

# *For Every Action...*

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FOR EVERY ACTION

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Open on A POINT OF VIEW of sleeping woman's face.

Her delicate features rest on a soft white pillow, her eyes gently closed in satisfying sleep.

Her name is TESS, she is young, in her mid twenties, and mythically beautiful.

She sleeps soundly, the slightest grin spread across her face. Her wild hair swirls across her face and pillow.

After a short while her eyes begin to flutter as she wakes slowly.

Her large beautiful eyes open sleepily and she immediately smiles at the camera.

TESS  
(whispering)  
Good morning.

BUDDY  
(whispering)  
Good morning, beauty.

BUDDY lies facing her in bed.

He is in his late twenties, an attractive man with a solid frame. He bears the signs of early morning: sleepy eyes and wild hair.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
How'd you sleep? Good?

Tess now wears a huge childlike smile.

TESS  
Yeah. Of course I did. I was with you. I always sleep good with you beside me.

BUDDY  
Oh really? Always?

TESS  
Always.

BUDDY  
I love you.

TESS

I love you.

They kiss with passion and softness.

Their two sheet-covered bodies caress each other slowly and tenderly, their lips exploring each others.

BUDDY

Do you think it's possible to love someone so much you want to be inside of them?

Tess LAUGHS at the implication.

TESS

So you're saying you want to be inside of me?

BUDDY

No. You know what I mean. Not that being inside of you wouldn't be wonderful. I was meaning, like, I can't get close enough to you. I want to just...

TESS

(sincerely)

Be inside of me. I know what you mean. I was just giving you shit my sweet sweet wonderful boy. I am so lucky to have you. I love you so much.

They kiss. Buddy closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM 5D -- AFTERNOON

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Buddy's closed eyes.

The Camera PULLS OUT to reveal Buddy sitting in a destroyed hotel room.

His clothes are tattered and bloody, fresh nasty wounds streak his face and hands.

Bullet holes punctuate the walls and dead bodies litter the room. The TV mumbles quietly.

Across from him, sitting on a bed, is his friend and partner, PATTERSON.

Patterson is a fighter carved from rock and blood.

He sits on the edge of the bed, dressing a wound on his arm with strips of sheet he cut from the bed. A large knife lays on the comforter beside him.

He glances up at Buddy and then returns his eyes to the task at hand.

PATTERSON

I'm tellin' you, you'd better take care of your hand.

Dazed, Buddy looks down at his left hand.

It wears a shiny gold wedding band and holds a pistol but there are no signs of a wound.

He then looks at his right hand only to find two of his fingers gone and fleshy stumps rhythmically erupting with blood with every pulse of his heart.

He stares at his gory wound for a moment as it soaks in. Suddenly a long strip of bed sheet SLAPS against his chest and falls into his lap.

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

Go on. Get that thing tied off.

With that, Buddy comes out of his daze.

He takes the bedding and begins wrapping his hand.

BUDDY

Guess I won't be playin' the piano like I used to.

PATTERSON

It's not like you ever could.

Patterson stands, surveying the room and all it's gore. It is a normal motel room: two double beds, a short dresser with TV, a large plush chair.

There are four dead bodies spread across the floor.

On the floor next to the dresser sit three large black duffel bags filled tight.

Patterson walks over to the bags.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Well, it's done. Guess we should open these up.

BUDDY

Yeah. Go for it.

Patterson grabs one of the bags and tosses it onto a bed.

A padlock secures the zipper.

He grabs the knife from off the bed and cuts into the bag revealing stacks and stacks of crisp cash.

Immediately a cell phone begins RINGING, the sound coming from one of the bodies.

Patterson quickly locates the source of the SOUND and kneels beside the body.

He reaches into the dead man's pockets and pulls out a phone.

Patterson stands, phone in hand.

Buddy stands, his bleeding stemmed.

PATTERSON  
(looking at phone)  
Looks like our previous employer is  
trying to get in touch.

With that, Patterson tosses the phone toward Buddy.

As the phone is in mid air...

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE SUBURBAN HOUSE -- LATE MORNING

SUPER: 1 WEEK EARLIER

A nice upper class neighborhood.

The roar of a TREE MULCHER fills the air of the normally quiet street.

A tree trimming crew works casually to remove a massive tree and its branches.

Behind the road crew sits a nice two story suburban house.

INSIDE HOUSE

The roar of the TREE MULCHER outside fills the house.

BEDROOM

ED, early 30s, stands in his large master bedroom on the second floor packing a duffel bag with clothes.

Bags and suitcases clutter the floor, bed and dresser top.

Behind him his wife STEPH, Late 20s, enters. She stops and wraps her arms around his waist.

Ed finishes packing the duffel bag and places a pistol on top of the folded clothes. He ZIPS the bag shut.

Ed turns his head to kiss his smiling wife lovingly.

Steph lays her head on his shoulder.

STEPH

Ready for me to start taking bags  
down to the car?

ED

Yeah. Here.

Ed walks out of Steph's embrace and over to two large duffels sitting on the floor.

The bags are unzipped revealing that they are filled with bound stacks of one hundred dollar bills.

Ed ZIPS the bags shut and hands them to Steph.

ED (CONT'D)

Go ahead and take these down.

Steph strains to hold the heavy cash filled bags. She turns and heads out of the room.

VARIOUS ROOMS

Steph carries the two heavy bags down the stairs and through the kitchen.

GARAGE

Steph carries the bags into the dark garage attached to the house.

Sitting inside the large 2 car garage is a polished luxury sedan.

Steph opens the rear passenger door and slides one of the heavy bags inside.

She lets out a HUFF before lifting the second bag up and placing it with the first.

She closes the car door.

Steph walks over to the garage door opener on the wall and presses the button.

The large garage door opens slowly, the late morning sun shining brightly outside.

As the door opens, Steph can see two large men walking up the driveway towards the garage.

Immediately she recognizes them as Buddy and Patterson.

Seeing the approaching men, fear fills Steph's face.  
Immediately Steph runs to the car.

Buddy and Patterson jump into a sprint.

Steph frantically tears at the driver's side door handle as  
Buddy and Patterson quickly close the distance.

Steph throws open the car door and jumps inside.

INSIDE CAR

She reaches across the car and pops the glove compartment  
open.

INSERT GLOVE COMPARTMENT: The large glove compartment is  
filled with papers and junk. She frantically claws through  
the glove compartment searching for the elusive pistol inside.

BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly Patterson's arm reaches in through the open driver's  
side door and his gloved hand grabs hold of Steph's hair.

Steph SCREAMS as Patterson pulls her back out through the  
car door by her hair but the tree mulcher's ROAR drowns out  
her CRIES.

GARAGE

Patterson pulls Steph out of the car by her hair, her body  
tumbling to the hard concrete floor. She claws at his hand  
as he drags her across the ground.

After pulling her away from the car, Patterson lets go of  
her hair and immediately kicks her solidly in the ribs.

Steph involuntarily coughs from the blow, her body curling  
into a fetal position.

Patterson continues with a series of hard kicks to her body.

Steph is unable to scream or fight back, the hard blows  
sucking the air and strength from her body.

Soon Steph is broken and bloody, laying on the floor unmoving.  
Her BREATHING is rapid and rough.

Patterson and Buddy look down on her coldly.

Buddy walks over to the nearby wall, and takes down a large  
sledge hammer. He walks back over to Patterson and Steph.

Buddy looks down at Steph and then raises the sledge hammer.

He brings the heavy hammer down on the woman's body.

Blood spurts out of Steph's mouth with the crushing blow from the sledge.

Buddy raises the blood splattered sledge again.

INSIDE HOUSE

Ed walks through the house carrying another set of large bags. He reaches the garage door and stops.

Through the garage door Ed can see Patterson and Buddy standing over the body of his wife.

Buddy brings the sledge down once more.

Ed drops the two heavy bags.

Patterson turns to see the dazed Ed and immediately sprints toward him.

Ed turns and runs from the scene.

Buddy turns to see what Patterson is doing and immediately lets go of the hammer and joins in the chase.

Ed sprints through the house and up the stairs with Patterson and Buddy close behind him.

BEDROOM

Ed runs into the bedroom and immediately grabs hold of one of the duffel bags.

He tears the zipper open revealing a .45 caliber pistol. He grabs the gun and spins to face the door.

Patterson SLAMS into Ed.

The two CRASH against the wall and the gun FIRES, the sound lost in the tree mulcher's GRINDING.

Buddy runs into the room, gun drawn.

Patterson SLAMS Ed up against the wall repeatedly as Buddy runs over and pries the pistol from Ed's hand.

Buddy tosses the gun onto the bed behind him.

PATTERSON

Gonna just take the money and run,  
huh, Ed?! Just gonna take it and  
run!

Patterson spins around and throws Ed to the floor.

Buddy quickly fires a bullet into Ed's shin.

Ed SCREAMS in pain as Patterson kicks him in the ribs.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

(kicking Ed)

Four years of getting your back and  
this is how you repay us?! We trusted  
you!

Patterson stomps down on Ed's arm, SNAPPING the bone in half.

Ed SCREAMS out.

Patterson steps back as Buddy kneels beside Ed and presses  
the gun into his jaw.

BUDDY

You were one of our brothers.

ED

(through ragged breaths)  
Please. This isn't some fucking  
fraternity. Brothers? Slaves.

PATTERSON

Why?

ED

Fuck you. Fuck you, Patty.  
(to Buddy)  
And fuck you.

Buddy shakes his head disapprovingly.

ED (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry to disappoint. Kill  
me. That's what you fucking slaves  
were told to do. Kill me and run  
home to your master. Come on, be  
good boys and earn your treat.

PATTERSON

It didn't have to be like this.

ED

You fucking took a sledge hammer to  
Stephanie!

Tears erupt from Ed's eyes as the hate remains.

ED (CONT'D)

You, my brothers? No, I'm nothing  
like you. Always following orders,  
no matter what the cost. Her only  
crime was being my wife.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

You killed her because of me.  
You're...Fuck Music Man and fuck my  
brothers.

BUDDY

I know it doesn't mean anything, but  
we really are sorry.

Patterson pulls a large bowie knife out from inside his  
jacket.

Ed begins to SOB uncontrollably, the gravity and reality of  
the situation taking over.

PATTERSON

We loved you brother.

Buddy fires and Ed dies.

Patterson kneels on the other side of the body and raises  
the knife.

GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Patterson reaches into the backseat of the car and UNZIPS  
the bags. The cash stares back.

He pulls the bags out of the car.

OUTSIDE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Patterson and Buddy exit the front of the house, Patterson  
carries the two large black duffels in his hands.

They reach the sidewalk, turn and begin walking down the  
street.

The tree trimming crew manager watches the men as they start  
down the street. Immediately he turns off the mulcher and  
he and his crew pack up.

The tree trimming crew climb into the truck and drive off  
leaving half of the tree behind.

EXT. CASTLE -- DAY

The Castle sits directly in the center of the wealthiest  
suburb of the city.

A stone four-story mansion, the castle is foreboding, secure  
and sitting on 12 acres of prime real estate. A long curved  
driveway leads to the front door.

Patterson's perfectly restored vintage muscle car sits parked  
in front of the house.

Buddy and Patterson stand at the open trunk.

Patterson hands one of the black duffel bags to Buddy and reaches in for the second.

INSIDE CASTLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Buddy and Patterson walk into the large foyer, the marble floor echoes with each of their footfalls.

Each of them carries one of the large black duffel bags.

In the adjoining room sits ANTHONY.

Anthony, mid-twenties, sits watching a flat screen TV, an out of place object in this modern day castle.

Seeing his fellow gangsters, Anthony quickly turns off the TV and jumps up. He walks quickly over to them.

ANTHONY

What up?

PATTERSON

Dropping off.

BUDDY

You seen Music Man?

ANTHONY

No. Heard him playing earlier, but other than that...

HALL -- MOMENTS LATER

Anthony, Buddy and Patterson walk down the cavernous hall made of dark woods and stone. Buddy and Patterson still carry the black duffel bags.

Priceless artwork dons the walls and alcoves.

ANTHONY

So, I heard about Ed.

Anthony waits for an answer but Buddy and Patterson are silent.

Anthony nods in acknowledgement.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I don't envy you guys. It must have been hard. I mean, I would have never thought...

PATTERSON

You ain't makin' it any easier.

ANTHONY

Sorry.

SITTING ROOM

The three men round the corner into the sitting room.

MARCUS, mid 40's in a 3 piece suit and glasses, stands behind a dark wooden bar. He is finishing a glass of scotch and reading through a stack of papers.

Marcus looks up with the arrival of the three men.

PATTERSON

Is Music Man around?

MARCUS

You just missed him. He's golfing.

PATTERSON

We have the money.

MARCUS

Good. I knew we could count on you.

BUDDY

Yeah, well, killing one of our own and his wife is a task we hope never to have to repeat.

MARCUS

It really is a shame. Normally Music Man wouldn't have burdened you with such a task, he would have simply used Brock or one of his crew. However, with this situation coming to our attention this morning and with the urgency of our action, they simply were not available. Music Man thanks you for stepping up to the task and handling this most important of jobs.

PATTERSON

Where do you want these?

Patterson holds up the black bag.

MARCUS

There's fine.

Buddy and Patterson put the bags on the floor.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Music Man will be very pleased with your effort.

PATTERSON

Do you need anything else from us?

MARCUS

Just one more thing. Did you make the message clear?

BUDDY

Unmistakably, just as requested.

MARCUS

Excellent. Thank you. You are free to go.

Buddy, Patterson and Anthony turn and leave the way they came.

OUTSIDE CASTLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Anthony, Patterson and Buddy exit the castle through the large wooden doors.

They stop at Buddy's car.

ANTHONY

Wanna grab a beer?

EXT. LAWYER'S HOUSE -- DAY

A large 2 story house stands on a nice suburban street.

An expensive luxury car pulls into the driveway.

INSIDE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens and a highly paid LAWYER enters, briefcase in hand. The SOUND of a TV can be heard.

LAWYER

Hey guys, I'm home!

KITCHEN

The lawyer walks into the kitchen laying his briefcase on the counter.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

I thought I'd come home for lunch. Surprise you guys.

The lawyer opens the fridge and takes a quick survey of what's inside.

Not getting a response, the lawyer closes the fridge.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Guys?

## VARIOUS ROOMS

The lawyer walks from room to room looking for any sign of his family.

In the family room he sees the TV on and he turns it off.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Guys?

The lawyer starts up the stairs.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Becca? Are you guys up here?  
Bradley?

The lawyer walks down the hall as he approaches his son's room.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Becca, Bradley?

The lawyer opens his son's bedroom door and looks inside. He looks around the empty bedroom when suddenly a child's SCREAM explodes from another room.

Immediately the lawyer turns and runs for his own bedroom door, the CRIES of a six year old BOY emanating from inside.

## BEDROOM

The lawyer throws the door open to see his bound WIFE and six year old son lying on the floor, his wife's mouth securely gagged.

Immediately his left knee explodes as a bullet tears through it.

