the bank.

CODA (CONT'D)
 Now listen to me. Everyone. Nobody
 is to move until this fat fuck counts
 to five hundred.

He kicks a heavyset customer lying on the ground.

CODA (CONT'D)
 Understand? Count. Now.

FAT MAN
 (stammering)
 Uh..one, two, three...

CODA
 Are we clear? If I see anyone move
 a muscle between now and the time I
 get out of that door, I'll empty my
 fucking gun into your face. Your
 own goddamn family won't recognize
 you!

Rios rushes past him carrying another bag of cash.

RIOS
 Let's go.

FAT MAN
 Twenty one, twenty two...

Coda kicks him again.

CODA

Start over.

Coda and Rios rush across the room toward the door. Among the customers on the floor, Coda notices a priest, wearing the traditional black shirt and white collar.

CODA (CONT'D)

Hold up.

Coda hands his bag of money to Rios and approaches the priest. Reaching down, he grabs the man by his hair and yanks him to his feet.

CODA (CONT'D)

On your feet, Padre.

Coda points his gun at the priest, holding it just inches from his face. The priest backs up until his back is up against a counter.

CODA (CONT'D)

You. You have devoted your life to your God, haven't you?

Coda sticks the barrel of his gun in the priest's mouth.

CODA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Answer me, godammit!

PRIEST

(mumbling)

Y...yes.

CODA

You put God first, above anything else. Well let me ask you something...WHERE IS YOUR GOD NOW? WHERE IS HE?

Coda smiles, his tone turning to that of mockery.

CODA (CONT'D)

God's gonna save us. Jesus saves! WELL WHERE IS HE NOW! YOU'VE GOT A FUCKING GUN DOWN YOUR THROAT! WHERE IS GOD NOW!!!

PRIEST

Pl..please.

CODA

You want to pray? Huh? Want to pray for your life? YOU PRAY TO ME! I'M YOUR FUCKING GOD NOW.

Rios approaches and grabs Coda by the arm.

RIOS
Let's go...now!

Coda nods at him and slowly removes his gun from the priest's mouth and lowers it to his side.

Rios turns and dashes for the door. Coda turns to leave as well, then spins suddenly back and fires three shots into the priest's chest. The priest slumps to the ground. Dead.

CODA
God failed.

Rios again rushes up, grabbing Coda by the shirt and dragging him away.

RIOS
Godammit man, let's go!

J.P.
Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

All three rush outside.

EXT. FIRST COUNTY BANK AND TRUST -- CONTINUOUS

As the three men arrive outside, Rios shoves Coda, causing him to stumble forward.

RIOS
What the fuck is wrong with you,
man!

Coda laughs and grabs one of the bags of money from J.P.

CODA
Oh, relax Rios. We did it. We
fucking did it!

He runs around the side of the back toward the parking lot.

CODA (CONT'D)
Start 'em up, Tanner!

Rios and J.P. follow Coda to the parking lot. Tanner is standing in the back of the Uhaul. One snowmobile is in the back of the truck as well, pointed toward the ramp leading out. The other is already on the ground. Both are running.

TANNER
We cool?

CODA
Golden baby, let's go.

Tanner jumps onto the snowmobile in the truck while Coda slides onto the one on the ground. Rios jumps behind Coda, placing one of the bags of money between them.

As Coda pulls forward, Tanner drives the other sled down the ramp and onto the ground. J.P. jumps behind him, also securing the second bag of money.

The two snowmobiles tear out of the parking lot and into the street, now covered heavily with snow.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The two snowmobiles speed effortlessly along the snow covered road. Ahead, a pick-up truck, the only other vehicle on the road, inches slowly through the deep snow. The snowmobiles zip by it on either side, evoking a strange look from the pick-up's driver.

The snowmobiles continue along the main road, finally turning left into an elementary school parking lot. They hurry across the parking lot and into the yard behind the school. Flying across the white field, both sleds enter the woods behind the school and disappear from sight.

EXT. A SNOW COVERED STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Back near the bank, sirens are heard. Two police cars round the corner, turning right onto Main Street. Both squad cars slide noticeably as they make the turn.

One of the cruisers spins out of control and strikes a parked car on the other side of the street. The second car regains its control and continues to speed along, sliding back and forth across the street as it does.

EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

The snowmobile carrying Coda and Rios comes to a stop in a small clearing. As Coda and Rios climb off, Tanner and J.P. pull alongside and come to a stop.

RIOS

This route was perfect.

CODA

As long as you left the car where I told you, we're home free.

RIOS

Oh, it's there.

Grabbing the sacks of money, the four men abandon the snowmobiles and dash quickly through the woods. Within moments, they emerge from the woods onto a two lane road.

The Explorer which Rios stole earlier is parked just meters away. Upon seeing it, all four men laugh out loud.

TANNER

Hell yeah, baby!

They run toward the truck and jump in. Rios slides into the drivers seat. Within seconds, the engine is started and the truck sidles onto the road.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

A blue sedan pulls to a stop in front of the building. Two cops, DETECTIVE PETE FULLER and DETECTIVE CHRISTINE BARNES step out. The detectives make their way up a rickety flight of wooden steps and enter the apartment building.

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Barnes and Fuller make their way down the dimly lit hall, finally coming to a stop in front of a door marked 'D'.

FULLER

This is it. How do you want to go?

Barnes quickly retrieves her gun, checks the clip and returns it to its holster.

BARNES

Knock. My guess is he's not even here.

Fuller raps loudly on the door. After a brief pause, a voice comes from inside.

JAKE (O.S.)

Who the fuck is it?

Upon hearing the voice, both detectives draw their weapons.

FULLER

Oh this guy's a real charmer!

The door opens. Upon seeing who's there, Jake Tanner tries futilely to shut the door.

FULLER (CONT'D)

Freeze Tanner! Get your hands on your head!

The detectives bully their way into the apartment.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Barnes and Fuller push Jake into the center of his apartment.

JAKE

I didn't do nothin', man!

Jake puts his hands in the air. Fuller quickly cuffs him then spins him around to face Barnes.

BARNES

Hi Jake. Long time no see.

JAKE

Fuck you, Barnes. I'm clean. I didn't do a fucking thing.

BARNES

OK, Jakie, settle down. We just want to talk to you.

JAKE

Fuck you!

BARNES

I'm actually surprised to see you here. Figured you'd have been in on that bank job with your brother this morning. Looks like your work, Jake.

JAKE

Fuck you.

BARNES

I mean, I know you didn't engineer the whole thing, being as you're too goddamn stupid. Hell, Tanner, wiping your own ass is too difficult a caper for you to mastermind.

JAKE

Maybe you didn't hear me, Barnes. Fuck...you!

Barnes begins to pace around Jake's dirty apartment.

BARNES

So I'm wondering why you're here and not shackled up with your little brother and his girlfriends somewhere, huh?

Barnes comes to a stop in front of Jake, who smiles and opens his mouth to respond. Before he can, Barnes grabs him by the collar with both hands and pulls the ex-con just inches from her face.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Watch it asshole. Just watch it.

(MORE)

BARNES (CONT'D)

Now we know your brother did that bank job today. You may or may not have been involved, but you know something. And you're gonna tell me. You're gonna tell me who. You're gonna tell me where. And you're gonna tell me right fucking now. And you're gonna want to think twice before you give me some smart-assed answer. A fucking priest died today at the hands of your brother and his twisted fuck friends. God wants answers. And he sent me here to get them. And you're gonna give them. Otherwise, I'm gonna rip out your fucking heart. 'Cause if I don't have answers, God's gonna want to see something. And I can't go back empty-handed.

Barnes pauses, staring hard into Jake's eyes.

BARNES (CONT'D)

So. Where can I find them?

Jake smiles and sniffs.

JAKE

That pussy I smell on your breath, detective? I mean I thought all along that you were a rug muncher but...

Before he can finish, Barnes releases her grip on his collar then sends a backhand across his chin that sends him stumbling backward. Fuller shoves him and Jake's momentum carries him to the floor.

BARNES

Bad fucking answer Jake.

Fuller moves around Barnes and hands her a small plastic bag.

FULLER

Hey Christine. Look what we got here.

Barnes looks at the bag for a moment, then smiles. She leans down to Jake.

BARNES

Well lookie-here Jakie. Heroin. And if I ain't mistaken, and I'm pretty sure I ain't, this don't look too fucking good for you.

