

HOT WIRE

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT. WRIGLEYVILLE (CHICAGO) SUBURB STREETS - DAY

TIGHT ON A CLASSIC CORVETTE'S WHEEL. The freshly polished chrome rim slows to a stop.

A bed-head guy in a short-sleeve dress shirt hops out of a vintage '64 CORVETTE. Meet TRENT TUCKER, early 30s, adjusts his \$9-dollar neck tie. Purpose and determination on his face, a sense of forced humility in his eyes.

Trent lights a cigarette, grabs his briefcase from the passenger seat and starts up the street. He notices a scuff on the car's chrome rim. Buffs it out with his tie.

EXT. BROWNSTONE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Trent steels himself, knocks on the door. A HOUSEWIFE opens.

TRENT

(presents a knife set)

Good morning, ma'am, my name is Trent Tucker with "Sharpest Knife in The Drawer" if I can have just a moment of your--

SLAM!

A cigarette smoking STRIPPER sneers at Trent.

TRENT (CONT'D)

-- do you know what these modern marvels of invention can do?

SLAM!

A FAT GUY, holding a crying baby. Not in the mood.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Sharper than the kind they throw at carnivals.

SLAM!

A GAY COUPLE.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Tarzan had a knife, I'd say he was pretty successful living amongst man-eating beasts.

SLAM!

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Trent tries to pay for his order. FAST FOOD WORKER hands Trent his ATM card back.

FAST FOOD WORKER
Do you have another form of
payment?

TRENT
Run it again. Like a victory lap.

She looks at him like "Are you trying to be corny? Or are you just weird?" His card declined. We've all been there, that sweaty moment. People in line rudely mumble.

GANGBANGER (O.S.)
Hey! That girl you beat up was my
sister.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bullets blast thru the drive-thru window -- killing the Cashier. The place flies into a panic! Trent dives for cover.

A crazed GANGBANGER drives a classic Black 1979 T-Top Trans-Am out of the drive-thru.

SCREAMS and CHAOS. Trent sprints out of the restaurant.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - WITH TRENT

running into the street chasing the Trans-Am. A RED LIGHT stops traffic. Trent runs across the roofs of several cars toward the Trans-Am.

The light turns GREEN before Trent can reach the Trans-Am.

He jumps off an SUV landing in the street, while cars honk and drive around him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trans-Am bobs and weaves thru traffic heading for a highway ramp.

INT. TRANS-AM (MOVING) - DAY

The Gangbanger lights a cigarette. Exhales.

The Trans-Am is driving away fast. An SUV pulls close to the Trans-Am, Trent is riding on the SUV's running board. He JUMPS into the Trans-Am's passenger seat.

Trent grabs the steering wheel, startling the fuck out of the Gangbanger - who wrestles with Trent for the wheel -

sending the car into a series of pavement-painting, squealing fish tails.

The Trans-Am goes into another lane and cuts off a lumber truck -- the unthinkable happens: A twelve-ton truck jack-knifes right before our eyes. You might wince when you see the thick wooden pegs come undone and spill onto the freeway.

More than a dozen cars BASH into the tumbling terror. Twisted metal the the blood curdling sound of SKIDDING and BONE-CRUNCHING IMPACTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREETS - DAY

Police lights. The Gangbanger sits cuffed in the back of a SQUAD CAR.

Trent's head gets bandaged in the back of an AMBULANCE. Two of CHICAGO'S FINEST approach; a vet and a newbie.

VETERAN COP

Tucker?

YOUNG COP

Why am I not surprised?

TRENT

Fellas.

YOUNG COP

I don't know what's worse, the carnage or the paperwork.

TRENT

No civilians were seriously hurt.

YOUNGER COP

Somebody up there must like you.

TRENT

You say that as if you don't.

YOUNGER COP

I carry a shovel in my car. Mess up once more, and I'll bury your ass.

TRENT

You'll never be half the police I was.

VETERAN COP
Deactivate that bullshit or I will.

YOUNGER COP
What are you, selling Mary-Kay now?

VETERAN COP
Hey! I said save it for later!
Trent, things aren't the same
without you in Bunco, but this... I
know you like to trust your
instincts regardless of what people
are telling you is right, but there
are times when you have to respect
the team.

YOUNGER COP
When the coach says, "sit", you're
out. And the Varsity takes over.

VETERAN
I'll spin this so Captain DaSilva
sees you in the best light.
Anything to help your cause.

TRENT
Hey Sarge, I don't know if it's
respect or envy that I have for
you.

VETERAN COP
For?

TRENT
Being lucky, that you get to work
with such a quality partner.

Young Cop gives Trent an ugly fuck-you gesture.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUCKTOWN, CHICAGO - NIGHT

A suave Black dude looks at the rearview mirror, talking on his phone. His metallic mint-green, '64 IMPALA is parked at a meter. Say hello to BOBBY GREECE. Early 30's, snake charmer slick.

BOBBY
I'm looking at it right now. What
does it look like? Like somebody
sucks at golf and hit a big-ass
divot!

Bobby hates his haircut.

Bobby is parked across the street from a ritzy "NEW MONEY" CONDO. Several exotic autos enter the gated parking garage.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Oh don't gimme no "new style",
this ain't no new style! You need
to get your glasses fixed and stop
frontin' with those fake contacts.
Ain't no nobody got no lavender
eyes. Whatever. I want my money
back!

(sees something)

I gotta go, call you later.

A white CONVERTIBLE MASERATI enters the garage across the street. Bobby grabs a duffel bag and is on the move, crossing the street running towards the Condo's garage.

THUMPING party MUSIC comes from a first-floor condo's balcony. Voluptuous SILHOUETTES dance behind the vertical blinds.

The garage door is closing!

As Bobby bolts past the balcony, two scorching hot LATINAS step out sipping mojitos. They smile at him. He stops for a second to smile back. The garage door slams shut.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(approaches balcony)

Hey, can you let me in? I don't
have my key and I left the oven on.

LATINA HOTTIE #1

I've never seen him before. Have
you?

LATINA HOTTIE #2

That's because he doesn't live
here.

BOBBY

Oh? You must not read the bulletin
board in the hall. Do you know what
your building manager's name is?
It's Bobby Greece.

LATINA HOTTIE #1

What's your name?

BOBBY

Bobby Greece, the pleasure is mine.

INT. BUCKTOWN CONDO, FIRST FLOOR UNIT - NIGHT

The place is packed, party people dancing. Bobby grabs a crab cake. Latina #1 finds him.

BOBBY

A little too much sea salt, next time saute your glaze with safron and coconut oil.

LATINA HOTTIE #2

Wow, that sounds tasty. My name is Jessie, sorry for acting like a bitch. No hard feelings?

BOBBY

We cool.

LATINA HOTTIE # 2

I work nights, so probably that's why I've never seen you. Anyway, you should stop by sometime and teach me some of your exotic culinary techniques--

BOBBY

That could be arranged, if I don't evict you first. Alotta violations going on in here.

She likes him and the swagger of his silly style. Bobby sees something out the window that makes him sick -- A FAT GUY (who we will get to know as BRISCOE) is wearing a colorful suit that doesn't fit him well, carrying a duffel bag similar to Bobby's.

Bobby looks like he has to go. Now.

JESSIE

You're not staying? One drink. I make a mean mojito.

BOBBY'S POV: Briscoe hurries to the CONDO'S PARKING GARAGE.

Bobby wishes he could - shakes Jessie's hand - and bolts out the condo's front door --

INT. BUCKTOWN CONDO, PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The parking lot looks like a car show.

BRISCOE, notices a couple having sex in a convertible Ferarri. Briscoe scurries off, down to the next level.

BRISCOE, finds the white convertible Maserati he's looking for. Its top is down. He attempts to jump in "Dukes of Hazzard" style, but his fat ass has had too many deep-dish pizzas in his time.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Hey, Bishop Don Juan called, he wants his suit back.

BRISCOE

Huh?!

POW! Bobby socks the shit out of Briscoe.

Bobby leaps into the Maserati. Digs out a squirrely-looking Bluetooth KEY REMOTE from his duffel bag. Presses a button. Lights flash, the alarm CHIRPS and deactivates -- VROOOOMMM!

The Maserati peels out of the parking space. Rocketing forward -- Briscoe gets up. Sees Bobby speeding away!

BRISCOE (CONT'D)

(chasing after)

Security! Close the gate!

INT. MASERATI (MOVING) - NIGHT

In the rearview mirror, Bobby sees Briscoe hauling ass.

INT. BUCKTOWN CONDO, PARKING GARAGE SECURITY GATE - NIGHT

The ROARING engine startles the GUARD in the booth making him drop his STEAMING HOT TV dinner on his lap. He leaps to his feet from the heat on his nuts.

Bobby screeches to a halt in front of the Gate.

SECURITY GUARD

(suspicious)

How come I don't know you?

BOBBY

(feints with his hand)

See, I could have shot you and taken the car, and your uniform.

Bobby deftly hands the Guard a card. The Guard reads it: "Bobby Greece - Repossessions. I WILL Find Yo' Ass."

SECURITY GUARD

(raising the gate)

(MORE)

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

What about your buddy?

BRISCOE (O.S.)

Hold him! Hold him!

Bobby zips thru. Hits the street. And. Is. Gone.

Briscoe reaches the guard booth. FURIOUS!

BRISCOE (CONT'D)

What part of five hundred dollars
did you not understand?!

SECURITY GUARD

Aw man, I thought you were
together...

BRISCOE

Man, gimme my damned money back!

Security Guard pulls the shade down, locks the door

BRISCOE (CONT'D)

Oh hell no!

CUT TO:

INT. TRENT'S APARTMENT - DAY

7:00AM. Trent is dressed for work. Same shirt, different
tie. He sets out breakfast for two.

Trent pops his head in the bathroom, where NIKKI, Trent's
nubile, yet elegant girlfriend, 27, takes a shower.

TRENT

You know what's sexy about you?

NIKKI

Tell me.

TRENT

You take long body and mind
cleansing showers. I hope you're
hungry, made your favorite. Don't
let it get cold.

NIKKI

(kisses him, tries to
pull him in with her)
You're the best.

TRENT

I keep trying to remind myself.

NIKKI
 (seductive)
 Eat in bed with me.

TRENT
 What if things get messy?

NIKKI
 Messy is good.

Trent's cell RINGS.

TRENT
 They have me in Naperville today.
 (on phone)
 Hi, Wendy?

WENDY (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Good morning, Trent. Sharpest Knife
 just called... they're letting you
 go..

TRENT
 What? Wendy, that's bullshit.

WENDY
 Trent. It's done. You cost me the
 account. I'm letting you go, too.

The lights go out.

NIKKI (O.S.)
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

TRENT
 Well that comes as a shock. Wait,
 Wendy. I have to call you back.

WENDY
 Don't bother.

The bathroom door flings open. Nikki steps out.

NIKKI
 Hot water's out. Shampoo's in my
 eyes.
 (tries the light switch)
 Who were you talking to?

TRENT
 Work. They let me go.

NIKKI

What happened? That's the third time this month.

TRENT

Nik... I don't know. I was just getting a handle on things.

NIKKI

Before or after the 20 car pile up?

TRENT

I was off duty.

NIKKI

Trent! Listen to yourself. Snap out of where ever you are and focus for a second. You didn't want that job.

TRENT

That's not true, I want to work. These are just interim gigs while I--

NIKKI

--sit tight? It's been four months. How long does Captain Fuckface expect you to sit tight with no money?

TRENT

Captain DaSilva and I talked. Yes, and he personally guaranteed me things would be wrapped up in a few weeks --

NIKKI

How come not days? Way to go on the the exact date you can have you life back.

(beat)

Sell your car.

TRENT

What? I have back-pay coming soon as I get reinstated. We're not losing any money from this.

NIKKI

Do I need to turn the lights on so you can see? Oh, I can't, can I? You can't get unemployment because technically you're still on the

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

force, and they're cutting my hours next month. We need money - now!

TRENT

Nik...

NIKKI

I told you this two weeks ago. Sell your car, Trent.

TRENT

That's all I have, Nik. The only thing in this world, well besides you, that means anything to me. Give me three days to make something happen. Trust me, the phone is going to ring any minute.

NIKKI

Cops don't call with good news, Trent.

Too frustrated to face her. He snatches up his coat, opens the front door.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

TRENT

(slams door)

To get some smokes.

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Trent steps in a huge pile of dog shit.

TRENT

Terrific. They ought to give people a night inside for this.

He looks around, sees a "HIGGINS FOR GOVERNOR" poster on a brick wall. Something about the way Higgins smiles ruins Trent's day. He takes off his shoe and wipes it clean on the poster. Before he can enter the store, his phone rings.

TRENT (CONT'D)

(Jamaican accent)

Winston.

WINSTON (O.S.)

Do you have a second?

TRENT

For you? Let me see... yeah I can

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

squeeze you in.

WINSTON (O.S.)

Wanna meet for breakfast? Usual spot.

TRENT

Well lunch is in two hours, so that would mean now.

WINSTON

Yes now, you idiot.

TRENT

Ok, see you in twenty.

Winston hangs up, Trent detours fast down an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - TRENT

checking over his shoulder, ducking into an abandoned bldg.

EXT. FENCED-IN ABANDONED ALLEY - TRENT

Jumping down from a wire fence. Landing on a trash can. Making sure nobody follows him.

EXT. LOW-RENT STRIP MALL - DAY

Trent comes out of a side street to a parking lot. Passes an African-American hair salon, turns the corner to the...

SERVICE ALLEY

Trent walks past a hair STYLIST and a CUSTOMER on a smoke break. The Customer talks a mile a minute.

TRENT

Excuse me, ladies. Do you mind if I bum a smoke?

The Stylist gives him a cig, lights it for him. He smiles his thanks. Trent heads to a dumpster a few storefronts down. Next to the dumpster, a car is hidden under a tan car-cover.

Between Trent and the car is an OLD MAN in a wheelchair rolling toward the dumpster. Trent thinks nothing of it, but on second thought...

Trent launches into a wild sprint. Grabs a stick from a trash can, races up behind the Old Man and -- jabs the stick in the wheelchair's spokes! The Old Man goes sprawling face-first across the pavement.

STYLIST

Daaaaamn!

CUSTOMER

Why you do that old man like that?

Trent rips off the car cover, jumps into his Corvette. Old Man springs to his feet (it's Bobby). Runs to intercept. Bobby grabs the driver-side door handle. Trent starts the engine. Bobby ain't letting go.

Trent clamps his hand down on Bobby's hand and guns the engine. Bobby runs fast. The speedometer climbs: 15-20-25!

BOBBY, jumps on to the Corvette's hood. Trent STOMPS on the brakes. Bobby is thrown off the hood. Ouch! That's gotta hurt. The Corvette takes off.

Bobby rolls to a stop, landing face up before the Stylist and her Customer's feet. They are mortified.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

(recognizing)

...Bobby? I should have known. I want my money; you said if I saw the red Corvette you'd give me three hundred dollars.

BOBBY

That's if I get it! Which I didn't.

CUSTOMER

Who's payin' for this weave, then?!

BOBBY

What I look like?

She leans down and... WHAP! slaps Bobby.

STYLIST #1

That's for callin' me 'n showin' off, while flirtin' with some other bitch! I ain't one a these trick-ass heifers you be dealin' with! And yo' tired-ass disguise ain't foolin' nobody!

Obviously in pain, Bobby laughs to keep from crying.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL DINER - DAY

A server brings waffles and coffee to a booth occupied by

Trent and WINSTON, mid 30s, jovial, friendly. Trent's former Bunco partner.

