

BAD COUNTRY

(aka WHISKEY BAY)

Written by

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TEXT OVER BLACK: "Before all else, be armed"
- Niccolo

Machiavelli

FADE IN:

LANDSCAPES

Louisiana A rusted Chevy El Camino drives against dissolving
landscapes - broad, barren, pounded by the rain.

I/E. EL CAMINO, TRAVELING - DUSK

face: Occasional oncoming headlights illuminate the driver's
Tense, course features, thick beard... He's BUD CARTER,
31.

AN INTERSTATE SIGN PASSES ON THE RIGHT: "WHISKEY BAY"

Bud pulls onto a dirt road, into a TRAILER PARK and stops.

INT. DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - DUSK

TITLE IN: Denham Springs, Louisiana. 1983.

We're staring at three sacks of sample unmounted EMERALDS,
set on a filthy counter.

SOUTHERN MAN'S VOICE O.S.

Now these here are Brazilian, from Bahia.
Deep cuts. Damn good. These is India,
paler, but also good. And this is
Columbia. From them limestone caves up in

Muzo.

WIDEN to reveal NADY GRACE, 35. A tattooed man with thinning hair, leading Bud through the sale...

GRACE

Now them first two, you gonna get your money's worth.

(re: COLUMBIA EMERALDS)

This one here's more expensive, but that's 'cause there ain't a nigger flaw in one of 'em. They hard as steel and emerald green as emerald green fuckin' comes. Lookit that.

BUD

That's nice.

GRACE

That's the real McCoy. That's what that is.

BUD

Tell you what... Bag 'em all. The market's got a hard-on for this shit.

GRACE

I hear that.

(across the room)

Jake, get on it.

ACROSS THE ROOM are two other men -- JAKE and DOUG. Ex-cons at a table, riffing through Bud's cash.

A CURTAIN YANKS BACK and RAY WHEELER, 29, enters. Dope-thin, bloodshot eyes. He looks at Bud. Bud looks at him... Ray clicks on the TV and opens a beer.

TV IN: Evening news. The storm outside alters the reception.

NEWSCASTER

...And today, thirty-one year old Gary Plauche pleaded innocent by reason of insanity, to charges of second-degree murder in the slaying of accused sex offender, Jeffrey Doucett.

Bud watches Ray empty a gram of coke onto the bar. Using a

continues credit card, Ray starts chopping lines. The SOUND throughout the scene...

NEWSCASTER (TV)

...District Court Judge Frank Salia, scheduled the trial one year to the day after Doucett was first arrested.

Grace hefts a lock box to the counter, removes a drawer of emeralds. Bud SEES packed carelessly underneath, uncut **DIAMONDS**.

BUD

What do you got there? Diamonds?

GRACE

That's thirty grand. Out the door. You interested?

BUD

Ain't got the scratch right now. But I am interested.

And the volume of the TV now becomes more apparent...

NEWSCASTER O.S.

...As a result of numerous threats made weeks ago, tight security surrounded the courthouse. However, missing from today's hearing, was the arresting officer.

last Bud has been tuning out the TV distraction... until that statement. He sneaks a look.

NEWSCASTER

From East Baton Rouge Sheriff's office...

A wave of static scrambles the picture. When it clears...

NEWSCASTER O.S.

...Police Lieutenant, Bud Carter.

younger Bud is stunned. HIS OWN FACE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN. A photo of Bud, clean shaven - DRESSED IN POLICE UNIFORM.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - SAME

distance. Rain pours. A beat-up PLUMBER'S VAN is parked in the

INT. GRACE'S TRAILER - SAME

TV IN: Signal wavers. It's archive footage of Baton Rouge Airport. A prisoner, JEFFREY DOUCETT, escorted by police.

NEWSCASTER

Doucett was being extradited to Baton Rouge.

Ray does a line of coke, keeps chopping. Watches the TV.

Grace is bagging emeralds.

Jake and Doug count cash.

Bud keeps the TV in sight. Quick glances. Mind racing.

one TV IN: The procession moves past a row of pay phones. At phone, a discreet figure, GARY PLAUCHE, turns...

NEWSCASTER

The victim's father, Gary Plauche, stood waiting at the terminal. As Doucett walked by, Plauche turned, raised a handgun...and fired.

Bud's vision is suddenly obscured when Grace steps forward with the emeralds in a satchel.

GRACE

Here you go. Fifteen three-karat blues. Wholesale. Twenty large.

Sudden GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS on the TV. Everyone turns...

TV IN: Jeffrey Doucett lies dead as POLICE wrestle Gary Plauche to the ground amid chaos.

NEWSCASTER

Lieutenant Carter was unavailable for comment.

TIGHT ON RAY'S EYES, intense, watching the footage.

As Bud stuffs the satchel in his coat, WE SEE what Ray sees...

TV IN: Bud, POLICE BADGE AROUND HIS NECK, arresting Plauche.

Bud.
ON RAY, slow burn realization as he looks from the tv to
And again. EYES LOCK, THEY BOTH KNOW.

RAY

Motherfucker, he's a cop.

Bud yanks a .45.

And everything happens at once.

A SUDDEN GUNSHOT and Jake FIRES again.

Wood splinters as Bud FIRES back.

he
Jake is HIT in the throat. A SECOND SHOT in the forehead -
SLAMS against the window, cracking it...

INT. PLUMBER'S VAN - SAME

SHEPARD,
Among surveillance equipment, sits Bud's crew: TODD
DAVID MARANDINO and DALE COBB.

Gunshots ECHO.

SHEPARD

Fuck! Go! Go!

Marandino, behind the wheel, SLAMS his foot on the gas.

INT. GRACE'S TRAILER - SAME

A SHOT ZIPS across Bud's back; he SPINS off the table.

On his knees, Doug is firing a .32. BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM.

Bud FIRES a burst through Doug's chest, dropping him.

as
A HOLE EXPLODES beside Bud's head -- Grace FIRING a .45 --
Ray SCREAMS and runs out the door.

EXT. TRAILER PARK, VAN - SAME

Marandino winds through gears, as Ray hits the yard
running...

hard,
POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Marandino swings the wheel

the SLAMS INTO RAY -- launching him through trash bins, into mud.

Cobb jumps from the van and pounds Ray into handcuffs. Simultaneously, Shepard sprints for the trailer door...

EXT. GRACE'S TRAILER PARK - SAME

yard. Grace explodes from the back door, bolting across the

I/E. GRACE'S TRAILER - SAME

Bud scrambles on the floor of the demolished trailer. .45 held tight, he runs out after Grace.

ACROSS THE YARD

the chase rages.

MOVING WITH GRACE

as he jumps a link fence, lands and trips into a roll of chicken wire. His sleeve catches, rips as he pulls free...

MOVING WITH BUD

at a searing pace. He slips in the mud. Staggered up. SEES Grace disappear in the shadows.

Eyes Grace throws himself against the side of a power unit.

darting. Wheezing hard... Tries to slow his breath. Then turns the corner...

WHAM!!! GRACE'S POV: A SHOVEL swings from around the corner,

The blow sends Grace sailing back. He SLAMS on the ground, with a blood-covered broken face. As he tries to get up...

Bud's gun is there. And like that, it stops.

INT. SOUTHDOWN'S BAR - AFTER HOURS

glasses... At a table, the METRO SQUAD: Bud, Shepard, Marandino, Cobb are drinking. A bartender (SHERRY) is wiping down

COBB

Think I broke a knuckle on that guy's

tooth.

SHEPARD

He only had one tooth.

COBB

Well I got it, didn't I?

MARANDINO

(to the bartender)
Another round, Sherry.

SHERRY

Comin' up.

Bud blows smoke, distant from the others.

MARANDINO

Bud, we all supposed to be celebratin'.
'Been workin' this case for months. And
you ain't said shit.

BUD

They had a lot of weight. Too much.

COBB

It's a ring. Organized burglary.

BUD

You saw them guys. You think that half
ass crew was organized?

MARANDINO

(laughs)
They shit their pants in unison.

COBB

What are you gettin' after, Bud?

SHEPARD

You think it was someone else's score.

Sherry arrives with shots of whiskey, moves on.

BUD

I think its a part of somethin' bigger.

Bud takes his shot.

BUD

Tomorrow morning we put our friends under
the lamp. If they know this "someone

else", we'll know him too.

EXT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH JAIL - ESTABLISH - NEXT DAY

A dark, stone monolith off the 110 highway.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH JAIL - DAY

They're
ROOM,
Bud smokes, standing with Shepard in semi-darkness.
looking through a two-way mirror into an INTERROGATION
where Cobb interviews Ray Wheeler.

RAY

I told you... I keep tellin' you... I
don't know nothin'. That's it.

COBB

That's not it. We've been here all
morning. We'll stay here all night.

Marandino
Bud paces to a neighboring INTERROGATION ROOM where
is questioning Grace (bruised face, swollen, broken nose).

MARANDINO

The stones you were fencin' belonged to
an Amsec wall safe in "Kay's Jewelers".
The rest from a vault in Bocage. Both
owners can verify their belongings, and
have.

(beat)

Who you fencin' for?

GRACE

Man, I ain't sayin' fuckin' shit.

MARANDINO

Then your name's on a dozen other jobs,
just like it.

GRACE

That's bullshit.

MARANDINO

No, that's a promise.

Bud, sipping coffee, paces back to Ray's interview...

COBB

We got a series of burglaries in the

area. All over the last six months. All still open. You don't talk, it's on you.

RAY

Well I ain't got nothin' to do with that.

COBB

Any idea who does?

RAY

No! Okay? Fuck no.

Bud sets down his coffee, calm.

INT. GRACE'S INTERROGATION ROOM

Marandino sits across from Grace, clearly frustrated.

MARANDINO

...Answer the question.

GRACE

(exploding)

**MAN FUCK THIS! AND FUCK YOU! Y'ALL CREW'S
JUST FAGGOTS IN MATCHING JACKETS!**

The door blasts open. Bud charges in, throws Grace against the wall, then slams his face onto the table, pushing down.

BUD

Try this. I know you're too fuckin' dumb to be any more than a courier. I know you're coverin' for someone else. NOW **TELL ME WHO THAT SOMEONE IS!**

GRACE

I ain't a rat!

BUD

YOU AIN'T A RAT?!

Bud twists his broken nose. Grace SCREAMS.

MARANDINO

Easy, Bud. Go easy.

GRACE

(to Marandino)

STOP THIS SHIT! STOP HIM!

off. Marandino puts a hand on Bud's shoulder; Bud shoves him

BUD
LOCK THE DOOR!

Marandino locks it. Bud turns Grace's nose even harder, nearly rips it off his face.

BUD
I'll teach you what commitment is... I'll throw you in an eight by nine and have you fucked in the ass by every inmate in the state of Louisiana-- AND THAT'S THE **REST OF YOUR LIFE!**

cracks. Grace, spitting blood now. Choking. Bud twists. Bone

BUD
GIVE ME A NAME!

GRACE
(hacking)
He's from Whiskey Bay--!

BUD
--GIVE ME A NAME!!

EXT. CLAYTON STREET - NIGHT

Raining.

home. An unmarked chevy is staked down the block from a tract

BUD V.O.
Jesse Wheeler. Thirty-one.

INT. CHEVY - NIGHT

at Bud's in the front seat, looking through a file. Shepard the wheel. Coffee cups and junk food litter the dash.

BUD
Two tours in 'Nam. '69 and '71. He's a jump marine. Weapons trained, explosives.
(turns the page)
Seven and a half out of a twelve year stint for federal robbery. Two in Angola. A year in DeQuincy. Three in El Reno with

a transfer to Lewisburg. Then Marion with a brief stopover in Leavenworth. Released from Oxford, 1981.

SHEPARD

Jacket's the size of the bible.

Through the windshield, across the street, a tract home they're watching.

BUD

His stay at Marion, they kept him in "H" block.

SHEPARD

H block? That's home to forty top murder one inmates...

BUD

Yeah, life sentences. Jesse only had twelve years.

Bud likes it.

BUD

He ain't just woodwork.

DISSOLVE

TO:

Night passes and the dawn arrives...

EXT. WHEELER'S HOUSE - DAWN

Front door opens and the shadowy figure of JESSE WHEELER, whose face we cannot see, emerges.

SHEPARD

(waking Bud)

Target's out.

backs

Jesse fires up his '74 battered green PICK-UP TRUCK. He from the driveway and proceeds down the street.

BUD

(into radio)

Alright. Give him room.

Bud's car starts and we move off with them...

BUD

(into radio)

We're mobile.

EXT. STREETS - MINUTES LATER

In the rain, Bud and Shepard tail Jesse from a distance. They pass an alley where a waiting BUICK falls in behind the Chevy; Marandino and Cobb are inside.

INT. CHEVY - CONTINUOUS - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:

We see the truck slowing, angling into a TEXACO STATION.

SHEPARD

He's turnin' off.

BUD

Let's take him in the car.
(into radio)
Wait'll he's stopped. Watch your backgrounds.

INT. JESSE'S PICK UP - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse stops at a pump. Suddenly, Bud appears at the window and jams a SHOTGUN against Jesse's head.

BUD

Don't move. You motherfuck, I'll blow your head clean off.

Reflecting in the side-view: Bud's BADGE swings from his neck. Jesse's eyes resign to relief. Bud SEES this...

BUD

Shut the car off slowly.

With several law enforcement shotguns now leveled at him from all directions, Jesse turns off his engine.

CUT

TO:

EXT. JESSE WHEELER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bud, Shepard, Cobb and Marandino, vests and shotguns, move in unison around the house.

Bud and Cobb stay to the shadows, down a side yard...

plays

Shepard, Marandino reach the front door. Locked. A tv quietly inside. No one in the windows.

Shepard signals to Marandino...

INT. JESSE WHEELER'S HOUSE

THE FRONT DOOR IS KICKED DOWN. Shepard and Marandino spill in, guns ready...

SHEPARD
POLICE! WARRANT!

A pregnant woman in the kitchen... LYNN WHEELER, 30s. She SCREAMS, curses. Hurling dirty dishes fly like frisbees.

LYNN
GET OUT! GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!

MARANDINO
MA'AM, CALM DOWN! CALM DOWN!

SHEPARD
WE GOT A WARRANT!

LYNN
(more dishes)
FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!

OF

Lynn suddenly gasps agitatedly, sinks to the floor. A GUSH FLUID soaks through her dress.

LYNN
Help... My baby...my baby...

Bud

Bud and Cobb enter from a back door, hurry towards Lynn. lowers Lynn to the floor.

BUD
(to Cobb)
CALL AN AMBULANCE! NOW!

BEDROOM - TIME CUT

A door slams open to reveal...

A NAZI IRON EAGLE BATTLE FLAG. Draped across the far wall. Windows taped over. Walls painted black.

Military surplus on every shelf and surface. Helmets.
Uniforms. Body armor. Bayonets.

Bud in the doorway. Shepard joins him.

BUD

Toss everything.

SMASH CUT

TO:

Several COPS (now on scene) ransack the house. Ripping open
cabinets, drawers, tossing everything to the floor...

GARAGE

Cobb flips a switch. A lamp illuminates a workbench.

COBB

Alright, I want everything seized!

cold,
Cabinets, lockers and tool boxes slam open. Cops stop
blown away by what they see: GUNS. Everywhere.

LIVING ROOM

.25
COP #1 feels behind a couch. He finds a .38, then a COLT
below a chair cushion.

BATHROOM

COP #2 removes the toilet's basin cover. With a pen, he
removes a dripping .357.

KITCHEN

Several STATE TROOPERS lead Jesse in, cuff him to a table.

ATTIC

BOXES.
Floor peels back. Flashlights illuminate: AMMUNITION
ASSAULT RIFLES. GRENADES. BONDS and COUNTERFEIT PLATES.

MARANDINO

Motherfucker's got a general store.

LIVING ROOM

Cops talk excitedly over one another. Shepard leans over a mounted A.C. He finds a string and very slowly pulls up a ziploc bag filled with DIAMONDS.

SHEPARD

God damn...there's some weight.

KITCHEN

Bud takes a seat at the table...

Cold

For the first time, we get a good look at Jesse Wheeler:

eyes. Handlebar mustache. Covered in tats. With a boilermaker's build, he looks what he is... DANGEROUS.

BUD

I'm Detective Lieutenant Bud Carter, of the East Baton Rouge Parish Precinct.

(smiles)

So how you like Baton Rouge?

Jesse's stare drifts to Bud. It's deadly.

Cabinets slam open and closed. Dishes hit the floor.

JESSE

What happened to my wife?

BUD

Water broke. She's en route to the hospital.

COP #3 is searching the refrigerator. Jesse watches as if he's seen something we haven't... Cop #3 moves on...

Jesse sees Bud's eyes. They connect with his own...

Bud opens the fridge. He scans condiments then stops. From inside a bag of HOT DOG BUNS, several sealed VIALS.

BUD

This is new.

Bud examines a vial's label: "CYANIDE."

BUD

What's the cyanide for, Jesse?

JESSE

Extracting impurities.

Bud, right with him, grins.

BUD

Impurities from what?

Jesse, calm. Deadpan.

BUD

You're in a bad situation here, pal.

JESSE

I'll make bond.

Bud looks in Jesse's eyes and believes it.

BEDROOM

Shepard, searching the room. Drawers, cabinets. Then leans down to peer under the bed...

...stops, stunned when he SEES: a row of live Goex charges
in packing, boldly marked: EXPLOSIVES

SHEPARD

(top of his lungs)

OUT! EVERYONE OUT! GET THE FUCK OUT!

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DAY

MIKE BRADDOCK (40s), Captain of Detectives, enters his office. Bud tows, carrying files.

BRADDOCK

What more do you want? You got a two time felon on multiple counts. You got robbery, B&E, you got an all-you-can-eat felony fuckin' possession. All on top of an organized burglary ring.

INTERCUT:

INT. PROCESSING ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY

ON A CAMERA FLASH. Mug shots of Jesse's front and profile.

BRADDOCK V.O.

The man's in custody, Bud. Fucked for life. It's finished.

Jesse's inked fingers are rolled onto an exemplar sheet.

DAY
INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT -

BUD

There's more, I know it.