Jake turns his head away from Barnes and the bag of heroin.

JAKE

Fuck.

BARNES

Now, you stupid fuck-up small time piece of shit, it seems I have an opening in my schedule this afternoon. So I can either spend it visiting with Harry Welsh, who I believe you know better as your parole officer, or I can enjoy a friendly chat with your brother and his girlfriends. I'll let you pick.

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Fuller and Barnes' blue sedan pulls to a stop. The detectives get out and make their way up the steps and onto the small wooden porch.

They knock on the door which is eventually opened by J.P.'s grandmother. A fresh bandage is wrapped around her head.

GRANDMA

Yes?

FULLER

Mrs. Sharpe? I'm Detective Fuller. This is Detective Barnes.

BARNES

(nodding)

Ma'am.

FULLER

We'd like to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind.

Grandma rubs the bandage on her head.

GRANDMA

Well if it's about the bump I took this morning, I already told everything I can remember. Why, did you catch them sons-of-bitches already?

BARNES

No, ma'am, not yet. Actually, we need to ask you a few questions about your grandson.

Barnes motions toward the interior of the house.

BARNES (CONT'D)

May we?

GRANDMA

Why yes, of course. Where are my manners.

She opens the door wider for the detectives to enter.

INT. A SMALL HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Barnes and Fuller enter.

GRANDMA

It's not bad enough that I'm getting old, then some bastard takes a whack at me across the head. I'll be lucky if I can remember my own name soon.

She closes the door behind them, then shuffles toward the kitchen.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Could I fix you some coffee or tea?

FULLER

No thank you, ma'am.

GRANDMA

There's a fresh plate of cookies.

BARNES

We're fine, thank you.

GRANDMA

Alright then. What did you want to ask me about?

BARNES

Have you seen your grandson J.P. today ma'am?

GRANDMA

No. Not today. He was gone early this morning. I went to his room to see if he wanted me to cook breakfast for him, but he had already left.

FULLER

Any idea where he may have gone?

GRANDMA

Yes. He told me he was going up to Smithton. He said he had a friend who had a cabin up there. I didn't care to know any more than that.

(MORE)

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Those boys...what they do when they get together...it's no business of this old woman. Probably have girls up there too.

BARNES

These friends of his, you wouldn't happen to know their names, would you?

GRANDMA

Well, I imagine that Steven Tanner is with him. They're always together. If you ask me, that boy is nothing but trouble.

A look of concern suddenly comes over Grandma's face.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

My J.P. isn't in any kind of trouble is he?

FULLER

Well ma'am, we have reason to believe that...

BARNES

(interrupting)

We have reason to believe that he can provide us with some information we need. That's all.

GRANDMA

Well I'm sure he would help you if he were here.

BARNES

I think we've taken up enough of your time.

Fuller points at his head.

FULLER

You take care of that bump now.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- AFTERNOON

J.P. and Tanner are seated at a table. Both are drinking a bottle of beer. On the table in front of them are small piles of money.

Coda is standing across the room with his back to J.P. and Tanner, trying to warm himself in front of the dying fire.

CODA

Fuck, where the hell is Rios with
the firewood?

EXT. HUNTING CABIN -- AFTERNOON

Rios walks along the side of the hunting cabin to a large woodpile near the back. He picks a few logs off of the top. One of the logs drops to the ground. Rios watches it fall.

CLOSE ON RIOS

Rios stares down at the log now half-buried in the snow.

INT. A CHURCH -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Rios is kneeling in a pew in the back of a church. His hands are folded in front of him and his eyes are closed in silent prayer. After a few seconds, he makes the sign of the cross and stands up.

Rios exits the pew and crosses toward the altar. As he passes by the confessional, the door opens and the priest, FATHER BLAINE, steps out. It is the same priest that Coda will murder in the bank on the day of the heist. He and Rios cross paths.

FATHER BLAINE

I'm glad to see you're heeding my
advice, son.

RIOS

I've prayed for guidance, father. I
hope it comes quickly.

Father Blaine places his hand on Rios' shoulder.

FATHER BLAINE

I hope to hear from you again, son.
I hope to see you walk through the
doors of my church again someday.
Promise me you'll try.

RIOS

I will. I promise.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Rios is still staring at the log in the snow. He hears a noise off-screen that snaps him out of his trance.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- AFTERNOON

J.P. takes a long swig of beer and picks up one of the stacks of money from the table in front of him.

J.P.

Would you look at all of this. I never woulda thought we'd get so much!

Tanner cracks open another beer.

TANNER

Six hundred fifty thousand, my friend!

J.P.

That's gonna make for one hell of a good time at the beach.

He turns toward the fire.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Hey Coda, what beach are we going to?

CODA

I know where I'm going. But it sure as hell ain't going to be the same place as you two idiots. That's for goddamn sure.

J.P. reaches out and high-fives Tanner.

J.P.

Fuck you then. Me and Tanner here will have a great time without you. With our three hundred twenty five thousand dollars!

TANNER

That's three hundred fifty K, you moron. And it ain't like we're going to blow it all at the beach.

J.P.

Hell no! I'm gonna use some of it to buy some good goddamn drugs.

He laughs and takes a long drink from his bottle.

TANNER

Not me. You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna buy me a new truck. Something bad. Something that people are gonna see and say 'looks like Tanner's here'.

J.P. reaches out and high-fives him again.

J.P.

Cool, man. Me too. Maybe we could get matching trucks.

Coda turns away from the fire and walks across the room toward them.

CODA

You're not buying a new truck. Either of you. In fact, you're not buying a goddamn thing 'less I say so.

He sets his empty bottle on the table and walks to the window to peer out.

J.P.

Fuck that, man. I'm buying a truck. Maybe get something nice for my grandma too. I can't believe Rios went and cracked her in the fucking head like that.

Coda continues to look out the window.

CODA

Nobody is buying a goddamn thing. Do you understand me?

TANNER

What the fuck is your problem man? You need to loosen up, for Christ's sake.

Coda spins suddenly away from the window.

CODA

What kind of car do you have now, you dumb motherfucker? You drive some piece of shit that you've had for ten years. Now all of a sudden the bank gets robbed, and dumb ass Tanner and his fuck-up friend J.P., neither of which have ever had a job, suddenly start driving around town in brand new goddamn trucks. Matching trucks, no less. Brilliant fucking idea. See if you can draw any more attention to yourselves. Hell, why not put a picture of yourselves in the paper holding one of the bags of money. Fucking idiots.

He starts to turn back toward the window, then pauses to add one more comment.

CODA (CONT'D)

No one's buying anything. No one.

Tanner runs his fingers across one of the stacks of money in front of him.

TANNER

Fuck that. You do what you want
with your share. Me, I'm getting a
new truck.

As Tanner finishes speaking, Coda again spins angrily toward him, drawing his gun as he turns. As if he expected it, Tanner too springs to his feet with his gun drawn. J.P. jumps up as well, finding himself directly in the middle of the two men with guns.

CODA

Do what I want, huh? I'll tell you
what I want to do. I want to shoot
you two dumb fucks right here and
take the whole goddamn score.

J.P.

C'mon you two, quick fucking around.
Put the fucking guns down.

CODA

C'mon Tanner. What are you gonna
do? You gonna shoot me?

In the distance, a gunshot is heard. The sound of voices in the distance follows.

Suddenly, the door to the cabin bursts open and Rios comes tumbling in, slamming the door shut behind him.

RIOS

Jesus Christ! The cops! They're
fucking here.

J.P. and Tanner rush toward him. Coda, his gun still drawn, turns quickly back toward the window.

TANNER

Rios, what...are you sure?

RIOS

Yeah I'm goddamn sure. They just
took a shot at me.

J.P.

They shot at you?

RIOS

They told me to freeze, I ran...they
fired.

TANNER

Jesus Christ, what are we going to
do?

CODA

Shut the fuck up. All of you. Get
your guns out and grab a post.

Rios and Tanner shuffle along the floor, each taking a post
on either side of one of the cabin's front windows. J.P.
dashes over to join Coda at the other.

TANNER

Rios what are we going to do?

RIOS

We need a plan, Coda. We gotta get
the fuck out of here. What do you
think?

CODA

I CAN'T THINK...with you fucking
talking.

From outside, a megaphone sounds.

BARNES (O.S.)