The lawyer collapses to the ground, blood spilling from his non-functioning knee.

He crawls desperately toward his family when suddenly a knife is plunged through his left hand, pinning it to the floor.

The lawyer CRIES out as he grabs the knife with his right hand.

A confident man dressed in dark boots, jeans and a dress shirt with sleeves rolled up, stands next to the bleeding man. White latex gloves adorn the man's hands and he holds a smoking silenced pistol in his left.

The man's name is BROCK.

The child continues to SCREAM as tears stream from the wife's eyes.

BROCK

Try to relax. I'm not going to kill you.

LAWYER

You son of a bitch! Let my family go! He's only a baby for God's sake!

BROCK

Shhh. I need you to listen. This will all go much easier if you do as I say.

LAWYER

Whatever you want to do to me is fine, just let them go. Please. Please. Let them go.

BROCK

Now what did I just say?

Brock leans down and tears the knife out of the lawyer's hand.

The lawyer SCREAMS.

Brock holsters his pistol.

BROCK (CONT'D)

It's always the same with you lawyers. Always talk talk talk, you never fucking listen.

Brock grabs the lawyer and SLAMS his head against the floor.

He then kneels on the lawyer's back, the lawyer GRUNTS as the air is pushed from his lungs.

LAWYER

I'm begging you, let them go.

Brock shoves a large rubber ball into the lawyer's mouth, over extending his jaw.

He grabs hold of the lawyers head and pins it to the floor, the floor helping lodge the ball in the lawyer's mouth.

BROCK

I trained at one of the country's leading medical schools, did you know that?

Brock lowers the knife to the back of the lawyers neck, just above the shoulder blades.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Many people don't.

Brock probes the lawyers spinal column with his fingertips, his knife still in hand.

BROCK (CONT'D)

You learn many valuable things in medical school. I don't know if you know this but there are seven vertebrae in the human neck. They're called the cervical vertebrae. If you were to sever your spine between the first and third vertebrae...

Brock touches the neck where it meets the skull.

The lawyer tries to SCREAM through the large ball.

BROCK (CONT'D)

...your lungs and heart would stop along with all motor functions and you would most likely die. Now if you were to sever the spine between the sixth and seventh vertebrae...

Brock touches the bottom part of the neck where it meets the shoulders.

BROCK (CONT'D)

...you'd lose control of your hands and everything below your waist. Between the fifth and sixth,...

Brock walks his fingers up his neck.

BROCK (CONT'D)

...you'd lose control of your forearms and everything below. And between the fourth and fifth you would be paralyzed from the shoulders down. Now the majority of all spinal cord injuries are sports and vehicle related but if someone were trying to intentionally paralyze someone, the key is finding exactly which part of the spine to sever to reach the desired effect. In our situation, I need you alive but I can't have you moving around. So, that leaves us with just one choice.

The lawyer SCREAMS through the ball again.

Brock brings the knife to the center of the lawyer's neck.

BROCK (CONT'D)

The trick is to make sure I accurately find the fourth and fifth vertebrae.

(MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)

If I cut one vertebrae too high, you  
could easily die.

Brock presses the knife down into the back of the lawyers  
neck situating the blade between the two vertebrae but not  
hard enough to sever the spine.

Blood seeps out around the blade.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I'd suggest you not move.

Brock slices through the back of neck severing the spine.

The lawyer SCREAMS through the ball, tears rolling from his  
eyes.

Brock stands up, sheathing his knife.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Now that wasn't so bad.

Brock reaches down and grabs hold of the lawyer.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I know you're upset with me.

He drags the limp body to the nearby wall and props it up so  
that the lawyer can see his bound wife and child.

BROCK (CONT'D)

But look at the positive side, you  
can't feel that pain in your hand  
and knee anymore.

Tears stream down the lawyers face.

Brock walks over to the child who begins SCREAMING again.  
He grabs the boy and tosses him onto the nearby bed.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Now this, on the other hand, is gonna  
hurt in ways you could never imagine.  
I'm going to skin your family in  
front of your eyes. They are going  
to scream in pain few have ever known.  
They will both die a most horrible  
death but you will live on. Another  
fact you might not have known is  
that eighty-five percent of all spinal  
cord injuries who survive the first  
24 hours are still alive 10 years  
later.

Brock unsheathes his knife.

BROCK (CONT'D)

This is what we do to those who do  
not live up to their commitments.

Brock pulls the boy closer to him.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I hope you're comfortable because  
this is going to take a while.

INT. BUDDY AND TESS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The front door opens as Buddy enters, behind him Patterson's  
car drives off.

KITCHEN

Buddy walks into kitchen, on the counter sits a plate wrapped  
in aluminum foil and an empty drinking glass. A note lays  
beside them.

Buddy picks up the note.

INSERT NOTE: "A steak dinner for my man. I hope you had a  
good day." It is signed with a red lipstick kiss.

BACK TO SCENE

Buddy puts the note back on the counter and picks up the  
plate.

Buddy walks toward the microwave as he unwraps the foil.

BEDROOM -- LATER

Tess lies fast asleep in their bed as the door opens.

Buddy enters quietly, being careful not to wake her.

He slips off his shoes and holster, gently laying them on  
the floor.

Tess smiles as Buddy climbs into bed, her eyes still closed.  
She rolls over, draping her arm over Buddy's chest.

Buddy kisses her on the head and closes his eyes.

EXT. BUDDY AND TESS'S HOUSE -- MORNING

An upper middle class single level house in a well to do  
neighborhood.

Buddy kisses Tess in the doorway as Patterson wait's at the  
curb in his running car.

Buddy jogs across the yard and climbs into the passenger  
seat.

INSIDE CAR

Patterson waves at Tess who waves back.

PATTERSON  
Ready to terrorize the innocent?

BUDDY  
No one's innocent...

TOGETHER  
...but the dead and the diapered!

Patterson steps on the gas.

OUTSIDE

Tess watches as Patterson and Buddy speed off down the street.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- MORNING

Patterson's car pulls up to the curb in front of a series of stores.

The engine CUTS OFF as Buddy and Patterson climb out.

INSIDE CONVENIENCE STORE

Buddy and Patterson enter.

JOE stands behind the counter as a few customers mill about the store.

PATTERSON  
Joe!

BUDDY  
Long time no see.

JOE  
I wish. Thursdays are always here too soon for my taste.

PATTERSON  
We're hurt. It's like you don't like us no more.

JOE  
I like you guys fine, but I like my money a helluva lot more.

BUDDY  
You see, we share a common interest. We like your money too.

JOE  
I know, that's the problem.

Patterson leans on the counter while buddy browses through the sunglass spinner.

PATTERSON  
(smiling)  
You got a problem, Joe?

JOE  
Naw. I ain't got no problem, I was just saying.

PATTERSON  
'Cause if you got a problem, we'd be happy to help you with it.

JOE  
Like I said, I ain't got no problem.

Buddy turns to Joe, a pair of sunglasses over his eyes.

BUDDY  
Whatdya think, Joe. They look good on me?

JOE  
They look fine.

BUDDY  
(to Patterson)  
What about you, Patty?

PATTERSON  
Like fucking Steve McQueen.

BUDDY  
Now he was a no bullshit guy.

PATTERSON  
(to Joe)  
So, we'd love to get out of your hair.

Joe reaches below the counter and places a large crumpled McDonald's bag on the counter.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
Real cute, Joe.

JOE  
It was all I had.

PATTERSON  
No I like it.

BUDDY  
I'll take 'em.

Buddy throws a twenty dollar bill on the counter.

Joe takes it and rings the sale through the register.

JOE

You guys need anything else or can I start disinfecting the store.

Joe hands Buddy his change.

PATTERSON

We're going. No need to be rude.

BUDDY

It was good seeing you, Joe. Hope we can do this again real soon.

JOE

Ha fucking ha.

Buddy and Patterson leave with the McDonald's bag and pair of sunglasses.

EXT. STRIP CLUB -- DAY

The strip club's parking lot is bare, only a few cars are present.

Patterson's car pulls into a spot in the side lot.

Buddy and Patterson climb out and start toward the front door.

As they walk, they pass a suped-up 2006 Mustang. Buddy immediately notices the car.

BUDDY

Hey, isn't that Dickey's Mustang?

PATTERSON

Better not be. I told that little shit to stay the fuck away from here.

INSIDE STRIP CLUB

The music plays as three strippers dance for a handful of patrons. Numerous other strippers sit at the bar and walk throughout the club.

Patterson and Buddy walk through the dimly lit club.

STRIPPER 1 passes by them with a smile.

STRIPPER 1

Hey Patty.

PATTERSON

Hey babe.

STRIPPER 1

I missed you. You should come see me before you go.

PATTERSON

We'll see.

STRIPPER 1

It'll be worth it.

She winks as she walks through a door marked private.

Buddy and Patterson walk up to the bar and sit.

Across the bar sits another stripper, TONI, she smiles at Patterson as she stirs her drink.

PATTERSON

How ya doing Toni?

TONI

I'm doing fine. How've you been sexy?

PATTERSON

I'm doing better now.

TONI

Where've you been? Me and Britney were looking for you Saturday night.

PATTERSON

I was out with this loser.

Patterson throws a thumb toward Buddy.

TONI

How're you doing, Buddy?

BUDDY

Good.

TONI

You still married?

Buddy holds up his left hand, his golden wedding band gleaming in the neon light.

TONI (CONT'D)

Still faithful?

BUDDY

You know me.

KRYSTA (O.S.)

Too bad.

KRYSTA, another stripper, throws her arm over Buddy's shoulder.

KRYSTA (CONT'D)

Such a fine specimen of a man like yourself should learn to share.

PATTERSON

You girls are wasting your breath, this one's bought and paid for.

TONI

Such a shame, you don't know what you're missing.

BUDDY

(smiles)

I'm sure I don't.

GEORGIE, the club's manager, walks up behind the bar as Krysta sits on the barstool beside Buddy.

GEORGIE

Patty! You guys are early.

PATTERSON

Thought we'd hit you guys before The North Star this time.

GEORGIE

I see. Can I get you boys a drink or do you wanna take some of the girls into the VIP?

Krysta places her hand on Buddy's thigh with a smile.

BUDDY

I'll take a beer.

PATTERSON

Same. No time for fun today.

Krysta sticks out her bottom lip in disappointment.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

We're just picking up.

BUDDY

(to Krysta)

Maybe next time, sweetie.

KRYSTA

Tease. But if you ever wanna make good...

Krysta bites her lip and leans close to Buddy's ear.

KRYSTA (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 ...I'll rock your motherfucking world.

She kisses Buddy's cheek and walks off.

Georgie sets a beer in front of Buddy and Patterson.

GEORGIE  
 Doin' some skull bustin' today?

PATTERSON  
 Hopefully not.

BUDDY  
 We're hoping for a nice relaxing  
 day. No complications.

GEORGIE  
 I'll go and get...

Across the bar, DICKEY walks out of a doorway, a stripper on his arm and a smile on his face.

Patterson sees him immediately and his face fills with rage.

PATTERSON  
 Dickey!

Dickey looks up and right at Patterson, shock and fear on his face.

Patterson jumps up and quickly starts around the bar.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck did I tell you? What  
 did I tell you?

The stripper backs away from Dickey as he backs against the wall.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
 I told you I never wanted to see  
 your retarded fucking face in this  
 club ever fucking again.

Patterson reaches Dickey and immediately punches him in the face, knocking him to the ground.

Patterson stands above the victim of his attack.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
 I swear to fucking Christ.  
 (MORE)

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
 If I ever see you in this club again,  
 I will put you in the ground. Do  
 you understand me?

Dickey nods his head as he holds his bloody nose and lip.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
 (to Georgie)  
 Don't let him in here ever again.

GEORGIE  
 I didn't know he was. I'll take  
 care of it.

PATTERSON  
 Come on, Buddy. Let's move. If we  
 stay here I'm gonna kill this idiot.

Georgie hands the shopping bag of cash to Buddy who stands.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
 Sorry about that, Georgie.

GEORGIE  
 No problem.

Patterson leans down and kisses Toni.

PATTERSON  
 I'll see you soon.

TONI  
 You'd better.

Buddy and Patterson start for the door, beers in hand.

PATTERSON  
 (to the room)  
 See ya ladies!

All the strippers wave.

INT. CASTLE SITTING ROOM -- LATER

The MUSIC MAN, early 60's and balding, plays an acoustic guitar with unmatched skill. His fingers dance across the strings as he plays a beautiful and flawless MELODY.

Emotions wash over his face, his eyes closed, as he and the music are one.

He sits alone in the large sitting room, dark woods framing built in bookshelves and priceless works of art.

The Music Man plays in a near trance, drifting along with the musical notes.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS cut into the elegant music.

The Music Man plays on without a hint of acknowledgement.

The FOOTSTEPS grow louder as Brock walks into the sitting room, still dressed in his jeans and dress shirt, sleeves rolled up.

He walks across the room and sits in a large black leather chair near his boss.

The Music Man plays on, seemingly oblivious to his guest.

Brock leans forward, placing his elbows on his knees, and waits.

The Music Man finishes his song, STRUMMING the last note, and sits still with his eyes closed.

After a few seconds, he opens his eyes and immediately begins tuning his guitar. He never looks at Brock.

MUSIC MAN

You bring good news?

BROCK

Yes, sir. It is done. He will live a long and painful life.

MUSIC MAN

Your skill at delivering my messages is truly astonishing. The devil himself would be hard-pressed to match you. Your hand has caused this city to fear me.

Brock smiles.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

Yet I am worried your services will be needed more and more in these days to come.

BROCK

Whatever is needed. Is something wrong?

MUSIC MAN

A threat is at our door. With each passing moment it grows ever stronger.

BROCK

What do you mean?

MUSIC MAN

There is talk.

BROCK

Talk? Talk means nothing.

MUSIC MAN

Your arrogance is your only weakness. Beware of that. Talk is a dangerous and unpredictable animal. One that can cower with its tail between its legs one moment and tear you to pieces the next. If gone unchecked, this talk could tear this house apart.

BROCK

I am your hand, use me as you will.

INT. UPSCALE MEXICAN RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Chandeliers, wine racks and a tuxedo clad wait staff fill the restaurant.

Buddy, Tess and Patterson sit at a table in the high class Mexican Restaurant. They LAUGH and TALK as three best friends.

Tess and Buddy lean in and kiss.

TESS

(smiling)

You know, it's gonna take a lot more than that to make up for you two being so late.

BUDDY

(motioning to Patterson)

It was all his fault, he's the one with a watch.

Buddy holds up his wrist exposing nothing but skin.

PATTERSON

Buddy's right, I fucked up. I guess you'll just have to punish me, Tess.

TESS

Like no more TV?

PATTERSON

I was thinking of a spanking but...

BUDDY

I'll give you a spanking you dick face. Hittin' on a married woman.

Buddy throws his napkin across the table at Patterson.

PATTERSON

Promise?

BUDDY

You're such a whore.

They all LAUGH.

TESS

I must truly be the luckiest girl in the world. I mean, I have the two greatest guys on the planet fighting over me like schoolboys.