WINSTON

Do you think she'll leave you if you don't sell it?

TRENT

Your car is your soul.

WINSTON

What are your other options?

TRENT

That's the problem, I got fired today, but it wasn't my fault. Things on paper look worse than real life. I'm dealing with a lot of rejection right now, and I feel like a failure at everything outside of doing what I'm good at.

WINSTON

What if I told you there's some off-book work I'm doing that pays cash?

TRENT

How off-book?

WINSTON

All I need you to do is stand there and look tough. I can get you five grand, at least.

TRENT

Who knows about this?

WINSTON

Nobody. I'll treat you as a C.I., and after the fact it'll gain you some yardage with the Captain.

TRENT

(feels the love)

Okay, who do I have to kill?

WINSTON

Very funny. We'll talk later, just be ready.

TRENT

Ok, but what do you want me to do?

WINSTON

Told ya, just look tough. Now
Trent, if you mess this up--

TRENT

When do I mess up an assignment?

WINSTON

What about last time?

TRENT

The guy tried to hit me.

WINSTON

I sort of remember it
differently...

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

A GUBERNATORIAL fund-raiser PARTY for Councilman Higgins in full swing. Security is thick. Trent and Winston work the room posing as "well-moneyed" Chicago playboys.

A CLASSY LADY, 50s, in the latest haute couture gown, takes a keen interest in Trent, who teaches her how to whistle.

TRENT

...work your fingers gently inside,
push your tongue back at the tip,
and apply the right amount of
pressure, pressing your lips down
together, blowing make sure your
teeth don't get in the way.

She does that sexy Eartha Kitt tiger trilling tongue thing.

CLASSY LADY

(palms his crotch)

There's someplace around the corner
I'd like to take you to.

This feisty cougar is bold! Trent removes her hand from his balls.

TRENT

I need to get the Councilman's
attention before he disappears,
will you excuse me?

CLASSY LADY

Disappear with me for 30 minutes.

She's purring on the charm. Grabs his ass. Pressing he redesigned boobs up against him. Trent respectfully removes her paws from his ass. She thinks it's cute how he's playing hard to get. Then it dawns on her... the sting of rejection.

CLASSY LADY (CONT'D)

(loud)

I beg your pardon! Get your hands off of me!

Classy Lady throws her drink on Trent and WHAP! slaps Trent so hard he stumbles into a table. Trent boils until he snatches a plate of chicken cacciatore from the waiter and dumps it on her cleavage.

TRENT

Bon appetite.

Classy Lady is at a major loss for words.

Her husband, however, COUNCILMAN HIGGINS -- who saw everything -- marches over. Higgins swings at Trent - who instinctively slips the punch, slugs Higgins in the ribs, then finishes him with an uppercut directly to the chin.

Across the room, Winston *can't believe* what just happened.

RESUME OUR LUNCH AT THE LOCAL DINER:

TRENT (CONT'D)

I choose to see myself as the victim here.

WINSTON

If the department shrink heard you right now, you'd never get your badge back.

(leaves money on the table)

See you Friday.

INT. TRENT'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Quiet. Candles burn. Nikki, eyes closed wearing sweats, is bent over doing a yoga pose.

Trent enters, walks over and sits down next to her. She does not open her eyes. Trent takes off his clothes and poses next to her.

NIKKI
 (opens eyes)
 What are you doing?

With that sexy confidence she can't get enough of, Trent gently tackles her, blows out the candle, lays an amazing kiss on her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 (seductive)
 You got your job back.

More kissing.

INT. BOBBY'S REPO OFFICE - DAY

MELVIN, mid 30s, the paranoid and high strung office manager, holds a hoagie in one hand and his shoe in the other while chasing five ROACHES.

MELVIN
 You got some nerve coming up in here after what I did to you last time!

Melvin throws his shoe at the roaches. Misses. He picks up an OLD PHONE, throws it. Bobby enters, holding an Icy-Hot pack to his neck, sees Melvin taunting the roaches.

BOBBY
 What happened to the phone?!

MELVIN
 That ain't the phone no more. Check it out.

Melvin points to a brand new, fancy cordless WORLD PHONE.

BOBBY
 What did I tell you about ordering stuff online that we can't afford?

MELVIN
 It was free. I filled out a survey.

BOBBY
 If you had any money, those guys who do identity theft would get you for giving out your personal information all the time.

MELVIN
 Whatever. This thing has texting, satellite for international time
 (MORE)

MELVIN (CONT'D)
zones, Skype-enabled --

BOBBY
For when you call who?

MELVIN
I know peoples in London, Australia
and Japan.

BOBBY
Facebook hoes don't count.

MELVIN
You can hate on me, but not on
"call trace". It tells where the
fool is whenever they're making the
call.

BOBBY
What else does it do?
(examines phone)
There's no dial tone!

Melvin's too hungry to care. He chomps into his hoagie.
Bobby flips the phone over, checks the base unit.

MELVIN
What happened to your neck?

BOBBY
I was "this" close, Melvin!

MELVIN
I told you the wheel chair had no
chance in hell.

Bobby opens the phone's battery cover, sees an aftermarket
RF TRANSMITTER sloppily soldered into the circuit board.

BOBBY
You the one who suggested it!

MELVIN
It's all good. Word on the street
is that Rahm Emanuel and Jay Leno
are willing to pay 50-stacks for
that model Corvette.

BOBBY
Everyone in town gonna know about
it now.

MELVIN
A little competition didn't scare
(MORE)

MELVIN (CONT'D)
off Captain Ahab.

BOBBY
Who?
(his neck hurts)
I'm getting that car before the
week is up.

MELVIN
That's why your generation is so
damned dumb. Don't you read books
for fun?

BOBBY
Muthafucka, you graduated with me!

Melvin dismisses Bobby with a gesture. Bobby gingerly peeks thru the blinds. Across the street is a BUILDING with a faded sign that says: BRISCOE'S. There's a congested car lot in the back. The CURTAINS in the only window are drawn.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Did you tell your girl what time we
was going to get that Maserati in
Bucktown?

MELVIN
Had to, bruh. I'm on pussy-parole.
Alcatraz-ass, the booty-bing. I
might as well have a GPS around my
ankle. She has to know where I am,
what color socks I'm wearin' and
what route we taking. Why?

Bobby looks at the transmitter in the "world phone", back at Briscoe's... then his eyes sparkle.

BOBBY
Remember you told me to tell you
when that girl was back at the bus
stop?

MELVIN
Which girl?

BOBBY
That nude model. The one that likes
Briscoe. With the skinny waist and
fake titties.

MELVIN
Oh, the one built like Kim
Kardashian? What about her?

BOBBY

Is that her waiting for the bus
right now?

Across the street, Briscoe's curtains ruffle.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Briscoe thinks he's slick.

EXT. POLICE EVIDENCE FACILITY - NIGHT

Trent and Winston pass through the main gate security check point in Winston's not-so-undercover convertible PT Cruiser.

INT. POLICE EVIDENCE FACILITY, SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

BANK OF MONITORS: Trent and Winston, in slick drug dealer attire, get buzzed in. The DESK SERGEANT presses "eject" on a VCR, switches miniDV video tapes, presses "record" then leaves with the old miniDV tape and a pack of cigarettes.

INT. POLICE EVIDENCE FACILITY, LOCK-UP CAGE - NIGHT

Winston and Trent approach the window. Winston taps the BELL. Desk Sergeant comes out of the back room.

WINSTON

Hey, look who it is. Did you hear?
Your guy approved me for that loan.

DESK SERGEANT

Hey, when I give my word, you
believe it next time or else. This
your new partner?

TRENT

Jason, it's me.

DESK SERGEANT

Trent Tucker? You look like shit.

WINSTON

That's what undercover does to you.

DESK SERGEANT

Shit, take it as a compliment.
(to Winston)

Hang on.

Desk Sergeant steps into the lock-up cage. After a beat, he returns with a metal briefcase. Opens it. Inside: Several BRICKS OF COCAINE with Colombian Cartel stamps.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Captain already signed, due back by
 dawn.

They shake hands with Desk Sergeant, exit.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Oh, one more thing, you're going to
 see Captain D tomorrow, right?
 (tosses ciggs to Winston)
 He forgot these.

TRENT
 I thought he quit?

WINSTON
 Old habits hide...

DESK SERGEANT
 But they never die.

EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Winston's PT Cruiser speeds thru the streets.

TRENT
 Why isn't Grigsby doing this with
 you? Since he's your new best
 friend now.

WINSTON
 Hey, just because you're not
 wearing a badge, doesn't mean
 you're any less of a friend to me.
 Besides, he doesn't have your
 magic... and he's in the hospital.

TRENT
 Jesus, for what?

WINSTON
 Feel asleep at the wheel. He drove
 into a street light, and split his
 head open. Yeah, that was the night
 before yesterday. Two days before
 the big deal goes down, leaving me
 without a partner.

TRENT
 You can't push the buy?

WINSTON
 These guys are going back to New
 Zealand. Grigsby and I spent the
 (MORE)

WINSTON (CONT'D)

last three months getting them to trust us. FBI co-created a cover for us. So you see, if I back out or try to change the buy it makes us look itchy.

They ride in silence for a beat.

TRENT

I know I can come to you with the truth, right?

WINSTON

You bet your sweet life.

TRENT

We look like a couple of mooks in this.

WINSTON

In what?

TRENT

Oh come on! The car, the clothes. No offense, but I'm not feeling too tuned in to the frequency.

WINSTON

...you're serious? What is this 'Queer eye for the Straight Cop'? You've got issues, dude. Aw hell, I guess you're right. I should have asked Joanne to help me coordinate. Where's the bat cave tonight?

Trent smiles. Winston does a tire-smoking U-Turn.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Melvin and his young SON ride the bus. At the next stop, Melvin glances out the window and does a double take when he sees Trent's Corvette in a chained-off, OUTDOOR PRIVATE PARKING LOT.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A GAS COMPANY METER READER deliberately walks right past a Gas Meter and opens the garage door where a brand new Silver Jag resides.

The Meter Reader's Cellphone BUZZES. He turns to answer, we see it's Bobby in disguise.

BOBBY

(answers, quiet)

What is it?

MELVIN

Get ready to meet Jay Leno. Do you think he'll invite us on his show?

BOBBY

You got the Vette? Where, man? where's it at?

MELVIN

In a city lot at the corner of Stetson and Colby.

BOBBY

Greektown! My man! Pick up some Gyros with extra sauce, cherry pops and I'll meet you at the office, and bruh, wait till you see what I'm 'bout to bring home!

MELVIN

Uh, you gotta come get it though.

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

MELVIN

I don't have my tools with me.

BOBBY

Damn, Amnesia, take out your inhibitor and go up under the--

MELVIN

--I'm on the bus, and little Mel is with me. I have to drop him off at his mom's before I come to the office.

BOBBY

You're lucky you're my cousin. Post up, and don't let it out of your site, we can drop lil man off on the way. DO NOT LET THAT CAR OUT OF YOUR SIGHT! I'm ten minutes away.

MELVIN

Can't. His Momma'll whoop my if I'm late.

Bobby hangs up. Painfully says goodbye to the Jag and runs off.

EXT. CHAINED-OFF PRIVATE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Trent and Winston switch from Winston's car to the Corvette. Trent starts the engine, drives up to the gate, pays the attendant and pulls into the street.

WHIP PAN UP THE STREET to...

Bobby's Impala turns the corner.

INT. BOBBY'S IMPALA (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Bobby sees Trent's Corvette driving away.

BOBBY

Tucker, you son of a bitch! Always making it hard on a brutha.

EXT./INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE - NIGHT

Trent driving the Corvette. Country Music blaring.

WINSTON

...reminds me of Vegas. Speaking of, Dennis and the guys tried to bet me you'd sell your Vette.

TRENT

(floors it)

Did you tell them I'd rather cut my balls off?!

EXT. SOUTHSIDE CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Trent's Corvette drives through the streets. Bobby trails him, a block or two back. Trent runs through a Yellow Light. Bobby gets stuck at the Red.

INT. BOBBY'S IMPALA - NIGHT

Frustrated, Bobby watches the Corvette disappear up the street.

BOBBY

What would Ahab do?

Bobby runs the light.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

Trent's Corvette drives thru this giant maze of run down industrial spaces.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

WINSTON

... two more things about Deveaux.

TRENT

Is that really his name?

WINSTON

He has this thing, this condition.
He gets all itchy,

TRENT

Itchy how?

WINSTON

Like he needs Bactine or something
sprayed on his skin. And he doesn't
like people staring at his face.

TRENT

Jesus is there anything else? Okay,
fine. How are you introducing me?

WINSTON

Mark Reynolds, you and Curt Jones,
me, did Federal time together on a
weapons charge. My FBI guy put it
in the server this morning.

TRENT

Where and when?

WINSTON

Danville, December '06 to May '09.
Take this left.

Trent enters what looks like a...

EXT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A NAKED BULB above the door is the only light around. A
little eerie is you ask me. Trent parks his car just out of
the light's throw.

INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE - NIGHT

TRENT

What's the buy?

WINSTON

Two mill. Give or take.

TRENT

Way to go for not having an exact figure.

WINSTON

Way to go for talking like Nikki. You know you're in crazy in love when you start singing her little phrases.

TRENT

Did I sound like I was singing? I wasn't singing. You don't know how much the deal is for?

WINSTON

Oh, I know how much they're bringing, only I'm not sure how much I'm going to say they brought. A few stacks go missing and ends up in some unemployed guy's pocket? Eh, sounds like an accident to me.

TRENT

You would do that for me?

WINSTON

Just keep that temper of yours in check and keep quiet.

TRENT

Like a snowman

Winston is used to Trent's random one-liners, and empties the contents of his jacket pockets -- including DaSilva's cigarettes -- into the glove box. Checks his Glock's ammo clip, all is good.

WINSTON

Important thing is to follow my lead. No matter what happens, don't hesitate or --

TRENT

You're acting like this is our first merry-go-round.

WINSTON

Promise you won't say one word.

TRENT

What if he asks me a question? Ok, I promise.

EXT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

Trent opens the trunk. Winston opens the metal briefcase, grabs a dime bag-sample of coke.

They walk past a dusty TWO-STORY WALL-SIZED WINDOW, climb a staircase that leads to a giant metal door.

INT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - TRENT AND WINSTON

Navigate through the abandoned automated butcher shop. In the middle of the shop floor is a METAL TABLE. Positioned on one side of the table: three GORILLA-BIG SAMOAN THUGS, arms folded. One has full facial tattoos, he scratches his leg.

TATTOO FACE

Yo, who this?

WINSTON

Fellas. Say hello to Mark.

The Samoans grunt. Tattoo Face stands up (he's 6'7 and weighs at least 400 lbs), steps forward. Trent notices Tattoo Face's feet are as wide as loaves of bread. Some feet you don't want to get kicked in the ass by.

TATTOO FACE

Why am I trusting him?

WINSTON

Relax, we did a stretch together in Danville.

TATTOO FACE

You won't mind if we check on that before we get down to bidness?

WINSTON

Never can be too careful.

TATTOO FACE

(to Trent)

Full name, officer.

TRENT

(to Winston)

This guy's busting my balls?
Mark Johnson Reynolds.

Tattoo Face scratches his arm, nods to PONYTAIL SAMOAN, who makes a cellphone call.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

Bobby's Impala creeps around, hunting for the Corvette.