Bud slaps a file on Braddock's desk, to a crime scene
photo:

An Asian JUDGE sits dead in the front seat of his car.

BUD

Remember him? Ten months ago, a judge gets popped with a .357. Well I got a Ruger from Wheeler's toilet and rushed it through ballistics.

BRADDOCK

And?

BUD

It's a solid match! Dead on.

BRADDOCK

There's a dozen ways Wheeler could've got that burner. It don't prove a thing.

BUD

(drops another file)
A stack of bonds taken from the home of a Baptist Minister...

The crime photo: A black MINISTER and wife shot in bed.

BUD

Murdered. He and his wife. Looked like a robbery gone to shit then; I want it opened back up.

INT. ANTE ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY

A nude Jesse steps before a DOCTOR and gets a cursory
exam.

BUD V.O.

I still got tests pending. More guns. More cases. This guy ain't crazy, Mike. He's a ticket to somethin' big. Somethin' happening now.

DAY

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT -

Meanwhile...

BRADDOCK

So who's backin' him?

BUD

I don't know; I do know they'll post his bond. That's why I need a price they can't come up with overnight.

Braddock listens. Bud keeps it on track...

BUD

I'm right about this, Mike.

(leans close)

When a guy's lookin' at two hundred years and he ain't upset... It's like when your wife is accusing you of fuckin' the neighbor, but she don't know you're fuckin' her sister too. You're pretty calm about it, right?

Braddock smiles slightly.

BUD

It's 'cause we hit the wrong nerve. The guns, the other shit, the time... He can have that conversation. And he is. And he ain't upset. He's makin' eye contact, 'cause we're fallin' short.

(the bottom line)

This guy knows things. He knows where bodies are.

Braddock, thinks; Then--

BRADDOCK

I'll bounce it up to the D.A.

Bud grins, SLAMS his hand on the desk.

INT. HOLDING AREA, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DUSK

Two GUARDS escort Jesse. He's bound in chains, orange scrubs.

INT. HOLDING CELL

the
End of the hall. A BLACK PRISONER waits, arms slung over
crossbars with a cigarette. Jesse is brought forth.

A Guard unlocks the cell. The Black Prisoner steps back,
joining TWO OTHERS: All black, looming in the darkness.

Jesse steps in. Guards unlock his shackles. Chains hit the
floor. Behind him, the bars slam home.

SILENCE...LONG, DRAWN SILENCE. THEN:

JESSE

My name is Jesse Wheeler... I'm now in
charge of this cell. Any y'all don't like
it, step your black ass forward, line up.

A MOMENT. Cued by Jesse's challenge, each of the prisoners
slowly rise, vehemently approaching...

CUT ABRUPT

TO:

INT. BUD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

And the phone RINGS...

BUD

(answers)

Yeah...

MALE VOICE (OVER)

Bud? Charlie Bowers.

firearms
WIDEN. Bud's house is sparsely furnished. Books on
and police work in stacks. As he reaches for a file...

BUD

(into phone)

Charlie... You had an inmate in '75,
named Jesse Wheeler.

INTERCUT:

INT. OFFICE, MARION PENITENTIARY, ILLINOIS - NIGHT

he's
CHARLIE BOWERS, on an official phone. At Jesse's name,

DEAD QUIET...

BUD

Charlie, you there?

CHARLIE

What's your interest in this guy, Bud?

BUD

Well, we got him on weapons and burglary.
But I got a feelin' there's more.

CHARLIE

Damn straight, a lot more. Race riots.
Smuggling. Extorting a guard. I had a few
run-ins with him myself.

BUD

What else?

INT. BEDROOM, BUD'S HOUSE - PRE DAWN

Bud lies in bed, wide awake. The PHONE CONVERSATION
carries over...

CHARLIE V.O.

You could say this is where he peaked.

KITCHEN - DAWN

Coffee pours into a mug. Then a shot of Irish Whiskey.

CHARLIE V.O.

He's a white supremacist. The worst kind,
if there is one.

Bud, dressed now. The table is covered with various
reports and photos from Jesse's file. BUD'S EYES guide us
through...

CHARLIE V.O.

Came in on armed robbery and assault...

Bud picks up a photo: Jesse's Angola mug shot, age 23.

CHARLIE V.O.

But word in the system said, he's a
contract killer for the Aryan
Brotherhood.

Photos of Jesse's tattoos: SUN-WHEEL on the shoulder; HELL
HOUNDS around the biceps, THOR'S ELAPID covering his back.

CHARLIE V.O.

In here, the guy became an organizer...

INT. BUD'S CAR, TRAVELING - MORNING

Bud's face goes in and out of light and shadow.

CHARLIE V.O.

Controlling hits and movements inside the system. Prison to prison. State to state.

INT. LOWER FLOOR, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - MORNING

Bud is walking with MURPHY, captain of the guards...

CHARLIE V.O.

Between the Aryan Brotherhood and Neo Nazis, he unified the front...

Bud and Murphy descend steps to a grim CORRIDOR.

CHARLIE V.O.

All them prison gangs in the world...
Black Panthers, Mexican Mafia, forget it.
The AB is deadly as it gets. And Jesse
Wheeler was their ring leader.

The PHONE CONVERSATION fades out... Presently:

BUD

So what the fuck happened?

MURPHY

Processing ain't open till morning. We
threw him in holding last night. 'Fore we
even turn around, it's like we're back in
the fuckin' Alamo.

BUD

He attack the guards?

MURPHY

Guards are fine. But he took on three
niggers like they stole from him.

Murphy stops outside a solid steel door.

MURPHY

I'll tell you somethin', Bud. After it
happened, our block was the quietest it'd
ever been. Wish we had ten just like him.

BUD

Open the door.

INT. ISOLATION CELL - CONTINUOUS

Bud enters. Murphy shuts the door and a series of locks
BOLT.
We're in a stone closet. No bed or sink. No light.

BUD

Heard you refused a public defender.

Jesse's bruised face moves through shadow.

BUD

At the gas station...When you were
arrested, I put a gun to your head.
You expected someone else.

JESSE

You don't look like cops.

BUD

And your house? Guns. Mass supply tells
me, intent to sell. Cyanide in the
fridge, explosives...tells me you're
scared.

Jesse's eyes emerge from the dark. Bud, looking right at
him.

BUD

I know who you are.

JESSE

If you knew that much, you wouldn't be in
here alone.

Bud smiles and walks to the door.

BUD

One more thing, pal. I saw the judge this
morning.

(grins)

There is no bond.

HOLD on Jesse.

Bud BANGS on the door. Locks UNLATCH. The door opens and
Bud
steps calmly out to the hall...

in The door shuts with a BOOM, locking Jesse in. And the nail
the coffin resonates.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - LATE NIGHT

Dim and desolate.

INT. LOBBY, GREYHOUND STATION - LATE NIGHT

Grace buys a ticket, crosses the lobby to the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

face Grace at the sink. He pats running water on his damaged
and straightens the bandage.

A TOILET FLUSHES

like the stall door opens and a man emerges. Lean and fierce,
an electric charge... CATFISH STANTON, 30.

belt. Grace FREEZES at the sight of Catfish, tightening his
Lets the water run...

CATFISH

Grace? That you?

GRACE

Hey there, Catfish...

Catfish steps close, reaches a hand to Grace's face.

CATFISH

'The hell happened?

Grace flinches. Catfish pauses, then SNIFFS his hand.

CATFISH

(smiles)

Oh... Excuse me.

Catfish steps to the sink. Begins washing his hands.

CATFISH

So where you off to?

GRACE

Goin' to visit my mother. She's real sick.

CATFISH

That's too bad. So you'll be gone a long time then.

GRACE

Yeah...

tattoos
Another MAN suddenly enters. Large and imposing, neck
...**BUZZ MCKINNON, 32.**

GRACE

(swallows hard)

Buzz.

WITH
Catfish turns off the water. THE BATHROOM IS SUFFOCATED
SILENCE.

GRACE

What can I do y'all for?

CATFISH

How come the Wheeler brothers, is locked up? And you ain't?

GRACE

Wheeler brothers is locked up? I don't know nothin' about that.

Catfish GRINS. It's harsh. Blood curdling.

CATFISH

I heard different.

GRACE

Well there ain't no "different" to hear, Catfish. 'Cause I ain't talked to neither of 'em.

CATFISH

But you did talk to someone.

Buzz moves. Grace turns to look...

.45

Grace's

blood

shirt.

...In a blink, Catfish's gun comes up: ONE QUICK POP. A

with a thick, barrel silencer. The mirror shatters.

knees hit the floor. His head hits the sink, HOLDS. As

runs from one small hole.

Catfish straightens up in the next mirror. Tucks his

Grace's body sags to the floor. Catfish and Buzz walk out.

INT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY

tier.

LOUD BUZZER. Two GUARDS #1 and #2 march Jesse down the

On his left, PRISONERS in cells, TURN, STARE and WHISPER.

Jesse arrives at a cell.

GUARD #1

(calls out)

Open ninety-six!

BARS slide back. Jesse walks in. His CELL-MATE steps cautiously from the shadows...

IT'S RAY. Pale and nervous. Jesse stands over him. The brothers' eyes connect. And there's a moment...

CUT

TO:

EXT. EXERCISE YARD, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY

guard

High stone walls topped with concertina wire. Looming

towers. Thick FOG blankets the yard filled with CONVICTS.

press.

Jesse takes hold of a metal bar, lifts it from a bench

He does two reps. The weights BANG down and Jesse sits up.

RAY O.S.

This place is bad...

as

Ray adds weight to the already excessive amount. He sweats

he talks nervously over Jesse's shoulder...

RAY

There's eyes everywhere. Like I got a

sign on my back, Jesse, they all think I talked.

Jesse scans numerous WHITE CONS watching the Wheeler brothers.

RAY

Just the other day... some spic fish got hit with a weight. Ten other cons, they beat him and stabbed him till there weren't nothin' left. And the guards let it happen.

Ray fastens the safety collars and Jesse leans back.

RAY

His brains were on the wall, Jesse. Like somebody painted 'em.

Jesse does another set. Weights BANG down. He slowly sits up.

JESSE

They come at you?

RAY

Not yet... But it's in the mail. I can feel it fuckin' coming.

Ray shoots a look at a group of ARYAN BROTHERS across the yard. CZAPP, their "leader," and ROACH. Jesse turns. Czapp looks at him. Eyes meet. Jesse leans back.

The press shakes as Jesse does a last set. His red strained face as the bar lands with a CRASH.

INT. YARD CORRIDOR, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY, LATER

A long line of prisoners are filing back through the gate. Ray, behind Jesse. Says low:

RAY

Hey, Jesse...

(silence)

Sorry I put you back here. I never meant--

JESSE

(turns)

"Sorry", Raymond...? You ain't sorry.

(pause)

I took you into my home. I tried to clean you up. And you steal from me...? You take my fuckin' diamonds?
(dead to rights)
'Cause of you, I missed the birth of my son.

Ray swallows hard. Nothing he can say.

INT. METRO OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DAY

CLOSE ON numerous files of ARYAN GANG MEMBERS. Arrest sheets, paperwork and photos.

BUD O.S.

Alright, let's work this...
(beat)

In prison, Wheeler is credited for the expansion of the Brotherhood. When Federal split up members, they had to reorganize. So they tattooed their blood types and serial numbers on one another.

COBB O.S.

Recede and multiply.

BUD O.S.

Exactly...

a REVEAL NOW Bud and Shepard with Cobb and Marandino around table, used as a converted eating area.

BUD

Put 'em in prison, they get stronger. Everywhere you send one, they recruit in numbers. Within five years, their numbers were over ten thousand.

MARANDINO

Wheeler directed all that, huh?

Shepard is flipping through a worn, thick file.

BUD

What do you got there, Shep'?

SHEPARD

Interpol wired us files on three known Aryan leaders in the state of Louisiana: Edgar Bingham. Harold Kay. And this

man... Lucian Adams.

He opens the file, revealing mugshots of LUCIAN ADAMS, 51. Dark eyes. Sharp, gun metal features.

SHEPARD

High priest of the Aryan National Party. His "ministry" of Christian Identity and Paramilitary Order has stood for over a decade. Check this out...

shot) Shepard pulls an old, faded surveillance photo: (Long

Lucian talking to a young Jesse outside a compound.

SHEPARD

Wheeler was just seventeen when he met Lucian at the Patriotic Congress.

MARANDINO

No shit.

SHEPARD

Today, Lucian's one hell of an entrepreneur. Owns surplus stores. Demolition. A piping business. Got trucks runnin' all across the God damn country.

Bud's been quiet; says now:

BUD

Stay focused. Get back to Wheeler... I need an angle.

COBB

For what? If Wheeler ever flipped, news would spread like wildfire. The AB's gonna know about it. They'd gonna know about it nationally.

(re: his coffee)

Pass the sugar.

Marandino does.

BUD

That's if he was a surface informant. I don't want him to testify. I want to keep him on the street.

(to the group)

Look, this guy's been in it a long time. He's up to his elbows; wants to shake his hands free. I can feel it.

MARANDINO

Braddock ain't gonna go for this.

BUD

I'll handle that.

Everyone looks to Bud.

BUD

We got one chance here. 'Cause if this falls short... Jesse Wheeler's worth more dead than alive.

INT. CAFETERIA, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - EVENING

A sea of tables divided by race as far as the eye can see.

Jesse and Ray, trays in hand, find an island of ARYAN PRISONERS. They quickly part to make room for Jesse to sit.

abruptly Suddenly Czapp and Roach arrive with their trays and sit across from the Wheeler brothers.

CZAPP

How you doin', Ray?
(off Ray's look)

We was just over there wonderin' why you ain't got the courtesy to introduce us to your kin.

RAY

I was gonna.

CZAPP

(grins)
I'm sure you was.

Czapp locks on Jesse, who calmly eats, not looking up.

CZAPP

Jesse Wheeler. Heard of you...

ROACH

Fuckin-A, heard a lot.

CZAPP

Name's Czapp... You can call me,
"Bossman."
(beat)

I kept an eye on your brother the past few days for you. Ain't that right, Ray?

RAY

(low)
Yeah...

JESSE

My brother ain't none of your business.

CZAPP

Ain't none of my business, "Bossman." And everything in this fuckin' place is my business.

Ray nervously glances down at several Aryans watching...

CZAPP

(to Jesse)

Listen to me, you sonofabitch. I'm gonna make one God damn thing God damn clear. Your reputation is smoke. Whatever they say you is or once was, I don't give a flyin' fuck. 'Cause it's my say-so now. And your fuckin' brother's up for grabs.

Czapp looks away from Jesse and shouts down the table:

CZAPP

Y'all got that?!

and Suddenly Jesse SPRINGS. A headbutt EXPLODES Czapp's nose
throws him back.

Czapp's head hits linoleum, echoing with a CRACK!! He lies still. Bloodied and unconscious.

ROACH

(stumbles away, shocked)

Fuck...

A DEAFENING SILENCE SPREADS OVER THE CAFETERIA.

face. Jesse calmly resumes eating. Czapp's blood covers his

SUDDENLY AN ALARM BLARES. GUARDS pour in, led by Murphy.

INMATES HIT THE DECK, arms behind their heads. All except Jesse, who continues to eat.

MURPHY

WHEELER!!! Stand the fuck up! Hands
behind your head!

Jesse rises.

MURPHY

Hands behind your head! Get on the
fuckin' floor!

Jesse puts his hands behind his head, but does not kneel.

Restraints are slammed on Jesse's wrists. And we...

CUT TO

BLACK.

NIGHT

INT. ISOLATION, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - LATE

The door unlocks and drags open. Jesse turns, blinking
painfully into the light ...Sees an imposing DUTY GUARD.

DUTY GUARD

Phone call.

INT. GUARD STATION

Jesse is led in. Duty Guard hits an extension button on a
desk phone and offers the receiver...

Jesse doesn't move.

DUTY GUARD

It's a secure line.

Duty Guard walks out. Alone now, Jesse picks up the
line...

JESSE

(into phone)
Yeah.

A low, whiskey voice is HEARD over the line: LUCIAN ADAMS.

LUCIAN V.O.

Been a long time...

Jesse shuts his eyes. There's a moment before he opens
them.

LUCIAN V.O.

Read about the arrest, Jesse. There's a lot of heat on this one.

JESSE

I don't want my brother touched.

LUCIAN V.O.

(laughs faintly)

I ain't callin' about your brother. I'm callin' about you...

the
Jesse turns SLOW to find the Duty Guard watching him from
hall. Lights a cigarette, stares.

LUCIAN V.O.

You should have come to me sooner, Jesse. None of this would have happened.

JESSE

I'm askin' you, Lucian. My brother ain't a problem.

LUCIAN V.O.

Your brother's a fuck up.

And Jesse's quiet... Dead quiet...

LUCIAN V.O.

And Jesse... We may know what you can do. But you know what we can do. Understand?

Jesse hesitates, then Lucian hangs up. DIAL TONE.

INT. BRADDOCK'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Room strewn with piles of casework. Bud, agitated, paces. Braddock, behind a desk.

BRADDOCK

You're reachin', Bud. The leverage ain't there.

BUD

It's there. It's gotta cook a little longer, that's all.

BRADDOCK

Jesse won't so much as blink at doin' life. The fuckin' guy didn't rise in the ranks 'cause he skirts under pressure.

(beat)

There's no deal to be had.

BUD

C'mon, Mike, you know what's goin' on. Ray Wheeler compromised Jesse. By that, he compromised the Brotherhood. Don't tell me there ain't no fuckin' leverage.

Bud pours himself a cup of coffee.

BRADDOCK

We need somethin' more.

BUD

Well we ain't sleepin' till we find it.

INT. VISITOR'S GATE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY

Lynn, dark pouches under her eyes, goes through security check. INFANT SON in her arms.

VISITING AREA

Wives, girlfriends and lawyers talk to prisoners.

TABLE

across
Lynn, dark pouches under her eyes, holding their son,
from Jesse...

LYNN

Life. You know how fuckin' long that is, Jesse?

Lynn's hands are shaking.