PATTERSON

Shit, we wasn't fightin', we were flirtin'.

BUDDY

That's what I thought.

TESS

Fuck you.

PATTERSON

Float trip.

TESS

What?

PATTERSON

That's we need. We need to take a float trip. You know, get some canoes, coolers full of beer and 20 miles of river.

BUDDY

Don't know where that came from, but I'm game.

TESS

Sounds like fun.

BUDDY

Maybe you could bring that Beth chick you're seeing.

PATTERSON

Beth? Shit, that's yesterday's news.

TESS

I thought you liked her?

PATTERSON

I did. I liked her but I don't like her.

BUDDY

But that was just last week we all went out to Baileys.

PATTERSON

Yep. Beth was nice and now she's free to be nice with other men.

BUDDY

(to Tess)

Another one bites the dust.

TESS

Was there a reason?

PATTERSON

Other than a fading interest? I don't know, it just wasn't...

(definitively)

It just wasn't.

TESS

Well, I'm sorry to here that.

Patterson shrugs.

BUDDY

Anyone new then?

PATTERSON

Not yet.

TESS

Why can't you find yourself a nice wholesome girl?

PATTERSON

I do find nice wholesome girls. The problem is, I'm neither nice nor wholesome.

All three LAUGH.

EXT. BUDDY AND TESS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Patterson's car pulls up in front of the house. The street lights bathe the suburban neighborhood in comforting light.

Patterson's car sits IDLING.

The passenger door opens and Buddy climbs out followed by Tess.

TESS

See ya later, sexy.

Buddy THUMPS the roof of the car with his hand a few times and they turn and head across the lawn to the house.

Patterson drives off.

INSIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

The front door swings open and Buddy and Tess enter.

TESS  
Alone at last.

Buddy closes and locks the door behind them.

BUDDY  
I like the sound of that.

TESS  
I thought you would.

DINING ROOM

Tess walks into the dining room and sets her purse down on the table.

TESS  
I love these shoes but God, they  
tear my feet up.

She kicks off her heels.

KITCHEN

Buddy opens the fridge and pulls out a beer.

BUDDY  
If they hurt, you shouldn't wear  
them.

Tess enters the kitchen, her eyes full of flirtation.

TESS  
But they're so cute.

Buddy roles his eyes and CRACKS open the beer.

BUDDY  
You girls and your shoes.

TESS  
I was thinking maybe you could give  
me a massage.

Tess stops in front of Buddy and presses up against him.

BUDDY  
Your feet?

Tess wraps her arms around Buddy's waist and lays her head on his chest.

TESS  
Well, I was thinking you could start  
there and work your way up.

BUDDY  
I think I might be able to handle  
that.

Tess looks up at Buddy seductively.

TESS  
You think?

Buddy and Tess lean in to kiss but Tess stops just before  
their lips touch.

TESS (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Not so...

Buddy quickly closes the distance and kisses Tess, cutting  
her off.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Cheater!

BUDDY  
Ha!

Both GIGGLE.

TESS  
I don't know why I try.

BUDDY  
Because you are the most amazingly  
wonderful, dumbfoundingly beautiful,  
utterly perfect woman in the entire  
universe.

TESS  
Just so you know, I don't think  
dumbfoundingly is a word.

BUDDY  
Well, that's what you are.

TESS  
I fucking love you.

BUDDY  
I fucking love you too.

TESS  
Good.

They kiss again.

TESS (CONT'D)

So whatdaya say we move to a more...  
sexually inviting room?

BUDDY

What? I thought you liked cold  
linoleum.

TESS

Shut up.

Tess starts backing out of the kitchen, her fingers hooked into Buddy's belt loops. She pulls him out of the kitchen.

BEDROOM

Buddy backs into the room as they kiss feverishly. Tess pulls off Buddy's sports jacket revealing his shoulder holster and the pistol within.

As they continue to make their way to the bed, their lips stay interlocked. Tess unbuckles the shoulder holster and it THUDS to the floor. She pushes Buddy down on the bed.

Buddy sits up on his elbows as Tess begins a sexy striptease. Eventually Tess reaches back with one hand to undo her bra.

She continues to dance as she fumbles with the clasp.

TESS

(smiling)

Excuse me one moment.

She struggles with it.

BUDDY

(smiling)

Do you need some help?

TESS

No, I got it. Thanks for the offer.

Tess reaches back with her other hand.

TESS (CONT'D)

Good thing I gave up my life long  
dream of becoming a stripper...There.

Tess unhooks her bra and it drops to the floor.

BUDDY

Get over here.

Tess struts over to Buddy and they begin to kiss passionately

MOMENTS LATER

Buddy and Tess make love filled with LAUGHTER and fun.

LATER

Buddy lays on top of Tess, his face beside her ear.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You are my everything.

Tess grins as wide as she possibly can.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Tess walks into the kitchen wearing boxer shorts and a tank-top. The signs of recent sleep still hang on her.

She wipes her eyes and yawns as she enters the kitchen.

Buddy stands at the kitchen table, fully dressed and wide awake. He loads a pistol, another handgun sits on the table.

Buddy turns to see Tess. He smiles.

BUDDY

Morning beauty.

TESS

What are you doing up so early?  
It's barely six.

BUDDY

I know. Me and Patterson have  
something to take care of.

TESS

Is something wrong?

BUDDY

No, nothing like that. We just have  
some steam we need to blow off.

EXT. GUN RANGE -- MORNING

A rural gun range just outside of the city.

Three large dirt backstops sit at three different yardages.

Patterson's car sits in the grass parked parallel to the backstops. A full arsenal of submachine guns, pistols and shotguns lay across the trunk, roof and hood of the car.

Patterson stands firing at the array of targets they have set up. Computer monitors explode, metal plates are pierced and dirt flies as bullets tear through everything.

Buddy stands behind him loading a firearm.

Patterson's gun runs empty and his firing stops. He smiles.

BUDDY  
Good shootin' Tex.

PATTERSON  
Now that is what I've been missing.  
Come get some, brother.

Buddy walks up beside Patterson and takes aim at the targets.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
Let fly.

Buddy opens fire. Again, the targets are torn to pieces.

Soon his gun is out of ammo and he ceases fire.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
Hell yeah!

BUDDY  
You're right, it has been too long.

Patterson turns and walks over to the car, laying down his gun and picking up another.

PATTERSON  
Shooting shit always makes everything  
better. Fuck therapy.

Patterson loads the gun as Buddy picks up a pair of pistols

BUDDY  
I need this. If I had to go to this  
stupid Art Museum thing without  
letting out some aggression I'd  
fucking shoot Vejvoda or some dumb  
shit.

Patterson and Buddy walk back to the firing line.

PATTERSON  
What Art Museum thing? Oh shit, did  
you get roped into bodyguard duty?

Patterson chambers a round.

BUDDY  
There was nothing I could do.

Buddy chambers rounds in both of his pistols.

Both men raise their weapons.

PATTERSON

(teasing)

I'm sure you'll look simply stunning  
in a tux.

BUDDY

What? I hate tuxedos.

Both men open fire.

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

BUDDY (O.S.)

I feel ridiculous. Like a clown.

Tess moves about the bedroom, straightening up.

TESS

Do you need help?

BUDDY

No.

TESS

Then stop complaining. It's just a  
Tux.

BUDDY

Who the fuck wear's bow ties nowadays  
anyway?

TESS

If you need help all you have to do  
is ask.

BUDDY

I don't need any help. I can figure  
it out.

TESS

Okay. I'm sure you look dashing.

Buddy walks out of the master bathroom wearing a tux and his  
bow tie undone.

BUDDY

Okay, I need help.

TESS

Come here my darling.

Tess begins tying Buddy's bow tie

BUDDY

I don't know what I'd do without  
you.

TESS

Die.

BUDDY

Yeah, I'd probably die.

TESS

No, you would die. I know these things.

Tess finishes tying and steps back.

TESS (CONT'D)

You are the most handsome man I have ever laid eyes on.

They kiss.

FOYER -- MOMENTS LATER

Buddy slides his shoulder holster on when the DOORBELL rings.

TESS

I'll get it.

Tess opens the front door to find Patterson.

PATTERSON

Hey Tess.

TESS

Patty. 'Bout time.

PATTERSON

(smiling)

Hey, I'm here ain't I?

TESS

Well come on in. I'm working on dinner in the kitchen.

Tess runs off to the kitchen as Patterson walks inside.

BUDDY

Hey man.

PATTERSON

Told you you'd look stunning.

BUDDY

Ha, ha. I hate this penguin suit.

Buddy slides a pistol into the shoulder holster.

PATTERSON

Well have fun.

BUDDY

Thanks.

Buddy grabs his tuxedo jacket and pulls it on.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You guys have fun not working.

PATTERSON

Have fun hanging with old fake people.

BUDDY

Fuck you.

PATTERSON

Maybe when you get home.

BUDDY

See you guys later.

TESS (O.S.)

Bye baby.

BUDDY

(to Tess)

Love you.

TESS (O.S.)

Love you too.

PATTERSON

Be safe, brother.

BUDDY

Always.

Buddy leaves, closing the door behind him.

EXT. ART MUSEUM -- NIGHT

Large spotlights shine into the clear night sky as crowds of the city's elite make their way up the elegant red carpeted stairs.

The large stone museum is decorated for the gala event, large banners hang beside the stone pillars.

Limo's and luxury cars move in an assembly like line by the front of the museum, unloading their formally dressed guests.

A long black limo pulls up in front of the red carpeted stairs.

Buddy, MATT and DREW climb out. They hold the door as Music Man climbs out followed closely by Marcus.

INSIDE MUSEUM -- LATER

The Art Museum is filled with guests dressed in evening gowns and tuxedos.

Cocktails and finger foods are consumed as groups of men and women chat and laugh with each other.

Music Man and Marcus move through the crowded Art Museum smiling and greeting countless guests. Buddy, Matt and Drew casually follow them.

Music Man and Marcus walk into a large gallery and immediately make their way over to a group of party goers.

Amongst the group is ROBERT VEJVODA, kingpin of the Czech Syndicate, and Music Man's arch rival.

Buddy, Matt and Drew peel off and spread out, sticking to the room's perimeter with all the other bodyguards.

Music Man and Marcus Join Vejvoda's group, immediately greeting him as an old friend.

MUSIC MAN  
(smiling largely)  
Robert.

VEJVODA  
(smiling back)  
Vincent. I was wondering when I'd  
run into you.

Buddy stops beside one of the Czech Syndicate members, JACOB, who is watching his boss from afar.

Jacob and Buddy talk like fellow baseball players standing on 1st base.

Vejvoda raises his hand to his mouth and coughs.

BUDDY  
You're boss isn't looking so healthy.

JACOB  
Just a chest cold. Trust me, he's  
fine.

BUDDY  
If you say so.

JACOB  
That is so fucking third grade. I  
don't even know why you guys come to  
these things. Shouldn't you be at  
home fucking your sisters or  
something?

BUDDY

Naw, we don't have time. We just got done fucking your sisters and after this we got a date to fuck your moms' up the ass.

Jacob CHUCKLES.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Heard about that D'Angelo thing. How'd you guys come out on that.

JACOB

Oh don't get me started. We took a fucking bath is what we did. I heard you guys are letting Salvador walk all over you. What's up with that?

BUDDY

Got me. The Music Man's cutting him a lot of slack. Too much for my taste but he's the boss.

JACOB

Sounds like he's getting soft. Scared of a fight.

BUDDY

Watch it now.

JACOB

A year ago you guys would be swimming in blood if Sal pulled that shit. Tell me I'm wrong.

Buddy has no answer because he knows Jacob's right.

There is a moment of silence while both men watch their respective bosses.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Have you seen that Breckenridge kid fight?

BUDDY

God, he's a fucking monster ain't he?

JACOB

Knocked out the last six opponents within the first. I'd call that a bonafide monster.

BUDDY

I'd love to see him fight, I'll tell you that.

Across the room Matt gets their attention.

He motions toward a bombshell of a woman dressed in a revealing dress, part of her breast accidentally exposed.

Matt smiles and so do they.

JACOB

Acts like he's never seen a tit before.

BUDDY

Some guys just love the mammaries.

JACOB

Is he a pervert?

BUDDY

He's a good kid. One of the few.

Vejvoda and Music man LAUGH at an unheard joke.

JACOB

You know this is all gonna come crashing down on us.

BUDDY

What do you mean?

JACOB

You know what I'm saying. Dons shaking hands with dons. Truces, ceasefires, dinner parties. It just doesn't feel right. This isn't the way things are supposed to be. I know you feel it. We've built ourselves a magnificent house of straw and it's all gonna come down in one spectacular fireball of death and destruction.

BUDDY

Alright, what ever you say Mister Doomsday.

JACOB

Just wait and see.

INT. BUDDY AND TESS'S DINING ROOM -- MEANWHILE

Patterson helps Tess clear the dining room table.

PATTERSON

Now that was a meal. I think I need to eat dinner with you guys more often.

TESS

Thanks.

KITCHEN

Tess enters the kitchen followed by Patterson, both carry numerous dirty dishes.

PATTERSON

Seriously, thank you so much for cooking dinner.

Tess and Patterson pile the dishes in the sink.

TESS

Stop being such a kiss ass. It was my pleasure. I'm glad we get to hang out, just the two of us.

PATTERSON

Yeah, it's been a while. Buddy's always cramping our style.

Both smile.

Tess begins hand washing the dishes.

TESS

I heard about Ed and Stephanie.

PATTERSON

Yeah.

Patterson grabs a towel and Tess hands him a dish.

TESS

What happened? What did they do?

PATTERSON

Well, I don't know all the details but I do know they smuggled nearly three mil out of the Lowery house.

TESS

What?

PATTERSON

Yeah. Nobody caught on 'til they were almost gone. They were packing the car when we got there.

TESS

Three million dollars? Why would they do that? Why would they steal from us, from Music Man?

PATTERSON

I don't know. I guess some people just can't help themselves.

TESS

I still can't believe it. They were so loyal, always willing to help out.

PATTERSON

I guess sometimes loyalty just isn't enough.

INT. ART MUSEUM -- MEANWHILE

Matt watches Music Man as he continues to rub shoulders with his fellow socialites.

Buddy crosses the room and stops next to Matt.

MATT

What's up?

BUDDY

I'm gonna go have a smoke.

MATT

I thought you quit?

BUDDY

I did. I quit smoking. You know, the activity of having a smoke on multiple occasions. This is just a one time thing.

Buddy smiles.

MATT

Alright, whatever helps you sleep at night.

Buddy walks out of the room.

EXT. ART MUSEUM -- 5 MINUTES LATER

The outside of the museum is much quieter now. The spotlights continue to shine but the activity has died down.

A handful of security guards keep an eye on the few guests who are leaving early or having a smoke.

A small army of valets sit on the curb waiting.

Buddy leans on a short stone wall across from the museum which overlooks a large lake.

He smokes a cigarette slowly.