OK boys, we have the place surrounded.
Put down your weapons and come out.
Do it slowly and with your hands on
your head. Don't give us another
reason to kill you.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Barnes is crouched behind her blue sedan. Fuller is next to
her, also with his weapon drawn. Behind them, two other
police cars sit idling. Cops crouch behind them, also at
the ready. Barnes pulls the megaphone away from her lips.

BARNES

God knows I already have enough of
'em.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Coda glances quickly out of his window then looks across the
room at Tanner and Rios.

CODA

Tanner, how many cars can you see?

Tanner spins quickly toward the window, stealing several
quick glances outside before ducking again for cover.

TANNER

Three. Two cruisers and one unmarked.

CODA

How many pigs?

Tanner again takes several quick glances before answering.

TANNER
Six...six, I think.

Coda nods his head toward Rios and motions across the room with his gun.

CODA
Check the back. See what you can see.

Staying in a low crouch, Rios dashes across the room to the windows in the back. He looks out one of the windows, then moves quickly to look out the other.

RIOS
Nothing. There's nothing back here.

Rios hurries back to his spot with Tanner below the front window.

CODA
(quietly)
I thought so. They're bluffing.
(louder)
There ain't enough of them to have this place surrounded yet. We still have time.

J.P.
Time for what?

Reaching up, Coda uses the butt of his gun to break the window.

CODA
I got a plan.

Coda cranes his neck to reach the opening in the window he just created in order to yell outside.

CODA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Listen. We have a hostage in here.
Back off now or we kill him!

EXT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Barnes lowers the megaphone and ducks behind the car to confer with Fuller.

BARNES
They're bluffing.

FULLER
We don't know that Christine.

BARNES

Damn. Did we find out who owns this place yet?

FULLER

Not yet. What do you want to do?

Barnes turns back to look at the cabin. She shakes her head.

BARNES

Damn it. Hang back.

She motions to the other cops to stay in their posts.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Coda ducks back for cover after yelling to the cops.

J.P.

What the hell are you doing?

CODA

Buying us some time. I've been in a standoff with cops before. I know how this works.

J.P.

That's comforting.

CODA

If there's only six of them, that probably means there's reinforcements on the way. They won't do anything until they get here.

RIOS

You sure about that?

CODA

Positive. And if they think we have a hostage in here, they'll think twice before they do anything. We may still have the advantage.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- LATER

All four men still sit with their backs to the wall and their guns drawn.

J.P.

It's freezing in here. The goddamn fire is out.

RIOS

The police spotted me before I could get the wood and...

Rios shifts to a crouching position.

RIOS (CONT'D)

Coda. Have you been in the basement?

CODA

No. Why?

Rios scurries across the room in a low crouch.

CODA (CONT'D)

Where you going?

RIOS

Just hang tight. I have an idea.

Rios opens a door on the far side of the room.

RIOS (CONT'D)

Get the cash back in the bags.

Rios enters through the door, closing it behind him. Coda nudges J.P., signaling him to start putting away the money.

CODA

Go!

J.P. hurries to his feet and begins stuffing the money back into the bags while Coda continues to watch the window.

Tanner sits motionless below the other window, with his back against the wall.

J.P.

Jesus Christ, man. What the fuck are we going to do?

Tanner is sitting in a trancelike state, staring off into space.

TANNER

Cottleston pie.

J.P.

I mean...we gotta get the hell out of here, right?

TANNER

Cottleston pie.

J.P.

What the hell did Rios go into the basement for?

TANNER

Cottleston pie.

J.P. stops putting the money away and turns to Tanner.

J.P.
What the hell do you keep saying?

Tanner, who had been staring straight ahead, now turns to look at J.P. An innocent smile crosses his lips.

TANNER
Do you remember when we were little?
Do you remember Winnie the Pooh?

J.P. nods slowly.

J.P.
The bear, right?

TANNER
(nodding)
Yeah. Well, you see, whenever Winnie the Pooh didn't know the answer to a question, or if someone asked a question that just couldn't be answered, he would say 'cottleston pie'. It just means, well, II don't know'.

His smile grows bigger.

TANNER (CONT'D)
You know?

J.P. now returns Tanner's smile.

J.P.
Yeah. I think I know what you mean.

CODA
I'm gonna blow your fucking brains out if you say one more goddamn word.

J.P. and Tanner both turn suddenly toward Coda who has his pistol trained on Tanner.

Suddenly, the door the basement bursts open and Rios reappears.

RIOS
Coda, come here.

Coda stares at Tanner for a few seconds before lowering his gun and joining Rios by the basement door.

CODA
You better hope the cops kill you before I do.

Coda and Rios whisper near the door for a few seconds. Then Coda opens the door and disappears downstairs.

Rios joins J.P. at the table and helps him finish putting the money back into the bank bags.

Tanner buries his face in his hands and begins to sob.

TANNER
(quietly)
This is all my fault.

J.P.
Rios, how the fuck did they find us?

RIOS
I have no idea.

J.P.
I mean, we covered our tracks, right?
We were careful.

TANNER
It's me. It's all my fault.

RIOS
Tanner what the hell are you babbling
about?

TANNER
It's my fault. I'm the reason they
found us. OK? ME!

Rios continues to stuff money back into the bags.

RIOS
Your being paranoid man. It's
nobody's fault.

Tanner looks up. Tears stream down his face.

TANNER
NO! It's my fault!

Rios and J.P. stop what they're doing and turn toward him.

J.P.
Tanner, man, what the hell are you
talking about?

TANNER
You remember when we went to get the
truck...the Uhaul?

RIOS
Yeah.

Tanner drops his head, lowering his eyes to the ground.

TANNER
I used my real ID.

RIOS
(shouting)
You did what?!?

J.P.
What the fuck for?

TANNER
(crying)
I didn't do it on purpose, goddammit.
It was an accident. I handed the
dude my real license instead of the
fake.

RIOS
Jesus Christ, Tanner.

J.P.
Why the hell did you even have your
real one with you?

TANNER
I don't know. I looked down as I
handed it to him and saw that it was
my real ID, but by then it was too
late. I mean, what the hell was I
going to do? Grab it back from him.
'I'm sorry, dude, that's not my ID'.
'Really, well what the fuck is it
then? It looks like an ID to me.'
FUCK!

RIOS
Christ...this is bad.

TANNER
(wiping his eyes)
Hey, guys...promise me something,
alright. Just don't tell Coda.

Just as Tanner speaks the words, Coda emerges from the
basement.

CODA
Don't tell Coda what?

EXT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The police, crouched behind the cars, continue to keep watch.

FULLER

They ain't budging Christine. What's the next move?

A third cop, JOHN MONTGOMERY, joins Fuller and Barnes behind their sedan.

BARNES

Where the hell's our back-up Montgomery?

MONTGOMERY

They're on their way, detective. With the roads as bad as they are, I imaging it's going to take them awhile. We ain't too heavy in officers up these parts.

BARNES

Shit. We moved in too fast.

FULLER

We had no choice. We had to get up here a-sap to make sure these bastards stayed put. When that one kid made us, we had to go. Had no choice.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Coda is crouched in front of the front door, between the two windows. Rios, Tanner and J.P. crouch beside him.

CODA

OK, here's the plan. The cops don't have the house surrounded. There ain't enough of them out there yet. The storm cellar door in the basement opens out the back. Rios found a wood pile when he was outside. It'll provide cover for us to make it almost to the garage unseen. Once we get to the truck, we make a run for it.

The others listen to the plan intently. J.P. nods thoughtfully, Tanner closes his eyes. Rios turns and peers out the window.

CODA (CONT'D)

We go two at a time. Rios, you and J.P. go first. Take the money. Tanner and I will stay here and create a distraction. Go. Be careful.

Rios and J.P. each grab a bag of money and head for the basement door, disappearing down the steps.

TANNER

How are we going to create a distraction?

CODA

Leave that to me. Give me your gun.

Tanner hesitates for a moment, then hands his weapon to Coda. Coda returns to the window that he broke earlier and again shouts outside.

CODA (CONT'D)

Hey! Officers! We're coming out.
We give up.

He casts a quick sideways glance at Tanner and smiles.

CODA (CONT'D)

Just one thing first.

Jumping in front of the window, Coda points both guns outside and begins to fire rapidly, only stopping when both clips are emptied.

Having spent all of his ammunition, Coda slumps against the wall, laughing.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The police dive behind their cars as a hailstorm of bullets sails above their heads.