LYNN

So what am I supposed to do? Wait? Run?
(upset)
Your friends are comin' by the house.
Askin' questions, hangin' around. Waitin'
for the God damn phone to ring.

Jesse is silent.

LYNN

You said we were done with this. That they were out of our lives.

The baby begins to CRY.

LYNN

We have no money, Jesse. Which means we have no fucking food. ...Say something, would you?

JESSE

It's gonna be okay.

LYNN

I'm afraid. I'm afraid for my life...

The baby WAILING now.

LYNN

(quietly crying)

...For our baby.

TIGHT ON JESSE, for the first time, appearing powerless.

As Lynn wipes tears, trembling in her seat, Jesse looks away from his son, and glances up...

Behind a glass partition outlying the room, a MAN is watching them...

BUD. Stark still. Fixing Jesse with a hard stare.

INT. PROPERTY ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - LATER

A CLERK passes Lynn her belongings through chain link. She wipes her eyes, holding the baby.

The back bay doors open. Bud enters. Sleepless, wrinkled clothes.

BUD

Lynn Wheeler. We haven't been properly introduced. I'm Detective Bud Carter.

LYNN

I know who you are.

BUD

You have a ride home?

LYNN

We took the bus.

Bud peels a few bills from a fold, puts it on the counter.

BUD

Take a cab.

Bud lays his card atop the bills, looks at Lynn.

BUD

'You need anything...anything at all. Be sure to call me.

an They look at each other. She pulls her baby close. There's unspoken moment. And Bud walks away...

And Lynn waits till Bud is out of view. Then takes the money. the card.

INT. CELLBLOCK, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DAY

A Guard buzzes Jesse through.

PRISONERS line the tier. Smoking cigarettes. Looking out. Jesse walks past, enters...

HIS CELL

...where Ray sleeps in shadow on the bottom bunk.

Jesse pulls a Polaroid from his pocket: His infant son. He gazes at the photo for a beat, then brings it to Ray...

JESSE

Ray...

No response. Jesse nudges his brother's shoulder.

JESSE

Raymond, take a look.

imbedded Jesse rolls him over. Ray is limp. A filthy SYRINGE his arm. Jaw slack. Eyes wide and vacant.

THE PHOTO FLUTTERS FROM JESSE'S HAND TO THE FLOOR...

massive Jesse lowers, pulling Ray to his arms. He shuts his eyes. Teeth clench. And as Jesse feels the bile rising, his frame begins to shake... Then we realize, he's crying...

TIME

CUT:

EXT. LOADING DOCK, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON - DUSK

Pouring rain. Ray's corpse is loaded onto an ambulance.

INT. JESSE'S CELL - DUSK

Jesse sits in shadow. Alone. And it's still...

DISSOLVE

TO:

AFTER HOURS

Jesse sleeps. Hand under the pillow. When there's a sound...

His eyes SNAP OPEN to discover the silhouettes of SIX MEN, rushing into his cell...

A LOADED SOCK swings out from Jesse's pillow, slams MAN #1 in the jaw with a CRACK!!

On his feet, Jesse whips the sock around and whacks MAN #2's head against the concrete wall. He slumps down unconscious.

A BLUNT OBJECT is rammed into Jesse's sternum. Another shot bangs his neck. The sock drops and a PADLOCK clatters out.

With a final burst of energy, Jesse turns, SCREAMS and rushes out. MAN #3. Man #3 slams into the cell bars. CLANG!! Lights

down The remaining three Men attack. A series of blows rain and Jesse sinks into their grip.

HALL LIGHTS BUMP ON: NOW WE SEE, THESE "MEN" ARE GUARDS.

More GUARDS pour in, led by Murphy. They yank Jesse from his cell and take him down the tier.

Guards toss the cell in a thorough search. Mattress overturns. Shelves crash.

INT. TIER

Jesse PRISONERS move to their bars, SHOUTING and JEERING as
is wrestled down the STAIRS to...

THE LOWER TIER

Jesse thrashes violently as the Guards slam him through a door into...

A TUNNEL

Jesse's between cell blocks. The ROAR of prisoners recedes as
dragged into darkness getting darker.

A DOOR SLAMS OPEN...

INT. READY ROOM, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRISON

...THERE'S A FLASH OF LIGHT. We're in a windowless room.
And Bud pouring coffee for two...

BUD

Want a cup of coffee?

Jesse is handcuffed to the table. Guards are breathing
hard.

JESSE

MOTHERFUCKER! This how you do things?

BUD

Yeah... When I want to talk to someone,
without giving the impression he's
cooperatin'.

Jesse pauses, caught by Bud's tactics. The Guards file out
and shut the door.

Jesse's eyes are fierce and watching Bud's every movement
as he hands him a coffee, then takes a seat...

BUD

You got a problem.

JESSE

Yeah, what's that?

BUD

To start with, you're lookin' at two hundred years.

JESSE

I've done the time. I'll do it again.

BUD

I know you can do it. But can your family?

Jesse's face is tense. Unyielding.

BUD

Your brother's dead, Jesse. As we're sittin' here now, he's on a slab at St. Gabriel's Morgue. The coroner's callin' it, "suicide". You and I both know that's a load of shit.

(beat)

You do the time-- sure. And you never see your kid. 'Cept in here. You can recruit him. Your wife...plans...everything... Gone.

(beat)

'Less you talk...to me.

Jesse silent, a dark internal pause. He meets Bud's eyes across the table; then...

JESSE

Do you hate?

BUD

What?

Jesse's sudden directness has caught Bud off-guard.

JESSE

Who do you hate the most? Blacks you throw in prison?

BUD

...I dislike what they represent in the system. Not as a whole.

And Jesse begins to consciously or unconsciously "preach."

JESSE

And you believe that by overthrowin' Aryan nationalism and integratin' races...polluted creeds, with us...You believe you're solvin' somethin'?

BUD

I believe we survive by integrating safety. Understanding hate, and how to stop it.

JESSE

It ain't evil to fight it. It's evil to tolerate it.

(leans in)

Maybe you forget that, to justify what you do for a living...

BUD

Are we still in prison, or we back at the compound, havin' mass?

JESSE

You don't get it.

BUD

No, don't dictate to me what put you in here, or question my intentions with your overcooked revolution!

(beat)

'Fact, I think you wanted out 'fore I even got to you! That's why you distanced yourself. That's why you're out there crackin' safes. Lookin' to live a life that ain't AB.

JESSE

In who I am, there's pressure! I work for you, I won't need a lawyer, I'll need a priest! My outside finance is gone... My wife and son, their heads wind up somewhere their bodies ain't! So tell me, why the fuck should I get involved with you?!

BUD

How about personal warranty?

JESSE

Warranty?!

BUD

Yeah, that's right! You've been a part of the problem so long, you've forgotten what the fuck that is!

(boaring in)

"Finance..." Your wife came here on a bus

to see you. I sent her home in a cab. Is that your outside fuckin' finance?!

Beat. Jesse, taken back.

BUD

Let me give you a little insight, pal. As to what I know... And what you think you know.

Bud flips open a file and shoves a series of grainy B&W SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS in front of Jesse.

BUD

This is today...

Photo #1: Outside Jesse's House. A distressed Lynn and the baby being led into a car by Catfish.

BUD

Is that your house? That's your wife, right? Who's this guy?

Photo #2: Tight-shot of Catfish.

BUD

(off Jesse's look)

Know where he's takin' them? Takin' your family? I got a pretty good fuckin' idea.

Photo #3: An anonymous duplex. Catfish escorting Lynn and the baby inside, past several surly Aryans looking on. Jesse finally averts his eyes...

BUD

Look at your wife, Jesse. Look at her face. And your son. They look safe to you?

(a moment)

I'm all you've got! I'm all your family's got! And the longer you're in here, they're up for grabs.

ON JESSE. The wheels turning. Burning. THE CAMERA MOVES IN...

BUD

So either you let that happen... Or I get the judge to allow bond. This never sees trial. And you work for me.

And that's where it hangs...

BLACK.

JUDGE V.O.

Jesse Wheeler. Please rise...

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM, BATON ROUGE - DAY

Jesse rises, wearing a suit. JUDGE PONDER, at the bench, presides over this arraignment hearing:

JUDGE PONDER

You stand accused of forty counts of burglary, twenty nine counts of felony theft, possession of illegal firearms, possession or dealing in unregistered weapons, possession of a controlled substance, manufacture and possession of incendiary devices, and seventeen counts of receiving stolen goods... How do you plead?

CUT TO DANIEL KIERSEY, 40s, sharp, confident, expensively dressed. Jesse's attorney, rising:

KIERSEY

Not guilty, Your Honor.

JUDGE PONDER

Let's hear the arguments for bail.

The DISTRICT ATTORNEY rises from his seat:

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Your honor, this man is an habitual felon as well as a flight risk. Our office has overwhelming evidence that Mr. Wheeler is not only guilty, but also a serious threat to the community. The State recommends that bail be denied.

KIERSEY

Your honor, my client deserves a reasonable bail. He has every intention of appearing and answering to all these false charges. In addition, he is the sole provider for his wife and newborn

child, who would suffer undo hardship if
this man were incarcerated.

CUT TO Judge Ponder:

JUDGE PONDER

Bond is set at one million.

THE GAVEL BANGS DOWN. Kiersey shakes Jesse's hand. Smiles:

KIERSEY

Congratulations.

REVEAL BUD -- seated in back, watching the proceedings.

CUT

TO:

INT. BEDROOM, JESSE'S HOUSE - PRE DAWN

Lynn, asleep in bed...

INT. HALLWAY

Jesse stands, holding his son, quietly comforting him.

When

Jesse turns, WE SEE a .45 tucked in his back.

AND THE PHONE RINGS...

JESSE

(answers)

Yeah...

STATIC; he listens, then:

JESSE

(into phone)

Okay.

EXT. BACKYARD, JESSE'S HOUSE - PRE DAWN

Jesse steps through his fence into deep WOODS, to find a
waiting idyll on a dirt road.

CAR

INT. CAR - PRE DAWN

A HEAVY-SET MAN at the wheel. Jesse gets in as the
headlights
spin on and the car pulls away...

EXT. SHIPYARD - PRE DAWN

Dark. Eerie and desolate. The car arrives. Jesse steps out and disappears into the shadows of a towering crane.

calm

On the jetty, a nondescript MAN stands alone against the Mississippi. His back is to us.

Jesse approaches, stands quietly beside him.

MAN'S VOICE

How's your family?

We realize now...It's Bud.

JESSE

Let's get somethin' straight. I ain't here 'cause I'm scared. I done what I did, 'cause certain people crossed the line. They didn't keep their word.

BUD

Well my word counts.

They stand together, facing the liquid horizon...

BUD

I want a body, Jesse.

JESSE

How many you want?

Bud finally looks at Jesse.

EXT. BORROW PITS - DAWN

A swamp area used as a mud retrieval source for the levy. Amite River. FOG OBSCURES NEARLY EVERYTHING.

MAG-

Jesse slowly emerges... Then Bud and Metro, on all sides,

SHOVELS.

LIGHTS, FLAK JACKETS and SHOTGUNS. A DUFFEL BAG of

bobcats.

The sounds of the swamp are terrifying. Herons and

Boots hitting water. The buzz of a million mosquitos.

mire.

SUDDENLY A RUSHING SOUND -- An ALLIGATOR shoves off the

COBB

'The fuck is that?

Cobb's light catches the tail whipping into the swamp.

BUD

Yard dog. Relax.

SHEPARD

Where's this motherfucker taking us?

Jesse suddenly STOPS. LISTENS. BREATHES. Bud and Metro stare.

JESSE

(directly to Bud)

Dig here.

Metro exchanges looks, ANXIOUS. Bud nods "okay".

TIMECUT:

EXT. JESSE'S BORROW PIT

Metro engulfed in fog. Picks and shovels rise and fall.

MARANDINO

Bud! We hit something!

Bud excitedly descends the pit to scrape gravel from metal.

BUD

Clear it off! Come on, find the edges!

Jesse watches as a pair of STEEL DRUMS emerge.

INT. STATE POLICE AUTOPSY ROOM - MID MORNING

PATHOLOGISTS The "cold room". Bud and Braddock watch as two hose down the drums. The stench is horrible.

BRADDOCK

How long they been down there?

BUD

Jesse tells me six months.

BRADDOCK

Six months? Bud, they're biodegraded by

now. Fuckin' worm food.

BUD

We'll get an ID. Remember, we got the guy
who put 'em there.

BLOW TORCHES ROAR as Pathologists burn through the drums.

Sparks fly. The lids CRASH. Swamp water floods out... And
immersed within: two sore-covered, DECOMPOSING BODIES.

The room recoils from the fumes.

INT. KITCHEN, JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY

quietly
Lynn is putting dishes away. The baby nearby, sleeps
in a swing. Lynn gazes out the window...

EXT. DRIVEWAY, JESSE'S HOUSE

Jesse is under the hood of his truck, fixing the engine...
When a '71 Mustang, white-on-white, roars up the street.

driveway.
Jesse glances over as the car pulls alongside the
It's CATFISH, at the wheel. A wolfish grin.

CATFISH

'Bout time to get a new truck there,
Jesse.

Jesse tightens a nut with a torque wrench, says nothing.

CATFISH

Good to see you out. A free man now.

JESSE

What's goin' on, 'Fish?

CATFISH

On a Sunday drive, that's all. The good
Lord ridin' shotgun, through another
glorious Louisiana mornin'.

Jesse EYES his .45 atop the engine block, within reach.

CATFISH

Say, Jesse... Lucian's askin' about you.
Fact, a lot of people are.

Jesse stays on the engine, never turns around.

JESSE

You tell him I'll come by.

CATFISH

(no longer smiling)

That's good. I'll see you real soon then.

As Catfish drives away... We HEAR a series of photos being taken at high-speed. FREEZE FRAME to BLACK & WHITE.

long

PULL BACK to a distant CONSTRUCTION TRAILER. Bud with a lens camera, triggers snapshots.

INT. DINER - DAY

Greasy spoon, soul food joint. Trucker and labor patrons.

Bud walks in, perplexed to find Braddock sitting with MARTIN FITCH (30), Deputy Chief of Staff for US Attorney General. Pressed suit. Young face. Out of his element.

BUD

Hey, Mike.

BRADDOCK

Bud, this is Special Agent, Martin Fitch. He's down from Washington. With the Attorney General.

FITCH

Martin. Just call me Martin.

Fitch offers his hand, smiles. Bud shakes.

BRADDOCK

Martin's gonna be soliciting Jesse's case for a Federal sponsor.

BUD

How long you been with the Attorney General, Fitch?

FITCH

Just over a year.

Bud looks at Braddock.

FITCH

I want to assure you my education and experience is more than adequate to

handle a case of this potential.

BUD

Is that right...

Fitch's smile drops as Bud stares him down.

BRADDOCK

Why don't we get to the particulars?

FITCH

Right. Alright.

(clears throat)

To get Jesse a federal sponsor, we need something substantial. A bait. In the Justice Department, we have this mission statement... We decide who the target is, what's the threat assessment, the cost value, over what time table it's gonna take place... Which target do we go after first. We don't want to miss a big target hitting a smaller target, you understand?

BUD

No.

FITCH

Well, exposing bodies has limitations. Those people are dead. We can't retrieve their lives.

Bud blinks.

BRADDOCK

He means there might not be enough to back Jesse.

BUD

Keep him on the street without protection, he winds up dead.

FITCH

What I'm saying is, we need fresh leads. He'll need to present something that separates him from those we're going to arrest. If Jesse can't offer something continuous... I'm afraid we can't be of much help.

Bud stares at Fitch.

A WAITRESS in her 50s approaches.

WAITRESS

Ready to order?

FITCH

(cuts in)

Yes. I'll take a garden salad. Roquefort on the side.

WAITRESS

You'll take what?

FITCH

(curt)

It's a dressing.

WAITRESS

Well...we got ranch, thousand island and oil. Which one you want?

Fitch: Bud's chair SCRAPES back as he stands, stares hard at

BUD

Lost my appetite.

And walks out.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE DINER - DAY

They Bud stalks out to his car. Braddock follows, agitated.
say nothing till they reach the car.

BUD

I set this up. Me and Jesse. If the Feds want to help, that's fine. But not him.

BRADDOCK

What do you mean, "me and Jesse?" He's not your partner, Bud. This case is beyond our capacity. It requires resources we don't have.

Bud unlocks the car. They stand, talking across the roof.

BUD

They ain't takin' us serious, Mike. They send us some kid with a year under his belt?! He don't even know what state he's in... You want him in charge?!

BRADDOCK

You're God damn right I do! You're out on a limb on this already, Bud! It's my job to make sure you get back!

BUD

This is bullshit.

BRADDOCK

That may be. What it ain't, is open for discussion.

Braddock walks away. Bud simmers a moment, gets in his car.

INT. A ROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING

A bare room; nothing to tell us where we are. Jesse's on a stool. He runs his fingers down his mustache, grits his teeth.

JESSE

Y'all wanna talk about crime? Well I could tell y'all things. Names. Locations. What boat is movin' what drugs, which one is guns. Who's gonna get cut up and why. ...But what I got to know is, if 'n when I do this... If I wear your dog collar... Y'all gonna do what's right by me and keep my head from gettin' shot the fuck off? 'Cause the truth is, you need me. You ain't got enough cops with enough sense or enough time, to clear them crimes that already been committed and will be.

(pause)

Y'all need me... I got the devil's address.

REVERSE: We're in a HOTEL SUITE.

Shades down. Full of AGENTS: FBI, ATF, DEA, SECRET SERVICE.

Law enforcement everywhere. On the furniture, against the wall, sitting on the floor. Staring at Jesse in silence.

Bud stands by the door with Braddock. And Fitch steps forward, laughs nervously...

FITCH

Okay, great... Thanks. Thank you, Jesse, for that. And thank you, everyone for

attending...

(tight)

Uh, we all know why we're here. To solve a matter of custody--

FBI #1

We'll protect you and your family, Jesse.
(to the room)

It's a federal matter, gentlemen. Those bodies were transported over state lines.

An ATF AGENT #1 imposes:

ATF #1

Not so fast. Ammunition, grenades? This man's house was a factory, for Christ's sake. ATF is taking this.