Buddy takes in the beautiful view, the lake and its fountains, the well manicured grass and the old solid trees.

MUSIC MAN (O.S.)  
Care if I join you?

Buddy turns to see Music Man approaching.

Behind him on the red carpeted stairs stands Matt.

BUDDY  
Sure. I was just about to head inside.

Music Man joins Buddy leaning on the short wall.

MUSIC MAN  
Such beauty and it's right under our noses.

BUDDY  
Yeah, sometimes I forget to stop and just take it all in.

MUSIC MAN  
We all do, son. We all do. That's the problem with the world. We just can't see the forest for the trees.

Buddy offers Music Man a cigarette.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)  
Don't mind if I do.

Music Man raises the cigarette to his lips and Buddy lights it with a match.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)  
I wanted to thank you personally for taking care of that situation Monday. I know how hard it must have been for you. You and Patterson.

BUDDY  
I did my duty, nothing more.

MUSIC MAN  
(smiles)  
The words of the loyal patriot. You've done good by me, Buddy. You've done more than, as you put it, "your duty." I just want you to know, I'm aware of your going the extra mile.

BUDDY  
Whatever I can do to better the family.

MUSIC MAN

How's Tess?

BUDDY

Good. She and Patterson are getting some face time.

MUSIC MAN

I'm glad to hear it. She's a lovely young woman. I'll make sure to send her some of those chocolates she loves so much.

BUDDY

She'd like that.

MUSIC MAN

I've always liked you and Patterson. Both of you have always stepped up, never let me down. I could always trust you two. I've always known you were loyal.

Music Man takes a long drag off of his cigarette.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

I have been hearing unsettling things, Buddy. I've heard there is talk of rebellion amongst some of the men. That some of my decisions have caused question and debate. Have you heard these things?

BUDDY

I've heard there is talk. Nothing first hand.

Music Man nods.

MUSIC MAN

It is unfortunate that such talk has begun. It seems as though loyalty is a word very easily forgotten these days. I have a favor to ask you.

BUDDY

Whatever you need, sir.

MUSIC MAN

Keep your ears open. Let me know if you hear anything "first hand."

BUDDY

You can count on me, sir.

MUSIC MAN

That, my son, is the one thing I am certain of.

Music man grinds his cigarette out.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

Come, there are some people I'd like you to meet.

EXT. BUDDY AND TESS'S BACK PATIO -- MEANWHILE

Patterson and Tess sit on the back patio sipping from beer bottles.

TESS

So we need to find you a girl.

PATTERSON

Oh here we go.

TESS

Shut up. I'm trying to help.

PATTERSON

Who said I needed any help with my love life?

TESS

Come on, do you really like having a different girl every week?

PATTERSON

(laughs)

Well sometimes.

TESS

Of course. The manly response. I know you, Patty, and you know it. So don't try that silly "I'm a man" front. You're looking for her. The woman you can spend the rest of your life with.

PATTERSON

Okay, maybe.

TESS

Maybe?

Tess LAUGHS.

TESS (CONT'D)

Maybe my ass.

PATTERSON

Okay, okay. You got me. I am looking for her, the one. God, that's so fucking cheesy.

TESS

I'm glad you're talking sense now.

PATTERSON

I thought you were gonna help me. So help.

TESS

Well, why didn't you and Beth work out?

PATTERSON

I don't know. Just wasn't great.

TESS

Okay. And you and Shannon?

PATTERSON

She got boring.

TESS

And that girl before here, the red head?

PATTERSON

Amy.

TESS

And Amy?

PATTERSON

I can't even remember.

TESS

Seriously?

PATTERSON

No, not seriously. It's all the same. It was the same with all of them. I just don't feel it. You know what I mean?

TESS

Of course I know what you mean. But what's that missing piece? What don't they have?

PATTERSON

They're not like you. I mean, don't take that the wrong way, but they're just not like you.

(MORE)

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Sure they're beautiful. Sure they can be fun. But in the end, they just don't compare to you.

TESS

Well, I didn't know I was the bar you were using.

PATTERSON

You know I love you.

Tess GIGGLES and Patterson grins in embarrassment.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Not like that. You know what I mean.

TESS

I know what you mean.

(smiling)

I love you too.

Again both GIGGLE.

PATTERSON

Shut up. You and Buddy are my best friends. I'd die for either one of you. But honestly, I mean from the bottom of my heart, you are the only woman I've ever loved. You're smart, funny and you make those around you feel amazing. That's what I'm looking for. I'm looking for that girl that makes me feel alive. That girl who makes nothing else matter. The one who you'd give up everything to be with. That gives me what you and Buddy have. That's what they're fucking missing.

TESS

I see.

PATTERSON

I know that's stupid. I mean, that's what everybody wants.

TESS

It's not stupid. She's out there for you. And I'm not just saying that. I know she's out there for you.

PATTERSON

Then what are you sitting around here for, go and get her.

Both LAUGH.

INT. BUDDY AND TESS'S HOUSE -- LATE NIGHT

The front door opens and Buddy walks in, his bow tie undone. The SOUND of a TV can be heard.

LIVING ROOM

Buddy walks into the living room and finds Tess and Patterson fast asleep on the couch, a movie playing on the TV.

Buddy MUTES the TV and walks over to the sleeping Tess. He leans down and kisses her gently.

Her eyes flutter sleepily open and she smiles.

The two whisper back and forth.

TESS

Hi my love.

BUDDY

Hi. Wanna come to bed?

TESS

Is Patty still here?

Buddy looks over at the unconscious Patterson and Tess follows his gaze.

TESS (CONT'D)

He needs a blanket.

BUDDY

I think he'd be fine, but I'll get him one. Want me to carry you to bed?

Tess smiles childishly.

TESS

Yes. But I'll walk. Get Patty a blanket.

Tess gets up carefully and heads toward the bedroom while Buddy goes to a closet and grabs a blanket.

Buddy lays the blanket on Patterson.

BUDDY

(whispering)  
Night, brother.

INT. DINER -- DAY

Patterson and Buddy sit in a diner booth eating.

Buddy's cell phone RINGS just as he takes a huge bite out of his hamburger.

He chews his mouthfull of food as he reaches into his pocket and grabs his phone.

He tosses the cell to Patterson who swallows hard and answers.

PATTERSON  
Hello?...Buckley's...on  
23rd...Sure...Yeah, we're on it.

Patterson hangs up the phone and tosses it back to Buddy.

BUDDY  
Who was it?

PATTERSON  
Marcus. We're picking up Brock and  
his crew.

Buddy becomes a little uneasy.

BUDDY  
Alright.

Patterson smiles with just the slightest hint of nervousness.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- DAY

A white unmarked van pulls up to the curb in front of an old brick building in downtown.

INSIDE VAN

Buddy sits behind the wheel while Patterson sits in the passenger seat.

Both men check their weapons, making sure they're loaded and cocked.

BUDDY  
What time is it?

Patterson looks down at his watch.

PATTERSON  
Quarter after one.

BUDDY  
Well, they should be coming down any  
minute now.

INSIDE WAREHOUSE

Eight floors above the street, a warehouse spans the brick building.

Large crates and machinery fill the warehouse. A few men work the machines, loading and stacking crates and pallets.

Off to the side is the warehouse's large office.

#### WAREHOUSE OFFICE

The office is large and at this minute, quite crowded.

The warehouse owner, VINNIE, sits behind a large wooden desk, some of his gunmen on both sides.

Across the desk from Vinnie, seated in two plush chairs, are Brock and his right hand man, O'BANNON. Behind them stand the rest of Brock's crew: SHANE, ACE and SAMMY.

The door behind them is guarded by four more of Vinnie's goons.

All together, Brock and his four man crew are outnumbered two to one.

#### VINNIE

I don't know how many ways I can tell you the same thing. Get the fuck out of my building.

#### BROCK

I told you, we can't leave until you've heard us out.

#### VINNIE

That's it. I have no more time for you or the Music Man's threats?

#### BROCK

That's too bad, I'd really hoped you'd listen.

Immediately Sammy, Ace and Shane pull guns.

Sammy and Ace press cold steel barrels against the chests and faces of the nearest thugs, firing point blank.

Shane spins around opening fire on the four men guarding the office door.

Before Vinnie and his goons can react, Brock pulls his knife and hurdles the large desk, slicing open the throat of the awe-struck Vinnie.

O'Bannon jumps to his feet and opens fire on the goons flanking the desk.

#### INSIDE VAN

Buddy and Patterson sit waiting, the engine running.

A barely audible POPPING sound can be heard over the low hum of the car's engine.

BUDDY  
Do you hear that?

PATTERSON  
I'm not sure.

Buddy roles down his window and leans his head outside.

The POPPING sound is louder outside the car and Buddy quickly identifies it as muffled gunfire.

He ducks back into the car.

BUDDY  
Shit, it's a warzone in there. Be  
ready to split.

Patterson climbs into the back of the truck and picks up an MP-5 submachine gun.

PATTERSON  
This is why I hate dealing with Brock.

WAREHOUSE OFFICE

Brock and crew walk out of the office guns blazing, behind them Vinnie and his goons lie dead.

As they step out into the warehouse, they gun down the factory workers, some of which go for guns.

Brock leads the way as they reach the exit door. He stops just short of the door and pulls his two pistols.

He waits.

Suddenly the door is kicked open by two thugs, guns drawn.

Brock fires multiple times into both of the surprised men.

Brock and his crew move into the stairwell, leaving everyone in the warehouse dead or dying.

INSIDE VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

The door to the brick building opens as Brock steps out casually.

BUDDY  
Open the door.

Patterson slides open the side door, submachine gun in hand.

OUTSIDE

Brock and his crew walk out of the building and over to the van.

INSIDE VAN

Brock climbs into the passenger seat as the other four men climb in the side.

Patterson slides the door shut as Buddy speeds off.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

The van zooms down the city streets.

The van soon comes to an intersection where it stops for traffic, the right tail light failing to light up.

INSIDE VAN

BROCK

Make a right.

Buddy flips the right turn signal on.

OUTSIDE

As the van waits to turn, it is obvious the rear tail light is out.

The van makes the turn.

INSIDE VAN

Seconds after making the turn, the sound of SIRENS pierce the van walls.

Buddy looks in his side mirror and can see the flashing lights of the following police car.

BUDDY

Fuck.

Buddy turns to look at Brock who gives a slight head nod.

Brock pulls a pistol and chambers a round as do the other four men in back.

Patterson cocks his submachine gun.

OUTSIDE

The white van pulls over to the side of the road, the police car stopping directly behind it.

INSIDE VAN

Buddy chambers a round in his pistol and lays it in his lap partially hidden beneath his jacket.

OUTSIDE

The police car's lights continue to flash as COP 1 climbs out of driver's seat.

COP 2 climbs out of the passenger seat and waits behind the door, his hand on his gun.

Cop 1 unbuckles his holster as he approaches the driver's side of the van. He places his hand on his gun.

INSIDE VAN

Buddy sits waiting as cop 1 reaches the window.

COP 1

Where are you boys headed?

Buddy looks out the window at the cautious cop and immediately notices his hand on his gun.

Cop 1 glances across the car at Brock who smiles back.

BUDDY

Home. Ladue.

Buddy tightens his grip on the pistol in his lap.

COP 1

Ladue? This is the first time I've seen some Ladue boys driving a white panel van.

BUDDY

It's a new fad.

The cop doesn't smile.

COP 1

Do you boys know why I stopped you?

OUTSIDE

Cop 2 steps out from behind the car door and approaches the passenger side of the van.

INSIDE VAN

COP 1 (CONT'D)

You failed to signal when you made that right turn back there.

BUDDY

Really? I swore...I'm sorry officer.

OUTSIDE

Cop 2 walks along the passenger side of the van.

INSIDE VAN

Brock looks in his side mirror to see cop 2 approaching.

Brock puts his finger over the trigger of his pistol.

COP 1 (O.S.)

I'm gonna need to see your license  
and registration.

OUTSIDE

Cop 2 stops halfway down the van, turns and starts back toward the rear. He inspects the bottom of the van as he heads back.

INSIDE VAN

Brock watches cop 2 walking away in the mirror.

BUDDY

You see, that's the thing.

COP 1

Don't fuck with me son.

The cop draws his pistol and holds it at his side.

COP 1 (CONT'D)

Now.

(to Brock)

I'll need you to put your hands on  
the dash.

Brock looks at the cop, lets go of the pistol and puts his hands on the dash.

Patterson crouches facing the rear doors his ear to the van's wall, listening to cop 2 on the other side.

OUTSIDE

Cop 2 reaches the rear of the van and looks down at the license plate.

He quickly becomes suspicious, seeing something unusual behind the plate.

INSIDE VAN

Patterson reaches out and unlocks the rear van door, careful not to make a sound.

He aims the submachine gun at the door and puts his free hand on the door's handle.

Cop 1 grabs his shoulder walkie-talkie as he keeps the gun at his side.

COP 1 (CONT'D)

Alright, both of you, hands on the dash. Is there anyone else in the vehicle?

Cop 2 reaches down and pulls at the license plate.

Suddenly it pulls free revealing another licence plate.

Cop 2 looks at the back of the plate in his hand to find four large magnets.

He immediately drops the plate, which CLANKS to the ground, and draws his gun.

With his free hand he grabs his shoulder walkie talkie.

INSIDE VAN

COP 1 (CONT'D)

This is car 455. I need...

Hearing the CLANK, cop 1 turns to look at the rear of the van.

Without hesitation, Buddy draws his pistol at lightning speed, and fires twice into cop 1's head.

OUTSIDE

Almost simultaneously Patterson throws open the rear door.

Cop 2 looks up to see Patterson and the submachine gun aimed at him.

Patterson opens fire with a barrage of fully automatic gunfire.

Bullets tear through cop 2 and the police car behind him.

Cop 2 fires two wild shots as he falls onto the hood of the police car.

Buddy fires two more rounds into cop 1, now laying on the ground, and speeds out from the curb.

A second police car turns onto the street behind them and Patterson immediately reloads and redirects his aim at them.

The van zooms down the street as Patterson peppers the second police car with bullets.

## INSIDE POLICE CAR

Bullets tear through the windshield and THUD into the hood. Both cops are hit multiple times.

## OUTSIDE

The second police car loses control and slams into a few parked cars.

Patterson empties the clip into the side of the second police car and then reaches out and closes the rear door.

The white van speeds off down the city streets.

## EXT. JUNKYARD -- LATER

The white van turns into the junkyard at breakneck speed.

It weaves through the mounds of cars and scrap as it makes its way to the back of the yard.

The van comes to a stop and immediately the doors fly open. All seven men climb out.

JOSH, the junkyard mechanic, jogs out of the office dressed in his greasy overalls. In each hand he carries a power drill.

He tosses one to Ace who immediately runs to the front of the van while Josh runs to the back.

Both men quickly begin unscrewing the licence plates.

Patterson quickly collects all the brass bullet casings from inside the van.

Buddy and the rest run over to a nearby SUV and climb in.

Ace runs over to Josh and hands him the licence plate as Patterson runs up and hands him a handful of casings.