MONTGOMERY

Jesus Christ. These guys are nuts!

INT. BASEMENT OF THE HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Rios and J.P. are about to swing open the door to the storm cellar when they hear the explosion of gunfire from upstairs.

RIOS

That must be our distraction. Let's go.

He pushes the door open and climbs out. J.P. follows close behind.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Tanner watches in disbelief as Coda starts to make his way across the room.

TANNER

Holy shit! Did you hit any of 'em?

CODA

Nah. But that should stir them up.

Tanner scrambles to his feet as well and joins Coda near the basement door.

TANNER

Hey Coda...thanks for not getting mad at me. I'm really sorry.

Coda turns toward him and gives him a big smile.

CODA

Hey, we all make mistakes.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Barnes reaches into the back seat of her car and grabs a bullet-proof vest and a canister of tear gas.

BARNES

Montgomery, get your men ready. We're going in.

Montgomery shuffles back to prepare the other officers.

FULLER

You sure about this, Christine?

Barnes pauses and takes one more look at the cabin.

BARNES

These bastards killed a priest. They knocked out an old woman, beat up a little girl, left her for dead. I want 'em.

She hands Fuller the tear gas canister.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Lets do this.

Barnes puts on the bullet-proof vest while Fuller takes the tear gas canister and creeps closer to the cabin. He pauses, turns back toward Barnes and waits for a signal. Barnes gives him a 'thumbs-up' and Fuller shoots a canister of tear gas through one of the cabin's windows.

Montgomery, with the three other officers in tow, arrive at the blue sedan. All have their weapons drawn.

BARNES (CONT'D)

OK. Let's move.

EXT. BEHIND THE HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Rios and J.P. crawl along the ground toward the woodpile which stretches out from behind the house. The garage is approximately twenty feet beyond the woodpile.

They continue to crawl until they reach the end of the woodpile. They pause and prepare to make the final part of their journey which will leave them exposed. Suddenly, Coda arrives from behind.

RIOS
(whispering)
What was all that shooting? Are you OK?

CODA
Fine. That was your distraction.

In the distance, the sound of breaking glass can be heard.

BARNES (O.S.)
Let's go! Let's go! Move in!

CODA
Now's our chance. Let's go.

J.P.
Wait. Where's Tanner?

Coda picks up one of the bags of money from the ground and starts to make a run for the garage.

CODA
He said to go on without him.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The air is filled with smoke, the remnants of the tear gas canister fired in by the police.

The front door bursts open under the weight of the foot of one of Montgomery's officers. The six cops enter, their guns drawn.

BARNES
On the floor, now!

FULLER
Drop your weapons!

Through the tear gas vapors, the police can see one person seated at the kitchen table. The cops all train their weapons on the lone figure.

FULLER (CONT'D)
On the ground, son!

COP #1
Get on the fucking floor!

The figure at the table does not move or respond to the cries of the police.

Finally, after a few seconds, a shot rings out. The figure at the table topples over backwards.

The police fan out around the room, soon coming to realize that the cabin is empty.

Two of the police find the doorway to the basement and disappear down the stairs.

FULLER

Where the hell are they?

Barnes tucks her revolver back into its holster and stands over the body of the man they just shot. It is Tanner. His throat had been cut.

BARNES

Looks like someone got to him before we did.

Suddenly, a huge crash can be heard from outside. The police jump upon hearing it.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The Ford Explorer bursts through the garage door. J.P. is behind the wheel. Coda hangs out the rear window. As they pass the two police cruisers and the blue sedan, he fires several shots at the tires, connecting on a few and disabling the vehicles.

INT. HUNTING CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The police rush toward the windows of the cabin, just in time to see the Explorer speed out toward the main road.

BARNES

Jesus! How the hell did they get out of here.

The two cops emerge from the basement.

COP #2

Sarge, they went out the back. Through the basement.

BARNES

Jesus Christ. Montgomery, get on the radio. LETS GO!

The police rush back outside through the front door.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- MOMENTS LATER

Tears continue to roll out of J.P.'s eyes as he wheels the Explorer down the snow-covered road.

In the backseat Coda and Rios kneel, facing backwards, to ensure that they are not followed.

J.P.
(crying softly)
He killed him. He killed Tanner.

Coda shouts over his shoulder at the driver.

CODA
Hey! Shut up and drive or you'll be next.

RIOS
Coda, where the hell are we going to go?

CODA
Just head toward the city. I know a place we can hide out for a few days. Then we'll head for Canada.

The red and blue lights of several police cars illuminate the road ahead.

J.P.
Guys...GUYS! We got company.

EXT. SMITHTON COUNTY ROUTE 12 -- CONTINUOUS

The back-up finally arrives. Two police cars slide sideways to a stop in an attempt to block the road. The cops jump out of the vehicles and crouch behind the door with their weapons drawn.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- CONTINUOUS

Coda spins around to glance out the windshield at the police blocking their path.

CODA
Don't stop. Do you hear me? Keep driving. Rios, get ready.

Rios leans out one of the back windows, while Coda takes the other.

EXT. SMITHTON COUNTY ROUTE 12 -- CONTINUOUS

The Explorer cruises toward the makeshift blockade, showing no signs of slowing down. Coda and Rios fire at the police as the vehicle nears. The police return fire.

J.P. waits until he is almost on top of the police cars to swerve. The Explorer careens onto the shoulder of the road, narrowly missing one of the police cruisers.

As the Explorer passes, bullets fired by the police pierce its side. One of Coda's shots strikes an officer on the shoulder, causing him to stumble backwards and tumble to the ground.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- CONTINUOUS

Having made it past the roadblock, Coda lets out a cry of victory.

CODA
Nice driving, J.P.

J.P. even manages a nervous smile.

Coda turns toward Rios. He notices the back seat is covered in blood.

RIOS
Jesus Christ, I'm hit.

Rios reaches around, his hand grasping the back of his leg.

CODA
Where? Rios, where are you hit?

RIOS
In the ass. Jesus, it hurts.

J.P. casts several nervous glances into the back seat.

J.P.
Coda, what should we do?

CODA
Just keep going! He'll be fine.

RIOS
It hurts, Coda. It hurts so fucking bad.

CODA
Just try not to think about it.

RIOS
That's fucking easy for you to say, your ass doesn't have hot lead in it.

Coda peels off his jacket and hands it to Rios.

CODA
Use this. Put some pressure on it.

Rios takes the jacket, balls it up and holds it against his wound.

Coda glances back to see if they're being followed. Then he rolls up the back window and shifts to a seating position.

CODA (CONT'D)

Guess this would be a bad time for a 'pain in the ass' comment.

RIOS

Fuck you, man.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- LATER

Coda turns around to glance out the rear window. Rios is still facing sideways, kneeling on the seat with his head pressed up against the window.

J.P.

See anything?

CODA

Nothing.

He turns back around to face front.

CODA (CONT'D)

Nothing.

RIOS

Coda, you got to get me to a hospital.

CODA

We can't take you to a hospital Rios, you know that.

RIOS

(shouting)

I'm going to fucking bleed to death.

CODA

No you're not. No one has ever died from being shot in the ass. Ever.

RIOS

You don't know that, man. J.P., please, you gotta stop.

J.P. glances nervously in the rear view mirror.

J.P.

Coda, man, maybe we should --

CODA

Maybe we should do nothing! You just keep driving.

He turns to Rios.

CODA (CONT'D)

And you; you need to get a hold of yourself. You're not going to be able to sit down properly for a few weeks, but none of us are worrying about what to wear to your funeral.

RIOS

There's so much blood.

CODA

Yeah there's a lot of blood. And yeah, it hurts. But think about what you're saying. If you go to a hospital, you're going to jail.

RIOS

I don't care about that.

CODA

(screaming)

Well I do, motherfucker!! Now you better goddamn well get yourself together, or that bullet in the ass wont be the only one you have to worry about.

Coda turns away from him and glances out his own side window. After a few seconds, he turns around to again glance out the back.

Rios places his head against the side window as his hand holds the crimson-soaked jacket against his wound. Tears begin to roll down his cheeks.

RIOS

J.P. please...I'm begging you.

Coda leans forward, whispering to J.P.

CODA

Slow down.

J.P.

Wh..what?

CODA

Just do it.

J.P.'s foot presses on the brake, slowing the vehicle down considerably.