INT. BOBBY'S IMPALA (MOVING) - NIGHT

BOBBY

What's the difference between
Captain Ahab and Bobby Greece?
Other than the fact that I'm so
good lookin' and my people don't
like boats? I'ma get my whale.

INT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

Ponytail Samoan hangs up, shows no emotion. Tattoo Face scratches his lower back. Trent thinks he's going to pull a gun and starts to react, but catches himself. Tattoo Face is just scratching.

WINSTON

We're good?
(Tattoo Face nods)
And now... the money?

TATTOO FACE

Whoa, hold up. Before we get
married, can I have a little taste?

Winston tosses him the sample pack of cocaine. Tattoo Face jabs his sausage-like finger into the packet, tastes his pinky. His egg-nog-yellow teeth and jack o'lantern grin say he's satisfied.

TATTOO FACE (CONT'D)

(on cell phone)
Come on.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - BOBBY'S IMPALA

Suddenly halts. Throws the car in reverse. Backs up and looks between two dumpsters -- there's Trent's Corvette.

BOBBY

What's my name? It ain't Ahab!

EXT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

Bobby hops out with a slim jim, gets low and pops the lock.

INT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

A back door opens. A Bald Samoan emerges with two duffel bags, heaves them onto the desk. Unzips it. Inside: More stacks of hundreds than you can count. Yeah, that's what \$2M looks like.

TATTOO FACE

Two mil, like we agreed on.

Winston starts to zip up the duffel bags.

TRENT

Whoa hombre, I'm sure these nice fellas don't have a problem with us counting the money.

WINSTON

...yeah... okay.

Winston keeps an eye on the Samoans. Trent checks to make sure the money stacks haven't been padded

TRENT

We're good.

Winston nods at Trent, who confidently strolls to the exit.

INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE - BOBBY

is underneath the dashboard (pulling & stripping wires) as he circumvents a kill-switch with the technical precision of a world class car thief.

Seconds before he taps two wires together, Bobby's ear cocks...

FOOTSTEPS. Bobby scrambles out of the car, hides behind a dumpster.

The warehouse door opens. Trent jogs to the Corvette. Pops the trunk, grabs the CASE OF COCAINE.

Hidden behind the dumpster, Bobby watches Trent... more than curious. Trent heads back inside.

BOBBY, tiptoes to the Warehouse's window.

EXT./INT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - BOBBY'S POV

Trent lays the case down on the table. Pops the lock, spins the case toward the Samoans. Tattoo Face reaches --

WINSTON

You know, something's not right. My kidney is throbbing, and whenever it does, I step on the brakes.

TATTOO FACE

What are you talking about, man?

BALD SAMOAN
You pulling out?

TATTOO FACE
I don't think you want to do that.

The Samoans show their teeth, but they're not smiling.

EXT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

Bobby has seen enough, he spins on his heels... Out of nowhere a tiny FLASH OF LIGHT hits him in the eye (like when someone tilts their watch to fuck with you). Bobby follows the light...

Up and deep into the shadow, until he sees...

A RIFLE SCOPE and a SNIPER on the roof of a nearby building.

INT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

TATTOO FACE
It's like that? You're not a man.

Trent is more confused than the Samoans.

EXT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - BOBBY

decides this is as good a time as any to GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE and accidentally kicks over buckets of paint. CLANG!

THE SNIPER

scans around, but he can't see Bobby in the darkness, and returns his eye to the scope.

INT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

The Samoans react to the CLANGING!

TATTOO FACE
(pulls gun)
Smoke these fools!

PSSFT! Too late! Blood squirts out of Bald Samoan's neck. Tattoo Face starts blasting!

TRENT
Winston!!!!

WINSTON
Move!

The money and the coke go flying everywhere. Ponytail Samoan aims a shotgun!

The OVERHEAD LIGHT explodes (sniper bullet) plunging the room into a dark hysteria.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Cover me!

Winston rolls out from behind the table, shoots Tattoo Face.

Ponytail Samoan, pumps off four quick, randomly placed shotgun blasts! One catches Winston, killing him. Fuck is right.

Trent, sees this. Bolts -- blasting WILDLY in every direction he can. HIS SILHOUETTE races toward that tall dirty window. Trent CRASHES thru it --

EXT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT, PARKING LOT - TRENT

-- lands hard. An engine ROARS. High beams blind him, Samoans behind him... Trent bounces to his feet as headlights go out. WTF?

Trent frowns at Bobby driving the Corvette. Points his gun.

TRENT

Police officer. Out of the car, now!

BOBBY

You can get in if you want, but I'm driving.

Trent tugs on the driver's DOOR HANDLE. It's locked.

TRENT

Open the door!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bullets HAIL DOWN upon them from the window.

Trent, dives across -- shooting up at THE WINDOW -- falls off, jumps into the passenger seat.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go!

Bobby burns rubber outta there.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - TRENT'S CORVETTE

Bobby roars thru the main gates, down the access road... Dozens of scenarios race thru Trent's brain. Bobby punches Trent in the face.

TRENT
What was that for?

BOBBY
One word. Wheel chair.

TRENT
That's two.

BOBBY
You want me to hit you again,
Kojak? Where am I dropping you?

TRENT
You're not taking my car, shitbird.

BOBBY
Guys like you always make my job
difficult.

TRENT
(pulls out cellphone)
Stop behind that store.

The Corvette STOPS hard. Bobby reaches across the seat,
opens Trent's door.

TRENT (CONT'D)
I need you to circle back.

BOBBY
You think I'm about to drive toward
a muthafucka that's shooting at us?
(beat)
You don't get it, do you? I'm
taking this car.

TRENT
Don't get shot for interfering with
police business.

Bobby decides to keep quiet for a moment. He doesn't mix
well with cops. Trent dials.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Hello, captain?

DASILVA (O.S.)
(over phone)
Who is this?

TRENT
Trent Tucker, sir.

SCREEN SPLITS so we see Trent and DaSilva, and it'll look like DaSilva is yelling directly at Trent.

DASILVA

Tucker? Do you have any idea what time it is?

TRENT

Officer down. The coke buy went to shit.

DASILVA

What coke deal?

Trent remembers Winston was keeping this off-book.

TRENT

I was helping out... so I could get reinstated, faster, sir. Winston said --

Bobby HOWLS with laughter. Trent does not like Bobby.

DASILVA

Winston is working a meth ring, not--

TRENT

(to Bobby)
Will you shut up?

DASILVA

Come again?

TRENT

A lot of static on the line, sir. You were saying?

Trent aims his gun at Bobby to keep him quiet.

DASILVA

I'm talking, you're listening, put Winston on.

TRENT

Negative... Winston's dead.

DaSilva has no fucking idea what is going on here, but a cop killing... Things just got real.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Sir? Are you there?

DASILVA

I want to know how a suspended cop is working undercover without my knowledge? I don't need my dick in a guillotine!

TRENT

We went to Evidence and picked up the coke from the Machado bust, then drove to --

BOBBY

You need to quit saying so much.

DASILVA

-- Where are you right this second?

TRENT

Bronzville. Near the warehouses. At the corner of...

(looks at street sign)

...47th and Traction.

DASILVA

Stay there! Don't move a god damn muscle. I'll call you right back.

TRENT

Yessir, Captain.

DaSilva slams the phone down. Savagely lights a cigarette. The SPLIT SCREEN reverts back to a single screen on...

EXT. CORVETTE - TRENT

Quietly stows his phone, his zigzagging thoughts wonder exactly what Winston was doing and who that shooter was

TIME CUT:

Trent replays the events in his head. His cellphone rings.

TRENT

(answering)

This is Tucker.

DASILVA (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Tucker, good. Listen to me: are you alright?

TRENT

A couple of scrapes, but I'm --

DASILVA

Good, good. I don't have a line on what Winston was doing with you, but I will. Until then I need you to--

CLICK! Trent's phone drops the call.

TRENT

Hello? Hello? God damn it!

Trent urgently hits redial. Hears the dreaded pre-recorded: "Your service has been interrupted, transferring you to financial care."

TRENT (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit! I need your phone.

BOBBY

You ain't no real cop! Man, you might be one of the killers pretending so you can take me to someplace quiet and eliminate the witness. I didn't see shit!

TRENT

(points gun at him)

Real Cop, real gun. I need your phone.

Bobby puts the car in gear. Right before Bobby takes his foot off the break, he glances in the Rearview Mirror...

Anxiety fills Bobby's eyes. Trent looks where Bobby is looking -- a SQUADRON OF POLICE CRUISERS charges this way.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Here comes the cavalry.

BOBBY

Who do you think they're coming for?

(beat)

Do the math. There's a gang'a blow missin', multiple murders, a Black man is on the scene, and you want to use my phone?!

TRENT

My partner just got killed.

BOBBY

Maybe they were aiming for you?
 (looks back at the cops)
 Those look like detectives to you?
 More like a SWAT team.

Trent's instincts tell him now isn't the time to see who's right. It's time to move. Bobby STAMPS on the gas.

The Corvette SCREAMS around in a tight circle, zips down an alley till they're OUT OF VIEW --

-- A FRACTION OF A SECOND before police cars swarm the industrial park's main road.

EXT. BOBBY'S REPO OFFICE - NIGHT

Only a desk lamp is on. Melvin, skeptical of Trent, reclines in a plush chair, eating delicious left-overs. Trent sits with his head in his hands, mumbling half-baked hypotheticals.

MELVIN

Did the Corvette get shot?
 (Bobby gestures "no")
 You, white boy, I'm going to need to see some ID. Uh-uh, look mister, if you're on the run from the police, this is the wrong stop on the Underground Railroad.
 (to Bobby)
 He could be some insane person concocting this whole thing!

BOBBY

They were going to kill Barney Miller over here, but--

MELVIN

But nothing. For THAT car! The Greece-man ain't no hero, he 'bout his bidness. Aires would smack your lips off for gettin' killed.
 (indicates food)
 Be sure and tell her I said she outdid herself with whatever the hell this is here!

BOBBY

I made that.
 (to Trent)
 I wouldn't be gettin' shot at if you paid your damned car note.

(to Melvin)
Get your coat.

MELVIN
What the hell for?

BOBBY
'Cause after I drop Columbo off, we
gotta go scoop my whip --

MELVIN
Dog! You left Emma-Jean --

TRENT
(remembering)
-- at the crime scene.

Silence for a damning beat. Melvin snaps off the desk lamp.
He and Bobby hurry off.

TRENT (CONT'D)
(pulls his gun)
Hang on a second, I told you I'm
going to handle this.
(finds a number in his
phone)
I've got a friend at the station...

Trent picks up the world phone, dials.

BOBBY
(to Melvin)
Hey! Hit #64 to block the call.
Last time he got on the phone, a
SWAT team came looking for him.

Melvin has a strong dislike for Trent.

EXT. DEFUNCT MEAT-PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

The Crime Scene is awash in strobing red & blue lights.
Yellow Police tape. A determined CSI TEAM. CORONER'S MEN
struggle to wheel out the heavy body bags.

LT. ROYCE, early 40s, surveys the scene with callous eyes,
his face has taken a few good punches in it's time.

ROYCE
(mumbles)
What were you doing here, Tucker?!

Royce walks to center of the chaos, puts his foot on a squad
car's bumper, before he can step up on it --

DETECTIVE

Lieutenant Royce, DMV has the Impala registered to a 'Bob', middle initial 'E', Greece. He's got a jacket, grand theft auto five years ago.

ROYCE

I bet you that's our shooter. Get five cars to his address. Take him down if he even smirks at you.

DETECTIVE

Yes sir.

Royce steps up onto the hood of a squad car. Let's out a sharp WHISTLE! Detectives & uniform cops gather around.

ROYCE

Alright people! Listen up. We lost one of ours tonight, and that doesn't sit well with anyone. Good news is we have a possible ID on the suspected cop killer -- and we have another person of interest, who ran. Chicago police officer... Trent Tucker.

Cries of disgust & shock shoot out from the crowd of cops.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Calm down, people! Calm down! We don't have all the facts, but find Tucker. Bring him to me alive. Until then, whaddaya say we nail this jagoff Bobby Greece to the wall for killing one of ours?

Royce steps down to angry applause. Detective approaches.

DETECTIVE

Are you going with Tucker as a rogue, lieutenant?

ROYCE

I honestly don't know what to think, but his psyche profile says he's a meltdown candidate.

DETECTIVE

What do you think pushed him over?

ROYCE

(guessing)

To tell the truth, I don't give a fuck. He could just be having a bad day.

INT. BOBBY'S REPO OFFICE - NIGHT

Trent drops Bobby's fancy world phone on the floor. A FEMALE'S VOICE squeaks out, "Trent? Trent? Are you there?" Trent, ashen-faced, kneels down and picks up the phone.

TRENT

...yeah, I'll be careful.
(hangs up)

BOBBY

What's the word?

TRENT

(dazed)

You're a cop killer... and I'm a person of interest.

BOBBY

Me? Me! You know I didn't kill nobody, man! Call 'em back!

MELVIN

See?! I told you. They gonna drag me in next. You know I got warrants!

Melvin runs to the window, discreetly peeps out the blinds.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Let's raise. My cousin got a cabin in Wisconsin and the keys are under the mat. We gotta get ghost, man!

TRENT

They're going to find us if we stay here.

BOBBY

Fuck a "US", man! You the problem! I didn't do a damn thing!

TRENT

The people who are coming to put bullets in our backs think you did.

MELVIN

He ain't helping you!

(holds two tickets)

I got Bulls-Lakers tickets. Floor seats for tomorrow night. How are we gonna look, fugitives from 5-0 sitting front row? Damn, that would be pretty gangster.

BOBBY

I don't even know you! ...Matter a'fact, you look a lot like the guy who stole my car earlier this evening?

(to Melvin)

Don't he? Melvin?

MELVIN

Huh?

(catches on)

Yep... sure do. I'd know that Fantastic Sam's hair cut anywhere.

TRENT

(looks out window)

Are you in or out?

Bobby and Melvin look at each other, weighing Trent's words, then race to the door. Trent chases after them, seizes Bobby by the arm.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Don't make me go out like this.

Bobby looks at him, shakes his arm free and walks off.

TRENT (CONT'D)

You leave now and you let 'The Man' win -- Once again! You people bitch bitch bitch about how the police do you so wrong; well, here's your chance to stick it to 'em.

MELVIN

(indignant)

"You people?"

BOBBY

(dead serious)

...I'm keeping the car when this is done.

TRENT

We can talk about that later.

Bobby dismisses Trent with a wave.

MELVIN

I'd take on the entire Chicago
police department with ya'll,
but...

BOBBY

I know: you got a baby mama, a
wifey, a girlfriend, child support
for five kids, back taxes, bad
credit, and a warrant.

MELVIN

(hugs Bobby)

Call me if you need any advice.

Melvin walks out, mad-dogging Trent as he passes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOBBY'S REPO CAR LOT - DAWN

Dead quiet. Luxury and sports cars line the parking lot. A
Police-Issue NOVA creeps onto the lot.

Two DETECTIVES, guns out, stalk Bobby's office door, notice
that the lights are still on. They kick the door open and
charge inside, GUNS BLAZING! We HEAR the sounds of a
"search."

In the impound lot, there is a brand new Lexus sedan with a
missing tail light.

CLOSE ON THE TAIL LIGHT an eye appears from inside the trunk
and watches the Detectives get in their Nova and drive off.

As soon as the Detectives are gone, the Lexus's trunk lid
opens slightly. Bobby crawls out. Bobby lets Trent out of a
BMW M5's trunk. Trent rolls his head and sore neck.