DEA

Those murders were drug related. DEA's got to do follow ups.

SECRET SERVICE

He was printing counterfeit money.
That's Secret Service.

ARGUING ENSUES, Agents' voices step over one another.

Fitch

tries to take control. Jesse's been silent, until...

JESSE

There's a hit list.

Fitch hears this. He turns, loudly to the room...

FITCH

Wait! Wait a minute, quiet! Everyone quiet!

And EVERYTHING stops. Fitch moves to Jesse:

FITCH

A what?

JESSE

A hit list. There's much as twelve. Might be one or two less now, I ain't sure. Some could've already been gotten.

BUD

(to Braddock)
Now we're talkin'.

FBI #2 approaches Jesse...

FBI #2

Why these twelve, Jesse?

JESSE

Different reasons. It ain't so much why or what they done that matters. Pick any one of 'em off that list, AB puts you on salary.

Everyone is suddenly interested. Bud sees this.

JESSE

And you, sir, if I ain't mistaken...
You're Mr. Nokes, right?

Agents part, revealing JOHN NOKES(50s), black, an eminent figurehead in a plush suit. Surprised to be pointed out...

JESSE

First U.S. Attorney, John Nokes?

NOKES

That's right.

JESSE

Well, last time I seen it...you was
number two on that list.

It's quiet. Nokes thinks. Then LAUGHS and approaches
Jesse.

NOKES

Can you fill us in on the rest of those
names, Jesse?

JESSE

Yes, I can. But there's something I gotta
make clear 'fore that happens.

NOKES

What's that?

JESSE

I've listened to you, Mr. Nokes. And I've
listened to these suits here, on who's
gonna take me in...

(beat)

I will die, go to hell and take all y'all
cocksuckers with me, if he--

(motions to Bud)
--tells me to.
(beat)
I want y'all to know that.

Jesse is explosive under the low projection delivery and a CHILL falls over the room.

NOKES

(to Bud)
How's that fly by you, Lieutenant?

Bud simply nods.

NOKES

I'll sponsor him. Jesse's welfare will come out of our budget. Anyone has pending cases or leads for Jesse, see me. I'll loan him out.

Jesse stares at Nokes. As the meeting settles back to a comfortable level...

NOKES

And, Jesse... I'm a little pissed I'm number two on that list. Who the fuck is number one?

The room erupts with LAUGHTER. Everyone except Bud and Jesse.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. GRAND COUTEAU - DAY

Jesse's truck moves over an old wooden bridge through sweeping fields that stretch to a vast, wooded area.

EXT. FRONT GATES, PRIVATE PROPERTY - DAY

Jesse stops at a long drive protected by locked iron gates.

A surveillance camera zooms in. Jesse looks up. A second camera pans on Jesse, staring...

MOVE IN as crackling, electronic pixels FILL THE FRAME and...

CUT

TO:

INT. GUARD STATION - SAME

sits
open.
A BANK OF MONITORS showing Jesse at the gates. A GUARD
in shadow, hits a button: We see the gates unlock and

INT. JESSE'S TRUCK

pulls down the private road.
Shafts of light mottle then burst, REVEALING an elegant
VICTORIAN HOME.
relaxing,
Jesse parks -- walks up the porch, where Catfish is
shoulder holster, revolver. And Buzz, cleaning a pistol.

BUZZ

Jesse.

Jesse nods, eyes Catfish.

JESSE

I'm here to see Lucian.

Catfish grinds out his cigarette, gets to his feet.

CATFISH

He's busy right now; You can come in and
wait.

INT. LUCIAN ADAMS' OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A SNIFTER

room:
as Louis XIII pours to the rim. From elsewhere in the

MALE VOICE

This operation of your's has become big
business. You need relationships now more
than ever...

see.
THE VOICE belongs to RICHARD MORRIS, 40s. He sits in a
leather chair, facing Lucian Adams, who's face we cannot

Seated next to Morris, is Daniel Kiersey.

MORRIS

...We've done business successfully before, Mr. Adams. But it's a larger scope now. I'm here today because I want to represent you exclusively. You need someone lobbying at a state level, as well as in Washington. My organization can provide both. We've got contacts that you don't have and other people can't get. Now, I'm aware that you have multiple businesses... However you need one go-to guy, so that all your ventures stay coordinated and all transactions and contracts are realized. I am that person, Mr. Adams. That's what I do.

LUCIAN'S HAND lifts the cognac out of frame, drinks.

KIERSEY

What's this going to cost us?

MORRIS

As a retainer, I want an advance of three hundred-fifty thousand, along with ten percent of whatever economic benefit I bring to this organization.

KIERSEY

Three-fifty? C'mon, Dick. That's out of line.

MORRIS

If you want a quality global economic plan, that's what you pay for--

LUCIAN O.S.

We'll give you two, Mr. Morris...That's what it's worth.

Morris goes suddenly silent, looks across at Lucian.

LUCIAN O.S.

The advance is a drop in the bucket. The real money is the percentage. It's in your interest to see it my way.

Morris stares across the desk, several tense moments.

Then:

MORRIS

You've got a deal.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LUCIAN ADAMS' HOUSE - DAY

Morris emerges from the office. He glances at Jesse, then shrugs on his coat and leaves...

Jesse looks back at the office doorway. FOLLOW Jesse in...

INT. LUCIAN ADAM'S OFFICE

...past Kiersey, behind a massive desk in this impeccable room, we finally SEE LUCIAN ADAMS.

Jesse is not invited to sit.

LUCIAN

(to Kiersey)

Give us a minute.

Kiersey walks out and shuts the door...

ON LUCIAN

he crosses slowly to a credenza, selects a clean shirt.

LUCIAN

You have a son now, right?

JESSE

Yeah...

As he removes the shirt he's wearing, REVEAL tattoos:

BLACK

SUN on his back. GERMAN RUNES, SS BOLTS, HRUNGNIR'S HEART. And around his stomach, a belt of NORSE GODS with the

words,

"INVISIBLE EMPIRE." Prison tats, dark and aged.

LUCIAN

What'd you name him?

JESSE

I named him Ray.

Lucian, no emotion, puts on a pressed dress shirt, fastens cuff-links.

LUCIAN

(over his shoulder)

Heard the cops smacked you around inside.

JESSE

'Wasn't too bad.

Lucian checks his hair.

LUCIAN

You've been a busy man, Jesse. More ways than one.

JESSE

Looks like you done just fine without me. Business rollin' through the door.

And Lucian finally turns; looks at Jesse, eyes measuring...

LUCIAN

Last I saw you, you asked for time. Time to raise a family. Time to straighten things out.

(pause)

I gave you that time... Then safe jobs start poppin' up. Lafayette. New Orleans. Clinton. Baton Rouge. All over. The boys, they think it's niggers, gone widespread on a hunt for pig's feet. But they all professional. Burn jobs. Hot-weld oxygen. Laid out, burned, laid back, perfect.

(locked on Jesse)

I knew right then and there, only a white respectable burglar could've done this.

Jesse smiles slightly. They know each other well...

...When Lucian's smile suddenly drops. There's a flash of controlled anger across his face; and WE FEEL a curtain of tension fall heavily on the room.

LUCIAN

Jesse... With all the work you been doin': Diamonds. Emeralds. A dozen safe jobs, behind my back...

(predatory)

Where's the tribute to the greater cause?

the
Jesse he pulls from his pocket, a tiny pouch. Sets it on desk...

He pours the contents into Lucian's palm: **DIAMONDS** and **EMERALDS**.

JESSE

Like I said, I just needed time.

Lucian approaches the desk, opens the pouch: DIAMONDS and EMERALDS... A slow smile spreads across his face.

LUCIAN

Well, even prophets stumble once in a while.

Lucian embraces Jesse. Tight. Then, softly in his ear:

LUCIAN

It's a shame about your brother.

As they part, their eyes meet. Something passes between them...

I/E. JESSE'S TRUCK, TRAVELING - BACK ROAD - NIGHT

Lynn
under

Jesse at the wheel, glances nervously in the rearview.
in the passenger seat, baby in her lap. They're driving
the cover of darkness...

LYNN

I don't understand. Why do we have to leave the state? You're not tellin' me something. You're not tellin' me a lot.

JESSE

It ain't safe here no more. You wanted out? This is out.

CUT

TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

Marandino looks through BINOCULARS: As an electric fence slides back. Jesse's truck approaches, drives through.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

like

A twin-engine PLANE idylls. Lines of blue lights, strobe
rivers, air traffic above... And Bud, leaning against a
nearby car with Shepard and Cobb.

they

Jesse helps Lynn and the baby from his truck. Together,
walk toward the plane...

Bud, watching from a distance, nods to Lynn.

OUTSIDE THE PLANE

pulls
them

Jesse and Lynn stare at each other. She's crying as he
her close, one arm around the baby. He says something to
we cannot hear...

the

Then with the baby, Lynn boards her plane. An AGENT shuts
door. The engine SCREAMS to life, taking off...

Jesse turns to shield his face. Lights STROBE and BLAST...
Then, ABRUPT DARKNESS AND SILENCE...

ON JESSE

now alone on the tarmac. Bud approaches; then...

JESSE

Lucian took the stones. Talked about
jobs. High-end, boxcar.

BUD

Your family's safe now.
(beat)
Let's go to work.

CUT

TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE BASEMENT - NIGHT

10"
tumbler

Several AB SOLDIERS stand watch as Jesse pushes a heavy,
drill through a jeweler's vault door... Jesse throws
and relock mechanisms aside, reaches in... jewels, gems.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BETWEEN CARS - NIGHT

Bud and Jesse parked next to each other, trading info.

E/I. VARIOUS HIDEOUTS - NIGHT

plates...
of

AB counterfeiting bills... Printing press and metal
Hands stain bills with coffee grounds and cigarettes, then
industrial dryers... Jesse at a table behind tall stacks
cash, inspecting, approving...

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Bud with Jesse. Info, names and written amounts.

building
bottoms...

INSERTS: HANDS file serial numbers off guns... HANDS
silencers... loading guns in suitcases below false

EXT. PAY PHONES - NIGHT

Jesse on the line... Bud on the other end, taking notes...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

AB Soldiers unload crates from trucks, "Chrysler Corp."...
"Remington Firearms"... Antique furniture... Machinery...

cash.
INSERT: A MONEY MACHINE counts large denominations of

EXT. BELOW AN OVERPASS - NIGHT

Parked under the interstate. Bud looks over Jesse's info.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS PORT - NIGHT

marlin
start
bag
of cash...
A large fishing boat arrives. Numerous Fisherman load
onto refrigerated trucks... Catfish, Buzz, numerous AB
up the trucks... Jesse hands the Head Fisherman a canvas

roof
of a neighboring port, snapping photos. Taking notes.
PULL BACK to reveal Shepard, Cobb and Marandino on the

E/I. ISOLATED BARN - NIGHT

More
Trucks arrive. AB bring the marlin inside... Atop a crate,
Jesse slices a marlin open, revealing kilos of cocaine.
marlins are cut. More cocaine.

INT. METRO OFFICE - DAY

Bud on the typewriter, hammering out Jesse's contacts and
movements. Files piling on his desk.

INT. METRO OFFICE - NIGHT

An organizational chart, as Bud pins AB mug shots, arrest sheets and surveillance photos wall to wall.

Bud steps back, observes. His case building. Getting huge.

MONTAGE

OUT/TO:

EXT. BACK PATIO, LUCIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Wood secluded. Lucian, Jesse and Kiersey sit around a table.

KIERSEY

There's a variety of matters to discuss today, gentlemen. Eddie Moran's trial starts next week. One of the jurors reached out. He's asking six thousand up front plus a job at four hundred a week. That guarantees a hung jury with a push for an acquittal.

LUCIAN

Three hundred. Give him a no-show at the trucking firm.

KIERSEY

(as he writes)

Construction on the building Morris brought us, in south-east Florida, is complete. Every unit sold. We should see revenues of one point four million over our original projections.

Lucian lights a cigar, smoke curls from his lips.

KIERSEY

Lastly, our "friends" from the Middle East. They put a final offer on the table. They'll fund our operation in Louisiana if we agree to act on their behalf. Political targets mostly, on the basis of our approval...

(beat)

I advise we do a test case. Perhaps a sample of their resources.

LUCIAN

"Final offer?" Demands...

(beat)

Close the deal. We'll cook the cash for it. By the time they realize, we'll have our return.

(laughs to Jesse)

You believe they're travelin' all the way to Louisiana just to get fuckin' robbed?

CUT

TO:

EXT. LUCIAN'S BACK YARD - LATER

Jesse and Lucian walk together through green, expansive countryside. A pair of Arabian mares graze nearby.

LUCIAN

I want you runnin' point on this one...

JESSE

I'll be honest, I was hopin' for somethin' bigger.

LUCIAN

What do you got in mind?

JESSE

How 'bout a few of them heads off the list?

LUCIAN

We got guys for that now. Catfish, Buzz. What do you want to go back to that for?

JESSE

The money's worth twice this. Bring back a head it's fifteen grand; Bring a heart, it's thirty, right?

Lucian looks at Jesse, who feels Lucian's scrutiny.

LUCIAN

Tell you what. Do this other thing we got lined up...

(beat)

Then I'll give you that taste.

EXT. HENDERSON INDUSTRIAL ZONE - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

Dark, factory skyline. Burnt out cars sit before a WAREHOUSE.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

HEADQUARTERS for the Baton Rouge operation. A beehive of government activity. TECHNICIANS listen to tapes... PHONES ring off the hook... Bud and Fitch going over the case:

FITCH

There's pressure from Washington. They send compliments for Jesse's work. But our primary concern is that list. I need names we can protect.

BUD

We know that, Fitch. He's workin' on it.

FITCH

If Jesse can just get a direct order... from Lucian to him, on a wire--

BUD

--A wire?! He just went back to work, you want him to wear a fuckin' wire?

(beat)

Put a tap on that God damn lawyer's phone, that's what you should do.

FITCH

He's an attorney, Carter. Anything we get would be inadmissible.

BUD

It's information, Fitch.

Fitch, annoyed, but staying on track.

FITCH

Bud. We need Jesse to engage Lucian on the record. Otherwise it's just hearsay. He's disconnected from everything, like a ghost.

Bud, cooling his heels. As the phones RING and RING...

DISSOLVE

TO:

A violent rainfall.

AERIAL SHOT swooping along the HIGHWAY, then rising above the deep woods to reveal a TRUCK STOP ahead.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

barricade Closed for construction. A VAN arrives. A blinking
is pulled back, allowing entrance...

by Generators light the scene: A group of SHIITE MUSLIMS wait
a pair of idle FREIGHT TRUCKS. A crew of five AB SOLDIERS
exit the van: Jesse, Catfish and Buzz among them.

CUT

TO:

EXT. LUMBER STORAGE, TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

a The door to one Freight truck rolls to the top, revealing
converted ASSAULT WEAPONRY SHOWCASE.

Below covered scaffolding, both crews stand. Guns bulge
through their coats. No talking. No sudden movement.

SEMI Shiites watch Jesse and Catfish examine the merchandise:

AUTOMATICS, SHOTGUNS, CARBINES, SUB-MACHINE GUNS...

Everyone looks at each other. Jesse acknowledges worth.

(OMAR) Catfish pulls a large CANVAS BAG from the van, filled with
cash. As he carries it toward a bench, a large Shiite
reaches for the bag before Catfish can set it down...

...Both men hold tight. Neither letting go. And there's a
moment.

JESSE

(low)
Catfish.

with a Catfish and Omar are eye-to-eye. Then, Catfish lets go
smile:

CATFISH

Go 'head. Count it.

The Shiite leader, NASEEM, sees the strife.

NASEEM

There a problem?

JESSE

No problem. Money's all there.

Omar hands the bag to Naseem. The count starts. Both crews watch closely...

...All except Catfish, fixated on Omar, who stares back.

CATFISH

'The fuck you lookin' at...?

The count stops. Naseem looks to Omar. Questions in Arabic back and forth. The pressure getting to the group...

go

JESSE

(low)

Catfish, would you shut the fuck up? This ain't the time.

NASEEM

(to Catfish)

Yes, listen to your boss.

CATFISH

What?! What fuckin' "boss?" You best watch your ass, sand nigger.

NASEEM

Piece of shit--!

Everyone reaches for their guns. Threats SHOUTED in Arabic and English.

JESSE

Take it easy! Take it easy!

flooding

SUDDENLY ARC LIGHTS BEHIND A DISTANT BARRIER IGNITE, the scene. Everyone turns.

A VOICE

(over a loud speaker)

ATF! THE PERIMETER'S SURROUNDED!

Omar reaches for the bag of cash...

face.

BLAM! Catfish FIRES, point blank, shooting Omar in the

And World War III erupts.

AB's FIRE. Shiites RETURN FIRE. From several stakeout locations, ATF AGENTS deploy and OPEN FIRE.

Jesse is grazed in the shoulder, slips, staggers-runs.

SHIITE #1 FIRES THREE SHOT BURSTS at AB #1, who's blown apart. A generator and ATF #1 collapse.

ATF #2 and #3 with pump shotguns OPEN UP on the AB's van.

Naseem, over a Mercedes roof, FIRES A BURST at ATF, then swings onto AB #2 and FIRES, killing him. Naseem jumps

into

the Mercedes, yells at the DRIVER to go.

Buzz RAPID FIRES, hits Shiite #1 in the back. Shiite #1 is spun around and Buzz shoots him in the head.

Catfish FIRES into the lot... Hitting SHIITE #2.

IN THE MERCEDES, Driver floors it. ATF re-emerges, kneels

and

PUMPS SHOTS into the Mercedes.

Jesse has taken off, past the lumber storage. Catfish and Buzz follow, breaking for the Freight truck.

IN THE MERCEDES, Driver is blown apart by ATF. The car CRASHES into a dumpster, knocking Naseem out.

Jesse, Catfish and Buzz jump into the Freight. ATF FIRES. WINDOWS EXPLODE. SHIITE #3, trying to climb in is shot

down.

Jesse, behind the wheel... BURNS rubber pulling out of the stop, over and through a scaffold, collapsing it.