Coda reaches over and in one quick motion opens Rios' door and grabs him by the back of the neck. As Rios was already leaning that way, he dangles precariously out the door of the moving car.

RIOS

What..what are you doing?

CODA

I expected more from you, friend.

He shoves Rios forward. Rios tumbles out of the Explorer. Coda slides over and pulls the door closed.

Instinctively, J.P. hits the brakes, slowing the vehicle ever further. Coda pulls out his gun and places it against J.P.'s head.

CODA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

You keep driving!

J.P. does as instructed, bringing the Explorer back up to speed.

CODA (CONT'D)

Amateurs. I'm working with fucking amateurs. I knew I shouldn't have trusted him to put together a team.

Coda lowers his weapon and slumps back against the blood-stained seat. Just when he seems to have calmed down, he releases one more outburst at J.P.

CODA (CONT'D)

You just keep fucking driving!

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- LATER

Coda is slumped in the back seat. J.P. continues to drive, glancing nervously in the rear view mirror every few seconds.

J.P.

Um...Coda.

Coda doesn't reply.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Coda?

CODA

(angrily)

What?

J.P.

We've got a problem.

Instinctively, Coda springs to his knees and peers out the back window.

CODA

Where? What is it?

J.P.
No...not there. We're almost out of
gas.

Coda peers over his shoulder at J.P.

CODA
Say again.

J.P. points at the gas gauge on the truck's dashboard.

J.P.
We're almost out of gas.

Coda spins and leans over the front seat.

CODA
You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

J.P.
What do you want me to do.

Coda stares out the windshield, searching for a plan.

J.P. (CONT'D)
Coda?

CODA
Damn it. Get off at the next exit.

J.P.
Are you sure?

CODA
I don't see any fucking alternative,
do you?

J.P. steers the Explorer down the exit ramp as Coda slinks
back into his seat. Releasing the clip from his gun, Coda
takes a quick inventory of his ammo.

CODA (CONT'D)
How many bullets do you have left.

J.P. slides his gun onto the seat next to him.

J.P.
Just what's left in the clip.

CODA
How many is that?

J.P.
I...I don't know.

Coda leans forward again, motioning out the window.

CODA

Alright, listen. There's a Wal-Mart up ahead and a gas station across the street. Drop me off at the Wal-Mart and go fuel up.

J.P. turns to look at him.

J.P.

Are you serious?

CODA

Yes, I'm fucking serious. We're going to lose time getting gas, which means the police are going to gain on us. If we're going to get into a fire fight I think it's pretty fucking important that we're armed.

J.P. turns into the Wal-Mart parking lot and drives up to the store's entrance. Coda opens the door to exit.

CODA (CONT'D)

Pick me up right here.

He steps out of the car, then turns quickly back towards J.P.

CODA (CONT'D)

Don't do anything stupid. If you leave me I swear to Christ I will find you. It may take decades, but I promise you I will find you.

J.P.

I'll be here. Just hurry up.

J.P. speeds off across the parking lot toward the gas station.

INT. WAL-MART -- CONTINUOUS

The automatic doors part and Coda enters the store. He is immediately greeted by a pleasant, elderly worker.

EMPLOYEE #1

Welcome to Wal-Mart. Can I help you find anything.

Coda brushes quickly past her without replying. A few feet ahead, he is approached by another similar looking employee.

EMPLOYEE #2

Hello sir...

CODA

Fuck off!

He rushes quickly past the second employee and double-times it down the store's aisle. At the end of the aisle, a third employee approaches.

EMPLOYEE #3

Can I help you find something...

Coda gets right up in the employee's face.

CODA

You wanna help me? Bullets! I need fucking bullets!

The employee stares back at him with a shocked look on her face.

EMPLOYEE #3

Sporting goods...aisle ten.

Coda storms off before hearing the employee's directions.

EXT. GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

J.P. pulls the Explorer next to a pump and climbs out. He unscrews the gas cap, inserts the hose and begins fueling. As the tank fills, J.P. notices the convenience store attached to the gas station. He opens the back hatch of the Explorer, reaches in and snags a one hundred dollar bill from one of the bank bags.

INT. GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

J.P. enters the convenience store and grabs two plastic bottles of Coke from the display. He walks up to the counter and sets the two drinks down.

CASHIER

Two twenty-five please.

J.P. hands the cashier the one hundred dollar bill.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry sir. Do you have anything smaller?

J.P.

(grinning)

Just keep it.

He picks up the two Cokes and heads toward the door.

INT. WAL-MART -- CONTINUOUS

Coda arrives at the Sporting Goods department, scouring the shelves frantically for ammunition. An department employee is helping a customer try on a camouflage hunting jacket.

CODA

Bullets? Do you sell bullets?

EMPLOYEE #4

Yes we do. But they're behind the counter. I'll be with you in a moment.

Coda walks over to the counter, leaning nervously against it as he scans the shelves behind.

CUSTOMER

Warmth is really what I'm looking for.

EMPLOYEE #4

Well I have this same jacket and I take it hunting with me every winter.

Coda slams his fist down on the glass cabinet.

CODA

Jesus Christ, come on!

EXT. GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

J.P. exits the convenience store with the two Cokes. He walks back to the Explorer and sets the two bottles on the car's rear bumper. He replaces the gas hose on its holder and screws in the gas cap. Grabbing his drinks, he hops back into the Explorer.

As J.P. closes the door to the Explorer, he glances in the rear view mirror. He notices someone sitting in the back seat. He spins quickly around to confront the stranger.

J.P.

Who the fuck are you?

STRANGER

Easy bro. My car broke down a few miles down the road. You think you can give me a lift back. It's so goddamn cold out there. Man, don't make me walk back.

He looks to his right and sees the blood from Rios' gunshot wound.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Whoa...what the fuck happened here?

INT. WAL-MART -- CONTINUOUS

The clerk, having finished helping the customer with the hunting jacket, now hurries behind the counter.

CLERK

OK, now. You said you were looking for ammunition. Plan on doing some hunting.

Coda ignores his attempt at small talk.

CODA

Just gimme two boxes of 9mm shells.

The clerk turns around to find the boxes.

CLERK

9mm. That's some heavy stuff.

He sets the boxes on the counter in front of Coda, still waiting for some reply to his invitation to conversation. Upon getting none, he turns to the cash register and punches busily at the keys.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Alright, that'll be \$52.50, please.

Coda reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his wallet. He opens it and peers inside, fanning out about twenty three dollars.

INSERT - CODA'S WALLET

BACK TO SCENE

CODA

How much?

The clerk glances again at the display on the cash register.

CLERK

Fifty two dollars and fifty cents.

Coda fans again through the money in his wallet.

CODA

Ah, fuck it.

He replaces the wallet in his back pocket and draws his gun, which had been tucked into the back of his pants. Upon seeing it, the clerk immediately throws his hands in the air.

CLERK

Oh my god!

CODA

Put your hands down! I've killed once today and I'm fully prepared to do it again.

CLERK
Please, don't shoot.

Coda taps the barrel of his gun on the boxes of ammunition.

CODA
Bag.

Obediently, the clerk reaches for a plastic bag and stuffs in the two boxes of bullets. He attempts to hand the bag to Coda.

CODA (CONT'D)
Set it on the counter.

The clerk does as told. Coda snatches up the bag and motions with his gun for the clerk to come from behind the counter.

CODA (CONT'D)
Get over here and lay down on the floor.

The clerk walks slowly around the counter then drops to his stomach in front of Coda.

CODA (CONT'D)
Wait five minutes before you even think about moving.

Suddenly, another clerk rounds the corner. He sees Coda with his gun drawn.

CLERK #2
What the....

Coda turns and fires at him, missing. The clerk dives for cover.

CODA
Dammit!

Coda turns and dashes down the aisle.

INT. WAL-MART -- CONTINUOUS

Coda is in a full sprint down the main aisle that separates the grocery section of the store from the clothing and other goods. He is brandishing his pistol in one hand and the bag full of stolen ammo in the other.

Suddenly, a heavysset woman emerges from one of the grocery aisles pushing her full shopping cart in front of her. Coda is moving too fast to avoid her. The collision sends Coda, the woman and the cart tumbling to the ground. The bag of ammo flies out of his hand, as does the gun which slides along the linoleum floor for a good twenty feet.

CODA
 (in obvious pain)
 Oh, you stupid, fat bitch!