BOBBY

How much money you got on you?
They'll probably trace our ATM
cards.

TRENT

I don't have any money.

BOBBY

Let me rephrase that, you Jon

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hallenbeck lookin' muthafucka. How much you got on gas?

TRENT

Is there an echo in here? I think we need to shut up and find the Samoans before they do.

Bobby beelines to a small TOOL SHED. Inside is a MINI-COSTUME SHOP. Bobby quickly makes his selections, puts his disguises in a DUFFEL BAG. Trent notices the "Old Man" kit and the wheel chair Bobby used behind the Hair Salon.

EXT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT - EARLY MORNING

Briscoe, never seen without beef jerky or a 7-11 Big Gulp Slurpee, checks the mail, glances over at BOBBY'S PARKING LOT. Sees Bobby with Trent.

BRISCOE

What's that fool up to now?

Briscoe watches them drive off in the Corvette.

EXT. DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The Corvette drives past a brownstone. A giant Samoan Thug sits on the steps holding a boom-box.

Trent parks in a CVS parking lot across the street.

TRENT

Nice hat.

Bobby puts it on Trent.

BOBBY

You can't pull it off.

TRENT

I look great in hats.

BOBBY

Did your girlfriend tell you that?

TRENT

Good thing you're not a woman. Michelin Man over there is the lookout. He's going to whistle or turn the music up real loud when he sees us.

BOBBY

Really?

TRENT

What are you going to tell him?

BOBBY

What's up with you, man? Those are your boys. Not mine.

TRENT

Let's get one thing straight here, I'm in charge. Let's get another thing straight. When the one Samoan who survived last night sees me coming, guess what happens?

(re:Bobby's indifference)

Okay, when the police do finally pick up us, I'll just finger you. And trust me, you don't want to be the piece of meat in that feeding frenzy.

BOBBY

Say I go in there. What makes you think they gonna be in the mood to talk? What? I'ma knock on the door and "Hi guys? How ya doing? I'm Bobby Greece would you happen to have any Grey Poupon? By the way, I was there when your brother got killed, pass the sweet potato pie." Sending me in there ain't gonna do nuthin', but get me killed.

TRENT

What ever happened to "I come in peace?"

(beat)

Do you have a better idea?

BOBBY

Let's get out of town, I've always wanted to go to Europe.

TRENT

How? We can't fly.

BOBBY

Hello? Road trip. Why can't we drive? Wait a minute! You'd turn me in? Ain't that a bitch? After I saved your life. Gimmie your gun, you think I'm about to go in there naked? Do you know what Samoans do

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

if they don't like you? They cut you up and use you as fish food.

(beat)

Ok, I'ma do this, but it's official now, you owe me. I don't need no gun. I'm Bobby Greece. Please Lord watch over me since punk-ass Vic Mackie won't.

(exits Corvette)

Bobby's weak confidence shows terror. He changes his mind and tries to get back in the car, but Trent locks the door.

BOBBY, crosses the street. Trent watches the Samoan frisk Bobby, then take him inside.

Trent sees a PAY PHONE, digs for quarters, gets out. He feeds the payphone, dials a number.

TRENT

(on pay phone)

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH NIKKI IN TRENT'S APARTMENT'S KITCHEN.

NIKKI

Hey, what's up?

TRENT

Nothing. Just thinking about you. How's your day going?

NIKKI

Great, now that the tickets arrived.

(Beat)

My mom wants us to meet her at Navy Pier so we can take video. She never misses the Blue Angles. When do you get off?

TRENT

Honey, listen you're breaking up, I'm not getting good reception, I'm going to have to call you back, ok? Give me an hour or so.

NIKKI

Take your time. Hey, if you can hear me, I love you.

TRENT

I love you more.

(bashes the phone)

Damn-it! Your Mom's been dead for two years.

INT. TRENT'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAWN

Nikki hangs up.

WIDEN TO REVEAL -- A DETECTIVE and TWO POLICE TECHNICIANS are there, tracing the call. They slam the controls down because the call wasn't long enough to trace.

EXT. DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Trent looks up at the building Bobby entered, more than concerned that he might have sent Bobby to his death.

INT. SAMOANS' BROWSTONE - DAY

SWORDS, WARRIOR SPEARS, and FRAMED PHOTOS of Gangsters doing the "jail house" pose decorate the place. Hip Hop music plays. SIX SAMOANS sit at a huge DINNER TABLE eating sushi off a NAKED WOMAN. Bobby sits at the head of the table laughing with a cocktail in his hand.

BOBBY

Remember what you said when Mrs. Birdsong slapped me in the head with that eraser, and sent us both to detention? Why'd you have to eat her whole-damned birthday cake? "I'm not even hungry," cake all between your teeth looking like you kissed dirt.

Six Samoans crack up at the childhood memory. Bobby eagerly fills up his plate so he can see the naked woman.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

She wouldn't have known if your ass wasn't lactose intolerant, farting like a flock of dying ducks.

SAMOAN #1

My bad, homie.

SAMOAN #2

You're always getting blamed for stuff you didn't do.

BOBBY

I'll drink to that. Damn, this is

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

some good sashimi.

(takes more fish)

Whatever happened to that crazy babe that was playing hard to get "rid of"?

(to Ponytail Samoan)

The stalker-babe we used to call Buffy the Buffalo Britches? What ever happened to Buffy? Boy, she was determined to get her some you! I used to call her bump-lip. She had those little tiny lumps all over her lips.

A few of the Samoans are trying to get Bobby to be quiet, but he's too busy reaching for teh Dragon Rolls. Bobby's eyes scan the room and land on a few WEDDING PHOTOS. Oh shit! Ponytail married "Buffy"!

This insult strikes a cord with the five Samoans. They put their cups down, ANGRY! Bobby immediately realizes maybe he should not have said that.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Mosquito bites? Gnats! That's all it was. Fellas? Fellas? Wait!

EXT. PARKING LOT ACROSS FROM SAMOANS' BROWNSTONE - DAY

Trent sees Bobby get carried out and tossed into the street. Trent drives over, and lets Bobby in before driving off.

INT. CORVETTE - DAY

TRENT

What happened?

BOBBY

They don't know who the sniper was.

TRENT

Then what the hell was going on?

BOBBY

They were trying to set up a new drug connect, messing with the Munroe Sisters. They was the ones who vouched for your dead homie.

TRENT

The Munroe Sisters... That's who we see next.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, EXECUTIVE OFFICES - DAY

DaSilva, a little fidgety, walks down the hall. His ASSISTANT salutes him. DaSilva steps into his office and is just about to close the door when Royce knocks.

ROYCE

We put a little blood in the water
for the sharks.

DASILVA

If anything happens to Tucker
before I get to talk to him, I'm
holding you responsible.

ROYCE

I told the boys, but I can't be
everywhere.

DASILVA

This is an election year, if I have
to hang, I don't hang alone.

ROYCE

Yessir.

Royce turns to leave. DaSilva starts to light up a cigarette. Royce spots him.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

I thought you... uh?

DaSilva throws the cigarette at Royce.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - NIGHT

The streets are filled with night life traffic. Trent's Corvette moves into the thick of things.

INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE GLOVE BOX: Bobby rummages thru it, ignores DaSilva's pack of cigarettes.

BOBBY

Your insurance is expired.

TRENT

You don't need it, if you know how
to drive.

BOBBY

How 'bout -- it's the law?

TRENT

I've never been in an accident in
my life - unless I purposely caused
it.

EXT. UPSCALE SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

A swank place by design and atmosphere.

INT. UPSCALE SUPPER CLUB, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Lounge music. Low lights. This is fine dining Chicago-style. Seats and tables face a mini stage that is in the center of the room where sensual AFRICAN DANCERS perform an unforgettably erotic routine.

Trent and Bobby are nowhere to be seen. On a thunderous DRUM BEAT we:

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE SUPPER CLUB, MUNROE SISTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Trent swings a lamp at a Gangster Girl. JANELLE MUNROE, mid 30's hardbody, bald head, tough with tattoos slashes a big boot-knife at Trent. Trent swings the lamp, knocks the knife out of Janelle's hand.

Across the room, Janelle's sister LORETHA, mid 30s, long braids, throws round-house kicks at Bobby, trying to take his head off.

Loretha slips and falls from kicking so hard, and takes off her stiletto heel shoe.

With a twist -- a 3-INCH BLADE jabs out from the 4-inch heel.

BOBBY

Trent!

Bobby backs up as Loretha WHIPS it a Bobby! Jabbing it it into Bobby's SHOULDER.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(pulls it out)

Damn, woman!

Trent trades punches with JANELLE. Is she a boxing trainer?!

JANELLE

You hit like a bitch.

She hits him twice, slips his punches smooth as Floyd

Mayweather.

TRENT
 (swinging)
 Hey! Are you just going to watch
 her do this to me?

Bobby CIRCLES around the desk, eluding Loretha. He cocks the stiletto-shoe, feints throwing it at Loretha to keep her back.

BOBBY
 Girl, I'm 'bout to joust you like a
 matador does a bull!

Loretha DIVES at him. They CRASH against the wall. Loretha kicks him in the nuts. Bobby does not appreciate that.

Janelle hurts Trent with a lethal left-right combo. She presses the INTERCOM BUTTON.

VOICE ON INTERCOM
 Yes?

JANELLE
 Send Mike and Gino back here
 please. We have a code blue.
 (hangs up)

Trent CHARGES her. Janelle side-steps, swings Trent in to the desk, he somersaults over it -- lands on his back. Janelle moves in for a hammer-fist smash --

Trent CATCHES her fists and with a judo move redirects her momentum and YANKS her forward --

-- sends her sprawling thru the window behind the desk!

Bobby and Loretha hear the shattering glass, FREEZE.

All three look out the window -- Janelle landed in a dumpster... Looks like a cut string-puppet!

LORETHA
 Janelle!

Janelle STIRS a little... Bobby immediately SUCKER PUNCHES Loretha, knocks her the fuck out!

INT. UPSCALE SUPPER CLUB, UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Trent and Bobby slip out of the OFFICE. Hurry down the hall, as three HUGE BOUNCERS scurry past them.

TRENT

The next time you pull out a wig, a handlebar moustache, and a fake nose, remind me to shoot you.

BOBBY

You'd kill the man of a thousand faces? Wanna know why we got caught?

TRENT

I would say it was the bad British accent, but I'm kind of thinking it might have been that fucking Mr. Potato Head fake nose!

BOBBY

You stick to your methods, I'll stick to mine.

INT. UPSCALE SUPPER CLUB, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The sensual African dancers finish their routine to a standing ovation. Trent and Bobby slip in to the main room.

The music stops. The girls run off to applause, as THE SUPPER CLUB HOST runs up on stage.

SUPPER CLUB HOST

Let's hear it for 'Flow Like The Nile!' Damn, those are baby-making bodies! Speaking of, how many of ya'll got kids? Kids today have it worse in some ways than we did. I have a teenager and instead of runnin' the streets, he spends a lot of time in his room, studying, which is a good thing. I found some porn videos under his bed. The only reason I got mad is because me and his step-Mom are the ones in 'em.

Laughter. Trent notices Bobby not laughing, nudges him.

BOBBY

(whispers)
He ain't funny.

SUPPER CLUB HOST

(to Bobby)
Damn! Somebody could use a breath mint. Yeah, I'm talking to you. Teeth so yellow, you could get a

(MORE)

SUPPER CLUB HOST (CONT'D)

job at the movies spittin' on
popcorn. You're so short when you
play soccer the grass tickles your
balls!

Bobby stands up and trades funny ONE-LINERS with the Host until he suddenly FREEZES in mid-sentence. Bobby sees SOMEONE in the crowd. His heart skips a beat, leans over to Trent.

BOBBY

We've got to go.

TRENT

What? Dude, you're winning. He's
running out of gas. Why do you want
to leave?

BOBBY

'Cause I'm looking at the guy that
shot your friend walking out.

Trent looks up... it is the Sniper, and he's leaving.

Trent and Bobby head to the exit.

SUPPER CLUB HOST

You can come back, but only to eat
and enjoy the show. Nobody messes
with me in my city!

EXT. UPSCALE SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

Trent and Bobby reach the lobby in time to see Sniper driving off in a silver Chrysler 300.

Trent and Bobby sprint the other way, dip into a service alley, where...

EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREETS, ALLEY - NIGHT

the Corvette is parked. There's a parking ticket on the windshield. Trent crumples it, hops in.

BOBBY

Ya'll must think ya'll some bad
muthafucaks balling up tickets,
huh?

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Trent shadows the Chrysler, two car lengths behind. Up the block, the light turns red. The Sniper stops.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

The light turns green. The Chrysler takes off. Trent follows.

At the INTERSECTION, he notices a Police-Issue NOVA in the opposite lane. It's the TWO DETECTIVES who searched Bobby's office.

They lock eyes with Trent, "I got your ass now" scowls etched in their faces.

EXT./INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

TRENT

Great.

BOBBY

(notices the cops)

Good cops or bad?

TRENT

Take a guess.

Trent floors it. Bobby puts on his seat belt.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

The Detectives clamp on their PORTABLE SIREN, whip the Nova around.

TRENT'S CORVETTE bends around a corner.

INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

BOBBY

There he is!

TRENT

I'm not blind!

BOBBY

Then show some reaction time!

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

The YELLOW LIGHT turns red and... the Sniper threads the needle, barely avoiding the crossing traffic!

EXT./INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

TRENT

Damn it, he made us.

BOBBY

Told ya to stop driving so damned close.

The Police Nova comes into view in the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

TRENT

Hang on!

EXT. POLICE NOVA (MOVING) - NIGHT

A Detective leans out the window -- SHOOTs at the Corvette!

EXT./INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

A bullet blows off the passenger-side mirror. Chunks of glass glitter in Bobby's hair.

TRENT

Don't think that's making your haircut any better.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

The light turns red. Trent slams on the brakes -- throws the car in reverse -- jets down an...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Trent's Corvette -- still in reverse -- bolts down the alley -- the Police Nova turns into the alley -- guns out -- BLASTING.

INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING)

CRASH -- a bullet punctures the windshield.

BOBBY

Gimme your gun, gimme your gun!

TRENT

Those are warning shots. You can't shoot back at the cops--

BOBBY

--Oh, I get it. That's friendly fire! Why didn't you say so?

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Trent's Corvette charges out of the alley -- after a pig-squealing 180 that straightens them out, the shit hits the fan - THREE POLICE CARS join the chase behind the Nova.

TRENT
 (cutting Bobby off)
 Do me a favor and shut your face.

EXT./INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING)

Trent strangles the steering wheel, throwing the Corvette into a vicious U-turn.

Trent and Bobby duck from the POP! POP! POP!

Trent FLOORS IT! He cuts into oncoming traffic -- BARELY avoiding two collisions. The Corvette bends the corner and we hit a...

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A club must have let out because the street is packed. Blinged-out MACK DADDYS run up on cars trying to holler at HOT GIRLS.

INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING)

Stuck in the slow moving traffic, Trent checks the distance.

TRENT
 If we make the turn at the next
 block we're good.

Trent jooks the wheel, zips around a car. A HELICOPTER'S SPOTLIGHT hits the Corvette. Fuuuck!

BOBBY
 Now that the Ghetto bird put the
 tractor beam on us, we done.

TRENT
 No, we need to find a place to
 hide.

BOBBY
 Nobody ever gets away from the
 tractor beam, Sonny Crocket. The
 fat lady sings and the Ghetto bird
 blasts you with beam, it don't
 matter, show's over.