Josh throws it all into a plastic bag and looks over to a large crane nearby. He raises his hand.

## INSIDE CRANE

The crane operator starts the crane.

## OUTSIDE

Ace and Patterson climb into the SUV as a large claw CRUNCHES down on the white van.

The SUV speeds off as the crane raises the van into the air.

JUNKYARD OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Josh walks through the office and opens a door marked SHOP.

INSIDE SHOP

Josh walks through the machine shop, greasy chains, machines and salvage litter the large room.

Josh walks over to a large conveyer belt, large metal bowls bolted to it.

He reaches into the bag and pulls out the licence plates.

He drops the plates into one bowl and pours the brass casing's into another.

He presses a large green button and the belt comes to life taking the metal bowls into a white hot furnace.

OUTSIDE

The crane drops the van in a large car crusher and pulls away.

The car crusher comes to life, metal SCREECHING as the van begins to fold in on itself.

EXT. CASTLE -- LATER

The SUV sits in front of the large castle.

Ace, Shane, Sammy and O'bannon walk into the castle as Buddy and Patterson walk over to Patterson's car.

Brock walks over to them.

Seeing Brock, both Patterson and Buddy stop before getting in the car.

BROCK

That was close back there.

Brock pulls out a cigarette.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I didn't think you guys would get us out of it.

He lights his cigarette.

BROCK (CONT'D)

You proved me wrong.

Brock smiles.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
And that is a rare thing.

Brock turns and heads toward the castle.

Buddy and Patterson climb into Patterson's car and drive off.

INSIDE CAR

Patterson sits behind the wheel while Buddy relaxes.

BUDDY  
Was that a compliment? What he just said?

PATTERSON  
Maybe. I couldn't tell.

BUDDY  
I don't know if I like being in Brock's good graces.

PATTERSON  
It's better than being on his bad list. That man is crazy with a capital fucking.

INT. BUDDY AND TESS'S HOUSE -- EVENING

The front door opens and Buddy and Patterson enter.

BUDDY  
God, it's good to be home.

PATTERSON  
I don't know about you, but I think there's a beer in your fridge with my name on it.

BUDDY  
That seems to be a trend.

Tess enters the living room smiling, a box of chocolates in her hand.

TESS  
I got a present.

PATTERSON  
So we see.

TESS  
Music Man sent it over. They're my favorites.

BUDDY

I got a present for you too.

Tess's smile widens.

TESS

Really?

BUDDY

Yep. You get me all day tomorrow.

TESS

(excited)

What? I get you all to myself?

PATTERSON

Yeah, Kenny and AJ are covering our pick ups.

Tess wraps her arms around Buddy.

TESS

That's the best present ever.

BUDDY

Ever?

TESS

Ever.

PATTERSON

Come on now, a man can only take so much of this sappy crap.

TESS

So I guess if you two are off tomorrow it's gonna be a pizza and cards night?

PATTERSON

Tess, you sure do know how to sweet talk a guy.

INT. BUDDY AND TESS'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

The morning sun bathes the sleeping Buddy and Tess in a bright haze.

On a nearby nightstand, Buddy's cell phone begins to vibrate.

His hand reaches out blindly, eyes closed, as he feels for the phone. His fingers wrap around the cell and he brings it to his ear.

BUDDY

(eyes closed)

Hello.

INT. CASTLE PATIO -- DAY

Buddy steps out onto the lavish patio overlooking the beautifully manicured nine acre yard.

The Music Man sits in a cushioned wrought iron chair, for once he does not hold his beloved guitar. He sips from a large glass of iced tea.

Buddy approaches him.

MUSIC MAN

Buddy the punctual. You arrived faster than I'd expected.

BUDDY

I figured it was important.

MUSIC MAN

As you should. Sit down, enjoy the view.

Buddy sits in a nearby chair.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

Iced tea?

BUDDY

Sure.

The Music Man gives a nod of his head.

INSIDE

A butler acknowledges the nod and moves into the kitchen.

PATIO

MUSIC MAN

I must thank you for helping me out again yesterday.

BUDDY

I do what is asked.

MUSIC MAN

You are making that point quite clear. Brock had good things to say about you and Patterson. Said you really rose to the occasion. But praise is not why I asked you here. How have your ears been working? Have you heard any more talk?

BUDDY

Still nothing first hand. If you ask me, I don't really think it's a serious threat.

The butler places a glass of iced tea beside Buddy and exits.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(to butler)

Thanks.

(to Music Man)

A few guys always want to bitch about the way things are done.

MUSIC MAN

That could be so. However, I would much rather address the issue than to let it fester. What have you heard?

BUDDY

Like I said, nothing first hand. I've heard that some of the guys think you're getting a little soft. Letting people walk over us, you. That they think you might be selling us out or backing down to the other syndicates. That's it. Just mumblings.

MUSIC MAN

But still no names?

BUDDY

No, sir. I haven't heard any names.

MUSIC MAN

Unfortunate. How well do you know Matthew?

BUDDY

Matty?

Buddy catches onto the implication.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I know he's a good kid. Loyal. He's one of us.

MUSIC MAN

Your confidence in him is encouraging, however, I am not convinced. It has been brought to my attention that he is quite likely one of the men sharing his disapproval of my leadership.

BUDDY

No. I don't think so. He's loyal, loyal as me or you.

MUSIC MAN

For his sake, I hope you are right.  
Thank you for your time, Buddy.

Buddy stands.

BUDDY

I hope that I have been helpful.

MUSIC MAN

Of course. Did Tess enjoy her  
chocolates?

BUDDY

Yes, she thanks you very much.

MUSIC MAN

You two make a beautiful couple,  
Buddy. I wish you both nothing but  
the best.

BUDDY

Thank you, sir. We appreciate all  
you've done for us.

The Music Man smiles in welcome.

Buddy leaves.

CASTLE FRONT STEPS

Buddy walks down the front steps of the Castle toward his  
car. He raises his cell to his ear.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Patty?...We need to find Matt.

EXT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY

A forties-style barbershop sits nuzzled between various stores  
and shops, it's candystriped pole twisting in the afternoon  
sun.

Matt steps out of the barber shop.

MATT

(laughing)

You're always backing the wrong side,  
ol' man. See ya around Paulie.

Before the door can shut behind him, Matt is grabbed by Buddy  
and Patterson.

BUDDY

We need to talk.

MATT

Alright. What's the matter?

Buddy, Patterson and Matt climb into Patterson's car and drive off.

INT. BOXING GYM -- MOMENTS LATER

A classic boxing gym complete with a boxing ring, speed bags and free weights. A dozen men and a few women spar and otherwise work their bodies hard.

Patterson, Buddy and Matt enter the gym.

They lead Matt passed the excercising people and off into a back office.

BACK OFFICE

The GYM MANAGER sits behind a large but cheap desk. As the visitors enter the manager jumps up.

GYM MANAGER

It's all yours. I was just leaving.

The manager makes a B-Line for the door, Patterson closes it behind him.

Matt sits down behind the desk.

MATT

So maybe you two should tell me what the fuck this is all about?

PATTERSON

Have you been talking?

MATT

Talkin' about what? Of course I've been talking. If you haven't noticed I shoot my mouth off all the Goddamned time.

BUDDY

Have you been talkin' revolt?

MATT

What? Hell no. Of course I haven't been talking no mutiny. You guys know me.

PATTERSON

That's not what we're hearing.

MATT

I don't give a fuck about what people are saying. I'm loyal.

BUDDY

You're going to have to do better than that.

Buddy pulls a pistol from his jacket.

Rage splashes across Matt's face.

MATT

Oh, fuck this! I ain't no traitor!

Patterson pulls his pistol.

PATTERSON

First Ed and now--

His rage begins melting to panic.

MATT

No, fuck that! I ain't nothing like Ed! You guys know me! Come on. We grew up to-fucking-gether, put the guns away!

BUDDY

Matty, you know we want to believe you. God knows we've trusted you with our lives, but we have to be sure.

PATTERSON

Music Man has to take action.

MATT

I'm tellin' you! I'm tellin' you the fucking truth, I swear on my Mother's life! I ain't no turncoat. I'm true. I'm a loyalist.

Both Patterson and Buddy raise their guns.

BUDDY

Still ain't convinced, Matty. We gotta protect the family.

MATT

What the fuck do you want from me, huh? Tell me! What do you want me to say. I've never in my life said anything to anyone about mutiny or revolt. I swear! I love this family!

A lone tear escapes from Matt's right eye and rolls down his cheek.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'd die for you or anyone here. I'm happy.

More tears escape but he continues on ignoring them.

MATT (CONT'D)

The Music Man and all you guys have done so much for me and Jess and I could never threaten that. I would give everything for you and the Music Man. Everything. Don't do this, Buddy. Don't do this. Patty, it's me little Matty. It's me.

Buddy and Patterson lower their guns.

PATTERSON

We know you, Matty. We know you're one of us.

BUDDY

We just had to be sure. We had to know you hadn't changed.

They holster their guns.

MATT

(almost a whisper)  
Fuck you guys.

Buddy and Patterson smile.

PATTERSON

Oh come on, you knew we wouldn't shoot.

MATT

(sarcastically)  
Yeah. I saw right through you're lousy fucking bluff.

They all CHUCKLE in relief.

EXT. BARBER SHOP -- LATE AFTERNOON

Patterson's car pulls up to the curb and Matt climbs out.

MATT

Let's never do that again.

BUDDY

Don't worry about it, we'll talk to Music Man.

MATT

Make sure he knows I'm on his side.

PATTERSON

We got your back, Matty. Say hi to Jessica.

MATT

Alright.

Patterson's car ROARS off as Matt starts down the sidewalk.

INT. CASTLE HALL -- EVENING

Buddy and Patterson walk through the Castle's large halls.

GAME ROOM

A lavish game room adorned with dart boards, billiard tables and a numerous TVs.

The Music Man leans down over the table, pool cue in hand, and takes aim at the cue ball.

MUSIC MAN

And your positive he is one hundred percent loyal?

Buddy and Patterson stand nearby watching.

BUDDY

Absolutely.

PATTERSON

We're sure he's one of the good guys.

The Music Man shoots, beginning a game of pool with himself.

MUSIC MAN

Strange that I have heard otherwise.

PATTERSON

We've known Matt a long time.

BUDDY

We grew up together. And he was telling the truth.

MUSIC MAN

I must thank you boys for going the extra mile. Your dedication to the family and myself is truly exceptional. I will not forget all you've done this week.

BUDDY

We only want what's best for all of us. For the family.

Brock enters the game room and grabs a seat.

MUSIC MAN

As relieved as I am to hear your report on Matthew, I am also quite saddened by it. This absolution of Matthew only means that now I am left with nothing but growing winds of insurrection and no source to behold. These are the moments when a man must step outside his fear and find a way to crush it. Thank you, boys.

Patterson and Buddy exit.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

(to Brock)

It appears our hunch was wrong. Now we must make a decision.

BROCK

To carry through or not.

MUSIC MAN

Precisely. I must put an end to this building storm.

BROCK

Then the decision is made. If one innocent must die to save the herd, then that is what must be done. That is the only choice.

MUSIC MAN

I fear you are right my soulless hand. I fear you are right.

The Music Man sinks the eight ball.

INT. BUDDY AND TESS'S KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Buddy stands at the kitchen counter, pouring himself a glass of beer.

Patterson leans against the kitchen counter, smoking a cigar. Dark sunglasses cover his eyes.

PATTERSON

Hey, I don't get it either. Seems like bad business to me too. But I have to say, if the Music Man says it's the right move, then it's the right move.

Buddy tosses Patterson a bottle of beer and joins him in leaning against the counter.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Gracias.

BUDDY

I know, I know. Things just seem...off. You know what I mean?

Patterson nods as he swallows a mouthful of beer.

PATTERSON

But he's the king, right?

BUDDY

He's the king.

PATTERSON

(raising his bottle  
in a toast)  
Hail to the king.

BUDDY

(raising his glass)  
Hail to the king.

Both men take large swigs of their beers.

Enter Tess.

She is dressed in fall outer gear.

As usual she wears a large smile.

PATTERSON

Hi sunshine.

TESS

Hi boys.

BUDDY

Hey baby.

Buddy and Tess kiss.

TESS

So what are you two hoodlums up to?

Tess begins going through the refrigerator.

BUDDY

Nothin' much.

Tess pulls out a styrofoam box and begins heating up some old Italian food.

PATTERSON

Bitchin' about the same old shit.  
You know how it is, Tess.

TESS

Don't you two have better things to do? You know, we still have that concrete to be poured.

(peaks out the window)

Oh, and look it's a nice sunny day. The patio isn't going to finish itself, you know. And I remember some boys who promised to finish it weeks ago.

BUDDY

We will...

PATTERSON

(looking at watch)

Damn, we still got swing by the castle before three. We'd better get moving.

TESS

(smiling)

Oh, bullshit. That's some crap excuse.

BUDDY

(smiling)

Naw, he's tellin' the truth. The Music Man would have our heads if we were late.

TESS

Whatever. Go on my dishonest yet amazingly handsome boys.

Buddy kisses her again.

BUDDY

You know you love it, baby.

TESS

Get out of here.

PATTERSON

Don't worry Tess, I'll take care of him.

TESS

You'd better.

Patterson and Buddy leave as Tess takes her food out of the microwave.

EXT. CASTLE -- AFTERNOON

The large multi-million dollar estate sits behind it's large brick privacy wall.

## CASTLE HALL

The soft sound of an ACOUSTIC GUITAR being played fills the air.

Buddy and Patterson walk down the elegant hallway. The dark woods and exotic art pieces paving the way.

They are accompanied by KENNY, a tall slender man in his late 20's. He wears a three piece designer suit.

As they walk, their CONVERSATION can be heard but only softly in the large cavernous halls.

## CASTLE SITTING ROOM

Buddy, Kenny and Patterson round the corner into the sitting room, their conversation still going.

## KENNY

And that was that. Three beers and a pack of cigarettes later nobody could have even told you who had said what.

The trio stops speaking as they see the Music Man.

He sits in a chair near a CRACKLING fireplace, expertly caressing the strings of his acoustic guitar. The origin of the calm gentle MUSIC filling the room and halls.

The Music Man continues playing unaffected by the arrival of the three men.

The three stop and begin watching their boss play his guitar.

Joining them in the room are forty other gangsters. All of the men stand listening to their own personal concert.

After a short while, the Music Man finishes his performance, seemingly coming out of some sort of trance.

He meticulously puts his guitar away on the stand beside him and then looks up at those waiting in the room.

The room is silent.

## MUSIC MAN

Thirty-six years of playing the guitar and I still can't get through that piece without a mistake.

## FRANK

I couldn't tell, boss.

## MUSIC MAN

Thank you, Frankie.

ELLIOT

No offense or anything, sir, but didn't we just have one of these little sit downs yesterday? Seems a little excessive if you ask me.

MUSIC MAN

Unfortunately it is. It very much is.

With that, Brock, O'Bannon, Shane, Sammy and Ace enter from a doorway to the left of the room. There is a total silence as the assassins enter.