He struggles to his feet, his clothes now covered with a variety of spilled food and drink items. He picks up the bag of ammo and runs down the aisle toward the gun.

EMPLOYEE #2 (O.S.)
 Stop him! Stop that man!

As Coda leans down to retrieve his gun, a large man in a Wal-Mart vest approaches.

MANAGER
 Sir, please...

CODA
 Fuck off!

Coda shoves the large man who tumbles backward into a rack of clothing, knocking it over. Coda sprints toward the store's exit.

EXT. WAL-MART -- MOMENTS LATER

J.P. pulls the Explorer to a stop in front of the store. After a few seconds, Coda emerges from the exit door. Upon seeing him, J.P. lurches the truck toward him.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- CONTINUOUS

Coda opens the door to the Explorer and jumps in.

J.P.
 What the hell happened to you?

CODA
 Just drive godammit!

J.P. hits the gas, moving the vehicle forward. As he does, Coda turns to the back seat and sees the stranger from the gas station. His eyes grow wide as he aims his gun at the man.

CODA (CONT'D)
 Who the fuck is that!

STRANGER
 Whoa, take it easy, buddy!

J.P.
 That's Brody. He's cool. He just needs a ride back to his car.

EXT. WAL-MART -- CONTINUOUS

The Explorer rolls to a stop. Coda hurries out of the passenger seat and jumps into the back seat of the passenger side, never once taking his eyes or his gun off of the stranger. A few seconds after Coda enters the car, the door to the back seat on the driver's side opens and the stranger topples out of the car. The Explorer speeds off.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- CONTINUOUS

Coda stares at the seat where the stranger had sat. He appears frozen in disbelief.

CODA

I can't even begin to comprehend
what the fuck you were thinking
letting him into the car.

J.P.

It wasn't my fault, man. He got in
when I was buying the Cokes.

CODA

When you were what?

J.P. hands a plastic bottle of Coke back to Coda.

J.P.

Here. I got you one too.

Coda stares for a moment at the bottle, then tosses it at J.P. It bounces off his head and lands somewhere in the front seat.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Ow! What the fuck did you do that
for.

Coda pulls one of the boxes of ammo from the Wal-Mart bag and opens it.

CODA

I'm going to load my gun. Then I'll
decide whether or not to shoot you.
Until then, keep driving.

EXT. BEHIND AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE CITY -- EVENING

The Explorer rolls to a stop behind a building in a rundown section of the city. They park near a fire escape leading up the back of the building. Similar looking rundown buildings rise up on all sides.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- CONTINUOUS

J.P. puts the truck in park and leans back in his seat, letting out a deep breath.

Coda leans up behind him. He reaches around and places his hand on J.P.'s forehead in an almost fatherly way.

CODA

Now listen to me, everything is going to be OK. Things haven't worked out as planned, but we're in the clear now. OK?

J.P. nods slowly.

CODA (CONT'D)

Now I'm sorry I lost my cool back there. And I'm sorry I had to kill Tanner. But he was a fuck-up. You know that. He was going to take us all down. It was him or us. You understand? I did what was best for us all.

Tears begin to well in J.P.'s eyes.

CODA (CONT'D)

And as for Rios, I hated to do what I had to do. But he was no use to us in that condition. Now he's going to get the medical attention that he needs. Once we're settled, we'll send someone to bail him out of jail. Then we'll figure out a way to get him up to Canada with us. I need you to understand that I did what I did out of necessity. The decisions that I had to make were difficult. But that doesn't mean they could be ignored. You and I are safe. And it's because of my actions that we're safe.

He removes his hand from J.P.'s head and sits back.

CODA (CONT'D)

Now, I need to know if you're with me. Are you with me, J.P.?

J.P. nods slowly again.

CODA (CONT'D)

What's that?

J.P.
 (stammering)
 Y...yes. I'm with you.

CODA
 Alright then. Let's go.

Coda opens his car door.

J.P.
 Where are we going?

CODA
 A friend of mine lives here. We can stay with him until things calm down a bit. It's safe. We'll go inside, get him, then come back and ditch this car.

He steps out of the car.

CODA (CONT'D)
 Now let's go.

J.P. slowly opens the driver's side door and exits.

EXT. BEHIND AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

J.P. shuts the car door and follows Coda to the fire escape. They begin to climb.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE -- MOMENTS LATER

Coda and J.P. arrive on the second floor landing of the fire escape.

CODA
 Take off your coat and give it to me.

J.P.
 Why?

CODA
 Just do it.

J.P. slowly removes his black overcoat and hands it to Coda.

Coda removes his gun and, still holding it by its handle, wraps the coat around it several times.

CODA (CONT'D)
 Remember those difficult decisions I was telling you I had to make?

J.P. nods affirmatively.

Coda shoots him in the stomach. The sound of the blast is muffled by the coat.

CODA (CONT'D)

This wasn't one of them.

J.P. hunches over and slumps forward. Coda catches him in his arms.

CODA (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Easy there, big guy.

With one hand, Coda steadies J.P.'s body against the railing as he tucks his gun back into the waistband of his pants. He lets J.P.'s jacket fall to the ground.

Coda opens the door to the apartment building, then throws his arms around J.P. and drags him into the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Coda helps J.P. down the hall. J.P. is bleeding profusely. He is wheezing and in obvious pain.

Coda comes to a stop in front of apartment 213 and raps furiously on the door.

CODA

Vance! Open up!

A few seconds pass before a voice sounds on the other side of the door.

VANCE (O.S.)

Who is it?

CODA

It's Coda. Open the fucking door.

The deadbolt is removed and the door opens. VANCE, who with long black hair, looks very similar to Coda, is standing in the doorway. He gasps upon seeing J.P.

VANCE

Holy shit!

CODA

He's been shot. Help me get him inside.

Before Vance can raise a protest, Coda pushes his way inside.

INT. VANCE'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Coda drags J.P. inside as Vance shuts the door behind them. Coda lets J.P.'s

body slump to the linoleum floor of Vance's kitchen.

VANCE

Coda, what the fuck do you think
you're doing?

Ignoring him, Coda walks over to the sink and begins to wash
his hands.

Vance's apartment is tiny. The kitchenette overlooks a
sparsely furnished room that serves as the living room. A
door off to the right leads to the only bedroom.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Coda!

Vance grabs Coda by the shoulder and spins him around.

CODA

Vance, I fucked up. I need your
help.

He walks over, opens the refrigerator and takes out a beer.
He twists off the cap and takes a long swallow.

VANCE

You what? No. No way. Coda,
godammit!

CODA

Vance, I'm in a lot of trouble
alright.

VANCE

No it's not alright. Get this fucking
guy out of my apartment. Do you
have any idea what will happen to me
if he's found here?

CODA

No one even knows we're here.
Besides, I don't have anywhere else
to go.

VANCE

Well that ain't my fucking problem,
amigo!

Coda slams the bottle of beer down on the counter and lunges
at Vance, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt. He pushes
him up against the refrigerator.

CODA

Well guess what, Vance? It just
became your fucking problem. Now,
we need somewhere to crash.

He points down at J.P.'s bloody body.

CODA (CONT'D)
And he needs help.

Coda stares hard into Vance's eyes.

CODA (CONT'D)
Do I need to remind you of Toledo?

Vance doesn't respond, but simply lowers his eyes. Coda lets go of Vance's shirt, steps away and picks up his bottle of beer.

CODA (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. So can we count on your help?

Vance points down at J.P.

VANCE
What happened?

Coda walks over and stands above J.P., who has passed out from the pain.

CODA
We hit a bank up near Lockport.
Five-o didn't take too kindly.

Vance's eyes grow wide.

VANCE
Holy shit, that was you guys?

Coda winks at him.

VANCE (CONT'D)
I heard about that on the radio.
You guys killed a priest.

CODA
(smiling)
Kinky, huh?

VANCE
Are you out of your fucking mind?

Vance goes storming out of the kitchenette and points back toward the front door.

VANCE (CONT'D)
No way. No fucking way, Coda. I don't want anything to do with this.

Coda doesn't reply, but simply sips his beer.

VANCE (CONT'D)

I mean, Toledo, man...don't get me wrong, I appreciate that shit, man, I'll never forget that. But this...this is asking way more. This is too much.

CODA

What are you saying Vance?

VANCE

You gotta go, man.