TRENT
 Do you ever get tired of hearing
 yourself talk like that?

Up ahead, a car pulls out of a VALET PARKING LOT. Trent suddenly rakes across traffic, drives up into the...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

... and momentarily escapes the helicopter's spotlight.

Trent grabs a ticket from a VALET.

TRENT
(to Bobby)
Let's move. Move!

BOBBY
You gonna leave the car? Here? Just
leave it?

Trent pulls his car cover from the trunk, throws it partially over the car.

TRENT
(checks for helicopter)
Work with me here.

Bobby pulls the cover over the car, and run off. The helicopter's spotlight slams down on the car lot, just as Trent and Bobby slip inside the rear entrance of a...

INT. RESTAURANT, SERVICE HALL - NIGHT

Trent and Bobby emerge in the...

INT. RESTAURANT, MAIN BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blending in with customers at the bar long enough to steal coats from the coat check room.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

The THUMPING-HUM of the helicopter blades are near... but no spotlight on the entrance.

Trent and Bobby stroll out into the street.

A MOUNTED POLICE OFFICER

Leisurely on patrol chats it up with two PRETTY GIRLS.

Across the street, Trent and Bobby spot him. Start back pedalling.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Hey! You two! Tucker? Freeze!

Trent, sees another MOUNTED COP galloping this way. Trent and Bobby take off, full out.

BOBBY

Man! Tryin' to outrun a horse!?
What are you thinkin'?

TRENT

I'm not, I'm going with my gut.

BOBBY

I'ma kick yo' ass if you get us
killed.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Trent and Bobby zigzag through the stop-n-go traffic. Doing the best they can to confound the Mounted Cop, who has a time getting his horse to move exactly how he wants.

TRENT

Maybe we shouldn't have gotten out
of the car?

Bobby no longer trusts Trent's instincts.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER - NIGHT

A few BOATS travel up the tranquil night time waters.

TRENT AND BOBBY

rocket up the river bank. Over their shoulders -- that Mounted Cop is gaining.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER, GOLD COAST BRIDGE - TRENT AND BOBBY

hurry across. That horse is gaining on them! Half-way across the bridge... more COP CARS appear at the opposite end of the bridge. Double fuck.

BOBBY

Abner Luima and Rodney King didn't
kill nobody, please Lord! Let me
survive the beat down I'm 'bout to
receive!

Trent sees something in the water, detours to the RAILING.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You know Black people can't swim.
But I betcha I could beat Michael
Phelps with a cheetah on his ass
right now.

Trent climbs up on the railing. The Police Cruisers close the gap. Trent steps up and jumps off railing.

Bobby feels the police horse breathing down his neck when he jumps! They land in a...

EXT./INT. SPORT BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

The DRIVER and three BURLY FRIENDS jump back, shocked.

SPORT BOAT DRIVER
What the fuck, bro? This is my
boat!

Trent shoves the Driver out of the way, takes the wheel.

BOBBY
Get back, I've got the flesh eating
disease.

The Sport Boat Guys glance at each other, "we can take these punks". Bobby notices the growing mutiny.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Trent...

The Sport Boat Guys rush Bobby and Trent. Fists fly as everyone fights for the wheel. Bobby and Trent are about to be thrown overboard when --

The POLICE HELICOPTER LIGHT finds them. THIP! THIP! THIP! Silenced bullets crunch into the hull. The Sport Boat Guys dive over the side.

Trent grabs the wheel, throws the THROTTLE back!

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Those guys were lucky the police
showed up!

TRENT
Did you even connect one punch?

EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A RIFLEMAN shoots at the weaving Sports Boat.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER, SHORE LINE - NIGHT

Silenced bullets from the Police Helicopter hunt their target. The SPOTLIGHT tries to blind Trent.

TOURISTS along the RIVER BANK on Michigan Ave think this is some sort of water show, and applaud as the boats roar deeper into the city near the South Loop.

Trent loses the Police boat by zigzagging thru a slalom of other parked civilian boats of all shapes and makes.

EXT./INT. SPORTS BOAT - NIGHT

TRENT
Around this bank and we're...

UP AHEAD

two POLICE BOATS emerge from a TUNNEL --!

BOBBY
Do something?!?!

Another CIVILIAN watercraft feeds in from a tributary. Trent heads for it -- aims for it!

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Don't do that!

TRENT
Did you say Black men don't swim or
can't swim?

Trent violently turns the wheel -- colliding with the CIVILIAN BOAT.

The Sports Boat capsizes! The Passengers on both boats get dumped into the river.

The police boats arrives at the overturned boat. Their lights merge with the Helicopter's HARSH LIGHT, scanning over on the boat, the water around it. The police help the passengers out of the water.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER, OPPOSITE BANK - NIGHT

Nobody sees Trent and Bobby climb out of the water.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Trent and Bobby. Soaking wet. Running scared.

BOBBY
Thousand bucks the car is gone.

TRENT
If my car is there, and we get out
of this alive, it stays with me.

BOBBY
The car is mine regardless. I'm
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

looking out for you, giving you a chance to go away happy.

(extends hand to bet)

Thousand bucks.

TRENT

(refuses Bobby's hand)

You can't bet what's not yours.

We'll settle this later.

BOBBY

Keep talking shit.

TRENT

Don't worry, I will.

They find the parking lot. The Corvette is still there!

TRENT (CONT'D)

Ha! I win.

BOBBY

You didn't bet, Barney Fife.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

The Corvette zips up residential streets. Headlights off.

INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

TRENT

What's the plate? I know you got the plate.

BOBBY

I got half. I go to the other side and read right to left. Easier that way. I got "sgr4".

TRENT

That's the half I got.

BOBBY

You didn't write it down?

TRENT

I was a little pre-occupied. Why didn't you memorize it?

BOBBY

I'm not the cop. You slipped, but it's cool. I got you.

Bobby takes out his cellphone, dials.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Melly-Mel, what's the deal? I need you to run a plate.

(looks to Trent)

What's the plate?

TRENT

SGR4...

BOBBY

All I got is SGR4; it's a 2010 silver Chrysler 300... why do you think I'm calling you? Pig-foot heffa! ...Ai'ight, hit me back. Peace.

(hangs up)

He needs a couple hours or so to go through the DMV records.

TRENT

What do we do now?

BOBBY

We eat. You hungry?

TRENT

I could eat a dead dog.

BOBBY

I don't know what you're used to, but you in for a treat -- Aires is cookin'. It's her birthday.

TRENT

Who is Aires? Sounds like a sorry excuse for a booty call.

BOBBY

Aires is my Momma.

TRENT

Thanks for telling me. And shouldn't you be cooking for her on her birthday?

BOBBY

You don't know Aires, you're 'bout to get full.

Trent's purring Corvette bends a corner.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

A wall mounted TV set shows an episode from "Dog The Bounty

Hunter". Dog kicks down a door and man-handles his quarry. Royce stirs sugar into his Starbucks. DaSilva enters.

DASILVA

I heard South patrol has a lock on Tucker, can we get to him before --

ROYCE

-- he got away.

DASILVA

Find out what douche bags were at the wheel and reassign their asses to traffic.

ROYCE

Sir, isn't that a little --

DASILVA

Last time a manhunt dragged out, some blogger at the Tribune cost me a promotion.

DaSilva storms off.

EXT. SOUTHSIDE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Trent's Corvette pulls up to a brownstone. A white CATERER'S VAN (with 20" rims) is parked out front. You can't miss the photo decal of a happy woman wearing a chef's hat, holding a flaming pork chop. This is none other than AIRES.

Trent startles at the sound of a man clearing his throat in the darkness. Bobby cools Trent with a glance.

BOBBY

What's the good word?

VOICE (O.S.)

Never take a sleeping pill and a laxative at the same time. I'll tell ya that much!

Trent and Bobby turn to see a jittery CRACKHEAD stepping into the light from the street. Bobby tries to ignore the Crackhead, but his key is jammed.

CRACKHEAD

What do you get when you take ecstasy and birth control?

TRENT

Tell me.

CRACKHEAD

A trip without the kids. Whoever made up the saying "Quiet as a mouse" never stepped on one.

BOBBY

(to Trent)

Why do you throw a big-ass rock at a crackhead riding a bike? 'Cause it's your bike.

(enters Brownstone)

INT. SOUTHSIDE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Trent follows Bobby down a dark hallway into the...

INT. SOUTHSIDE BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bobby sticks his head thru the door... WHAP! Bobby gets popped in the head with a rolled up newspaper. A pissed-off woman stands before him.

AIRES GREECE, late 50s. She lords over the kitchen, which is a controlled mess (how geniuses work). You can tell by the industrial ovens, grill and econo-size containers that Aires is preparing food for a big party.

AIRES

Boy, just 'cause you grown don't mean you stopped havin' to identify yourself when walking into my house.

(to Trent)

And you are?

BOBBY

Sorry, Aires. Say hello to Trent Tucker. An old friend.

AIRES

You training to be a chef with Bobby?

On the spot, Trent quizzically looks at Bobby, who subtly and affirmatively nods.

TRENT

Yes, ma'am.

AIRES

How come I never heard of you before?

BOBBY

I'm an international pimp deep in the streets, you can't know all my friends.

AIRES

MmmmHmm, you'd be surprised what I know.

BOBBY

Like what?

AIRES

I know you and Keisha are done after the second date. Who your new girl is and that you haven't paid Bernard his money. Better pay that boy.

Bobby starts patting his pockets, searching.

AIRES (CONT'D)

I also know you picked up my coriander and saffron.

BOBBY

(hands her the jar)
...how'd you know?

AIRES

Boy, don't you know how to lock your phone? Better get a grip on them fat lips.

Aires grabs Bobby's cellphone, theatrically demonstrates how to "lock" the phone, pretends to make a call, but can't.

BOBBY

Fine, fine, I can do it myself.

AIRES

Bobby fix this handsome gentleman a plate, and show him where the good liquor is.

Trent and Bobby travel the never-ending buffet table loading plates with a mouth-watering spread.

INT. SOUTHSIDE BROWNSTONE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Trent and Bobby eat with Aires.

TRENT

It's not too often I eat like this.

AIRES

It's not? What's your best dish?

Bobby tries to signal Trent.

TRENT

I'm not a chef, I'm more like a mad scientist. I either make a masterpiece or I blow up the lab.

AIRES

Quit playin'!

BOBBY

Can't you see the boy's modest? Quit trying to get him to tell his secrets. It's bad enough Bobby Flay wants him to host Iron Chef.

AIRES

(impressed)

You know, Trent, I'm so proud that Bobby finally quit that dirty business he used to be in. My baby's almost ready to join me as a chef.

TRENT

You never told me what you did before we met.

BOBBY

That's because I don't like to live in the past.

TRENT

When did you stop screwing people?

BOBBY

... A while ago.

TRENT

Funny how Karma rewards people making dishonest livings.

AIRES

Crazy if ya ask me, folks shooting at you and what not. Speaking of launching a career, I got your suit from the cleaners. Make sure you don't stay out too late Friday.

BOBBY

As in the day after tomorrow?

AIRES

No, in twenty years.

TRENT

What's this Saturday?

AIRES

(to Trent)

He likes to mess with his Mom. Only the biggest job of OUR career. No excuses, Bobby.

TRENT

...there might be a slight conflict. Bobby and I are together,

AIRES

Define together.

TRENT

Nothing like that, we're working on, that is we have to prepare a few--

AIRES

Uh-uh, I hear ya, I hear ya lyin'!
Bobby, don't you do this to me.

An awkward moment, Bobby wishes he wasn't here.

BOBBY

It's not like that.

AIRES

Well, you better tell me something because you knew months ago. I know you don't have a date, this weekend.

BOBBY

What are you psychic or something?
I need some air...

Trent watches Bobby go outside to the front porch, Aires dumps a dollop of ice cream on Trent's peach cobbler.

EXT. SOUTHSIDE BROWNSTONE, PORCH - NIGHT

BOBBY

(on phone)

Melly Mel, tell me something good.

INTERCUT with Melvin in a motel on his laptop.

MELVIN

Ok, I gotta wait until morning to sneak in on my girl's password. I'll sending you a text of his info then.

BOBBY

Thanks, man.

MELVIN

Hey, you two good?

BOBBY

For now, feelin' like Swan from Coney Island.

MELVIN

Who?

BOBBY

Dude from the Warriors. Anyway, let me hit you later.

EXT. WESTERN CHICAGO SUBURBS - DAY

Chicago's skyline looms in the distance. An approaching storm darkens the sky. Trent's Corvette is parked across the street from a modest apartment complex up in the 'burbs.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, LOBBY - DAY

Trent and Bobby walk in.

A LOBBY CLERK sits at a desk, quickly closing several porn windows on his computer.

TRENT

How ya doin'? We're with WCBN, shooting an episode of "Cold Busted". We're shooting our season premiere in your complex.

BOBBY

This place is perfect. We already spoke to the owners and Chicago PD.

TRENT

Show him the permit.

BOBBY

(pats his pockets)
Right, I think I--

TRENT

--left your brain back in the office?

(to Bobby)

People like you make my job so difficult.

LOBBY CLERK

What can I do for you guys?

BOBBY

The guy we need to shoot just left in a silver Chrysler 300 with twenty inch rims.

TRENT

What's his unit number?

LOBBY CLERK

Whoa, guys. I'm afraid I can't just give out information like that.

BOBBY

We're talking scandal, a married fashion heiress and the younger gigolo. The modern day Kato Kaitlen. I used to be a gigolo.

Lobby Clerk is leery.

TRENT

(to Bobby)

Another job you got fired from. If you would have done the job I'm paying you for properly, and brought the permit this guy wouldn't be looking at us like a couple of mooks. ...

BOBBY

So. I don't care what he thinks. Who is he? Hi. Can I use your phone? I'll have one faxed right over.

TRENT

(to Lobby Clerk)

What's the number?

LOBBY CLERK

Hey, I'm fine with helping out, as long as my Boss calls me. Otherwise I lose my job.

BOBBY

Do you know what happens if I lose mine? I can't finish paying for Billy's braces, he's going to have teeth like a damned beaver!

(shows his crooked teeth)

Think about growing up with teeth like that, girls scared of you, vampire bats barking at you. It's bad enough his Mama calls him teen wolf.

LOBBY CLERK

Alright, say I do this, what's in it for me?

BOBBY

What can a hundred do?

LOBBY CLERK

Is there any way I can get in--

TRENT

Trouble? For what? You didn't do anything. Some guy forgot to lock his door. You'll be a star..

BOBBY

Just for being there.

LOBBY CLERK

(hands them a key)

Bring this back quickly.

BOBBY

(to Trent)

I better tell the guys to start setting up before she gets here. What's your name?

LOBBY CLERK

Jeff.

TRENT

Jeff, brother, you rule.

(to Bobby)

Send him a cashier's check for two hundred, and what kind of champagne do you drink?

LOBBY CLERK

Uh, I--

BOBBY

Cristal?

LOBBY CLERK

Sure, ok.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, UNIT 314 - DAY

Trent and Bobby notice dozens of FRAMED ARTISTIC NUDE PHOTOS of Black women. Bobby enters the kitchen, goes thru the refrigerator, drinks some OJ straight from the carton, intentionally backwashes before putting it back.

BOBBY

That's for gettin' us shot at.

Trent enters a...

HOME OFFICE

The Sniper's desk is immaculately organized. Trent gingerly sifts through the material. More FRAMED PICS on the wall.