The Freight truck draws everyone's FIRE. Jesse pilots it through the CHAOS. Scaffold DRAGGING behind. Sparks fly.

JESSE'S POV: Where he's going. An opening in the construction, leads back to the HIGHWAY and ONCOMING

TRAFFIC.

ATF CARS speeds in, the opposite way...

AS THE VEHICLES PASS: JESSE AND ATF

lock eyes. And the Freight makes the highway, scattering traffic, to the sound of ongoing GUNFIRE...

CUT

TO:

EXT. DESOLATE FIELD - LATE NIGHT

The moon hangs low as Jesse parks the Freight truck among tall grass, where a vacant BREAD TRUCK is waiting.

TIMECUT:

As Catfish exits the truck...

SLAMS
...Jesse takes Catfish's gun, grabs him by the neck and him against the cab. FACE TO FACE.

JESSE

You're a piece of work, Catfish.

Buzz grabs at Jesse; Jesse HURLS him to the ground.

CATFISH

Them niggers crossed the line...I had to burn 'em--

JESSE

--You had to keep your mouth shut! On a job, you don't do fuckin' shit 'less I say!

CATFISH

'The fuck off me--!

Jesse slams him back again. HOLDS his throat.

JESSE

(low, deadly)
Fuck me up again, you hear me? I'll leave you where I find you. Got that?

PAUSE. Catfish glares, then concedes.

JESSE

Unload the fuckin' truck.

Jesse starts moving crates from the Freight onto the bread truck. Catfish and Buzz watch for a moment, then join.

INT. FBI WAREHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

AGENTS

Televisions broadcast news coverage of the shoot-out.
work, uncomfortable, as Bud and Fitch argue. Explosive...

FITCH

Keep your voice down! This was out of my control!

BUD

I'm telling you, your agents best pull their shit together! Who the hell y'all trying to protect?!

FITCH

Look, Carter. This is a joint task force with multiple agendas, that run up the chain of command through me. Intel came forth at the eleventh hour that Naseem Kazuri - an international arms dealer - would be present at this meet. ATF was tasked to observe and report.

BUD

That ain't what they did--!

FITCH

--No! Because your informant--

BUD

My informant, that's right!--

FITCH

--Your informant and his psychopath crew greased half our political interests -- over a bag of fake cash! You weren't informed, so what?

BUD

Well I better be informed! 'Cause this ain't fallin' short! Now, any of y'all got a collaborative agenda in the works? I want to see it. These other agencies, what time-lines they lookin' at? What deadlines and why?

FITCH

Above your pay-grade--

BUD

(overlapping)

And is there a purposeful lack of communication between competing agencies,

who are right now charting future mistakes, as we fuckin' speak?!

FITCH

That's not your concern, Carter!

Braddock suddenly arrives, steps into the room...

BUD

We're not talkin' about me!!

BRADDOCK

Bud!

BUD

(spins)
What?!

BRADDOCK

You're over-involved here.

the
And Bud's taken off stride. Braddock looks Bud right in eyes, so there's no doubt...

BRADDOCK

I'll handle this.

Bud, red with anger, walks out.

Braddock watches him go. Fitch comes over, relieved...

FITCH

Thanks for coming down, Mike. He's been berating my agents for the last hour.

Braddock pours a cup of coffee.

FITCH

We're trying to band-aid a situation here, and frankly, Carter's preference for thug tactics isn't helping. It'll all be in my report...

BRADDOCK

(interrupts)
"Isn't helping?"

A big mistake. Now Braddock turns on Fitch, zeroing in...

BRADDOCK

"Isn't helping?" Let's not miss what

happened here, Fitch. We work for the same cause doesn't mean we work for you. What are you gonna do now? Send Jesse back out? Earn his trust? Bud Carter delivered the biggest informant in the history of this state to your lap, and you and the people you work for are gonna let it go to shit.

(beat)

You can expect that will be in my report.

CUT

TO:

INT. STEEL MILL - PRE DAWN

STEELWORKERS warped in heat waves swing ingots into troughs.

The seven story furnace is deafening.

ENTRY AREA

Lucian is met by Kiersey. They walk together through glassed in hallways to a closed office door.

Lucian keys in, REVEALING a disheveled Morris seated in a chair with two large AB Soldiers on either side.

INT. STEEL MILL OFFICE - PRE DAWN

Lucian shuts the door and sits before an ill at ease Morris.

MORRIS

Look. I had no previous knowledge of any business with Muslims. So if stealing me here in the middle of the night, is some kind of accusation--

LUCIAN

I'm not accusing you, Mr. Morris. But I do find it interesting that right about the time I employ you, my operation starts having problems.

MORRIS

Yes, but--

LUCIAN

That is interesting...isn't it?

Morris swallows hard as Lucian stares intensely.

LUCIAN

I want to know if this was an isolated incident. If the ATF impeding on my work is the result of a deeper threat.

MORRIS

What are you suggesting?

LUCIAN

I'm suggesting you contact your friends in Washington.

MORRIS

With all due respect, Mr. Adams, that's not what I was retained for.

LUCIAN

Well now it is.

MORRIS

That sort of information requires clearance I don't have. If I start sniffing around, people are going to ask questions.

LUCIAN

I'm asking questions, Mr. Morris. And I'm getting impatient.

Morris gets stone quiet. Lucian hands him a phone.

LUCIAN

You don't leave here till I get answers.

And like that, this conversation is over.

CUT

TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE + PHONE BOOTH - DAWN

Off a deserted street. A DENSE FOG resides, far as the eye can see. And Jesse, in a PHONE BOOTH, drops a dime and dials...

LYNN V.O.

(clearly asleep)
Hello...

JESSE

It's me.

LYNN V.O.

You okay?
(off Jesse's silence)
Honey, you alright?

JESSE

I'm okay. Just need to hear your voice.
How's little Ray...?

LYNN V.O.

I'll put him on.

SILENCE for a moment...then a quiet baby's voice.

LYNN V.O.

It's daddy on the phone, say hello.

Emotion rises to Jesse's face. He holds it in, barely.

ANGLE: DOWN THE STREET

a lone CAR is parked in the shadows, fog rolling past...

...Jesse sees it, can't see who's inside it.

LYNN V.O.

Jesse?

He hangs up.

A LONG MOMENT... Jesse stands there, watching the car...

He

slowly makes his way toward the back of the store, where

his

truck is parked. Pulse pounding, he tries the door...it's
locked. Eyeing the car, he unlocks his truck.

darkness

THERE'S SUDDEN MOVEMENT. Jesse spins. And out of the

-- steps Bud -- ready to pounce...

BUD

Where the hell you been?
(Jesse's look)
Two days missin', you broke protocol.
Three, and you're a flight risk.
Agents'll hunt your ass down.

JESSE

(anger spiking, pacing)

I can't keep doin' this. I can't fuckin' breathe. Even the shadows got eyes.

BUD

This is the job. If I don't hear from you, I can't protect you.

JESSE

(in his face)

Protect me?! I about got my head fuckin' shot off, 'cause your guys was "protecting" me!

BUD

Those ain't my guys!

JESSE

I don't give a fuck-- I don't want your protection! I want out!

BUD

There is no "out." Not for either of us. Not till it's done...
(low, definitive)
Get me that list.

to
Jesse STARES -- a malevolence in his eyes that freezes Bud
the spot. Then, Jesse climbs in his truck and drives off.

CUT

TO:

**INT. BRADDOCK'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT -
DAWN**

Bud pacing; Braddock sits at his desk.

BUD

I'm losin' him, Mike...

BRADDOCK

Just relax. We gotta let things settle, that's all.

BUD

It ain't gonna settle, it's gonna blow. I can feel it.

BRADDOCK

What do you want me to do?

BUD

Push 'em back.

BRADDOCK

Who?

BUD

The Feds. All these suits, fuckin' outsiders. Everyone. Get me some room. Some time to reel this thing in.

BRADDOCK

I'll talk to Nokes. 'See what I can do.

BLACK.

INT. OFFICE, STEEL MILL - DAY

Lucian. Morris (a nervous wreck, unshaven) sits across from Kiersey at an adjacent table.

MORRIS

There's an investigation underway, funded by the U.S. Attorney. And you're the target.

dossiers. Morris opens his briefcase and hands over a pair of

MORRIS

They're receiving assistance from both the ATF and FBI, who are stationed right here in Henderson.

LUCIAN

(pause)
How long they been active?

MORRIS

My sources tell me three months.

Lucian puts on his reading glasses, opens a dossier.

LUCIAN

Three months...

Lucian peruses surveillance photos: Images of AB activity goes by in a blur. Lucian's eyes absorbing, rigid, unerring.

KIERSEY

(reading)

This is U.S. Attorney John Nokes, at the helm. He's been after us for years.

LUCIAN

Who they got for a mouthpiece?

MORRIS

A "mouthpiece"?

LUCIAN

Who's the rat in the woodpile? Who the fuck's giving 'em information?

MORRIS

I couldn't dig that deep. But it's someone close.

(pause)

I suggest you gentlemen disband. Immediately.

Kiersey, foraging through reports. Page after page. Each minutely detailed.

KIERSEY

Lucian...

LUCIAN

Yeah.

KIERSEY

The investigation's local point is a detective out of East Baton Rouge.

(beat)

His name's Bud Carter.

ON LUCIAN. Thinking...Thinking...

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Jesse, alone in the dark, seated on the couch... There's a SOUND outside...

CUT

TO:

toward

Jesse moves soundlessly through the house, gun ready,
the back door.

PORCH: JESSE'S POV: as the door opens slow, HE/WE SEE ON THE

LUCIAN

seated comfortably in a chair...

LUCIAN

Couldn't sleep.

Jesse looks to the darkness. Dogwood trees. Thick growth.
EERIE SILENCE...

JESSE

Got somethin' on your mind?

LUCIAN

(without looking at him)
There's been an adjustment to the list,
Jesse...

Jesse's silent. YOU CAN CUT THE TENSION WITH A KNIFE...

LUCIAN

We got this...heathen. A whore of an
Irishman...down in Baton Rouge.
He's protected. Got a lot of guys around
him. That's why it pays. That's why
nobody wants the job... That's why we're
here talkin'.

JESSE

Who is it?

Lucian sets a photo on the table, face down with an
address written on back.

Jesse flips over the photo: It's Bud, in uniform.

LUCIAN

This cop... he's got a mouthpiece...
somewhere. Ain't yet figured out who.
In the meantime, shut him down.

ON JESSE, a frozen moment. He forces out the words:

JESSE

It's done.

With that, Lucian gets up and leaves, disappearing into
darkness.

CUT

TO:

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Jesse climbs into his truck and pulls out to the street...

CUT

TO:

JESSE'S TRUCK heading up the INTERSTATE, crossing into
EAST
of
BATON ROUGE, then driving through dark RESIDENTIAL STREETS
of
Bud's neighborhood...

I/E. JESSE'S TRUCK - LATE NIGHT

loads
He pulls to the curb, parks. Jesse racks a MOSSBERG SG,
it with solid shot, then lays the gun on his lap.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Bud's house in the distance.

And Jesse sits there, several
moments...WAITS...BREATHES...

Then he exits the truck...

EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

his
Jesse moves -- fast, soundless -- toward the house. With
shotgun, scales the fence, as we--

CUT

TO:

EXT. DOWN THE STREET, BY JESSE'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

from
A VAN arrives, stops. No headlights, two hundred yards
the house. INSIDE THE VAN: Catfish and Buzz. Several AB
SOLDIERS in back, armed to the teeth.

BUZZ

That's his truck.

CATFISH

(nods)

Let's see what he does.

The motor ticks and ticks and...

EXT. SIDE YARD, BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

It's dark, quiet; but the muted glow of a tv in the living room. JESSE MOVES IN SHADOW, shotgun leading... He stops. **LISTENS...**

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF HARD WATER FROM A SINK OFF-SCREEN

...Jesse moves toward it...

INT. CATFISH'S VAN - LATE NIGHT

Catfish, Buzz, the soldiers watching Bud's house intently.

CATFISH

The fuck's takin' so long?

(beat)

I would've shot that pig dead already...

'made a pulled-pork sandwich.

BUZZ

Give him a minute. That's a cop, lives there.

CATFISH

(checks his watch)

I'll give him two.

Catfish, loading his gun, as--

EXT. YARD, BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

slipping
Through a window, WE SEE Bud washing dishes. Then,

INTO FRAME...

JESSE

trying
watching him. Pulse pounding, his mind on overdrive,
to untangle identity and consequence... Then...

He taps the window, and Bud looks up...

CUT

TO:

THE BACK DOOR

Bud opens it:

BUD

Jesse. 'The hell you doin' here?

JESSE

You been made, Bud. We gotta skin out.

BACK

TO:

INT. CATFISH'S VAN - LATE NIGHT

Catfish, anxious now, racking his gun again and again.

CATFISH

Somethin's wrong...

BUZZ

Relax, Catfish. You said two minutes.

CATFISH

Fuck you, man! This don't feel right.

BUZZ

Just give it a second.

(to soldiers in back)

A few more seconds, right guys?

Catfish, breathing hard, bent on bloodshed...

CATFISH

Let's kill 'em both. Let's do it now,
right now, let's go--

BUZZ

Catfish--

CATFISH

(erupts)

LET'S GO!!!

INT. BUD'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Bud quickly dials the phone --

SHEPARD V.O.

(over phone, answers)

Yeah.

BUD

(into phone)

Hey. Meet me at the office in ten

minutes. Cobb and Marandino too.

SHEPARD V.O.

(over phone)
Why, what's up?

BUD

(into phone)
I'll explain later. Just get there. Now.

QUICK CUTS as Bud hangs up, shoves a .38 in his waistband. Slams a clip and holsters a 9MM.

BUD

(to Jesse)
Let's hit it.

Bud and Jesse start for the door...

INT. CATFISH'S VAN - LATE NIGHT

AB Soldiers loading their guns.

CATFISH

starts the engine; POV THRU THE WINDSHIELD: Jesse and Bud, leaving the house.

CATFISH

That's them! Together, you see?!

BUZZ

I see 'em--

CATFISH

You see?! They're fuckin' dead!

EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Jesse hurries down the lawn. Bud to his Chevy.

SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF TIRES BURN... CATFISH'S VAN SEARS

DOWN

THE STREET...

...THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN AS AB SOLDIERS OPEN FIRE FROM SUB MACHINE GUNS.

Jesse drops behind a neighbor's sedan.

Bud dives behind the Chevy. ROUNDS SLAM through sheet metal,

interior, and out the other end.

AB Soldiers exit the van, spread and keep FIRING. Jesse's sedan takes hits. WINDOWS AND TIRES EXPLODE.

Bud and Jesse aim over their roofs. Take and RETURN FIRE.

Catfish emerges, kneels and pumps SHOTS into Bud's Chevy.

The WINDSHIELD is BLOWN APART -- Shattered glass covers
Bud.

CUT

TO:

INT. SHEPARD'S CAR, TRAVELING - LATE NIGHT

Shepard at the wheel. We hear dispatch on the police
scanner:

DISPATCHER V.O.

(filter)

All units: 10-17 in progress. 1825
Hyacinth. Multiple shots fired--

SHEPARD

What the fuck?

DISPATCHER V.O.

--Units please respond...

Shepard hits the BRAKES, peels a hard U-turn and SLAMS the gas toward Bud's house...

BACK

TO:

EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Buzz rounds the van and OPENS FIRE.

Jesse and Bud cover. Their eyes connect. Bud signals
towards
the house. Jesse nods...

...then lays cover fire with the Mossberg. AB #3 is spun
and
thrown.

Bud, under fire and firing back, races back into the
house.

Jesse keeps FIRING.

I/E. BUD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bud YANKS an M-16 from the closet and slams the door.

OUTSIDE

waistband
Jesse, on his knees, pulls a secondary .45 from his
and fires over the hood of the sedan.

**CATFISH FIRES HIS SHOTGUN AND JESSE'S HAND EXPLODES IN
HALF.**

JESSE

(crumbles hard)

Fuck!

Jesse hits the dirt, WRIST PUMPING BLOOD.

SHEPARD
AB #4 and #5 move in for the kill, when out of nowhere --
SHEPARD'S CAR SPEEDS ON SCENE -- His door kicks out;

PUMPS SHOTS, EXCHANGING.

Buzz comes up from behind, aims -- BULLETS FLASH AND PUNCH
THROUGH SHEPARD.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bud swings the M-16 through the glass and BLASTS AWAY,
killing AB #4, as Jesse staggers toward the house, holding
his wrist...

...and DIVES inside, then kicks the door shut.

CUT

TO:

EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - SAME

Catfish, Buzz and AB Soldiers flank the house.

INT. BUD'S HOUSE - SAME

On the floor, Jesse rips out his belt, a tourniquet around
the armpit. He holds it with his teeth and ties his arm.

up
Bud reloads and slides Jesse a .357 Python. Jesse takes it
with his good hand.

Suddenly in the darkness beyond, MUZZLE FLASHES DISCHARGE.
THREE TRIPLE-AUGHT ROUNDS EXPLODE. Bud ducks, scrambles,

as

rounds splinter the wall.

A BACK KITCHEN DOOR is bashed open and AB #5 steps in,
BLAZING SHOTS.

#5.

Bud lets fly -- FIRING. Big bore rounds punch through AB
His insides hit the wall.

WE NOW HEAR DISTANT POLICE SIRENS APPROACHING...

EXT. BUD'S HOUSE + STREET - SAME

A LONG-HAIRED AB on the lawn fires dozens of shots from an
M-1.

Catfish and Bud exchange CROSSFIRE as...

by

...Buzz starts up the van and Catfish jumps in, followed
Long-Hair...

I/E. BUD'S HOUSE + STREET

van.

Bud runs out to the street, M-16 FIRING at the fleeing

the

Bullets shatter the back window as the van speeds around
corner through garbage cans and a residential fence...

ON BUD

standing there. He turns, and STOPS when he SEES...

SHEPARD

inert, bullet-ridden.

BUD

Shepard!

(runs over)

No...

the

Bud holds his partner, horrified. Around them, bodies on
lawn. Disabled vehicles. Doom overlays the property.