The five killers stop, taking position to the right of the Music Man.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

Well, now that everyone has arrived, let us discuss what must be discussed. It has come to my attention that there is much unrest among you. That murmurings of uncertainties and disapprovals have spread through this organization like wildfires. These ideas, these feelings eating away at the foundation of this,  
(gestures around)  
This mighty empire.

KENNY

(out of the side of his mouth)  
Uh oh, we're in trouble.

A small smirk creeps onto his face.

PATTERSON

(in the same fashion)  
Daddy's gonna get out the belt.

MUSIC MAN

These destructive currents have troubled me severely since I have become aware of them. I have lost much sleep contemplating what was to be done about such dangerous tides. Now, alas, I have come to my conclusion. To help illustrate it, I have chosen to give a demonstration.

Ace and Shane, turn and head towards a nearby door.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

Now in order to put out a wildfire....

Ace and Shane KNOCK on the door and then head over to the large group of gangsters.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

...sometimes you must use more fire.

As the two killers reach the group of gangsters the door opens.

A woman, clothes torn, blood spattered and eyes blindfolded, is carried into the room by two gangsters, her body too exhausted to walk.

Suddenly one of the gangsters, Matt, recognizes the woman as his wife of six years, JESSICA.

Immediately he lunges forward toward her in sheer panic as Shane and Ace, who are standing behind him, stop his forward momentum, grabbing his arms and shoulders.

The other gangsters back away from him in uncomfortable fear.

Struggling to free himself with all his strength, all Matt can do is let out a guttural CRY of pain and fear.

Hearing her husband's CRY, Jessica immediately begins SOBBING uncontrollably.

JESSICA

Matt!!!

MATT

Jessica!! Let me go! Let me go you  
fucking...Let me go!!! Jessica!

Jessica is still too exhausted to struggle but she uses all the strength she has in her anguished CRIES.

The room is frozen in tension, the two gangsters carry Jessica to the Music Man.

MATT (CONT'D)

What have you done to her! Let me  
go!! I'll fucking kill you all!  
What have you done!!

The Music Man nods slightly and Ace clubs Matt over the back of the head with a pistol. He goes silent with a GRUNT, the blow dazing him slightly.

MUSIC MAN

Drastic times... I feel, that in  
order to make my message clear, in  
order for me to quell this inner  
turmoil I must make it undeniably  
understood my view of the matter.

The two gangsters release Jessica, her body crumpling down to her knees.

Brock steps from Music Man's side, sliding his pistol out and pointing it at the back of Jessica's head.

Matt, coming back from his daze begins to fight, but lessens it seeing the gun aimed at his wife's head. Tears stream down his face.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

My once loyal Matthew. I have given you so much.

Brock begins untying Jessica's blindfold.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

You and your beautiful wife have enjoyed so much. So many luxuries on my behalf. I have given you the freedom and means to make your dreams come true. I have given. And what have you brought me in repayment? Undermining. Deception. Mutiny. These things, these betrayals, are unforgivable.

The blindfold removed, Jessica stares up at her restrained husband. Tears rolling from her eyes. She knows she is unreachable.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

So how does one remedy such treachery?

Brock takes aim at Jessica's left arm.

With a CRACK he fires a bullet through the thin limb.

Jessica CRIES out in weeping agony.

Again Matt attempts to lunge toward his defenseless wife, desperation filling his soul. Yet the more he struggles the more his captors compensate.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

Blood shall be paid for the crimes committed.

Brock adjusts his aim, FIRING a round through Jessica's right arm.

Tears pour down both Jessica and Matt's faces.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

This is how amends are made.

Again, Brock FIRES a single shot into Jessica's kneeling right thigh.

With each blow the realization in both Matt and Jessica's eyes grows, and their ability to fight lessens.

Brock FIRES a round into her left thigh and then returns the gun to the back of her head.

MUSIC MAN (CONT'D)

Not from the blood of the guilty,  
but from those of their most beloved.

Jessica and Matt lock eyes.

Brock pulls the trigger, Jessica's body collapses to the floor.

Matt's body goes limp in the silent room. He SOBS softly.

He is defeated.

Everyone stares at the scene, afraid and shocked.

The Music Man stands and exit's the room followed by O'Bannon and Sammy.

No one else moves.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE -- LATER

Patterson and buddy sit at a cafe table, the outdoor patio filled with people.

PATTERSON

What the fuck was that? Huh? What the fuck?

BUDDY

There had to be an example. Music Man needed--

PATTERSON

You're actually buying into this bull? Come on man. Come the fuck on. His wife deserved that? Is that what you're trying to push on me? That they had it coming?

BUDDY

No, she didn't deserve that. Nobody deserves that. But the talk was getting dangerous. Music Man had to do something.

PATTERSON

So you saying that it's just collateral damage?

BUDDY

Sure.

PATTERSON

Oh give me a goddamn break! Do you hear yourself? The Music Man has you brainwashed and you can't even see it.

BUDDY

What about Steph, huh? What about her? I don't know if you remember but a week ago we fucking took a sledgehammer to her.

PATTERSON

Don't throw that in my face.

BUDDY

We killed her for the exact same reason. We killed her because of Ed, and you know it.

PATTERSON

Yeah, I know it. It fucking eats me up every fucking day.

BUDDY

Then let it go.

PATTERSON

I can't let this go. Yeah, we did something horrible. We killed a woman who didn't deserve it but she did know what was going on. She knew what they were into. She knew about the money. She knew the danger they were in. She was an acting participant in what was happening. Matt didn't do shit. Music Man killed Jessica to make a fucking example. To scare us into compliance. She didn't deserve that. She didn't do anything. He picked a random target. She was innocent, man!

BUDDY

What do you want me to say? Huh? What do you want to hear come out of my mouth. That I'm scared shitless?

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

That I just watched one of my friends lose the most precious thing in his life and I'm petrified? Fuck man, I can't even comprehend what just happened.

PATTERSON

Well it just did. That happened and it's going to happen again. The next time someone needs adjusting, another wife or, God forbid, a kid, gets put on that chopping block. What if that was Tess, man? What if that was Tess?!

BUDDY

Don't you think I know that! Don't you think that thought has been in my head since the moment Jessica was brought into the room? What can I do? I have no options. None of us do. We can't just go up to him and say 'Hey boss, this is my two week notice.' We'd be dead before we left the building and Tess wouldn't survive the night. I've thought this out, it's all I've been thinking of since. I swear to you, I wish we had an option. I wish we had an out. But we don't.

PATTERSON

The hell we don't.

BUDDY

(sarcastically)

What? Do you got some kinda plan? Some half cocked idea on how we can get out all safe and sound?

PATTERSON

We've been friends a long time, man. A long time. You know how much I love you and Tess. She's like my sister. And I hate to say this, but right now I'm the only one of us at this table who's thinking about how to protect her. Today, the Music Man crossed the line. Today he threatened everything we hold dear. Every mother, father, wife and child's head was put on the chopping block. Today the Music Man put a gun to Tess's head. And I don't know about you but I won't let him pull that trigger.

INT. PATTERSON'S CAR -- LATER

Patterson and Buddy ride in silence, they stare out the windshield.

OUTSIDE

The car zooms down the highway.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- LATER

A nice Italian restaurant is filled with early evening diners. CLANKING glasses and light conversation fills the air.

Buddy and Patterson enter, still not speaking to each other.

The two men make a B-line to the kitchen, forcing the waiters and waitresses to go around them as they enter.

RESTAURANT KITCHEN

Buddy and Patterson walk through the busy kitchen, no one challenging their obtrusive presence.

The restaurant's manager, EDMUND, stands disciplining a waiter.

EDMUND

I like you. But if you ever do something to upset someone like Mr. Stall again, I will not only fire you, I will see to it that the only job you find in this city involves you cleaning up my shit with your tongue. Now get out there and don't stop kissing his ass until you can taste what he ordered for dinner.

The young waiter leaves and Edmund turns around to see Buddy and Patterson waiting.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

Boys! I didn't expect to see you so late.

PATTERSON

Something came up.

EDMUND

Well, I mean, I'm surprised to see you at all. I assumed that you two wouldn't be by until tomorrow since it had gotten so late. Thinking that, I went ahead and had your money dropped off with my five O'clock deposit. This is so embarrassing. I

(MORE)

EDMUND (CONT'D)

was going to take your share out of tonight's and have it waiting for you tomorrow.

PATTERSON

Now why in fuck's sake would you do something as stupid as that?

EDMUND

You never come by this late.

BUDDY

Have we ever not come by on the day scheduled.

EDMUND

No. But...

PATTERSON

But you thought that today would somehow be different? That maybe the universe had been thrown into chaos and we wouldn't be by until tomorrow.

EDMUND

No. I just thought.

PATTERSON

You stupid fuck.

Patterson lunges, grabbing hold of Edmond's jacket and SLAMMING him into a stainless steel sink.

Porcelain SHATTERS and metal CLANGS against the floor.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

You have no idea how poor your judgement was. Today is not the day.

Patterson shakes his head as he continues to press Edmund painfully against the sink.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Of all the days there could ever be, this was not the one to pull this stupid shit.

Edmund winces in pain.

Buddy watches somewhat dazed.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

I could snap your spine in a heartbeat.

Patterson reaches into his belt and pulls out his large knife. He drags the blade softly from one corner of Edmunds mouth to the other.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

With a flick of my wrist I could turn you into a fucking muppet. I could make you wish you were never born. Normally, if you pulled the shit you did today, I wouldn't have hesitated to do any of those things to your sorry ass. But you have no fucking clue what I have gone through today and luckily for you, the universe has been thrown into chaos.

Patterson backs up, letting go of Edmund and sheathing his knife.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

You fucked up today, Edmund. Fucked up royally. I wouldn't do it again.

Patterson turns and leaves, followed by Buddy.

OUTSIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

Buddy and Patterson walk toward the car.

BUDDY

What was that? Tomorrow? Since when do we wait 'til tomorrow?

PATTERSON

I don't give a flying fuck about Edmund or his money. I won't be coming back here tomorrow. No, tomorrow will be a new day.

BUDDY

So you really think you can save us, Tess and me.

Patterson stops at the car and turns around to face Buddy.

PATTERSON

No. No, I can't save Tess. And I sure as hell can't save you. You're the only one who can do that. You're the only one who can protect her. No, tomorrow I'm gone, whether you're with me or not. I can't make you save her, but I won't watch you let her die.

Patterson opens his door as does Buddy.

BUDDY

So what's this plan of yours?

EXT. BUDDY AND TESS'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Patterson's car pulls into Buddy and Tess's driveway.

INSIDE

Patterson and Buddy enter the house, neither of them say a word.

Tess sits in the living room reading a book. She looks up at the two men.

TESS

Howdy boys.

They turn to face her. Both smile somewhat weakly.

TESS (CONT'D)

Well, somebody had a bad day. What's wrong?

Tess sets her book down and stands. She walks over to the boys.

BUDDY

Nothing. Just some unpleasantries at work.

TESS

I'm sorry baby.

She grabs hold of Buddy's arm with a reassuring squeeze.

TESS (CONT'D)

Well, you're home now. How about I cook you two a five star spaghetti dinner? I have everything we need. Italian bread, a kick ass meat sauce, cheese galore and I can mix up a Caesar salad in no time. What do you say? Patterson? You in?

PATTERSON

Tess, baby, I'd love to but I can't stay tonight. I gotta get some stuff ready for tomorrow.

TESS

Oh come on, you can stay for dinner.

BUDDY

No, Honey, he's right. He's got a lot of things he's gotta get done.

PATTERSON

I'm so sorry Tess. But you know how it is. Things pile up.

TESS

Yeah. Raincheck?

PATTERSON

Definitely. I'll talk to you guys later.

Patterson and Buddy make eye contact.

TESS

Well I hope you get your stuff caught up.

PATTERSON

Oh, I will.

Patterson steps over to Tess and gives her a hug.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

You two have a great dinner and I'll see you guys later.

TESS

Alright big guy. Have a great night.

PATTERSON

You too.

BUDDY

I'll talk to you later, man.

PATTERSON

I'll be waiting. See ya.

Patterson leaves through the front door.

Buddy wraps his arms around Tess and gives her a gentle kiss.

TESS

Spaghetti?

BUDDY

With meatballs on top?

TESS

(smiling)

With meatballs on top.

They kiss.

LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Tess and Buddy sit curled up on the couch. Tess's back presses against Buddy's chest.

They share a big bowl of ice cream. Tess holds the bowl and Buddy the spoon. He spoon feeds them both.

Buddy scoops up a spoonful and begins bringing it to Tess's lips.

The ice cream begins to slip off the spoon.

TESS  
(smiling)  
You're losing it! You're losing it!

BUDDY  
I got it.

The ice cream falls from the spoon and into Tess's lap.

She lets out a playful scream.

TESS  
(laughing)  
Thanks for looking out for me. Some kinda husband you are. Aren't you supposed to protect me?

BUDDY  
From the ice cream?

TESS  
From everything.

Tess leans back and kisses Buddy.

Buddy's face sombers.

BUDDY  
So, something happened today.

TESS  
Yeah, you guys said something fucked up went down.

BUDDY  
Yeah.

TESS  
What? Do you want to talk about it?

Buddy lays his head on Tess's shoulder in a childlike way. He closes his eyes.

Tess smiles at first but getting no response from Buddy, her expression changes to concern.

TESS (CONT'D)  
What, baby? What happened?

Buddy stays silent.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Baby?

BUDDY  
Things have changed.

TESS  
What's changed? Buddy, you're scaring me.

BUDDY  
Everything's changed. It's not like it was. Lines have been crossed. Some really bad stuff happened today and we've begun rethinking things. Me and Patterson.

He pauses.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
We want to cut our ties with Music Man.

TESS  
What? What happened? What are you talking about?

BUDDY  
We have a plan.

TESS  
Stop.

BUDDY  
We're breaking our bonds and leaving the family.

TESS  
Stop. Stop. Stop.

Tess is now facing Buddy.

TESS (CONT'D)  
(slightly angry)  
What are you talking about? Do you hear yourself? You are scaring the shit out of me. Now stop and tell me what is going on.

BUDDY

He crossed the line today and we've decided to move on.

TESS

Move on?

BUDDY

We have a plan.

TESS

A plan? A plan? Honestly, can you hear yourself? If you try to leave you know what will happen. You know.

Tess's eyes begin to glisten.

TESS (CONT'D)

They would kill you. Goddamnit baby, they would kill you. You don't just walk away from the family.

BUDDY

We have a plan.

TESS

Are you listening to me?

BUDDY

Yes. And I'm telling you we have a plan. We've worked it out. It can work. When we pull it off, we will have all of the money we would ever need. Enough to get out of here. Safe. Secure.

TESS

And that's it. Free money.

(realizing)

You're planning on ripping him off. You want to steal from Music Man. You son of a bitch.

BUDDY

Tess, you don't understand. You're in danger. We're all in danger now.