Another THUNDER CLAP in the darkening sky as Trent grabs a framed photo. Trent studies the photo because it's of the Sniper, Winston and two other Men drinking beers on a yacht, deep sea fishing.

TRENT

Christ.

BOBBY

(appearing from behind)

What's up?

TRENT

(re: Photo)

See our guy? The other two with him are suspended narco guys.

BOBBY

Did they get fired over a misunderstanding, too?

TRENT

I... what was Winston doing with these people?

Suddenly the phone RINGS. The crazy ring tone rattles them. After the second ring, the answering machine engages.

ROYCE (O.S.)

(from machine)

I hate that you don't trust cell

(MORE)

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

phones. Anyway, it's me, we got confirmation. With Winston out of the picture, I'm bringing in Linderman. Tonight the location is at --

BOBBY

Who's that?

ROYCE (O.S.)

(from machine)

--Club Asylum. Be where you need to be by 12:30.

TRENT

I know that voice --

Before Trent can finish.

ROYCE (O.S.)

(from machine)

And if you see Tucker, and that dumb-looking idiot he's running with, get rid of them. Do it ugly. And the captain is having a fit over his pack of cigarettes, get them back by any means necessary.

Trent is staggered by the avalanche of betrayals as he remembers... (FLASHCUTS) THE DESK SERGEANT TOSSES WINSTON A PACK OF CIGARETTES -- WINSTON PUTS THE PACK IN HIS JACKET -- WINSTON PUTS THE CIGARETTES IN THE GLOVE BOX --

It all comes together for Trent. He snaps out of it when he sees Bobby climbing over the balcony rail... He's going to jump!

BOBBY

Oh no! No! No!

TRENT

What are you doing?!

Bobby screams falling three stories into the pool.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Trent arrives at the balcony just in time to see Bobby climbing out of the pool, bolting into the parking lot - charging toward the...

Corvette. At the wheel...BRISCOE. Bobby grabs at the door handle.

BOBBY

Briscoe, PLEASE not now! Let me holla at you for a second, man! We gotta work something out--

Briscoe throws his cherry 7-11 Slurpee into Bobby's face.

BRISCOE

(steps on the gas)

You still owe me five hundred bucks!

Bobby wipes the Slurpee from his eyes. Briscoe finishes his tire-squealing reverse U-turn just as Trent arrives dripping wet from the pool. The Corvette disappears in a cloud of smoke.

TRENT

Who was that?

BOBBY

How am I supposed to know? Just 'cause we both black?

TRENT

Don't pull that shit on me, man. I saw you talking.

BOBBY

Quit trippin', Sheriff Lobo, I got this.

(grabs cell phone)

Melvin's about to scoop us.

(dials)

Yo, whatchu doin? Somebody ganked the Vette... yeah, yeah! Listen, I need you to come get us, we're way out in--

(looks at phone)

Gimmie your phone, my battery's 'bout to die.

TRENT

It's dead.

BOBBY

Melvin, we all the way out in Cicero. Did you hear me? Cicero by the cigar emporium, hello? Melvin? Lost him.

(hangs up)

Hey, what's wrong with you?

TRENT

How did Winston get twisted up in this? I almost get killed, you almost get killed, now they're wanting to kill us because they think I killed Winston.

BOBBY

You're killing me.

A THUNDER CLAP and LIGHTNING FLASH brings the rain dumping down - hard - on them. No use arguing. It's late, raining and we're a long way away from the METRA Station.

LATER

Walking. Bobby doesn't like the way Trent's looking at him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What?

TRENT

You think you know someone. I told him all my secrets. What I can't believe is that the one possible piece of evidence that can blow this whole thing open just left in that car.

After a beat, Bobby looks at Trent.

BOBBY

I know who took the car.

TRENT

Probably works for you.

BOBBY

(steps in a puddle)

More like I used to work for him.

(beat, mumbles)

Damn. Just got these shoes.

EXT. BOBBY'S REPO CAR LOT - NIGHT

It's still raining, hard. A CTA bus pulls to the stop. Bobby and Trent get out. Trent carries a grocery bag. Briscoe's Repo Lot is directly across the street. Bobby and Trent approach Briscoe's.

TRENT

How precise is your knowledge of Briscoe's routine?

BOBBY

Sometimes when I can't sleep, I
come to work and watch him all
night.

TRENT

I can refer you a good shrink.

EXT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT - NIGHT

Barb wire. Surveillance cameras. "Beware of Dog" warning
signs dot the compound. Rows and rows of wet autos. Trent
and Bobby arrive at a dark corner.

BOBBY

You think I'm goin' in there empty
handed? Sheeeyit. An angry dog'll
rip you apart like meat off a
chicken wing.

TRENT

Fine, where's your gun?

BOBBY

(pulls cell phone)

I can get a gun here in five
minutes. All my peoples is
strapped.

TRENT

But without a working phone, you
need mine. Do you know how to shoot
a gun, have you practiced?
Less people would have guns if they
developed a respect for the power
they yield when holding one. It's
magic.

BOBBY

Yield? Ok, Gandalf the wizard. You
need to cast a spell on those dogs
so they can yield us coming.

TRENT

Animals can't smell you in the
rain. Dufus.

They turn the corner and walk down the side of the fence
with BARBED WIRE at the top that surrounds Briscoe's Lot.
They stop.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Give me your jacket.

BOBBY
 (sees the barbed wire)
 This is two thousand dollar
 Rockawear amphibious leather.

Trent throws his jacket up on the barb wire. Trent hands Bobby the grocery bag, then hoists himself up and over the fence.

EXT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT - NIGHT

Bobby jumps down from the fence. Joins Trent behind an SUV. The rain makes it hard to see who or what is in the lot.

TRENT
 Here kitty-kitty.

BOBBY
 Quit playin'.

TRENT
 (shakes grocery bag)
 Relax, we're safe.

Trent hides in a shadow watching the oscillating SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS. Off to the left a funny movie blares from a TV in Briscoe's CRAPPY OFFICE.

Next to that... TWO SCARY-LOOKING DOG HOUSES with dinosaur-size dog bowls out front.

BOBBY
 Circle around that way, take care
 of them. The control box is by the
 gate.

Trent jumps into another shadow, barely avoiding the swiveling SURVEILLANCE CAMERA.

ANGLE ON TRENT

sneaking up on the dog houses. He opens the grocery bag, pulls out two pre-cooked JUICY T-BONES. When he's close enough, Trent tosses the first steak.

Briscoe must feed his dogs protein shakes, because A HULKING DOG with the devil's grin pops his head out of the dog house. Dog #1 attacks the meat. A SECOND DOG comes out. Trent throws the second T-Bone, Dog #2 ravages the steak.

The rain stops. After a few moments, the two dogs collapse.

TRENT
 Sleep tight, boys.

Trent heads to the entrance gate's CONTROL BOX. He's not two feet from it, when he hears a deep guttural GRRRRRROWL! He turns, sees the Godzilla of all PIT BULLS.

TRENT (CONT'D)
 (pained whisper)
 You said there was two dogs!

ANGLE ON BOBBY

Creeping toward Briscoe's office. Trent's Corvette sits to the right, just outside the SECURITY LIGHT's throw. Briscoe laughs out loud at the funny movie.

INT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Surveillance camera SCREENS are set up by the entertainment center. Briscoe munches pizza, sips a cherry Slurpee on the couch. He turns to another TV screen where he is watching QVC. Dozens of unopened mail-order boxes litter the office.

Briscoe pauses the movie, ARGUES on a speaker-phone with an operator about his order. Suddenly Briscoe stops. Does he hear something?

EXT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT - CONTINUOUS

TRENT, hauling ass. The snapping Dog's jaws get closer and closer to his feet. Trent jumps up on to a car's hood, then roof. The Dog easily follows. Trent jumps off.

INT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT, OFFICE - BRISCOE

Returns to harassing the operator about his order.

EXT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT - BOBBY

Opens the door to Trent's Corvette. Jumps in. Rifling thru the glove box -- it's empty!!!

BOBBY
 Damn it, Briscoe! You know you
 don't smoke!

Bobby frantically searches the floor, under the seat, in the back. The door opens, Trent leaps inside.

TRENT
 (out of breath)
 How many dogs did you say there
 were?

BOBBY

A boy and a girl. Did they have a puppy already?

WHAM! The guys shit their pants when Dog #3 rams the window. Now it's mad! It jumps up on the hood, BARKING. Drooling. Bobby is scared dogs - you would be too if Cujo wanted you.

TRENT

Where are the smokes?

BOBBY

Briscoe has 'em.

TRENT

Look at those choppers.

The deadly demon dog snaps and lunges.

INT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT, OFFICE - BRISCOE

Drops his pizza, noticing the...

SECURITY CAMERA MONITOR. His Dog is on top of the Corvette barking at Trent and Bobby.

BRISCOE

I got your ass now, Bobby Greece!

Briscoe presses "record" on his security monitor VCR. It starts blinking: NO TAPE. NO TAPE. Briscoe frantically searches around for a blank tape, as he keeps his eye on the security monitor.

BRISCOE (CONT'D)

(grabs & cocks a shotgun)

Ladies and gentlemen of cyberspace,
allow me to make my official
contribution to YouTube.

Winston's jacket lies on Briscoe's desk. Next to it, is DaSilva's cigarette pack and a miniDV tape with a Chicago PD sticker on it.

Briscoe puts the miniDV tape in the VCR and PRESSES RECORD...

EXT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT - TRENT'S CORVETTE

The Dog is about to break thru the window to eat them.

TRENT

On three... One, two, three!

Trent and Bobby jump out, run wildly in different directions. Bobby dodges the dog in the mud with moves like a sacred rabbit.

Bobby runs into what would be a DEAD END for you and me, but he runs UP THE WALL like he knows parkour. Before he heaves himself up & over, the Dog bites at his Air Jordans, nearly wrestles one off.

EXT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Briscoe runs outside, SHOTGUN ready, scans the perimeter and runs toward the barking. As soon as he's gone, Trent dips into the Office.

Briscoe hears the barking dog, crouches, looks under the cars.

INT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT, OFFICE - TRENT

"Quick searches" the room. Finds Winston's jacket, the cigarette pack and the Police miniDV case. Trent grabs the miniDV case, sees that it's empty.

Notices that the VCR is recording. Presses 'stop/eject'.

TRENT

Son of a Bitch!

Trent knocks the TV off the desk. CRASH!

EXT. BRISCOE'S REPO LOT - BRISCOE

Hears the crash from his place. Hurries over.

TRENT

Emerges from the office. Briscoe sees him, aims his shotgun. Suddenly we hear a rumbling sound --

EXT. STREET BETWEEN THE TWO REPO LOTS - NIGHT

An old, BACKFIRING CAR barrels toward the gate. Bobby is at the wheel.

BOBBY

(jumps out of the car)

Ghost ride the whip!

Bobby runs beside the car that rams the gate! Knocking it over. Briscoe FIRES his shotgun! But since there's no one driving the car, all Briscoe can do is watch the car drive right into his office. Bashing it to splinters.

The dogs chase Trent over several cars until he reaches

the...

CORVETTE. Hops in. He still has his keys!

The engine ROARS to life.

Reversing out towards the gate. He sees Bobby in the back window, does a grinding mud-spitting 180 stopping right next to Bobby, who jumps in.

TRENT

How'd you know the gate wouldn't
crush me?

BOBBY

I was worrying about the car.

Suddenly the dogs have returned. They jump at the window. Briscoe runs after them aiming his shotgun! BOOM! BOOM!

Trent STOMPS ON THE GAS. Bolts thru the gate into the street. Briscoe seethes at his ruined home/office, the broken gate and the lost commission on the Corvette!

BRISCOE

I'ma get you for this, Bobby
Greece! Don't sleep! Don't sleep.

INT. TRENT'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT

BOBBY

You come up with that bet, yet?

TRENT

Not yet.

INT. CLUB ASYLUM - NIGHT

Black-light dark. Floor-rattling bass from the techno. Hundreds of drugged out party people.

Trent and Bobby dance with two TOUCHY-FEELY GIRLS.

ACROSS THE CLUB FLOOR

Royce and the two Narco Cops from the Sniper's photo walk toward the glass-enclosed, elevated VIP lounge area with a briefcase.

TRENT

That's Royce and the narco boys
from the Sniper's photo.

Royce gives a secret handshake to one of the ARYAN SUPREMACISTS in the VIP Lounge.

BOBBY

Is there any of ya'll that ain't
dirty?

TRENT

Hey, a lot of cops are honest.

BOBBY

Yeah, yeah, what did you think is
in that case?

TRENT

Seeing how this is a rave, probably
enough ecstasy to buy our freedom
back.

(beat)

Follow me.

Bobby and Trent dance with the Touchy-Feely Girls.

BOBBY

(to Touchy-Feely Girls)

I doubt I'll ever forget this
song.

Trent taps Bobby, leads him deeper into the jumping dance
crowd. The girls follow.

INT. CLUB ASYLUM, VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Roped off section. Royce and the Narco Cops stand across a
table, on the other side are THREE SCARY ARYANS.

On the table: Two briefcases, one has stacks of cash, the
other - Royce's - is filled with colorful Ecstasy pills.

ARYAN LEADER

(inspects a pill's
coding)

Norman here says you saved him from
getting his ass kicked by some
recalcitrant baboons in the showers
at Joliett.

ROYCE

That was a long time ago.

ARYAN LEADER

We don't forget our debts.
(Royce appreciatively
nods)

This is pure MDMA... Out of Asia?

ROYCE
Non-stop from Thailand.

ARYAN LEADER
(looks over the pills)
Show me you're real and take two.

Royce and the Narco cops laugh at the challenge, and pop two pills. Convinced, one of the Aryans reaches for the case of X, but Royce forcibly snaps it shut. Angry Aryans stand up!

OTHER SIDE OF GLASS

Bobby and Trent dance with the Touchy-feely Girls, watching the deal going down.

BOBBY
This is where I came in last time.

VIP LOUNGE - ARYAN LEADER

ARYAN LEADER
The terms aren't changing unless I say so.

ROYCE
This isn't Jolliet, I run shit.

ARYAN LEADER
Oh, I know it's not. If it was, you'd be on your knees about to enjoy a meal.

ROYCE
You Nazi cocksuckers make me sick.

Both sides seethe in silence, waiting to see who makes a move. The muted thumping music fills in the sound between heart beats. Without warning a bullet punctures the glass wall, ripping the Aryan Leader's ear off.

ARYAN LEADER
(grabbing his ear)
ARGGH!

The other Aryans look to see where the bullet came from and they take their eyes off the Narco Cops, who now have their guns out.

Nobody dancing in the club notices the broken window.

VIP LOUNGE

ROYCE

Do you think he missed? Or was that
a warning?

(to the other Aryans)

Back up. This is all ours.

The Narco Cops, a little stunned themselves, grab the money
and drug briefcases.

OTHER SIDE OF GLASS

TRENT

Now that's--

BOBBY

--some real gangsta shit.

VIP LOUNGE

Royce and the Narco Cops exit calm and confident.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE DRUG EVIDENCE FACILITY - NIGHT

Royce pulls up. Parks. Enters the fenced-in facility.

Across the street. Unseen by anyone... the Corvette.

TRENT

That sneaky prick sets up the buy,
"borrows" the drugs from the
evidence locker--

BOBBY

--punks the drug dealers--

TRENT

--returns the drugs and keeps the
cash, but for what?

BOBBY

Who cares? Whatever he wants. I'm
seriously considering a career in
law enforcement.