TIMECUT:

EXT. BUD'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

and Pandemonium as the street is clogged with POLICE VEHICLES
MEDIC UNITS. Braddock arrives with Cobb and Marandino.

Bud moves alongside a PARAMEDIC wheeling a gurneyed Jesse,
with a pressure bandage and splint, onto an ambulance.

BUD

(turns to Braddock)

We run 'em now, Mike. Right fuckin' now!

BRADDOCK

(nods)

What do you need?

SMASH

TO:

E/I. LUCIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - PRE DAWN

A huge BATTERING RAM knocks it right off the hinges. SWAT,
Bud rush in with rifles...

...Room by room. Everyone clears. The house is empty.

SWAT #1

Nothing.

E/I. STEEL MILL - PRE DAWN

sweep SWAT TEAMS have secured the premises. Two HELICOPTERS
the grounds via SPOTLIGHT. A manhunt for Lucian Adams.

INSIDE, Cobb on his radio:

COBB

No one here, Bud...

INT. LUCIAN'S HOUSE - PRE DAWN

Bud listens on his radios as SWAT OFFICERS file out of the
vacant house.

COBB V.O.

(radio filter)

Empty.

Bud stands there, infuriated...

CUT

TO:

INT. TRAUMA CENTER, OUR LADY OF THE LAKE HOSPITAL - DAWN

Jesse, unconscious in bed, with IV lines re-infusing
plasma.

Bud is with a DOCTOR, who washes his hands in a sink...

DOCTOR

His bleeding's under control. There's
tissue damage. Projectile fragmentation
in the right forearm. We have most of it
removed. Two fingers are gone. A portion
of the palm. There's no chance of
reconstruction.

(Bud's silence)

I'll be monitoring his vitals.

and
Doctor walks away. Bud turns as a NURSE dims the lights
pulls the curtains, obscuring Jesse...

I/E. OUR LADY OF THE LAKE HOSPITAL - DAWN

Bud, absorbed, walks past crowded emergency room
activity...

OUTSIDE

Braddock is waiting.

BRADDOCK

(stares for a moment)

You have to let go now.

Bud says nothing.

BRADDOCK

It's over.

BUD

It's not.

BRADDOCK

(in his eyes)

The cover's blown. Lucian's gone. There
ain't nothin' left on this one.

Bud, hearing it. Feeling every bit of it.

BRADDOCK

Get to a safe-house, Bud.

(hands Bud a set of keys)

'Squad car over there is your's.

Braddock walks off. Bud watches him go.

INT. SQUAD CAR, TRAVELING - DAWN

Bud drives in dark silence. As the hospital recedes, Bud pulls a flask from his coat, takes a drink...

BLACK.

FADE IN:

Sunlight rises through a gap in the dark sky.

EXT. CEMETARY - MORNING - DAYS LATER

PRIEST
SHEPARD'S FUNERAL. UNIFORMED POLICEMEN saluting as a
gives the eulogy.

BUD

salute
at the gravesite, with Braddock, Cobb and Marandino. A
is FIRED with rifles.

LATER

Bud stands alone. Dry-eyed, vacant stare.

CUT

TO:

EXT. EAST BATON ROUGE STREETS - DAY

wheel
Flashbulbs burst rapid-fire as coroner crews and police
secure a crime scene: Richard Morris sits dead at the
of his car, a plastic bag over his head filled with blood.
IN THE FOREGROUND, lit by police lights, is Bud and Cobb.

COBB

...His cranium was smashed with a lead
pipe. Then the plastic bag. He choked to

death while it filled up with blood.

BUD

Got I.D.?

COBB

'Name's Richard Morris. He's a top dog lawyer-lobbyist out of Washington.

Cobb proffers Morris' wallet. Bud sifts through cards -- Several businesses, out of state -- Then stops cold at

one:

"Daniel J. Kiersey, Attorney at Law"

BUD

Put a tap on that line.

COBB

Braddock ain't gonna like it.

BUD

Do it.

Braddock arrives on scene. Disturbed expression:

BRADDOCK

Bud. I just got off with Nokes.

BUD

And?

BRADDOCK

We got a problem.

CUT

TO:

INT. SUBACUTE CARE, REHABILITATION WARD - AFTERNOON

A PARTITIONER bandages Jesse's swollen and stitched hand.

Two

fingers and thumb remain.

There's a KNOCK O.S.

Jesse looks up to see Bud enter from the hallway.

BUD

Give us a minute, Doc.

Partitioner exits. Jesse, raw nerves raked. Looks to Bud.

JESSE

Where you been?

CROSS

WITH:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - AUSTIN, TEXAS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Lynn emerges from the grocery, looking sad and prematurely aged. Her baby in the cart, tucked between bags of food.

FBI #3 (TOM) helps Lynn and the baby into an Unmarked Car.

INT. FBI UNMARKED CAR, TRAVELING

Lynn sits in back with the baby. Tom, at the wheel.

TOM

Anything else while we're out, Mrs. Wheeler?

LYNN

No thank you.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: FLASHING CONSTRUCTION LIGHTS come into view. A DETOUR. And a team of LABORERS at work.

BACK

TO:

INT. SUBACUTE CARE, REHABILITATION WARD - AFTERNOON

JESSE

There's a dozen cops comin' in and outta this place. No one's sayin' shit. 'The hell's goin' on?

Bud stares intently, waits for his cue, can't find it...

INT. FBI UNMARKED CAR - FLASHBACK

LABORER #1 steps INTO FRAME with a STOP SIGN.

LABORER #1

(approaches Tom's window)
Wait here a moment, sir.

A crane moves past, hoisting steel. Tom IDLES the engine.
Then:

LABORER #1

(gestures)
Thanks for waiting. Go ahead.

Tom drives onward, glancing in the REARVIEW: at Laborer #1 watching them pull away, receding in the distance...

INT. SUBACUTE CARE, REHABILITATION WARD - AFTERNOON

JESSE

Get me out of here, Bud. I want to see my family.

Bud, the pit in his stomach widening, struggles to say:

BUD

There is no family.

INT. FBI UNMARKED CAR - FLASHBACK

Tom - calm and alert - looks to his right - SEES a child's BICYCLE parked on the sidewalk. A BACKPACK affixed to the handlebars...

EXPLODES

REAR
A MASSIVE GOEX BLAST IN TWO DIRECTIONS. HITS THE CAR'S DOOR, CUTTING STEEL.

THE
WINDSHIELDS OF PARKED CARS SHATTER. NEIGHBORHOOD HOMES.

CHARRED.
CAR IS BLOWN SIDEWAYS AND WRAPS AROUND A LIGHT POST.
THE CAR'S FRONT DOOR DROPS OPEN AND TOM CRAWLS OUT.

BURNING. LAST GASP OF LIFE.

EXT. ANOTHER RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

it,
A CARGO VAN pulls up and parks. The Labor Team abandons
dumping gloves and outer clothing into plastic bags,
REVEALING: A CREW OF AB SOLDIERS LEAD BY CATFISH.

takes
The bags go in the back of a waiting SUBURBAN. Catfish
takes
the wheel. The crew climbs in, drives away.

BACK

TO:

INT. SUBACUTE CARE, REHABILITATION WARD - AFTERNOON

ON JESSE. Absorbing this. His face begins to tremble. Eyes press shut. They fill with moisture as he looks away.

HOLD ON BUD. Quiet. Struggling to hide his own emotion.

BUD

I'm sorry...

And he walks out.

INT. HALLWAY, REHABILITATION WARD

MOVING WITH BUD, as he heads for the exit. Under harsh fluorescents...

CUT

TO:

EXT. SOUTHDOWN'S BAR - NIGHT

Pouring rain.

It's a madhouse outside. A crowd is gathered around a police action in progress. MEDICS are tending to the broken nose of a bartender (PETE) in his 30s. METRO COP #1 stands by. A car pulls up and Cobb gets out with Marandino. They approach the bartender.

BARTENDER

(to Metro #1)

He's out of his mind. 'Asked him to slow down; and he punched me in the face.

Cobb and Marandino approach.

COBB

(to bartender)

Hey, Pete. You alright?

BARTENDER

I'm alright. The bar ain't.

MARANDINO

(to Metro #1)

We'll smooth it out. Clear the street.

Cobb and Marandino start toward the bar.

INT. SOUTHDOWN'S BAR - NIGHT

Music
sheets
hand...
The place is A MESS. Chairs broken, tables overturned.
BLARES on the jukebox. And empty except Bud... three
to the wind, drunk. Pacing the ruins with his 9MM in

BUD

Y'all fuck with me? Huh? You want to fuck
with me?

shouting
Cobb and Marandino peer in the doorway to see Bud,
and threatening a vacant chair.

COBB

Jesus Christ.

if
Bud flips another table. Continues talking to the chair as
someone were in it.

BUD

'Look at me when I talk to you.
(aims his 9MM)
You try and kill me? You like killin'
women and kids?

Bud holsters his gun and beats the shit out of the chair.

COBB O.S.

Bud...

can
Bud spins, glass-eyed and red-faced. His wavering vision
barely make out Cobb and Marandino approaching...

MARANDINO

Easy, Bud... Easy...

COBB

We got you here, Bud... It's just us.
Hear me?

Bud stands his ground, tries to keep his balance...

COBB

Let's go home...

There's a long moment. Bud stares at his crew, gone. Then

he's suddenly overwhelmed with emotion...

INT. REHABILITATION WARD - MORNING

Two FBI AGENTS #4 and #5 walk together down this sterile
corridor. They stop outside Jesse's closed door. A
uniformed
POLICE OFFICER is posted there, reading a newspaper.

FBI #4

We're here to escort Mr. Wheeler.

POLICE OFFICER

(holds up a chart)

Sign this.

FBI #4 signs the chart. The two agents enter...

INT. JESSE'S ROOM

Jesse's bed is empty. The window open. Curtains billowing.

FBI #4

Check the bathroom.

FBI #5 opens the bathroom door. Empty. Both Agents hurry
to
the window, SEE OUTSIDE: A large TREE six feet out from
the
ledge and a broken branch at street level. A seemingly
impossible escape route.

FBI #4 (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch. This guy's crazy.

INT. FBI WAREHOUSE - MORNING

A badly hung-over Bud sits with Braddock, Fitch and
numerous
agents around a conference table.

NOKES

walks the room, says to all:

NOKES

This is an atrocity, gentlemen.
Incompetence at it's highest level. I
gave you my name. My resources. My
trust...Carte blanche. And now this
handsome face of mine...can't step foot
in Washington, for fear of being laughed

off the Hill.

Nokes circles behind Bud...

NOKES

Now, I'd love to point to Local on this.
But truth is, they've carried their
weight. We are federally fucked...

(looks right at Fitch)

Because Federal fucked up.

Fitch wipes sweat, swallows hard.

NOKES

So. Best idea wins, gentlemen. Chain of
command? Point of procedure? I don't give
a fuck. That's out the window, just like
our informant...

(beat)

I want Jesse Wheeler found.

CUT

TO:

INT. HALLWAY, FEDERAL BUILDING

As everyone files out. Braddock says low to Bud:

BRADDOCK

You smell like a fuckin' distillery, Bud.
Clean up... 'find your boy.

ON BUD. Tired eyes. Everything else, and now this...

INT. STORAGE GARAGE - DAY

A metal door rises up. Jesse, in silhouette, steps in.

A BARE BULB comes to light. Mottled with fly excrement.

Jesse unlocks and opens several SAMSONITE SUITCASES.

Stacked

in grey packing foam are rows and rows of GUNS.

Gauge

Jesse hefts his choices. Checking line and breach: A 12

Buck

Shotgun. A Colt .357 Magnum. A Remington sawed-off with
pistol grip. Les Baer Tactical .45. Glock Semi-auto 9MM.

bag.

Knife. Duct tape. 5-Gallon gas cans. He loads up a gym

a
Jesse pulls scissors from a grooming kit and stands before
grimy mirror. He cuts off his hair. Then using clippers,
shaves his scalp and mustache.

Jesse yanks a tarp off a '75 beat-up Chrysler. Pops the
trunk. Throws in the gym bag. Then drives away.

CUT

TO:

EXT. BAYOU GHOULA - NIGHT

A lone, dilapidated HOUSE BOAT sits heavily in the bayou.
Lights on inside. Dense FOG overlays.

INT. HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

SPEED
Long-Hair on the couch, watching tv, drinking liquor.

METAL MUSIC blasts from a stereo somewhere.

There's a METALLIC BANG O.S.

Long-Hair looks up.

The screen door rattles. Long-Hair grabs an aluminum bat,
slowly approaching...

LONG-HAIR

Who's there?

Sudden surprise as the screen SNAPS OFF and a SILHOUETTE
breaks the glass, opens it.

LONG-HAIR

What the fuck?!

SLAMS
Long-Hair RUSHES for the door as THE BUTT OF A 12-GAUGE

DOWN LIKE A TOMAHAWK.

scream.
Long-Hair collapses with a shattered knee and muted

on
Jesse steps in, racking the gauge with one hand, takes aim
the helpless Long-Hair writhing on the floor.

CUT

TO:

EXT. HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

The front lights go out. A terrible darkness.

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

A door flies open. Jesse, eyes darting, pushes Long-Hair
in.
Bandaged hand clamped to the collar. Shotgun at the neck.

They move down a dark hallway. SPEED METAL throbs, growing
LOUDER... Long-Hair, gash gushing, leg crunches with each
step... They turn another hallway... Light spills from
under
a door, shadows behind it... Jesse edges Long-Hair
forward,
reaches the doorway, creeps through...

INT. BEDROOM

The door swings wide on the room, REVEALING: Buzz, on the
bureau.
bed, furiously fucking a dark-haired HOOKER, over a

As Long-Hair rounds the corner... Buzz looks up, SEES
Jesse.
Dives for a gun. CHROME FLASHES. Everything EXPLODES at
once.

The WALL DETONATES and Buzz goes down. Shocked. Choking.
Blood juts from his side. He tries to get up. Can't.

The HOOKER SCREAMS and cowers terrified in the corner.

Jesse pumps, aims through the haze and fires again. Stereo
explodes. MUSIC CUTS OUT, plunging us into silence.

Jesse tosses clothes to the Hooker.

JESSE

Get out.

The Hooker does.

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Two chairs. Buzz and Long-Hair back to back. Hands and
feet
tied. Blood spigoting. Jesse circles them with the
shotgun.

The boat rocks gently.

JESSE

We got some shit to discuss.

Buzz, to Jesse, unintimidated:

BUZZ

Ain't got nothin' to say to you, Wheeler.

LONG-HAIR

(top of his lungs)

I need a doctor! I need a fuckin' doctor!

In one motion, Jesse racks the shotgun, thrusts the barrel
to Long-Hair's chin AND BLOWS HIS HEAD OFF.

DRAGGING Buzz screams, REARS UP, chair collapses beneath him,
a dead Long-Hair along the floor, still tied together.

BUZZ

FUCK! FUCK! OH, FUCK!

JESSE

House call.

Jesse YANKS Buzz up. His chair rocks upright, into place.

JESSE

Where's Lucian?!

BUZZ

I don't know!

Jesse punctuates, shotgun butt against Buzz's head. Neck
snaps. Teeth rattle.

BUZZ

**NO ONE KNOWS WHERE LUCIAN IS! NO ONE
KNOWS-**

eyes Jesse strikes again, connects. Buzz goes down in a heap,
swollen purple slits. His skull gushing red.

BUZZ

...fuck...

Jesse steps over Buzz, pins the shotgun to his jaw.

JESSE

Who killed my family?

BUZZ

Ah shit, man!

REVERBS

Jesse shifts his aim an inch, pulls the trigger. SHOT
HARD. Buzz SCREAMS, hysteria.

JESSE

(racks another shell)
WHO KILLED 'EM?! CATFISH?!

BUZZ

CATFISH, YES, YEAH! FUCKIN' CATFISH!

CANS

Jesse puts down the shotgun. Pulls from his gym bag, two
OF GASOLINE, one of which, he splashes over Buzz's face.

BUZZ

(flinches)
The fuck is that?
(sniffs, realizes)
WAIT, WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?!

Jesse pours the rest over Buzz and the lifeless Long-Hair.

BUZZ

(thrashing)
NO! NO, NO, NO, DON'T!! DON'T!!

dead

As Buzz pleads for his life, Jesse unloads the shotgun,
aim...FIRES.

FLAMES.

THE MUZZLE FLASH. GASOLINE IGNITES. BUZZ GOES UP IN

BURN.

Instantly, a FIRE ERUPTS. Buzz and Long-Hair's corpses

THE

Jesse empties the other can of gas, FEEDING THE FLAMES.

FIRE SPREADS. BURNING THE WALLS. THE FLOOR AND CEILING.

Jesse stands there, the heat reflects the intensity in his
face. For a moment, it's a vision in hell.

TO:

CUT

EXT. HOUSE BOAT, BAYOU GHOULA - PRE DAWN

FIRE
Engulfed in flames. SIRENS and LIGHTS as FIRE TRUCKS and
BOATS douse the burning boat with hard water.

Among a crowd of SPECTATORS, the shaken Hooker is being
questioned by Marandino.

Bud and Cobb stand apart.

COBB

We've had a tap on Kiersey's line forty
eight hours now. It's clean. Whatever's
he's up to, Bud, it ain't comin' through
the front door.

AGENTS
Bud starts leaving the scene. Suddenly FITCH and two
barge forward.

FITCH

Carter! We need to talk.

BUD

Get out of my way, Fitch.

FITCH

(following Bud)
This is my investigation. Jesse's cowboy
bullshit is not how it's done!

BUD

While your agents build their cases and
set for court, he'll erase the debt owed
to all of you. Overnight.

FITCH

So you're implying I should thank him?

Bud shakes his head in disgust, keeps walking...

FITCH

Look, Carter, whether we like it or not,
you and I have to work together on this.
We entice Jesse back. I'll get him full
protection, if he agrees to testify.

BUD

That'll never happen.

FITCH

Why the hell not?!

BUD

(turns)

'Cause it's over, Fitch. It's done. He has nothing. Why do you think he lit that fire? To plant a flag. To let us know he doesn't need our protection. Doesn't want it. He would've just left 'em for dead.