TESS

(tears in her eyes)

Like going up against them is fucking safe? Huh? You're planning on going up against our friends? You're...

(she begins crying)

What are you doing? What are you doing? You're talking about breaking everything.

BUDDY

Tess, it's the only way. We can't stay here anymore. We can't be here.

TESS

This isn't okay. Don't you understand. This is crazy. If you go up against them, you will die. They will kill you. This isn't an option. I can't lose you.

BUDDY

I can't lose you.

TESS

Then stop talking like this. Look around. Things are good here. Things are safe. Comfortable. Things are fucking perfect. You can't steal from them. Jesus, if they ever find out you even thought this out they'll kill you. This is...You can't talk like this. Just stop.

BUDDY

Tess, today they killed Jessica. Jessica, Matt's wife. They fucking brought her in, they'd beaten her half to death. They brought her out and they made her kneel and they fucking shot her. Five times! Five fucking times! Right in front of us. Jesus, Tess, they killed her just to prove a point.

TESS

(shocked and confused)  
What?

BUDDY

You're not safe here. Not anymore.

TESS

She, they, must have done something. You can't. You can't do it.

BUDDY

I won't let them hurt you.

TESS

I won't let you do this. I won't let you die.

BUDDY

Tomorrow they will be moving 6.9 million dollars. We can...

TESS

Stop. Stop.

Tears stream down Tess's face.

TESS (CONT'D)

I can't do this. Stop. I can't lose you and I can't have this conversation. Please, if you give me anything, give me this. Please, my love, my soulmate, my forever. Please, forget about all of this. Never talk about this again.

BUDDY

Tess...

TESS

Stop. Just hold me. Hold me all night.

Buddy holds her close and tight. He holds her without the thought of ever letting go.

INT. PATTERSON'S DINING ROOM-- NIGHT

Patterson ZIPS up one of two large black bags on his dining room table. He picks them both up and walks them to the front door.

He sets them down among numerous similar bags.

Patterson turns and heads back to the dining room. He grabs two more large black bags and continues back to the front door.

The phone begins to RING.

Patterson continues to the door, sets the bags down and then heads over to the phone and answers it.

PATTERSON

Yeah?

(pause)

So, are you in?

INT. BUDDY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Buddy finishes securing his bullet proof vest. He puts on a belt and holster.

He then takes out two pistols and holsters one on his belt and one in his shoulder holster. He is preparing for war.

After finishing dressing, he puts on a large overcoat.

Buddy begins down the hall toward the bedroom.

## BEDROOM

Buddy stands in the dark bedroom, Tess lies sleeping in their bed. He watches his wife sleep, the sadness and dedication soaking his face.

After a short while, Buddy exits.

## OUTSIDE

Buddy exits the front door, a large bag in his hand.

In the driveway stands Patterson, he smokes another large cigar. He too is bulked up with body armor and an overcoat.

The car sits RUNNING, a cloud of exhaust seeping from it's tailpipe.

Buddy walks down to the car.

Patterson opens the back door and Buddy slides his bag into the back seat.

Patterson climbs into the driver's seat as Buddy climbs into the passenger side.

The car backs up and drives away into the night.

## EXT. MOTEL ROOM 5D -- MORNING

TELEPHOTO shot of a car pulling up to the motel and DOUG, Kenny, Anthony and MIKE getting out. They are the same four dead bodies from earlier.

Mike and Anthony carry the three large black duffel bags. They all walk toward room 5D.

BUDDY (O.S.)

Can't help but feel a little like Judas.

## INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

PATTERSON

Yeah, well, Jesus didn't shoot a woman in the head.

Patterson and Buddy sit in the car.

Buddy is in the driver's seat looking through binoculars at the motel. Patterson takes a large swig from a bottle of whiskey.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Nor did Judas have 6.9 million dollars coming to him for doing it.

BUDDY

You gotta point. But I mean, it's  
Doug, Ken, Anthony, and Mike. Shit,  
we just had that barbecue two weeks  
ago.

Buddy lowers the binoculars as Patterson hands him the bottle  
of whiskey.

PATTERSON

Yeah.

BUDDY

Wish there was another way.

PATTERSON

Me too, brother.

Buddy takes a swig of whiskey.

BUDDY

One last time.

PATTERSON

Just another trip around the block.

Buddy and Patterson sit in silence for a moment.

Buddy takes another swig and then passes the bottle back to  
Patterson. Patterson takes one last swig.

BUDDY

Everybody's dead...

PATTERSON

They just don't know it.

Patterson throws the bottle out the window.

Both men open their doors as the bottle CRASHES.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 5D -- MOMENTS LATER

The four men occupy the motel room: Doug lies on a bed,  
watching TV, Kenny exits the bathroom and washes his hands  
in the sink, Anthony sits in the plush chair, he too watches  
the TV and Mike leans against the dresser, he drinks a beer.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

All four men turn to look at the door. There is an immediate  
suspicion and everyone stands. Guns are picked up and bolts  
cocked.

Anthony steps up to the door and looks through the peep hole.  
He relaxes slightly and opens the door.

Buddy stands in the doorway, Patterson stands behind him.

Everyone in the room relaxes slightly. There is still a slight tension in the air.

ANTHONY

What the fuck? You guys shouldn't be here.

BUDDY

I'm sorry.

Realization fills Anthony's face and he starts to raise his gun.

Buddy pushes the barrel down with his right hand.

Anthony fires, taking off two of Buddy's fingers.

Simultaneously, Patterson steps out from behind Buddy with a shotgun and fires.

LATER

We return to the scene from earlier as the cell phone is caught by Buddy's wounded hand. He winces in pain.

BUDDY

Well, this changes things.

PATTERSON

Yes it does.

BUDDY

How long do you think we got?

PATTERSON

Twenty, thirty minutes tops.

As Patterson explains, the scene is played out as if it's already happening.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

They'll try back one more time, if there's still no answer, they'll start to mobilize. Brock and the rest of the hit squad will be on their way here within minutes. With the amount of cash here, Music Man won't take any chances. He'll immediately send people to cover the airports, bus and train stations. Things will really heat up when Brock gets here. It won't be hard for him to figure it all out. We've left a ton of witnesses and obvious signs.

(MORE)

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

He'll tell the Music man it was an inside job and that will be the end of it. Music Man will bring in the wives, children, parents, grandparents of every single one of us as collateral, I.E. Tess. Then, he'll call everyone back to the castle. Anyone who doesn't show will become the prime suspects. They're loved ones will be the first to be subject to horrible torture and death. Then, if he still hasn't figured out what happened, he'll start on the others. He'll kill as many family members as he has to to get someone to cough up information. He will not stop. The whole while, Brock and company will be out scowering the streets looking for the deserters. In thirty minutes, the shit, my friend, will hit the fucking fan.

BUDDY

Fuck that. There's no way in hell we can get away. It'll take us an hour just to get to Tess. By the time we got there, they'd be right on top of us.

PATTERSON

So, whadya want to do?

BUDDY

We gotta slow 'em down. Keep the confusion going for as long as we can.

PATTERSON

Then we're staying?

BUDDY

It's our only move.

PATTERSON

I'll start unloading the car.

INT. CASTLE SITTING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MARCUS, the Music Man's number two guy, stands next to a large wooden table. He holds a cordless phone to his ear.

He hangs up the phone and lowers it to his side.

MARCUS

Still no answer.

The Music Man sits on his stool, guitar in hand. He methodically tunes the strings. He seems unaffected by the comment.

Brock and the other four hitmen are also present. They are scattered through out the room. Some sit on plush leather furniture while others stand.

The Music Man makes a simple nod of his head as he continues to prepare his musical instrument.

With that, the five killers start out of the room.

The Music Man finishes his prep work and begins to play his guitar.

START ACCOUSTIC GUITAR MUSIC

INTERCUT MOTEL/CASTLE/CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

ROOM 5D

Patterson walks from the car to the motel room with two large black bags in his hands. Buddy follows him, two bags in his hands.

CASTLE HALL

Brock and the rest walk down the large hallways of the castle, five men on a mission.

ROOM 5D

Buddy and Patterson drag the four dead bodies into the bathroom, depositing them all into the bathtub.

CASTLE SITTING ROOM

The Music Man plays his song.

ROOM 5D

Patterson carries a large black marker to the inside wall shared by both 5D and 4D. He begins drawing vertical and horizontal lines from ceiling to floor.

OUTSIDE CASTLE

Brock and his crew walk up to their cars, two large black sedans. They climb in and drive away.

MOTEL OFFICE

Buddy stands at the window to the motel office.

The manager slides the key to 4D through the slot and Buddy takes it.

Buddy smiles.

A single bullet pierces the glass and the manager's head.  
The body collapses out of sight.

Buddy holsters the pistol and starts back toward the room.

CASTLE SITTING ROOM

The Music Man continues to passionately play his song.

ROOM 5D

Buddy pops the hinges off 5D's door with a screwdriver. In  
the background Patterson continues to draw on the wall.

INSIDE SEDAN

As Brock drives, the passengers in his car check to make  
sure all of their weapons are locked and loaded.

MOTEL

Buddy and Patterson switch the doors to the neighboring rooms  
4D and 5D.

CASTLE SITTING ROOM

Music Man plays faster as his song builds in intensity.

ROOM 4D

Buddy sets the three money-filled duffel bags down beside  
the desk in room 4D and leaves.

ROOM 5D

Patterson finishes up numbering the grid now located on the  
shared wall. It contains nine large grid spaces. The are  
labeled L, C and R vertically and T, M and B horizontally.

Buddy enters.

PATTERSON

Ready for a game of battleship?

INSIDE SEDAN

Brock and his crew approach the motel in the near distance.

ROOM 5D

Patterson and Buddy remove their used bullet proof vests and  
strap themselves into new ones.

## CASTLE SITTING ROOM

Music Man plays even more fiercely.

## MOTEL

The two sedans pull into the motel parking lot, both stopping in the entranceway and blocking off the parking lot from the street.

The car doors open and the five men step out, submachine guns and pistols in hand. They start toward 5D on foot.

The five men are cautious and ready, they make their way up to the room marked 5D like a military squad.

Brock and the team take position around the motel room door.

Brock steps forward and kicks the door in.

## ROOM 4D

## END MUSIC

Brock and the rest stand looking into the empty motel room. The sound of the RUNNING SHOWER seeps out.

The men enter the room, they quickly notice the duffel bags on the floor.

Brock grabs one and throws it on the desk. He immediately unlocks the padlock and ZIPS the bag open.

2.3 million dollars stare back.

Sammy makes his way to the bathroom.

SAMMY

(to the bathroom)

Jesus fucking Christ. Anyone could just walk in here.

He opens the door and finds the empty shower. His eyes go wide and he turns to yell back into the room.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Get out, it's a setup!

## ROOM 5D

Patterson stands in the room, gun pointed at the grided wall.

In front of him the two beds are turned horizontally and literally covered with assault weapons and shotguns.

Buddy stands near the door.

Patterson immediately begins firing through the thin motel room wall.

Buddy throws open the room door and runs out.

ROOM 4D

Bullets tear through the wall and into the room.

Immediately Brock is hit in the chest and falls.

Everyone raises their guns and begin firing back through the wall.

Sammy jumps to the floor and quickly crawls back into the bathroom. He climbs into the tub and begins firing back at the wall.

O'Bannon leaps to the floor and shoves one of the beds horizontally, taking cover between it and the back wall.

Shane lays prone on the floor. He is between the second bed and the bathroom wall. He fires up into the wall.

Ace makes his way to the door and throws it open only to find Buddy standing there, gun raised.

Buddy fires point blank into his face and Ace falls back into the room.

Buddy opens fire into the rest of the room.

After firing a short volley, he takes cover behind the wall. Bullets pepper the wall after him.

Patterson continues firing through the wall as the remaining three men in the room fire at both the wall and the doorway.

They are confused and blind. They don't know what to do.

ROOM 5D

Bullets tear through the wall and WIZ by Patterson who is in constant motion, firing non-stop.

PATTERSON

Where are they, man.

OUTSIDE

Buddy squats next to the doorway, continuing to use the wall for cover. An earpiece is visible in his right ear.

PATTERSON (O.S.)

Give me targets.

Buddy shoots his head around the corner, taking in the bullet torn room for only a second.

INSIDE

For a moment there is no sign of the three men. Everything is still

Then O'Bannon moves, becoming visible ducked down behind one of the beds.

OUTSIDE

Buddy pulls his head back, returning to full cover.

BUDDY

Left middle.

ROOM 5D

Patterson kneels, taking aim at the wall.

BUDDY (O.S.)

Repeat, left middle.

Patterson adjusts his aim for the left center grid space on the wall.

He begins firing.

ROOM 4D

O'Bannon ducks down as bullets pepper the bed and wall behind him. Though close, the bullets are hitting mostly to O'Bannon's left.

He returns a short volley back at the wall.

OUTSIDE

Buddy pops his head into the room again and watches the exchange.

BUDDY

Walk the line man.

ROOM 5D

Patterson begins firing closer to the left center right-hand line.

ROOM 4D

Bullets hit all around O'Bannon, one of which tears into his shoulder.

O'Bannon drops to the floor. He ejects his old clip and begins reloading his gun, wincing with pain from his new wound.

As he does so, he catches Buddy's face looking around the corner. O'Bannon immediately begins firing at the doorway.

OUTSIDE

Buddy yanks his head back as the bullets THUD against the wall.

BUDDY

Jesus fucking Christ! Kill the son of a bitch already. He almost took my head off.

ROOM 5D

PATTERSON

What do you think I'm trying to do?

Patterson takes a new gun from off the bed and takes aim again. He begins firing at the same area.

ROOM 4D

Shane takes aim at the wall and fires a volley.

ROOM 5D

Bullets WIZ by Patterson.

PATTERSON

Shit!

Patterson twists and drops to the floor as two bullets THUD into his vest.

He gives out a loud GRUNT.

OUTSIDE

BUDDY

You still with me?

Buddy stays there waiting for a response.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Am I flying solo?

ROOM 5D

Patterson lays on his back on the floor, eyes closed. He BREATHES HEAVILY.

BUDDY (O.S.)

Partner?

He opens his eyes grimacing.

PATTERSON

Yeah. Took 'em to the vest. Think they broke a rib or two. Shit.

A handful of bullets punch through the wall.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Can you handle for a second?

OUTSIDE

BUDDY

Yeah. I think so.

Buddy immediately leans around the corner.

ROOM 4D

Buddy fires at O'bannon.

Suddenly Sammy leans out from the bathroom and fires at Buddy.

Buddy redirects his aim and fires back at Sammy. He empties his clip and ducks back behind cover.

Sammy continues to fire.

SAMMY

Moving!

O'Bannon begins covering fire at the doorway as Sammy runs into the room in a low crouch.

ROOM 5D

Patterson is up on his knees.

BUDDY (O.S.)

They got me pinned down, let them know you're alive.

Patterson fires fully automatic through the wall, spraying from left to right.

ROOM 4D

Bullets fill the room.

Sammy, still on the move is hit in the hip and falls. He rolls on his side and returns fire into the wall.