He drops his head to the floor.

VANCE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Coda sets his bottle on the table. He steps over J.P.'s body and moves toward the front door.

CODA

You want me to leave?

He walks past Vance and opens the front door.

CODA (CONT'D)

Fine.

Coda starts to walk out the door.

VANCE

Coda?

Coda stops and turns back around. Vance points back at J.P.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Take him with you.

Coda reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

CODA

Nope. He's your problem now.

VANCE

Fuck you Coda!

Coda walks back inside and slams the door shut.

CODA

Fuck me, Vance? If it weren't for me, you'd be doing life in some shithole prison in Ohio. And this is how you repay me? Turning me away the only time I've ever asked you to make good on your debt?

VANCE

Shit, Coda. It ain't like that.

CODA

Then what, Vance? Tell me?

Vance points back to the body.

VANCE

It's just...I don't...

Coda moves closer to him.

CODA

Look. I need an hour. Tops. To get a few things straightened out. All I need you to do is stay here and babysit him. Make sure he doesn't die.

He waits, letting Vance absorb his proposition.

CODA (CONT'D)

Can you do that?

Vance doesn't respond.

CODA (CONT'D)

I'll make it worth your while, Vance. The money from the robbery; I've got it stashed. You look after him. When I come back, I'll bring fifty G's with me. Alright? Now that's a hell of a big score for doing nothing more than being a friend.

J.P. coughs and moves slightly. Coda walks over to him. He bends down to take a closer look at J.P.

VANCE

A third.

Coda peers over his shoulder at him.

CODA

What?

VANCE

I want a third.

He walks over to where Coda is crouching above J.P.

VANCE (CONT'D)

The radio said you guys made off with more than half a mil. I want a third.

Coda laughs.

CODA
A third?

VANCE
A third.

CODA
You don't deserve fifty, Vance, let
alone a third.

VANCE
Why not?

CODA
Well for one, you ain't laying here
with a bullet in your belly. He is.
That alone entitles him to a greater
share than you.

VANCE
Alright then. A hundred.

Coda stands up, places a cigarette in his mouth and lights
it.

CODA
Fine. Do you have a piece?

VANCE
Yeah, I got a piece. What for?

CODA
In case. Now gimme your cell phone.

EXT. BEHIND AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE CITY -- MOMENTS
LATER

Coda emerges from the apartment building and makes his way
quickly back down the fire escape. He walks over to the
Explorer and opens the back hatch. Reaching inside, he
removes the two black bags which hold the money. He throws
a bag on each shoulder, closes the hatch and walks off down
the alley between the buildings. As he walks, he removes
Vance's cell phone and dials a number.

CODA
Yes. Hello. I think I may have
some information on the bank robbery
in Lockport.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF A BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

The door to the stairwell bursts open and Coda rushes out.
He walks over to the rooftop's ledge and drops the bags of
cash.

Coda then walks over to a ventilation duct near the center of the roof. He removes the metal grate that covers the duct and reaches inside. He retrieves a large object wrapped in a blanket.

Walking back to the ledge, Coda kneels down, lays his package on the rooftop and unwraps it. It is a high-powered rifle.

Placing the rifle's scope to his eye, Coda peers through.

EXT. BEHIND AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Through the rifle's scope, Coda is able to find the parked Ford Explorer. Within seconds of it coming into view, five police cars burst onto the scene.

CODA (O.S.)
Right on cue, boys.

Coda moves the scope of the rifle around until it comes to rest on the window of one of the building's apartments. Upon hearing the police sirens, Vance appears in the window to look out. His weapon is drawn.

CODA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello, Vance.

INT. VANCE'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Vance peeks out of his window and instantly takes notice of the flurry of police activity outside. He rushes away from the window and moves back toward J.P., who is no longer moving.

VANCE
Fuck! You see! I knew it. I knew
this was going to happen.

He rushes over to his front door and installs the deadbolt, then checks the clip of his gun for ammunition.

Vance then drops to the floor and crawls across his living room to just below the window.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF A BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Coda shifts his position slightly, still viewing the parking lot from the rifle's scope.

CODA
Hadn't planned on being here this
soon. But that's the beauty of a
good plan; flexibility.

EXT. BEHIND AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Through the scope of Coda's rifle, Vance can be seen crouching near the window.

CODA (O.S.)
OK, Vance. Let's see if you're as
predictable as I think you are.

Coda fires a shot through Vance's window, just missing him.

INT. VANCE'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Upon seeing the window shatter just inches away, Vance dives flat on the floor.

VANCE
Fuck me!

Vance army crawls along the floor toward the center of the room.

VANCE (CONT'D)
You pigs want to play?

He springs to his feet and rushes toward the window. Standing flush against the wall for cover, he reaches his arm around, holding the gun out the window. He begins to fire madly.

EXT. BEHIND AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

As the parking lot is covered in gunfire, the police, who had gotten out of their cars, now duck behind them for safety.

Once Vance's shots cease, a few of the officers fire back, sending more bullets through the smashed window of Vance's apartment.

BARNES
Enough of this shit. Move in!

From behind the blue sedan, Barnes motions to several officers positioned near the fire escape. Upon hearing Barnes' order, the men rush up the stairs toward the door.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF A BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Coda lowers the rifle and smiles.

CODA
Atta boy, Vance.

He lays the rifle back on the blanket and wraps it up, then quickly returns it to its hiding spot in the ventilation duct.

Rushing back across the rooftop, he picks up both bags of money and disappears back into the stairwell.

INT. VANCE'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Slumped against the wall for cover, Vance removes the clip from his gun and quickly inserts another.

VANCE

I ain't going out like that.

He again moves toward the window, raining down another hailstorm of bullets.

VANCE (CONT'D)

You hear me, motherfuckers! I ain't going out like that.

Suddenly, the door to Vance's apartment bursts open and several officers rush in.

Hearing the crash, Vance spins and fires at them. One of his shots connects with the chest of one of the cops.

The police return fire. Bullets riddle Vance's body, sending him stumbling backwards into the wall.

The police fan out through the apartment, their guns spanning the room in search of any more criminals. Upon finding none, they lower their weapons.

COP #3

All clear.

Another of the officers squats near J.P.'s body, checking him for a pulse.

COP #4

This one's dead too.

EXT. BEHIND AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

The radio of one of the police officers in the parking lot, SARGE, comes to life.

COP #3 (O.S.)

Sarge. We're all clear in here.
Both perps are dead.

Sarge grabs at his radio.

SARGE

Copy.

He casts a glance at Barnes, who is standing behind him.

SARGE (CONT'D)

We got 'em, Christine.

Barnes turns to Fuller, who is returning his pistol to its holster.

BARNES

It's over. Someone go tell God the good news.

INT. CODA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The door opens and Coda enters carrying the bags of money, which he lets drop to the floor. He pushes the door to his apartment shut and walks into the living room.

Picking up the remote control from the couch, he flips on the television, which provides only sparse light to the otherwise dark apartment.

On the screen, a female newscaster reports a breaking story.

NEWSWOMAN (on TV)

...which lasted for several minutes this evening in the city's Brushton section, claimed the lives of two of the men believed to be involved in an armed robbery this morning of a Lockport bank, which left one man dead.

Coda walks into his kitchen. He removes his gun from his belt and places it on the kitchen table, then opens the refrigerator and removes a bottle of beer. He opens the bottle and takes a long drink.

CODA

Four robbers, all accounted for.
All loose ends are tied up.
Everyone's happy.

NEWSWOMAN (on TV)

One police officer was wounded during the shoot-out this evening and remains in critical condition at this hour.

Coda sets his bottle on the kitchen table and opens the refrigerator again, searching for something to eat.

NEWSWOMAN (on TV) (CONT'D)

Earlier this afternoon, a second officer was wounded during a high-speed chase from a hunting cabin in Smithton County where the robbers were allegedly hiding.

(MORE)

NEWSWOMAN (on TV) (CONT'D)

The body of a third man believed to be involved in the hold-up was found in the cabin, also allegedly killed by police. Tonight, police continue the manhunt for the fourth robber, who remains at large.

Coda pulls his head out of the refrigerator and rushes over to stand in front of the television.

CODA

What?!?

NEWSWOMAN (on TV)

The suspect should be considered armed and extremely dangerous.

CODA

How in the fuck --

RIOS

Surprise!