FITCH

For God sakes, listen to me! I'm not taking the fall for this! The plan is--

BUD

No, the truth is, Fitch, you ain't got balls big enough to relate to this guy. If you had listened to me, we wouldn't be in this situation. Jesse wouldn't be in this situation. And you wouldn't be askin' stupid fuckin' questions!

(walking away)

I'll bring him in myself. Just keep your agents off my ass.

Bud storms off.

BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. WHISKEY BAY (BLEACH BYPASS) - DAWN - IMAGINATION

Lynn stumbles through the woods, holding her baby. Scared. Lost. Their skin bleached-out. Eyes hollow. Like apparitions.

We're in a dream. A sadistic enhancement.

DISSOLVE

TO:

JESSE'S EYES

His family's image dissolves inside them.

WIDEN to reveal Jesse before a cracked mirror in a SERVICE STATION BATHROOM. Perspiring, he re-bandages his hand as blood swirls down the drain.

INT. CORRIDOR, COURTHOUSE - MORNING

An expensively dressed Kiersey emerges from a courtroom, flanked by a pair of well dressed AIDES.

KIERSEY

Get back to the office. Follow up on the Arthur Bierce case. I need names and numbers on my desk by three pm.

The Aides scurry down another corridor, as Kiersey exits the building through the glass front doors...

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Kiersey moves to a parked Cadillac pops the trunk and sets his briefcase inside, when...

A RUSHING POV FROM BEHIND: Slams the trunk on Kiersey's hands.

Kiersey SCREAMS, drops to his knees. His wrists wedged in the trunk. And standing over him...is Bud.

KIERSEY

OH, CHRIST! JESUS CHRIST! MY HANDS!

BUD

You know who I am?

KIERSEY

OPEN THE TRUNK! PLEASE! OPEN THE TRUNK!

Bud kicks him in the stomach, doubles him over.

BUD

You know who the fuck I am?!

KIERSEY

YES!

BUD

Who's Richard Morris?! Why was he killed?

No answer. Bud pounds on the trunk. Kiersey CRIES OUT.

BUD

I'll break every fuckin' bone you got. Start talkin'.

KIERSEY

(hyperventilating)
I can't-- I can't--

Bud slams both fists on the trunk. All his weight.

BUD

(off Kiersey's SCREAM)
Can't what?! What can't you do?!

Bud, enraged, kicks Kiersey's ribs in. Again.

BUD

You piece of shit, talk!

KIERSEY

(hysterical)
He made Jesse...The investigation...
Everything...

BUD

His family?

KIERSEY

Everything! After that, he was just a
loose end!

Bud opens the trunk. Kiersey crumbles to the ground,
shaking.

BUD

Where's Lucian Adams?

KIERSEY

I don't know!

Bud jams a foot in Kiersey's neck. Grabs his hands and
bends.

We HEAR bones snap.

BUD

Lucian's goin' down. You either go down
together, or you give him to me.

KIERSEY

(a mile a minute)
I never talk to him directly! I swear,
they page me--

Bud roughly searches Kiersey.

KIERSEY

--Every night at five, for a six o'clock

call! They page from different numbers!

Bud finds a PAGER on Kiersey's slacks, yanks it off. Then leans down with a smile, venomous:

BUD

You're a dead man, Kiersey.

Bud storms off. Kiersey on the ground, a trembling mess.

CUT

TO:

INT. CATFISH'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Catfish does a rail of meth off the counter.

He lights a cigarette and sits down in a re-upholstered
lazy boy where a TATTOO ARTIST is setting up...

Catfish proffers his forearm, displaying a row of notches (kills). And Tattoo Artist begins to outline two more...

TATTOO ARTIST

'Bout out of room, Catfish. You best start collectin' scalps.

Catfish smugs. Drags on his cigarette...

WHEN A SUDDEN GUNSHOT SPRAYS CATFISH WITH BLOOD. Tattoo Artist drops dead on the floor.

CATFISH

(looks up)
What the fuck?!

Jesse, standing over Catfish. A .45 comes down twice fast with a CRACK! Catfish is knocked cold.

INT. BUD'S CAR - DAY

Bud, on police radio, driving high-speed.

BUD

What do you got?

INTERCUT:

INT. METRO OFFICE - SAME

a

Bud's VOICE over speaker phone. Marandino on the line with sheaf of paperwork. Cobb enters.

MARANDINO

He's in the French Quarter. All numbers paging Kiersey between five and six p.m., the last seventy-two hours, are pay phones within a three mile radius.

BUD

Alright.

COBB

Bud, you gotta talk to Braddock. He's lookin' for you, he's fuckin' pissed.

BUD

Hold him off. I'll square it with him when I get to the Quarter.

Bud punches the gas, traveling 90 mph.

INT. CATFISH'S HIDEOUT - DAY

CATFISH'S EYES blink awake - pinpoint dilated. WIDEN TO REVEAL he's stripped to his boxers, tied to the lazy-boy.

And Jesse is seated beside him.

JESSE

I'm gonna ask questions...

Jesse rolls a tattoo tray of various HARDWARE towards him: Needles. Rusted pliers. An electric tattoo drill.

JESSE

When I'm satisfied with your answers, I'm gonna kill you. How long it takes and how much blood you want to spill...that's up to you.

Catfish grins. A wide, Amphetamine smile.

CATFISH

What do you want to know? Want to hear about your brother? How we had him shot up with strychnine? How he died slow death?

Without warning, Jesse grabs the PLIERS. A flash of movement,

and there's a TERRIBLE SCREAM AS CATFISH'S FRONT TOOTH IS RIPPED OUT. He bucks violently in his chair.

BLOOD
TERROR.
Jesse jams the DRILL into Catfish's gums, high speed.
SPRAYS. Loud, electric pain and Catfish CRIES OUT IN

Jesse sets down the drill, deadpan.

CATFISH
OH, YOU SONOFABITCH!!!

JESSE
Four days ago, my wife and son were
killed.
(pause)
I hear you took the contract?

Catfish smiles. Lips quivering with hate.

CATFISH
Forty-four pounds, Miznay-Schardin. Like
you taught me. Fuck yeah, I took it. Blew
your bitch and kid sky high.

HOWLS.
Jesse grabs the pliers, YANKS another tooth. Catfish

CATFISH
MOTHERFUCKER!!!

BLOOD SPEWS as the drill digs in. Catfish SCREAMS. Jesse
tosses teeth on the tray.

CATFISH
(thrashing wildly)
**OH, YOU'RE GONNA DIE! YOU'RE GONNA
FUCKIN' DIE!**

Jesse grabs Catfish's rapidly swelling jaw and yanks hard.

JESSE
Where's Lucian?

Jesse TIGHTENS his grip. Vice-like. Blood fills Catfish's
mouth. He gurgles, then SPITS in Jesse's face...

root.
...FLASHES OF STEEL and two more teeth rip out at the
Catfish SCREAMS then passes out. Jesse slaps him awake.

JESSE

Where's he hidin' out?

Catfish, last ounce of spite, cracks a blackened grin:

CATFISH

Get fucked.

THE DRILL STRIKES. Bone deep. Gum line splays open. Teeth crack and split. Catfish SCREAMS UNCONTROLLABLY. Blacks out.

Jesse stops. A brief reprieve. He gets up and looks around the apartment. SEES: Magazines. A few revolvers. Empty liquor

bottles. Meth on the counter. And on the stove:

A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE. Beside a pie tin, speed base boiling. Jesse stares. He lowers the syringe into the tin, plunger up, drawing fluid...

...then very deliberately sticks Catfish's arm with the tip of the needle, pops a cc.

Catfish bolts awake, EYES WIDE. A long, wet WHEEZE.

JESSE

Where's Lucian?

Catfish's head lulls. Jesse grabs him by the hair. Leans in.

JESSE

Where's Lucian?

CATFISH

(barely audible)
New Orleans...

JESSE

New Orleans. Where in New Orleans?

CATFISH

New Orleans...

Jesse looks Catfish dead in the eyes. And death is there...

Begging.

JESSE

(softly)

I believe you.

With that, Jesse pushes the plunger
down...ever...so...slowly.

Blood burps and bubbles from Catfish's throat. Lungs
convulse
and spasm. Eye go wide then roll back. A suicide dose.

CUT

TO:

JESSE'S CAR racing up I-10, along the roaring Mississippi,
toward a blood red horizon of a Louisiana sundown.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS - ESTABLISH - DUSK

Cars line crowded streets in the heart of New Orleans.

I/E. BUD'S CAR - LOWER FRENCH QUARTER - DUSK

TIGHT ON A DASHBOARD CLOCK: 5:04 p.m.

Lower
Then:
Bud, waiting, parked outside a POLICE PRECINCT in the
French Quarter. Kiersey's pager on the dash. Waiting.

THE PAGER BUZZES.

Bud grabs it, hurries out to a nearby pay-phone. Dials...

BUD

(into phone)

It's Bud. I got a number.

INTERCUT:

INT. COMPUTER LAB, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DUSK

Cobb on a database, phone cradled...

BUD V.O.

504-767-8092

COBB

(types, searches)

Governor Nicholls Wharf. Between St. Ann
and Toulouse. You're a half mile south.

BUD

Get your ass down here.

Bud slams down the phone. Jumps in his car. Hits the gas.

EXT. GOVERNOR NICHOLLS WHARF - DUSK

A busy promenade near the down river end of the Mississippi.

Bud waits low in his car, parked in a distant lot. Through the windshield, WE SEE the subject of his surveillance...

A PAY-PHONE

arrives on a crowded sidewalk. Faces pass. A Man in a JACKET at the phone. He waits. Checks his watch...

...Bud checks his clock: 6:10

The "Jacket" picks up the phone and dials...

KIERSEY'S PAGER GOES OFF.

BUD

Here we go.

Jacket waits. No call. Walks away. Bud FOLLOWS on foot...

EXT. FRENCH MARKET - DUSK

Jacket A sprawling swirl of humanity, live jazz and bars. The passes through. Twenty feet back, Bud keeps pace...

ANOTHER PHONE BOOTH

Jacket enters. Pumps coins into the PAY-PHONE. Dials...

RECEPTIONIST V.O.

(recording)

You've reached the law offices of Daniel J. Kiersey--

Jacket hangs up. More coins. Another number...

KIERSEY'S VOICE V.O.

(recording)

Hello, you've reached the Kiersey residence. No one's home right now--

Jacket hangs up. Exits east onto BARRACKS STREET. Glances over his shoulder, then ahead, as Bud rounds the corner...

EXT. DECATUR AVENUE

Jacket crosses into a LIQUOR STORE.

everything
Bud stalls at the corner, casing the street. Takes in. He reaches for his cigarettes, finds a crumpled pack. Then crosses the street to...

A NEWSSTAND

newspaper.
outside the liquor store. Bud buys cigarettes and a

He opens the paper, glances at the headlines. At the same time, peers into the LIQUOR STORE WINDOW...

...The Jacket walks toward the back of the store and out a door to an ALLEY.

passes
Bud heads south on Decatur. Lights a cigarette, as he various stores on the block. A private two-story building with blacked out windows at the far end: "TIBEDAUX'S TAVERN".

Bud turns into...

EXT. A COBBLESTONE ALLEY

the
a
Lined with boutiques on one side. Back of Tibedaux's on other. A cargo gate is up and MEN are hoisting crates into truck...

The Jacket is there, talking to them:

JACKET

Should've been on the road twenty minutes ago. Hurry it up.

glass,
Bud pauses at a DRESS SHOP. Stares into the storefront reflecting the Jacket and Men...

Jacket walks off. Bud flicks his cigarette, enters...

INT. THE DRESS SHOP

...and peers out the window, watching the Jacket leave the alley and enter a FRENCH COLONIAL.

INT. FRENCH COLONIAL, LOBBY - DUSK

A SECURITY GUARD behind a desk. As Jacket walks in...

SECURITY GUARD

What's goin' on, Jack?

Jacket moves through a warren of CORRIDORS. Hardened MEN shuttle in and out of private offices. Plates on the

doors:

"Material Management." "Plating & Metal". "Demolition"...

Jacket knocks on a door. Opens it to...

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE

A bulked-out man at his desk... MILLS. Looks up as Jacket enters:

MILLS

Talk to me.

JACKET

Got nothin' to tell. Kiersey didn't call.

MILLS

Try his office?

JACKET

'Ain't there. His home neither.

Mills picks up the desk-phone. Dials...

MILLS

(into phone)

It's Mills. I need sweepers through Baton Rouge. Find Daniel Kiersey.

(then to Jacket)

Keep pagin' him.

EXT. DECATUR AVE + ESPLANADE - DUSK

Jacket exits the Colonial and enters a corner CAFE.

INSIDE,

WE SEE Jacket move to a pay-phone and dial...

INT. LOW-RENT HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

ON KIERSEY'S PAGER, as it BUZZES again.

REVEAL: BUD

now seated at the window of this second-story room, using BINOCULARS to case the surrounding perimeter.

BUD

C'mon. Show me somethin'.

pull
POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: as the night comes alive. Trucks
to and from the alley. Patrons valet and enter Tibedaux's.

CUT

TO:

INT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DUSK

unlocks a
Braddock, walking down the hall with two POLICEMEN,
heavy door and enters...

A HOLDING ROOM

...where Kiersey waits. Pale skin, beaded in sweat. Both hands in casts.

BRADDOCK

Mr. Kiersey. I'm Captain Mike Braddock.
How can I help you?

KIERSEY

Detective Bud Carter is out of control!

BRADDOCK

(corrects him)
Detective "Lieutenant." Now how can I
help you?

Kiersey, a shaky breath.

KIERSEY

How long till you make an arrest in your
investigation of Lucian Adams?

Braddock, just stares.

KIERSEY

I'm willing to provide you with documents
and information to secure his conviction.

BRADDOCK

Why?

KIERSEY

Why do you think? I'm afraid for my life.
(and the hammer)
I'll confirm whatever Jesse Wheeler's
given you.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOT: LOOKING DOWN as a TOWN CAR circles the block.

COBB V.O.

(radio filter)
Got a possible here.

EXT. CAFE, DECATUR AVE - NIGHT

The TOWN CAR passes slow... REVEAL NOW: MARANDINO, staked,
having dinner outside the cafe. Crowded tables around him.

COBB V.O.

(radio filter)
Town Car. Black. Second time around.

MOVING WITH THE TOWN CAR, as it turns onto ESPLANADE
AVENUE
and parks before the Colonial.

REVEAL NOW: COBB, in a nondescript VAN. Parked a quarter
block off Esplanade. He triggers photos through tinted
glass.

STILL PHOTOS CLICK -- the Town Car doors open. Two AB
SOLDIERS step out. Bulges where their holsters are. Then a
third man from in back: A boss, HAROLD KAY, 50s.

COBB

(into radio)
Bud, you see this?

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

BUD'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Kay escorted into the
Colonial.

I/E. COBB'S VAN - NIGHT

Parked on Chartres Avenue. Covering the alley. With
binoculars, he can SEE the high point of the Colonial.

And we see now, Bud has this place surrounded.

COBB

(as a light goes on, into
radio)

They're on the second floor.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bud grabs the phone. Dials...

INTERCUT:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT

Braddock on the line:

BUD V.O.

(over phone)

It's Bud...

BRADDOCK

You better have something fuckin' good.

BUD

I'm in the French Quarter. Sittin' on AB
activity.

BRADDOCK

Lucian?

BUD

Don't know yet. I got Harold Kay so far.

Braddock looks to the AB ORGANIZATIONAL CHART on the wall.
MUG SHOT of HAROLD KAY atop one branch of AB SOLDIERS.

BUD

Looks like they own the God damn block.

BRADDOCK

Well I got Kiersey just walked in. Two
fractured wrists and scared as all hell.

BUD

I can explain--

BRADDOCK

He wants to make a deal, Bud. I can keep
Nokes in the dark twenty-four hours, but

that's it.

Cobb's VOICE comes over the radio:

COBB V.O.

(radio filter)

Bud, we got movement.

BUD

(into phone)

Hold on, Mike.

Bud cradles the phone, picks up the radio:

BUD

(into radio)

Go ahead...

I/E. COBB'S VAN - NIGHT

OUT THE BACK WINDSHIELD: A LINCOLN arrives at the cafe.

Car

doors open...

COBB CLICKS PHOTOS -- another boss emerges, EDGAR BINGHAM, flanked by two more AB SOLDIERS.

COBB

(into radio)

Holy shit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BUD'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Kay and Mills exit the Colonial. Bingham and Kay shake hands.

COBB V.O.

(radio filter)

It's cookin', Bud. It's cookin' fast.

BUD

(into phone)

Mike, I've got Edgar Bingham now. Just showed with two of his crew, for a sit down with Kay.

INTERCUT: BRADDOCK

atop

he scans the AB CHART again. MUG SHOT of HAROLD BINGHAM

another branch of AB SOLDIERS.

EXT. DECATUR AVENUE - NIGHT

Bingham, Kay, Mills and two Soldiers start toward the
CAFE.

COBB V.O.

(radio filter)

Marandino, they comin' your way.

Marandino looks up from his table, to find this crew of
men
walking right for him. Marandino stares. A frozen
moment...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bud throws down his binoculars and takes up a .50 CALIBER
BURROWS RIFLE, lays an eye on the SCOPE.

BUD'S POV THROUGH THE SCOPE (MAGNIFIED): the cross-hairs
find
Kay and Bingham moving toward Marandino...

BUD

(into radio)

Got 'em.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

The crew of men getting closer now, a few yards away...

Marandino - heart racing - slides his Browning 9MM out and
slips it onto the table, below his napkin, aims...

...When the crew abruptly turns and enters the cafe.
Marandino exhales relief...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MARANDINO V.O.

(radio filter)

They're inside.

Bud sits back. Then:

KIERSEY'S PAGER BUZZES AGAIN. (The cafe number)

BUD

(grabs phone, to Braddock)

Mike, I need Kiersey to place a call.

Five minutes, or this opportunity's gone.

BRADDOCK

(into phone)

Give me the number...

INT. CAFE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Bingham, Kay and Mills at a booth, sipping coffee. Two Soldiers guard the front and back doors.