Shane joins Sammy's fire on the wall.

ROOM 5D

Patterson on the move again, drops the empty gun and takes another from the beds.

Bullets fly through the air as he returns fire.

PATTERSON

Tell me what I'm shooting at!

OUTSIDE

Buddy leans around the corner to find O'Bannon waiting for him from his hiding spot.

Bullets immediately WIZ by Buddy.

Buddy begins firing back.

Sammy redirects his aim to Buddy.

Buddy ducks back behind the wall.

BUDDY

You got one right in front of you.  
Center bottom

ROOM 5D

BUDDY (O.S.)

Low center bottom. On the floor.

Patterson aims low.

ROOM 4D

Sammy fires at the doorway when suddenly bullets pepper him and the floor. He lies limp.

O'Bannon returns his attention to the wall, firing back.

Shane joins O'Bannon's fire.

OUTSIDE

Buddy glances back in the room, firing a few rounds.

BUDDY

Right middle!

ROOM 5D

Patterson takes aim at R.M. and fires.

ROOM 4D

Bullets riddle the bathroom.

OUTSIDE

BUDDY  
Shit, your other right!

ROOM 5D

Patterson immediately swings the gun over firing into the L.M. square.

ROOM 4D

O'Bannon, curls up behind the bed as bullets riddle everything around him.

Shane continues firing at the wall.

OUTSIDE

Buddy reloads his pistol.

BUDDY  
I'm going to finish this.

ROOM 5D

Patterson drops his empty gun and picks up another.

PATTERSON  
Where do you want me?

BUDDY (O.S.)  
Center middle on the right middle  
Line.

OUTSIDE

PATTERSON (O.S.)  
(sarcastically)  
Right middle?

BUDDY  
Yes, right middle. Ready?

ROOM 5D

PATTERSON  
Always, brother.

Patterson opens fire on C.M. section of the wall, just as instructed.

ROOM 4D

Rounds WIZ over Shane's head as he returns fire.

OUTSIDE

Buddy turns the corner into the room.

ROOM 4D

Buddy makes his way straight toward O'Bannon as Patterson's fire streaks by in front of him.

O'Bannon sees him and swings his gun around at him.

Buddy opens fire, continuing to walk toward O'Bannon.

Buddy's shots tear through O'Bannon as he fires his gun wildly.

O'Bannon collapses as Buddy steps up onto the bed.

Buddy immediately begins firing down at Shane, continuing to walk across the bed towards him.

Shane rolls onto his back, firing back up at Buddy, Patterson's bullets still zooming by over head.

Two rounds pierce Shane as one slams into the right hand side of Buddy's vest.

Buddy twists with the impact continuing to fire at Shane.

Two more bullets enter Shane's body and his life ends.

Buddy ejects his clip and slaps in another.

BUDDY

Cease fire.

The gunfire stops as dust swirls through the air.

Patterson looks into the room through a jagged hole blown in the wall.

PATTERSON

Guess we should call housekeeping.

Both men LAUGH.

OUTSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Buddy and Patterson carry the large bags of cash to Patterson's car.

INSIDE CAR

They shove the huge black bags in amongst the bags of firearms.

OUTSIDE

Patterson climbs into the drivers seat while Buddy climbs into the Passenger seat.

The car ROARS to life and they speed out of the parking lot and onto the busy road.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Patterson's car drives through traffic on their way back to Tess.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS -- LATER

Patterson's car cruises through the suburban streets leading to Buddy and Tess's house.

EXT. BUDDY AND TESS'S STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Patterson turns onto Buddy and Tess's street, the house visible in the distance.

A black sedan approaches them from the other direction.

Soon the two cars pass.

As they do so, Patterson and Buddy recognize three of the occupants as their fellow gang members Drew, SCOTT and CONNOR.

Then, in the back seat, seated beside one of the gangsters they see Tess.

Buddy and Patterson's hearts drop.

Immediately the gangsters recognize Buddy and Patterson and begin to slow down.

Patterson busts a U-turn pulling up behind the sedan.

The cars come to a stop and Buddy and Patterson climb out.

The sedan's front passenger side door opens and Drew steps out.

DREW

Where the fuck have you guys been?

Buddy and Patterson approach the sedan slowly, both men with their hands near their holstered guns.

DREW (CONT'D)

We've been trying to get a hold of...

Drew trails off as he notices their tattered clothes and blood streaked skin. His eyes dart down to Buddy's bandaged hand.

Immediately Drew goes for his gun but Buddy and Patterson are faster.

Both Patterson and Buddy draw pistols and open fire.

Drew is killed instantly and collapses to the ground.

With that, the black sedan PEELS OUT and speeds away from Buddy and Patterson.

Patterson fires at the sedan's driver, Scott.

Bullets tear through the front driver's side door, shattering the window.

INSIDE CAR

A few bullets pierce the door and hit Scott in the hip and thigh.

SCOTT

Mother fucker!

OUTSIDE

BUDDY

Careful!

(reminding Patterson)

Tess!

As the sedan gains distance, both men hold their fire.

Immediately Buddy and Patterson jump back into the car.

INSIDE CAR

BUDDY (CONT'D)

We can't let them get back to the castle!

OUTSIDE

Patterson GUNS it and they speed off after Tess.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

The black sedan flies down the street, Patterson's car close behind.

INSIDE SEDAN

The Scott holds his hip with his left hand as he steers with his right. His eyes dart between the rear view mirror and the road in front of him.

CONNOR

Jesus Christ. What the hell's going on? They're trying to kill us!

Connor sits in the back seat with Tess, his pistol held at the ready. He looks out the rear window often.

Tess's eyes, too, dart between Patterson's car and the men in front of her.

SCOTT

No shit Sherlock. Fuck! I'm bleeding all over the fucking place.

CONNOR

How bad is it?

SCOTT

(annoyed)

Well I can't exactly take a look right now but it's fucking bad! Get on the phone and call Marcus. Tell Him it was them!

Connor reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone.

Tess takes it all in.

OUTSIDE

Patterson's car pulls up close behind the sedan.

INSIDE CAR

PATTERSON

I'm going to try and stop 'em with the car. Hold on.

Buddy nods.

OUTSIDE

Patterson pulls out to the left and begins to pull up along side the driver's side of the sedan.

INSIDE SEDAN

Connor finishes dialing and raises the cell to his ear.

Suddenly the sedan jerks violently as Patterson's front fender slams into the sedan's rear wheelwell.

The cell is knocked from Connor's hand and it bounces on the floor.

INT. CASTLE -- CONTINUOUS

Marcus stands in a room filled with fellow gangsters when his cell phone begins to RING. He reaches into his suit jacket.

INT. SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

Connor reaches down for the phone as Patterson's car SLAMS into the sedan again.

The cell bounces around on the floor boards as the sedan jerks violently.

INT. CASTLE -- CONTINUOUS

Marcus looks down at the cell's caller ID and lifts the phone to his ear.

INT. SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

The phone continues to bounce just out of Connor's reach when suddenly Tess dives down and grabs the phone.

She immediately throws the cell out of the shattered front driver's side window.

INSIDE CAR

The cell SLAPS against Patterson's windshield, pieces shooting off in all directions.

BUDDY

What the hell was that?

INT. CASTLE -- CONTINUOUS

A loud CRASH screams from the cell and Marcus pulls the phone away from his ear. He puts the phone back to his ear and hears nothing but WHITE NOISE.

Marcus looks back at his caller ID.

INT. SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

CONNOR

Damnit!

Connor attempts to backhand Tess but she counters, grabbing hold of his gun arm and the two begin to struggle.

OUTSIDE

Patterson's car SLAMS into the sedan once more and both cars pull back apart.

INSIDE CAR

BUDDY  
Hurry man, we gotta stop 'em. Now!

PATTERSON  
Whatdya think I'm trying to do?!

INSIDE SEDAN

Connor and Tess struggle for control of the gun.

SCOTT  
Get the gun!

CONNOR  
I'm trying!

The gun discharges, punching a hole in the sedan's roof.

SCOTT  
Get the fucking gun!

INSIDE CAR

Through the windshield Buddy and Patterson see the sedan's rear windshield explode as the gun discharges again.

As the glass falls the struggling Tess and Connor become visible.

PATTERSON  
Shit!

Buddy takes aim with his pistol at Connor intertwined with Tess.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
You can't shoot him! You'll hit Tess!

BUDDY  
I have to do something!

PATTERSON  
I'll do something.

Patterson taps the brakes.

OUTSIDE.

Patterson's car drops back a few car lengths behind the sedan.

INSIDE CAR

BUDDY  
What the hell are you doing?!

PATTERSON

Trust me.

Patterson stomps on the gas and the car lurches forward.

OUTSIDE

Patterson's car speeds toward the rear of the sedan.

INSIDE SEDAN

Tess and Connor continue to fight, the gun discharging a third time.

The bullet punches through the front windshield creating a large spider web.

SCOTT

Jesus Christ! Kill the bitch!

OUTSIDE

Patterson's car SLAMS into the back of the sedan with tremendous force.

INSIDE SEDAN

The impact slams Tess and Connor into the backseat and then pitches them forward.

The gun discharges again, this time firing through the back of the driver's seat and into Scott.

Scott involuntarily spits up a mouthfull of blood as his hand slips from the wheel.

INSIDE CAR

Through the windshield, Buddy and Patterson can see the car beginning to swerve.

BUDDY

(almost a whisper)

No.

OUTSIDE

Immediately the sedan begins to swerve severely.

Patterson locks up the brakes, white smoke billowing out from the tires.

The sedan pitches too far to the left and immediately flips.

INSIDE SEDAN

Tess, Connor and Scott tumble around in the sedan as it rolls brutally down the street.

OUTSIDE

The sedan tumbles over and over again down the street.

INSIDE CAR

Buddy braces himself against the dash as he and Patterson watch the sedan roll.

OUTSIDE

Finally the sedan comes to a rest on its crushed in roof.

Patterson's car comes to a stop and Buddy and Patterson immediately jump out and run down the street toward the sedan.

Buddy reaches the car first and slides up to the closest window. He ducks down and looks inside the demolished vehicle.

INSERT SEDAN INTERIOR: It is too dark inside to see clearly.

BACK TO SCENE

Patterson reaches the car and immediately grabs hold of the nearest door and begins pulling with all his might to open it.

Buddy jumps up and joins Patterson.

Eventually the sounds of SQUEALING METAL can be heard and the door gives.

The two men rip and pry the door open until Buddy can reach inside.

INSIDE SEDAN

Blood, glass and debris fill the car. All three bodies lie in a tangled mess.

Buddy fights his way inside the car and finds Tess's limp body.

Connor begins to stir and Buddy pulls his pistol. He presses the gun up against Connor's head and fires.

Buddy immediately drops the pistol and grabs Tess with both hands. He gingerly pulls her over the glass, debris and Connor's body.

Tess begins to come to.

TESS

Buddy.

BUDDY

Shhh. I got you.

OUTSIDE

Patterson helps Buddy pull Tess from the sedan.

Buddy and Patterson walk back to the car as Buddy carries Tess cradled in his arms.

They climb into the car and speed off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 4D -- MOMENTS LATER

Two pairs of boots step amongst the dead bodies and debris of the hotel room.

CRUNCHING glass and debris can be heard with each step.

GANGSTER 1 and GANGSTER 2 move slowly through the room, surveying the destruction. Both stop.

Gangster 2 raises his cell phone to his ear, through the window and open doorway behind him three other gangsters can be seen waiting.

Slowly Brock's bloody hand rises up from the debris.

Both Gangsters 1 and 2 turn to see the hand.

EXT. INTERSTATE -- MOMENTS LATER

Patterson's car ROARS down the interstate, nothing but fields, trees and the occasional distant house around them.

They drive West.

INSIDE CAR

Patterson sits behind the wheel, his foot hard on the gas.

Buddy sits in the backseat, Tess's head in his lap, her body stretched out across the seat.

She BREATHES rapidly and weakly.

Buddy strokes her face, his eyes locked on hers.

BUDDY

(to Tess)

It's gonna be okay, baby. We'll be there soon. I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry.

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 (to Patterson)  
 How much longer!

Patterson glances back at the two in the backseat.

PATTERSON  
 (concerned)  
 An hour, maybe forty-five minutes.  
 (frustrated)  
 Fuck! I'm trying.

BUDDY  
 (reassuringly)  
 I know. Just get us there.

TESS  
 (weakly)  
 You know what?

BUDDY  
 What, baby?

TESS  
 You're dumbfoundingly handsome.

Tess smiles. Her face cannot hide the pain but she continues smiling anyway.

Buddy smiles back, a hint of worry still in his eyes.

BUDDY  
 I fucking love you.

TESS  
 I fucking love you, too.

Both wear large smiles, for a brief moment both forget where they are.

BUDDY  
 Just keep smiling, baby. Keep smiling. Everything's going to be okay. I promise, I'll make everything okay.

TESS  
 I know. You always do.

OUTSIDE

Patterson's car ROARS on.

INT. CASTLE HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Marcus walks quickly down the long dark halls of the castle.

## SITTING ROOM

Marcus walks into the sitting room where the Music man is finishing up his song. He stops in front of him.

MARCUS

Sir, its confirmed. The money is gone.

MUSIC MAN

Is everyone accounted for?

MARCUS

No sir. Brock's barely alive, I doubt he'll make it, and the rest of his crew is dead. There is still no sign of Patterson, Buddy, his wife or those sent to get them. What should we do?

MUSIC MAN

Well there is just one thing to do.

MARCUS

Sir?

MUSIC MAN

We have to go get my money.

Music man strums the last note of his song.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Tess lies on the other side of a large glass window, tubes and bandages criss-crossing her body.

Buddy and Patterson look in on her sleeping form.

PATTERSON

We can't stay here. We're not far enough away.

BUDDY

I know.

PATTERSON

What did the doctor say?

BUDDY

They say she's stable but want to hold her for at least three more days.

PATTERSON

We'll all be dead by then.

BUDDY

That's why we aren't waiting. I'm going to go see her.

Patterson nods and Buddy enters the hospital room.

HOSPITAL ROOM

Buddy sits down in a chair beside the sleeping Tess. He takes her tubed hand in his.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I'm back.

Buddy brushes a strand of hair out of her face and smiles.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You can't help to be beautiful, can you? Even like this, bruised and bandaged, you still shine like a star. So beautiful.

A tear escapes from his eye.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, baby. So sorry. I hope you know I never wanted this. All I ever wanted was for you to be safe, to be happy. It all just got so fucked. There wasn't another choice. He was killing our own. He was killing our friends and their families. I don't know if you'll ever forgive me. I don't know if I'll ever be able to forgive myself for doing this, putting you here. I don't know if I should. I do know that I will never put you in harm's way again. I swear to you, I will make this right. I will not stop until you are safe again. I will protect you, no matter the cost, I will stop them.

Buddy kisses her hand.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I love you. Now sleep. Dream of us. Dream of us laughing and smiling far away from here.

Buddy kisses her.

FADE OUT

THE END