EXT. AN UNDERPASS BENEATH A BRIDGE - NIGHT

Royce gets out of his car and meets DaSilva for a briefcase
exchange. Trent and Bobby watch from inside the bushes.

BOBBY

Who's that?

TRENT

My captain.

BOBBY

The cops is more gangsta than the
gangstas!?

EXT. LAKE FOREST, SUBURBAN CHICAGO - DAY

DaSilva drives a Cadillac STS thru this ritzy suburb. A
block or two behind is...

Trent's Corvette. DaSilva turns into the DRIVEWAY. Trent
drives past what appears to be a party at the biggest
mansion on the block.

This party is a spare no expense, black tie, ten thousand
dollar-a-plate, backyard POLITICAL FUND-RAISER. Security and
a valet parking crew block the entrance.

Trent drives past seeing the GUARDS checking IDs on a guest
list. Parked cars line the block.

Amongst them, a familiar white van. A familiar face and that
flaming pork chop on the side: "Aires".

TRENT

At least you're a man of your word.

After parking, Trent and Bobby run up to the van. Bobby has
keys. Unlocks the back, gets in and tosses Trent a catering
uniform.

EXT. HIGGINS'S MANSION, BACKYARD - DAY

Classy decor. An ASIAN REGGAE BAND plays groovy tunes. The
WAIT STAFF serves drinks and finger foods to the
distinguished guests, trophy wives and baby-kissing
political hopefuls.

Bobby is blind-sided by the knee-buckling beauty of a SEXY
PARTY GUEST who makes eye contact with him. Trent grabs a
tray of champagne flutes. Bobby grabs two flutes from
Trent's tray and approaches the woman.

Trent notices the EVENT PLANNER, late 20s, in waaaaay over
her head, running toward him.

EVENT PLANNER

(to Trent)

Excuse me, sir? Sir! We're going to
need your help in the kitchen.
There's been an accident.

Trent begrudgingly follows the Event Planner into the house.

INT. HIGGINS'S MANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Event Planner leads Trent to the pantry where a huge PILE OF DOG SHIT sits in the middle of the floor. She hands him a tiny napkin. Trent looks to the cooks for some slack. Gets none.

TRENT
Lady, I'm handling food, get somebody else for this.

EVENT PLANNER
(looks to another guest)
I remember when the help didn't talk back.

TRENT
Well, then hats off to your plastic surgeon, you don't look a day over 53.

EVENT PLANNER
(whispers close to Trent)
Clean it up, before I paint your face with it.

TRENT
I'd pay money to see you do that.

A woman's heels click-clack down the hall toward them. Trent looks up - it's Councilman Higgins's Wife! Trent bends down to hide his face, quickly mopping up the dog shit just as Higgins's wife enters.

EVENT PLANNER
Lovely party, Miriam.

MRS. HIGGINS
I told the band to loosen the crowd up with a little hip hop. What's wrong?

EVENT PLANNER
I'm afraid one of your kitchen people has forgotten his place.

MRS. HIGGINS
Oh? Which one?

The Event Planner points, but Trent is gone. The Event Planner goes looking for him. Mrs. Higgins pinches the Cook's ass, gives him a sexy smile.

INT. HIGGINS'S MANSION, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Trent backs out of the kitchen, making sure Mrs. Higgins

doesn't see him. He bumps into -- Melvin, who wears a catering uniform.

MELVIN

Trent? What are you doing here?

TRENT

Working.

MELVIN

Does Aires know you're here?

(whispers)

Is the guy you're looking for here?

TRENT

We're not sure yet.

MELVIN

Well that's all I need to hear, since you two are here, you can take over for me.

TRENT

What are you talking about? Didn't you hear what I --

MELVIN

Loud and clear. You and Bobby are 'bout to commence some ole Mission Impossible shit, I gotta get gone. I'ma tell Aires you showed up.

TRENT

Melvin, wait! It's better if she--

Melvin bolts off into the...

DINING ROOM

Going straight toward Aires, who's overseeing the main table. Trent scans the room for Mrs. Higgins but finds Bobby instead on the other side of the room, handing out drinks, tailing...

DASILVA

who greets COUNCILMAN HIGGINS. They walk down another hallway. Before Trent can signal Bobby, he sees Melvin talking with Aires, pointing his way.

BOBBY

slips into the hallway where Higgins and DaSilva went. He sees them step into a private study. The door is left ajar.

DINING ROOM

As Aires gets closer, Trent knows he can't go back in the kitchen, so he ducks into the...

FOYER

Trent opens a door -- it's a coat closet. Opens another -- it's a bathroom, he jumps inside.

INT. HIGGINS'S MANSION, PRIVATE STUDY - DAY

DaSilva pours two tall Scotches from a crystal decanter. Presents Higgins with the case of money. Higgins looks it over, pleased.

HIGGINS

(clinks glasses)

Here's to American politics. They say you need nearly a billion dollars to run for president these days. Where do you think that kind of money comes from?

DASILVA

Individual donations?

HIGGINS

Bullshit! Wake the fuck up -- corporations, corporations and corporations. Thanks to the Supreme Court, Big Business runs around unchecked, doing what they damn well please. And who's complaining?

DASILVA

Apparently no one.

HIGGINS

That's right. It's the American Way; the best democracy that money can buy. The thing is when you take Wall Street's money, you have to put on knee pads for how much cock you have to suck to let Big Business keep their hand in your pocket.

DASILVA

They could at least give you a reach around.

HIGGINS

You would think. But I'm not choking anymore. About four or five more of these "citizen contributions" and the corporations won't own me -- no one will. I'll do what I God damn well please in the Governor's mansion. Then we'll see who will put on knee pads for me.

DASILVA

To a new era Chicago, a new era for Illinois.

HIGGINS

(gives DaSilva a package)
I may not always show it, but your hard work is very much appreciated and it will soon be rewarded... Chief DaSilva. I expect you to strike swift and cripple the criminal fringe.

Higgins wickedly laughs. DaSilva drains his Scotch, his drunken smile hides a deadly promise.

In the b.g., BOBBY'S EYE pulls away from the edge of the door.

INT. HIGGINS'S MANSION, HALLWAY - DAY

Bobby rushes off to find Trent.

INT. HIGGINS'S MANSION, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Bobby scans the crowd for Trent... Can't find him. But he sees Melvin notice him. Melvin hurries to find Aires. Bobby sees where Melvin's heading, he squats down and scampers across the room to the...

FOYER

Bobby stands up, watching to see if Aires saw him. Out of nowhere, a hand taps his shoulder. It's Trent.

BOBBY

(spins, cocked fist)
Maaaaan.

TRENT

Aires is looking for us.

BOBBY

She'll keep us here if she does, so
let's bounce.

INT. HIGGINS'S MANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Trent and Bobby slip inside. The stove is on FIRE!

BOBBY

Oh shit!
(charging the stove)
Where's the damn cook?

Trent peeks back thru the door to see if Aires saw them. She didn't.

Trent grabs a fruit bowl, fills it with water, and moves to throw it on the fire --

BOBBY (CONT'D)

No! It's a greeaaaas--

Too late! Trent dumps the water. The flames SURGE! Bobby leaps back checks to see if his eyebrows are still there.

TRENT

Whoops!

BOBBY

(finds a bag of flour)
Two fugitives from the law, found
dead burned to a crisp. Didn't your
momma teach you nothing?

Bobby makes a mess dowsing the flames with flour.

TRENT

Apparently not.

Trent places a wet dish towel over the smoke detector.

BOBBY

How's the cook gonna let the food
burn?

TRENT

What did you find out about
DaSilva?

BOBBY

If Higgins becomes Governor, all
hell is gonna break loose. They're
a team.

They duck out the back door. Bobby takes one last look, shakes his head. He doesn't notice the pantry door is ajar.

PANTRY

Mrs. Higgins, naked and slipping her dress back on, is in the pantry closet, peeking out, listening. Behind her, the Cook kisses the back of her neck, his naked body pressed up against hers.

EXT. SOUTHSIDE BROWNSTONE - AFTERNOON

Trent turns the corner, parks out front of Aires' Brownstone.

BOBBY

What are we doing here?

TRENT

This is where you get out.

BOBBY

That's part of your plan?

TRENT

I wish there was one.

BOBBY

I knew something was wrong by the way you were driving. So, what's up? This is it? We just sit here knowing how shit is goin' down, and do nothing?

TRENT

The whole time we're driving, I'm thinking, "how do we get out of this?" And if Higgins is up to his neck in this, then we can't go to the FBI.

BOBBY

Why the hell not?

TRENT

Because DaSilva is in tight with them from way back, that's how Winston was able to plant my phony cover with them; if we go to them, we'll "commit suicide" in a holding cell waiting to tell our story.

(extends hand to shake)

It's over. I'm sorry you got caught

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

up in all of this, but I'm done.
Time to disappear.

BOBBY

You're cutting the dead weight so
you can ride off into the Sunset?

TRENT

If you want to put it that way.

BOBBY

Where you going, Trent? Your
vacation home in South America?
Jamaica? What about me? How long I
gotta hide like a rat in a sewer?
Forget about me, I'm in this for my
Mamma.

TRENT

Don't bullshit me. You've been
lying to your mother since day one
about your job and being
valedictorian of your fake cooking
school. All the while she's
breaking her back so she can set
you up with her catering business.

BOBBY

Leave her out of this.

TRENT

If your own Mother can't trust you,
how can I? Huh? You heartless son
of a bitch.

Bobby punches Trent in the face. Trent dives at Bobby, they
spill out of the car on to...

EXT. SOUTH SIDE BROWNSTONE, DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Trent and Bobby pummel and grapple with each other. Bobby
bounces to his feet.

BOBBY

(swinging)

Bobby Greece don't stab nobody in
the back. Especially my Mamma!

Bobby throws punches at Trent. Trent side-steps them and
kicks Bobby's legs out from under him.

TRENT

How many times are you going to get
(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

your ass kicked in one day?

That frumpy CRACKHEAD from before strolls by, stops, watches the brawl and provides color-commentary.

CRACKHEAD

Ladies and Gentlemen, you've just tuned into "Street-Whoopin's.com" White boy's choking the life outta Bobby.

Bobby wiggles free, dancing like Ali, feints left, then delivers a crushing right hook, causing Trent to stumble into the trash cans. Trent is quickly up, tackles Bobby.

CRACKHEAD (CONT'D)

White boy is ahead seven to three.

Trent hoists Bobby up preparing to body slam him but Bobby's not having it. Public school in the South side taught him a few things. Bobby boxes trent's ears, wiggles free. Trent backhands Bobby.

CRACKHEAD (CONT'D)

That's one'a them bitch-slaps that say, "where's my money at, hoe?" That "slap the gravy off ya lips" kind. How my knuckles taste, hoe?

Bobby bounces back to his boxer's stance, unleashes a flurry of punches at Trent, who ducks and dodges most of them. Toe-to-toe.

CRACKHEAD (CONT'D)

I always take life with a grain of salt ...a slice of lemon, ...and a shot of Tequila.

Trent's counter-punches give Bobby trouble. Trent smashes Bobby with an uppercut before breaking out a police-issue judo throw -- sending Bobby into a pile of garbage cans.

Trent puts Bobby in a Police strangle hold -- SPLASH!

Trent and Bobby are drenched in water from above. They look up -- a neighbor leans out the second floor window with a mop bucket.

SOUTHSIDE NEIGHBOR

If ya'll don't cut that foolishness out I'ma order a double pepperoni. Don't make me.

TRENT
She's serious?

SOUTHSIDE NEIGHBOR
Pizza gets here faster than the
Police.

CRACKHEAD
Bobby Greece, can you tell us how
it felt to get knocked-the-fuck-
out?

BOBBY
(throws a rock at him)
Take your ass on somewhere!

CRACKHEAD
Hey, I ain't the one who got his
ass whooped.
(beat)
The early bird might get the worm,
but the hoodrat gets the cheese.

Trent busts out laughing. The Crackhead wobbles off.

BOBBY
Laugh it up, John McClaine!

TRENT
As much as you hate cops, why do
you watch so many cop movies?

BOBBY
Same reason boxers watch films of
their opponents.

TRENT
(suddenly)
I know what we're going to do.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, RIVER NORTH - MAGIC HOUR

A PARKING TOWER looms front and center in the frame. The sun
has just dipped below the horizon. It's quiet, tranquil...
perfect time for a drug deal.

WHIP ZOOM TO:

INT. PARKING TOWER - MAGIC HOUR

An empty level, except for a Pontiac Solstice and a custom
kitted Escalade where Royce and a Narco Cop talk to three
PERSIAN HIP-HOP RICH KIDS. Lead Persian tests the heroin
Royce is peddling. These kids are between 21 and 24, this

might be their first deal.

The PERSIAN CHEMIST concludes his testing, turns to Lead Persian.

PERSIAN CHEMIST

(in Farsi)

<As clean as the Afghani shit, if he's selling it cheaper, we can make a killing.>

LEAD PERSIAN

My friend, we're interested.

ROYCE

Oh, I know you are.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING, ROOF TOP - MAGIC HOUR

The Sniper adjusts his scope... Over his IN-EAR HEADPHONE, we HEAR fragments of Royce and the Lead Persian talking.

SNIPER'S POV: the Lead Persian's earlobe is in the scope's crosshairs. The Sniper, malignantly smiles, makes one final adjustment, then settles in for the shot. He exhales, clicks off the safety.

A GUN BARREL comes into frame - jabbing Sniper in his ear. The Sniper looks up - it's Bobby!

BOBBY

Don't say shit.

INT. PARKING TOWER - MAGIC HOUR

The Lead Persian throws a blank stare back at Royce. His men do the same for an uncomfortable moment. Then the Persians break out in a rude laugh.

LEAD PERSIAN

Good one, my friend... but no. You can't have the money and the drugs.

Royce smiles expectantly. The Persians puff up acting tough.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING, ROOF TOP - MAGIC HOUR

The Sniper has Bobby in a neck-lock! Bobby flails in the wind like a rag doll, until... he finger-jabs the Sniper's eyes and he squirms free.

BOBBY

How you like me now?

Bobby kicks the Sniper in the ribs.

INT. PARKING TOWER - MAGIC HOUR

The Persians pull guns and get the drop on Royce and the Narco Cop.

LEAD PERSIAN
Speed kills, my friend.

TRENT (O.S.)
Sorry I'm late. Salaam, my friends.

All eyes turn to Trent, who has two .45 automatics aimed at Royce and the Persians.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Ansel Adams couldn't take a better picture! Put the guns down - now!
(Beat)
People have been getting fucked for a long time.

ROYCE
What are you doing here, Tucker?

TRENT
To make sure the fucked start fucking the fucker.

The Persians have no idea what is going on here.

TRENT (CONT'D)
The three of us are cops.

ROYCE
You're no cop.

The mention of "cops" throws the Persian into a panic. Royce and the Narco Cop are pissed that Trent outted them.

TRENT
Whoa! Whoa! We're gonna make this nice and easy. Toss me the heroin and the money.

Nobody moves, Trent steps closer.

TRENT (CONT'D)
This is payback.

Trent pistol whips Royce in the jaw. Crumpling him to the ground. Teeth hit the floor.

Trent retracts his guns on the Persians and Narco Cop.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Kick the cases over to me, boys.

Lead Persian slide the cases over.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING, ROOF TOP - BOBBY

Wrestles with the Sniper, they both go for the rifle. It goes off -- Pfft!

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. PARKING TOWER - ESCALADE

the windshield SHATTERS!