Mills looks at Jacket, who waits by the pay-phone. Both noticeably on edge. Finally --

The PAY-PHONE RINGS.

MILLS

(to Kay + Bingham)

Excuse me.

He gets up, walks toward the phone. When Jacket answers, Mills takes the receiver from him.

MILLS

(into phone)

Yeah...

INT. HALLWAY PHONE, EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT

A nervous Kiersey on the line. Braddock, Policemen nearby.

MILLS V.O.

(over phone)

We've been pagin' you over two hours.
Where the fuck you been?

KIERSEY

I apologize. I've been tooth and nail
with the D.A., in court, all day.

MILLS V.O.

Everything good?

KIERSEY

Everything's fine. Just lay low. Regular
time tomorrow.

Mills hangs up.

Kiersey turns. Pale. To Braddock:

KIERSEY

Now get me protection.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Mills returns to the booth. Kay and Bingham look at him.

BINGHAM

So?

MILLS

All good. Let's eat.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Marandino watches as Bingham, Kay and Mills pull their coats on and exit the cafe...

MARANDINO

(into transmitter)

Call went down.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

BUD'S POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: watching as Bingham, Kay and Mills enter Tibedaux's Tavern.

MARANDINO V.O.

(filter)

Entering Tibedaux's Tavern...

INT. TIBEDAUX'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A busy nightclub crowded wall-to-wall with PATRONS.

FOLLOW Kay, Bingham and Mills, passing tables, greeting "connected" types... and through a far door into a back room.

EXT. CHARTRES + ESPLANADE - NIGHT

FOLLOW Marandino as he walks down the street, knocks on the back of the Van.

INT. COBB'S VAN - NIGHT

Cobb, now dressed in evening attire, throws open the door and

Marandino climbs in. They exchange transmitter for headset and Cobb leaves the van for the street...

EXT. TIBEDAUX'S - NIGHT

DOORMEN

Cobb approaches the front door, where a pair of large stand.

DOORMAN #1

Can we help you?

COBB

Just lookin' for a drink and a bite to eat.

DOORMAN #1

Think you'll find what you're lookin' for across the street.
(gestures)
Try the cafe.

Cobb stares at both Doormen #1 and #2, immovable forces.

COBB

Alright. Thanks.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BUD'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Cobb leaves Tibedaux's and positions himself at an outdoor table in the cafe.

COBB V.O.

(radio filter)
Negative at Tibedaux's. Can't walk in.
What's our move?

BUD

(into radio)
We wait.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT TO LATE NIGHT - TIME LAPSE

SHOTS OF COBB AND MARANDINO

waiting. Patrons empty out. Cars drive away.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. HOTEL + CAFE - LATE NIGHT

SHOTS OF BUD

He waits. And waits. And nothing happens. Finally:

MARANDINO V.O.

(radio filter)

I've got movement. Back alley...

INT. VAN - LATE NIGHT

POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Back of Tibedaux's. A BALCONY GUARD emerges with a rifle, posts.

BUD V.O.

(radio filter)

Talk to me.

MARANDINO

(into radio)

I've got a man on the south balcony.
Armed.

The door below opens and a second GUARD steps out, posts.

MARANDINO

(into radio)

Second man at the door now. Street level.
Possibly armed.

SUDDENLY HEADLIGHTS FLOOD MARANDINO'S REAR WINDSHIELD.

Marandino ducks, a reflex action.

EXT. DECATUR

Lights from a CADILLAC and a GRAND MARQUIS appear and come down the street - past Cobb - SLOWLY. Blacked out windows...

INT. COBB'S CAR

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD: as the cars turn into the alley...

MARANDINO

(into radio)

A Cadillac and a Grand Marquis, just
pulled in the alley.

...and stop behind Tibedaux's.

Passenger doors of both cars open, two AB SOLDIERS emerge. They open the rear door of the Cadillac and shadow the man they're escorting: LUCIAN.

Balcony Guard looks on as Door Guard allows Lucian and his

Soldiers to enter the building.

MARANDINO

(tense, into radio)

Bud... we got Lucian Adams...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Bud, pulse building to a boil.

BUD

(into radio)

Hold position. Give me a head count.

MARANDINO V.O.

(filter)

Two men flanking. Drivers have not left
the cars. Initial perps still on post.
Lucian's entering the building...

Bud pulls on a KEVLAR VEST, holsters a .45. Extra clips on
the waistband. Checks a loaded PUMP SG.

Ready.

INT. VAN - LATE NIGHT

Marandino, fastens on a vest, loads a 12-Gauge, locks.

Suddenly, through the side window... A LONE FIGURE, IN A
QUARTER TRENCH, MOVES PAST. It happens in a flash.

cuts
Marandino LOOKS, SEES only a quick profile as the Figure
between parked cars and walks across the street...

MARANDINO

(into radio)

I need eyes on a single, white male
crossing Esplanade. Possible intent...

EXT. CAFE - LATE NIGHT

away,
Cobb looks over his shoulder, SEES the Figure 75 yards
moving briskly across Esplanade...

We still can't see his face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

wind.

Bud grabs the rifle, eye on the scope, aims out the

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: as the CROSS-HAIRS find the Figure walking. SEE the BODY. Then the FACE... IT'S JESSE.

ON BUD, spinning now.

BUD

(beat, into radio)

It's Jesse...

COBB V.O.

(quickly, radio filter)

He's heading toward the alley, Bud. We take him down?

JESSE'S **BUD'S POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: THE CROSS-HAIRS FIXED ON**

HEAD - TRACKING - RACK FOCUS... This decision... He HAS to decide... And he does:

BUD

Let him go.

COBB V.O.

What?!

BUD

(firm)

Let him go.

COBB V.O.

Bud, that's crazy! Jesse goes in first, he's gonna blow this whole thing. We can't let that happen.

BUD

(intense, into radio)

That's exactly what we're gonna do! We got no way inside. Let Jesse go in hard and draw fire. He pushes Lucian out to us. Stand the fuck down. I'm on my way.

Bud throws down the rifle, grabs the pump SG, runs out the door...

INT. VAN - LATE NIGHT

Marandino, sweeps the alley with his binoculars. No Jesse.

MARANDINO

(into radio)
I don't see him. I got nothin'...

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: (PAN UP) to the balcony. MUZZLE
FLASHES SUDDENLY IGNITE. Balcony Guard is shot dead.

MARANDINO

Fuck!

JESSE STRIDES INTO VIEW. Draws a silenced Tactical .45 and
FIRES, putting TWO HARD ROUNDS into Door Guard. Both

DRIVERS

get out. Jesse pivots, HAMMERS two rounds to their heads.
They drop cold. It happens in seconds.

MARANDINO

(into radio)
Shots fired! Shots fired!

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Bud, charging through a FIRE EXIT, bounding down steps...

MARANDINO V.O.

(over radio)
Jesse hit four men! What do you want me
to do?!

BUD

(into radio)
Call it in! Local and SWAT! Get the place
surrounded!

EXT. ALLEY + TIBEDAUX'S - LATE NIGHT

Jesse slaps a clay plastique with a DETONATOR onto
Tibedaux's back door, then covers.

There's a loud EXPLOSION as the DOOR BLOWS OPEN.

INT. TIBEDAUX'S

FOLLOW JESSE through billowing smoke, into...

A LONG HALLWAY

as he pulls a REMINGTON SAWED-OFF, slung on a strap, to
his left hand, .45 to his right.

Mid-hall, AB #6 looks over, freezes.

TWO

JESSE'S SHOTGUN ROARS, REVERBERATING DOWN THE HALL, AND HOLES ARE BLOWN INTO AB #6.

INT. BACK ROOM

Lucian with Kay and Bingham. They HEAR the explosion. Exchange looks.

INT. HALLWAY

Jesse steps over the dead AB #6 without breaking stride. Comes to a door. Kicks it in...

INT. PAYROLL OFFICE

pours

...And Mills FIRES a gun, burning Jesse's ear -- Blood down his neck -- and Jesse's Tactical FIRES.

Jesse,

Mills is HIT IN THE THROAT. He falls into a chair. And his eyes - at the fierce face of death - are filled with who FIRES TWO ROUNDS. One to the head. That fast.

INT. BACK ROOM

Bingham

Two AB SOLDIERS #7 and #8 hurry in. Lucian, Kay and stand up.

AB #7

Let's go. We're gettin' you out of here.

All three bosses draw GUNS. Lock and load.

INT. CAFE - LATE NIGHT

the

Outside, the sound of gunfire is heard. Jacket turns to BARKEEP. Alarmed:

JACKET

Give me that fuckin' shotgun!

Barkeep lays a shotgun on the bar. Jacket reaches. When...

COBB

(boaring in, 9MM aimed)

POLICE! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THE GUN! STEP FUCKIN' BACK!!

Jacket looks at Cobb. Steps back. Hands in the air.

EXT. MOTEL + STREET - SAME

Bud bursts outside, full throttle. Shouts into the radio:

BUD

Jam the alley! No one goes in or out!

EXT. STREET + ALLEYS AROUND TIBEDAUX'S - SAME

sideways
gauge
Marandino hits the gas. TIRES SCREECH as he slides
and secures the mouth of the alley. Door kicks out. 12-
levels.

EXT. FRONT OF TIBEDAUX'S + DECATUR AVE

Doorman #1, HEARING the commotion turns...

...SEES INSIDE THE CAFE, Cobb cuffing Jacket and Barkeep.

Doorman #1 draws a Para-Ordnance .45, FIRES. A VOLLEY OF
SHOTS SLAM INTO THE CAFE.

Cobb can't make it through INCOMING FIRE and covers.
Remaining PATRONS SCREAM, drop under tables.

-
--
Doorman #1 KEEPS FIRING, advancing towards the Cafe, when-
BOOM! A SHOTGUN BLAST takes his head off -- REVEALING BUD
behind him, running toward Tibedaux's.

I/E. TIBEDAUX'S, DOWNSTAIRS

with
PATRONS stampede for the door. Lucian, Bingham and Kay
AB #7 and #8 follow...

OUTSIDE TO THE STREET

...and Bud is coming right for them.

CLOSE ON LUCIAN. The shock of seeing Bud.

Lucian FIRES.

them.
Bud kneels and PUMPS SHOTS - hits AB #7 and #8 - killing

Lucian, Kay, Bingham flee back inside.

INT. TIBEDAUX'S, MAINTENANCE ROOM

rips
Jesse yanks off the cover of the main electric panel. He
out incoming lines and FIRES into the lighting circuit.

CUT

TO:

VARIOUS ROOMS INSIDE TIBEDAUX'S

Fluorescent units explode, plunging us into DARKNESS. Arcs
SPUTTER and FLARE, the corridors now strobe-lit.

EXT. TIBEDAUX'S - SAME

Cobb runs out of the cafe, pushing through civilians.

COBB

Down! Get down!

Bud pursues Lucian...

BUD

Stay on the door! I'm goin' in!

INT. TIBEDAUX'S

Bud enters-

Split-second and DOORMAN #2 OPENS FIRE from the waiter's
entrance.

Bud drops and FIRES BACK. Doorman #2 goes down. Bud runs
across overturned tables and up a STAIRWELL...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS, TIBEDAUX'S

Jesse emerges. AB #9 steps out, FIRES. The bullet hits
Jesse's vest, knocking him backwards.

Jesse levels the sawed-off. FIRES. AB #9 falls in a heap.
Jesse rises, keeps moving...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAYS, ROOMS - TIBEDAUX'S

rooms
MOVING WITH BUD entering, KICKING down doors, sweeping
with his shotgun... No sign of Lucian.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS, BACK ROOMS

Jesse is coming...

...and the SLAUGHTER BUILDS.

He throws open a door to a BAR AREA.

AB #10 and #11 FIRE SMGs WILDLY, running from the room.

Jesse

crumbles.

UNLOADS the sawed-off. MISSING. Plaster throws and

drops

SERVICE

Automatic

A GUNSHOT rips through Jesse's left arm. The sawed-off

to his side. Jesse turns - EDGAR BINGHAM is FIRING a

REVOLVER - SHOTS MISS as Jesse dives behind the bar.

HAROLD KAY is moving down the stairwell. FIRING an

wildly. Bottles and glasses explode.

Bingham keeps firing. Mirrors SHATTER.

BEHIND THE BAR

the

EXPLODE.

bullets splinter wood, Jesse slams another magazine into

.45. Above him, strays catch lights, glass filaments

INT. UPSTAIRS, HALLWAYS + ROOMS

Bud...

knee

Bud KICKS down a door. AB #12 charges out. Grabs for

who breaks the grab, pulls AB #12's neck down, slams his

into his forehead twice, knocked cold. Grabs his gun.

A HALLWAY DOOR SWINGS OPEN

AB #13 emerges, HAMMERING GUNSHOTS. Bud covers. SHOTS BLOW HOLES in the wall.

A SECOND DOOR OPENS

of

...and AB #14 steps out, draws. Bud throws him in the way

CROSS-FIRE. AB #13 takes AB #14's SHOTS.

Bud aims past. FIRES ONCE.

AB #14 is hit dead center and drops like an oak.

Both men dead. That fast, and Bud is on the move...

EXT. ALLEY, TIBEDAUX'S - CONTINUOUS

the
-
AB #10 and #11 run out and swing their SMGs, FIRING onto
alley and KILLING MARANDINO... Then charging to the front-

COBB FIRES. AB #10 is BLOWN APART, as AB #11 FIRES back,
hitting Cobb in the vest. His ribs broken, he sits down
stunned.

COBB

(into radio)

I'm hit. I'm fuckin' hit.

arrive.
AB #11 running past as several BLACK AND WHITES now

TAKE AND RETURN FIRE -- AB #11 is shot dead.

Police shouting. Civilians running, as...

INT. BACK BAR AREA, DOWNSTAIRS

GUNFIGHT ENSUES.

tumbles
Jesse rises over the bar, FIRING BURSTS into Kay, who
down the stairwell like a rag doll.

and
Bingham shoots Jesse in the hip. He staggers, then falls
rolls to his back...

.45
Bingham rounds the bar just as Jesse, somehow, lifts the
and FIRES two slugs into Bingham's chest.

Bingham collapses on top of Jesse. The .45 hits the floor.
Both men, bleeding profusely, thrash along the floor...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

turns,
Bud, racing toward a stairwell, LEAPS down a flight,
and RUNS down another.

INT. BACK BAR AREA

knife
TWISTS.
Jesse, trapped under the heavy Bingham, pulls the buck
from his holster and sinks it into Bingham's kidney.

Blood POOLS. Bingham MOANS...

...Jesse rolls the big man over, hoists himself high and
impales Bingham through the throat. Dead.

Jesse exhales, struggles up...rising to his feet...

BLAM! - A SUDDEN GUNSHOT

out of nowhere. JESSE COLLAPSES, A BUNDLE OF TWITCHING
NERVES, BLOOD POOLING FAST OUT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD...

...AND LUCIAN STANDS OVER HIM, HIS .357 SMOKING.

Lucian turns slow. Toward a cracked MIRROR. Suddenly...

**IN THE REFLECTION: BUD EXPLODES DOWN THE STAIRS, AND SLAMS
INTO LUCIAN WITH THE IMPACT OF A TRUCK. BOTH HIT THE
FLOOR.**

Lucian points his gun at Bud's head, who reaches for the
trigger guard, shifts the barrel an inch -- A ROUND GOES
OFF,

**BLOWING THROUGH BUD'S SHOULDER -- HE YELLS OUT, HOOKS HIS
FINGER IN THE TRIGGER, STOPPING THE NEXT SHOT.**

Bud flips Lucian over, rips the gun away. Lucian tries to
break free. Bud grabs him - smashes the gun over and over
against Lucian's face.

Lucian's head BOUNCES. Eyes roll, then right.

Lucian quarter rolls, then CRACKS a forearm into Bud's
head.

Again, and Bud is knocked back with a gash over his eye.

Lucian REARS BACK and KICKS HARD into Bud's sternum.

Lucian scrambles. Bud tackles him into a table, which goes
down. A chair breaks. Bud lands a thunderous hook and
Lucian's nose shatters. Another and his cheekbone caves.

Lucian drops like a rock. Tries to crawl under another
table.

IN A MANIACAL RAGE, Bud flips the table and stomps down on
Lucian with furious blows that come one after another.

Lucian
face,
him.
at
the
face.
up

Lucian tries to cover up. BUD IS ALL OVER HIM. Grabs
by the throat and presses down.
Lucian, fighting to breathe, digs his nails into Bud's
tearing skin.
Bud's face twists with hate as he chokes the life out of
him.
Lucian's eyes BULGE...His mouth stretches WIDE...clutching
Bud's fingers, trying to pull away...
Bud SNORTS, tightens his grip... bearing down... And at
last moment, the cop in him reemerges...
Bud lets go.
Lucian rolls to his side and coughs up a thick ribbon of
blood and vomit. Bud slams on restraints.
Bud staggers to his feet...breathing hard...Spots Jesse on
the floor...And he slows...
Jesse lies in shadow. Perfectly still. We cannot see his
face.
Only the dark pool of blood around him.
Lucian passes out.

BUD

(into radio)

I got him... I got Lucian.

SLOWLY PULL AWAY AND TRACK OVER THE MASSACRE...

...as POLICE come in...over bodies and blood and guns, and
the stairs and out a broken window, to the CROWDS in the
street held back by POLICE, past flashing lights and
emergency vehicles...
...to where life goes on in New Orleans.

DIP TO

BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DAYS LATER

The sun is out. The sky above is clear.

INT. EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH PRECINCT - DAY

lock-up.
ON BUD, as he leads Lucian through the bowels of city

as
Lucian - in prison garbs, haggard, dark bruises - looks up
they pass a two-way mirror of an INTERROGATION ROOM,
SEES...

KIERSEY

notes.
...seated, making statements to Shepard, who is taking
Stacks of Jesse's reports surround them.
Bud walks Lucian past, into...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2

Silence
...and Lucian sits at a table. Bud across from him.
hangs, several moments.

ON BUD

slow
starting again, knowing... There's something bigger. A
smile spreads...

BUD

Want a cup of coffee?

THE END