Coda spins quickly around to find Rios hiding in the shadows of his apartment. Rios' gun is pointed squarely at Coda.

CODA

Rios! Thank god --

RIOS

Save it, friend. You seem shocked to see me. Did you expect me to be arrested or were hoping that I would have been killed -
 (raising his voice to
 a scream)
 - WHEN YOU THREW ME OUT OF A MOVING
 FUCKING CAR!!!

Coda's expression hardens.

CODA

I underestimated you. How'd you do it?

EXT. HIGHWAY -- AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

As the Ford Explorer speeds along, the rear passenger side door opens and Rios is tossed out by Coda. He tumbles along, sliding off the road and under the guard rail.

On the other side of the rail is a steep hill, which he tumbles down. The hill leads to another road.

Rios slides down the hill and rolls out into the middle of the road.

An oncoming car slams on its breaks and skids to a halt, just a few feet away from where he has landed.

Rios rolls onto his stomach, dazed and in obvious pain. The blood from his gunshot wound covers his ass and the back of his legs. It has also left a red trail down the snow-covered hill down which he just slid.

The driver of the car, a WOMAN, opens her door and cautiously approaches Rios.

WOMAN

My god...are you alright?

Rios stirs but does not respond.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sir, are you OK?

Suddenly, Rios ambles to his feet, his gun drawn and pointed directly at the woman.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

She clasps her hands in over her mouth, then stretches them out toward him, pleading for her life.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

No...please!

Rios grunts at her and uses his gun to direct her out of the way. The woman bursts into tears and moves aside as instructed.

Rios stumbles forward and slides into the driver's seat. He winces in pain as his wounded ass touches the seat.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh god, no!

Rios slams the car door shut and jolts the vehicle forward. Suddenly, he slams on the brakes, stopping after just a few feet.

The driver's side door opens and Rios tosses the woman's jacket out of the car. He speeds off.

INT. STOLEN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON RIOS

His eyes are filled with rage. Both hands grip the steering the steering wheel. Blood trickles down his face from a cut above his eye.

He lets out a blood-curdling scream.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. CODA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rios continues to hold Coda firmly in the sights of his gun.

RIOS

Let's just say I had a few tricks up
my sleeve.

Coda spreads his hands in front of him, pleading to Rios.

CODA

Listen, Rios --

RIOS

Listen? What are you gonna tell me,
Coda? Exactly what the fuck do you
think you can say to me right now
that is going to change this
situation?

Coda points back toward the small kitchen.

CODA

There is over six hundred thousand
dollars --

Before he can finish, Rios empties three rounds into his
chest.

Coda stumbles backward for several feet before falling to
the ground. Dead.

Rios slowly walks over toward him. As he approaches, he
lowers his weapon, aiming down at Coda's body.

RIOS

There is a code, Coda, a code of
thieves. Be fast; be smart. Protect
those that protect you. Kill only
when it is completely necessary.
But no; you torture and maim and
kill, and for what? Spite?
Entertainment? You push people
around. You manipulate. You steal
from your friends; from those who
have been like brothers to you.

Tears begin to stream down Rios' face.

RIOS (CONT'D)

I killed to protect you, and I
would've done it again. And how am
I repaid? By being left for dead on
the side of the road.

(MORE)

RIOS (CONT'D)

There is a code of thieves, Coda,
and you have violated that code.

Rios tucks his gun back into his belt and wipes at his eyes.

RIOS (CONT'D)

And now you're dead.

The television continues to report on the breaking news as Rios makes his way into the kitchen.

NEWSWOMAN (on TV)

...a woman whose car was taken at
gunpoint on a Smithton County road
by the man authorities believe to be
the fourth suspect told reporters
that the suspect appeared to be
bleeding from a gunshot wound on the
buttocks or back of his thigh. Police
are checking area hospitals for anyone
matching this description.

Rios picks up the bags of money and walks toward the door. Suddenly, he stops and glances back toward the living room where the television reporter rambles on.

He drops the bags and walks back to Coda's body. Using his foot, he kicks at Coda's body, rolling him over onto his stomach. Removing his gun from his belt, he fires one more round into Coda's ass.

RIOS

You said it yourself; four robbers,
all accounted for. Everybody's happy.

Rios tucks his gun away, walks back to the door, picks up the bags of money, and exits.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Rios walks through the terminal. He is dressed in a business suit. His hair is expertly slicked back and he is wearing wire-rimmed glasses.

A duffel bag is slung over each shoulder and he holds a FedEx package in his hand. As he makes his way through the terminal he narrates a letter.

RIOS (V.O.)

Dear Grandma Sharpe, I want you to
know how sorry I am about J.P.

(MORE)

RIOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was a good man and a great friend. In our lives we are faced with difficult decisions. And often, the choices that we make are not the wisest. We saw an opportunity to make some money and decided, foolishly, to go through with it. I hope you believe me when I say that no one was meant to get hurt. No one. Others will judge J.P. by his actions during the last days of his life. I hope you do not. I hope you continue to remember him as the loving grandson that he was to you for so many years. I am enclosing a substantial amount of money. J.P. would have wanted you to have it. Now you can live the rest of your life without concern for money. It is a small consolation, but I hope it helps. Please tell no one of this letter or the money. Signed, a friend of your grandson.

Rios stops at a pay-phone. He sets one of the duffel bags on the floor and rests the other on the small table near the phone.

He reaches inside and retrieves several small bundles of money from the bag, and slips them quickly into the FedEx package. He seals the package, places the bags on his shoulders and continues through the terminal.

As he passes a FedEx drop-box, he slips the package in, and continues to his gate.

INT. AIRPORT GATE -- MOMENTS LATER

Rios hands his ticket to the woman behind the counter. She smiles and looks over his information.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE

Mr. Smith?

Rios nods.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

St. Martin is your final destination. This is a one-way ticket. Don't plan on coming back?

RIOS

Not for a long time. I think I'll like it there.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE

I hope so. I trust you've taken
care of all your business here then?

Rios smiles and thinks for a moment before answering.

RIOS

I think I have.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Jake Tanner takes a punch to the stomach from a much larger man, RAOUL. Another man, DIAMOND JIM, watches from his seat on the couch.

The punch sends Jake stumbling backwards. As he hunches over in pain, Raoul delivers another blow, this time to the chin.

DIAMOND JIM

That's enough, Raoul.

Raoul, who had been prepared to strike again, lowers his fists.

DIAMOND JIM (CONT'D)

Help him up.

Raoul makes his way toward Jake, who motions for him to stop.

JAKE

It's alright. I got it.

He makes his way to his feet, then wipes his mouth and spits on the floor. Diamond Jim rises also and walks over toward him.

DIAMOND JIM

Your apartment is a shithole, Jake.
I don't like visiting shitholes.
How 'bout you, Raoul?

Raoul shakes his head.

DIAMOND JIM (CONT'D)

What do you say you make it so that
we don't have to come back here,
Jake. Ever.

JAKE

Look, Diamond...

RAOUL

(interrupting)
Mr. Diamond!

JAKE

Look, Mr. Diamond, like I told you before, I'll have your money by the end of the week.

DIAMOND JIM

If I'm not mistaken, Jake, that's what you said last week.

JAKE

I know Mr. Diamond, but I mean it this time. I swear.

Diamond Jim walks nearer, stopping just inches from him.

DIAMOND JIM

Ten thousand. On Friday. Or it becomes twelve. And Raoul gets to play hand hammer on your kidneys.

Suddenly, there is a knock on the door. All three men jump and turn toward it.

DIAMOND JIM (CONT'D)

You expecting company?

JAKE

No...not at all.

Diamond Jim motions with his head toward the kitchen. He and Raoul move there in order to keep out of sight.

DIAMOND JIM

Whoever it is, get rid of them. And do it fast.

Jake nods and walks to the front door.

JAKE

Who is it?

No answer.

Jake glances back toward the kitchen to ensure that Diamond Jim and Raoul are hidden. He then opens the door. No one is there. Jake steps into the hallway.

Looking down, he sees a small duffel bag. He pulls the door to his apartment shut and glances in both directions, hoping to catch a glimpse of whoever left the bag.

Jake reaches down and unzips the bag. It is filled with small bundles of money. A smile crosses his lips.

Jake quickly zips the bag up and stands up, putting the strap of the bag over his shoulder. He glances back at his apartment door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fuck that!

Jake dashes down the hall.

THE END