Everyone spins toward the direction of the shot --

-- GUNS wildly blasting at the Persians, at the Cops!

LEAD PERSIAN

kills Narco Cop with bullets to the head, throat, chest --

ROYCE

blasts Persian Chemist, spins to shoot...

TRENT

who dives while FIRING -- he hits the Lead Persian -- lands behind the Solstice -- that takes several shots meant to ventilate Trent.

PERSIAN MUSCLE

ducks behind the Escalade blasting at Royce and Trent.

TRENT

shoots at Persian Muscle and Royce -- hits Persian Muscle in the LEG -- Royce takes a bullet in the SHOULDER after shooting holes in the Solstice. Royce drops his gun, hobbles toward the GUARD RAIL containment wires, vaults over --

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING, ROOF TOP - BOBBY

Punches and shoves the Sniper off. He lands half-on/half-off the ledge, teetering, trying to maintain his balance. Bobby moves to help him, but the Sniper loses his grip -- falls!

INT. PARKING TOWER - WITH TRENT

Running to the guard railing. Sees that Royce landed on

another level and is gone? Damn! Trent steps over dead bodies to gather up the money, drugs... and takes off.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING, ROOF TOP - BOBBY

Peers over the ledge. The Sniper lies dead a few feet from a rooftop pool. Just missed. Bobby ironically shrugs, races off.

INT. BOBBY'S REPO OFFICE - NIGHT

MUSIC plays from a boom box. Bobby and Trent do a victory dance. Bobby pours two glasses of Hennessy. They toast.

BOBBY

To you, for taking on the entire police department, and winning. Doing the impossible like Broadway Joe.

TRENT

Who?

BOBBY

Man, how'd you get thru life being so dumb? -

The office phone RINGS. They can hardly hear it under the music.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(answering)

Greece Repos. You're on with Bobby... Mama?

(turns music down)

What's up? Is everything okay?

AIRES (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Not exactly. Bobby, is there anything you need to tell me?

BOBBY

You're staring to scare me how you always know my business, but yeah, there is.

(looks at Trent)

Mama, I haven't been completely honest with you.

AIRES

I'm with somebody who wants to say hi to you.

BOBBY

You missed your calling as a professional matchmaker, you should open up a--

DASILVA (O.S.)

(over the phone)

How's it going, hot stuff?

BOBBY

Who is this?

The screen SPLITS - DaSilva and Royce hold Aires captive.

DASILVA

Hey, shit happens. People pick up the wrong suitcase at the airport all the time. Tell you what, I'll give you yours if you give me mine?

BOBBY

...sure...

(whisper to Trent)

DaSilva.

Trent is not surprised.

DASILVA

Meet at the Roosevelt Road Train Yard in an hour. With everything. Tape, drugs, money. All of it. You got that?

BOBBY

Yeah, the Roosevelt.

(Hangs up)

They've got Aires.

TRENT

We don't have the tape!

BOBBY

(checks watch)

But we do have fifty-nine minutes.

(beat)

Probably gonna be a lot of cops there tonight, huh?

TRENT

Not for an execution. Few as possible.

Bobby wished he didn't say that as Trent walks around,

letting his mind find the formula... he sees a box of dominos.

TRENT (CONT'D)
 Alright, we need a big distraction.

BOBBY
 Like what?

TRENT
 Think big. David Blaine, Chris
 Angel big.

Bobby goes to the window, while sifting his mind for answers, he stares at Briscoe's damaged repo office. Bobby pulls out his cellphone, dials. The office phone rings. Bobby conducts a conversation with himself in two different voices.

BOBBY
 (into office phone)
 Greece Repos, you're on with Bobby.
 (Rich Texan accent)
 Yes, may I speak with the gentleman
 in charge of repossessions, please?
 (into office phone)
 You're talkin' to him.

Trent wonders what the hell Bobby is doing!

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 (Rich Texan accent)
 Yes, I have six Mercedes and three
 Bentley coups that I need reclaimed
 immediately.
 (into office phone)
 Not a problem, are you offering a
 set commission?
 (Rich Texan)
 Well sir, because of the nature of
 automobile I am speaking of, I'm
 offering twenty-two thousand per
 vehicle.
 (into office phone)
 I'm sorry, did you say twenty-two
 thousand dollars per vehicle I
 bring you?
 (Rich Texan)
 I heard you were the best, Bobby
 Greece. They come in tonight at...

EXT. ROOSEVELT ROAD TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

When you kidnap someone's Mother, you are serious. Trent and Bobby: seriousness of purpose stamped into their faces.

A slow moving FREIGHT TRAIN rumbles toward them. Trent gives the MONEY CASE to Bobby, they pound fists and sneak off in different directions.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ROAD TRAIN YARD, REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Briscoe steps in sipping a Slurpee, eyes darting every which-away, wantin' his muthafuckin' commission. He moves off into the shadows.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ROAD TRAIN YARD, OVERPASS - NIGHT

Bobby checks his watch, steels himself and steps out of a shadow. Begins walking...

DASILVA (O.S.)

Stop right there! Where's your partner?

15 yards away, two silhouettes appear at the far end of the overpass. It's DaSilva and Royce, but we don't see Aires.

BOBBY

He's in it for himself, I let that sucka go. Show me what I want to see!

DASILVA

Open the case.

Bobby raises up the money case...

BOBBY

If you put one fingerprint on her...

DASILVA

I only see one suitcase, where is--

BOBBY

Show me my Mama, and I'll show you the drugs.

DaSilva nods into the shadows, another BAD COP rudely pushes Aires out into the light.

DASILVA

She's breathing, show me where the drugs are and I'll let you both go.

Bobby knows that's a lie, then looks to the slow moving

FREIGHT TRAIN that is passing underneath the overpass. TRENT runs along top of the TRAIN CARS, wagging the OTHER CASE.

Bobby jumps over the overpass railing, lands on the roof of the train.

DASILVA (CONT'D)

Bastard.

DaSilva, gun out, snatches Aires by the wrist, runs to the railing --

AIRES

Bobby, give that boy his suitcase.

-- and leaps off the 4-foot distance with Aires in tow, landing twenty feet from Bobby, who is moving to join Trent, two cars up.

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - BRISCOE

Royce and the Bad Cop sprint towards the train. Guns out.

Briscoe sees them run past.

EXT. TRAIN, ROOF (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bobby walks toward DaSilva and Aires along the roof. DaSilva pokes Aires in the back with his gun to hurry her along.

BOBBY

I'm dyin' to know. I gotta ask you
-- it's Captain, right?

DASILVA

Yes.

BOBBY

How does a regular every day repo man end up on the roof of a train dealing for his life with a Captain of the Chicago Police Department?

AIRES

Bobby! What the hell is this?

DaSilva raises his hand to back-hand Aires. Bobby points a gun at DaSilva. DaSilva laughs as they hop from one train car to the next.

BOBBY

If you wanted the drugs you took from the evidence lock-up and the money you punked from every major

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

drug dealer in town, don't you
think you coulda been a little more
slick?

They reach Trent.

DASILVA

What do you want?

TRENT

Let us go, and you'll never see us
again.

DaSilva forces Aires to her knees, jabs his gun into the
back of her head.

DASILVA

I'll make this exceedingly easy -
give me the cases NOW or she falls
off with a bullet in the brain.

EXT. TRAIN YARDS, CAR CARRIER - NIGHT

Briscoe hits paydirt; his shit-eating grin is a mile-wide.
Between the slats, he can see a BENTLEY inside. He gives the
lock the once-over, digs around in his "Special Occasion"
bag.

EXT. TRAIN, ROOF (MOVING) - TRENT AND BOBBY

TRENT

We'll do it on "three", okay?

BOBBY

You ready, Mama?

AIRES

Hurry up so I can get the hell away
from this heathen.

EXT. CAR CARRIER FREIGHT CAR - BRISCOE

Has popped the lock and is pulling hard on the sliding door;
which isn't budging. Briscoe puts his back into it, foot up
on the door rim for leverage...

EXT. TRAIN, ROOF (MOVING) - NIGHT

Trent and Bobby start swinging the cases. DaSilva stands
Aires up, puts her in front of him, ready to shove her
forward.

TRENT

One...

DASILVA

Two...

TRENT/DASILVA

Three!

Trent and Bobby toss the cases at DaSilva's feet. DaSilva holds Aires back.

DASILVA

Where's the tape?

Aires looks at him like she might bite his nose off.

TRENT

Oh, the tape? The tape of you signing out the drugs that went missing the night Winston died?

DaSilva hits Aires with his gun. Bobby loses it!

TRENT (CONT'D)

(pulls tape out)

Here it is.

DaSilva raises his gun - FIRES - clips Bobby's shoulder.

EXT. CAR CARRIER FREIGHT CAR - BRISCOE

Gets startled by the gunshot, loses his grip on the door and flies backward; sprawling. He crashes into a track-switcher, engaging it.

WHIP PAN TO:

Up the tracks a little bit, the tracks SHIFTS a second before a TRAIN crosses, and we pan up to the...

EXT. TRAIN, ROOF (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Trent cradles Bobby.

DASILVA

The tape.

AIRES

You shot my baby! Bobby are you okay?

BOBBY

Hell, no! This shit burns.

TRENT

Calm down. It went through clean, you're good. Aires, he's fine.

DASILVA

I don't have to tell you where the next one is going.

Trent looks at Bobby, who shakes his head defiantly.

TRENT

You win, captain... catch!

Trent gets ready to toss the case, but purposely throws it wide.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Dang it.

CRUNCH! The train they are on RAMS into the Car Carrier Rail Car. Causing a derail.

INT. CAR CARRIER FREIGHT CAR - NIGHT

The Bentley, the Mercedes, the BMW and the Escalade - along with Briscoe (who just started the Bentley's engine) - lurch forward to the open doorway as the rail car bucks up in the air.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ROAD TRAIN YARD - ROYCE

and the BAD COP charge across the bumpy train tracks.

THE TRAIN

the derailment sends Bobby, Trent, Aires and DaSilva flying!

EXT. ROOSEVELT ROAD TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Trent lands in a tall pile of dirt. Shakes the cobwebs off, hops to his feet, finds Bobby, who's coming to, wincing as he touches his shoulder.

TRENT

Did you get that?

Bobby takes out his cellphone, it's still engaged to call "911". Trent and Bobby triumphantly nod their heads.

BOBBY

Pocket-dialing skills.

TRENT

Pocket-dialing kills.

Bobby scans around for Aires, spots her getting to her feet.

BOBBY

You okay, Mama?

AIRES

Yes, baby.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

DaSilva, on one knee, shoots from beneath the train.

TRENT

Go! Go!

Trent hurries Bobby and Aires along -- they duck behind the precariously perched Car Carrier Rail Car.

A MERCEDES S-560 has broken free of the safety-harness, and rolled down the ramp. It's in pristine condition.

BOBBY

Follow me.

Bobby races up to the Mercedes. Tries the HANDLE. It opens.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Get in and get down.

That's when he sees Briscoe (and his Special Occasion bag) KO'd a few feet off. Bobby grabs Briscoe's bag, hops into the Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES S-560 - NIGHT

Trent grips the wheel, Aires is crouched low. Bobby works under the dash, he's calibrating that squirrely-lookin' Bluetooth device from Briscoe's bag.

AIRES

What's taking you so long? Didn't you do this for a living!?!

BOBBY

Where's your gun?

TRENT

I dropped it.
(sees DaSilva)
Hurry up, damn it!

BOBBY

You think you can do better? Either of you? Be my guest!

After a few calibrations -- VROOOM!!!

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What's my name!?

BOOM! Royce shoots out the passenger side window. Trent slams the car in gear, pedal to the medal!

Royce and DaSilva meet up, both FIRING at the escaping Mercedes.

The gunshots snap Briscoe out of his woozy state. He pokes his head up to look around like a rabbit eating in the tall grass...

CLICK! DaSilva jams his .357 into Briscoe's mouth..

DASILVA

Catch that car or die trying.

BRISCOE

Mmm-hmm.

DASILVA

Take the Bentley. This might be your only chance to drive one.

Briscoe hops in. DaSilva and Royce jump in the Bentley. Dirt kicks up as it launches after the Mercedes.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

The Mercedes maneuvers toward the train yard exit. Two unmarked Police Cars cut off the exit.

The NOVA COPS unload their GUNS at the Mercedes. It zigs and zags away from a storm of bullets --

EXT. ROOSEVELT ROAD TRAIN YARD - MERCEDES S-560

Drives up on to the train tracks -- AND STAYS ON THE TRACKS -- heading out on to the "L TRAIN" TRACKS -- driving into the city!

EXT./INT. MERCEDES S-560 (MOVING)

BOBBY

Momma, I'm not in chef school.
Never was. I lied.

AIRES

(beat)

What are you doing all day?

BOBBY

I'm making money, but...
(off Trent's look)

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm still repossessing cars.

AIRES

Ooh! I'ma kick Melvin's ass.

BOBBY

I want to open the restaurant with you.

Aires touches her son's face just as POW! POW! Bullets punch into the trunk of the Mercedes.

TRENT

Goddamn it!

AIRES

(pops Trent's head)

How can the Lord help you if you're blaspheming!

EXT. L TRACKS - NIGHT

The wobbly Mercedes takes off on the tracks.

INT. BENTLEY (MOVING)

DASILVA

Follow them.

BRISCOE

Up on the tracks?

DaSilva hits Briscoe in the head with his pistol so hard it scrapes a divot off his dome! Briscoe maneuvers the Bentley up on The L Tracks. Briscoe's heavy boot stomps on the gas.

EXT. L TRACKS - NIGHT

The Mercedes, bouncing like a jackhammer, rockets up the L tracks -- 30 yards back the Bentley follows, gaining -- FAST!

INT. BENTLEY (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

A BRIGHT LIGHT blasts into the Bentley from the rear.

DaSilva, Royce and Briscoe glance back...hearing a HORN!

HOLY MOTHER OF GOD! An L TRAIN is on the tracks behind them speeding this way! A smart person would bail from the car, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

BRISCOE

Uh, should we --

DASILVA
 (gun at Briscoe's head)
 You stop, then you stop living.

EXT./INT. MERCEDES S-560 (MOVING)

TRENT
 Tell me if you see a helicopter.
 (beat)
 At the first station, we'll jump
 out and run.

CRASH! The rear windshield SHATTERS -- Aires screams! Trent gives Bobby his gun.

BOBBY
 'Bout time!

Bobby returns fire!

EXT. BENTLEY (MOVING)

DaSilva and Royce hang out the window -- unloading a hail of bullets that terrify Briscoe.

DASILVA
 Get closer!

BRISCOE
 He's shooting at me.

DASILVA
 You don't hear so good.

DaSilva puts his gun into Briscoe's ear. The chasing L Train is gaining.

Up the tracks at an...

EXT. L STATION - NIGHT

An L TRAIN pulls in to stop.

The crowd of PASSENGERS panic at the sound of gun shots. They duck and scatter down the platform stairs when bullets ricochet near them.

INT. BENTLEY (MOVING)

DaSilva ducks back in to reload.

DASILVA
 Snuff that fuck or it's all of us.

Briscoe wonders what in the hell Bobby is involved in.

EXT. L TRACKS - NIGHT

The Mercedes is 30 meters ahead of the Bentley.

EXT. L STATION - NIGHT

The L Train unloads and loads passengers, who can't get on fast enough!

EXT./INT. MERCEDES S-560

Trent sees the train stopped up ahead. Trent stamps the gas, times it just right where the tracks have enough surrounding real estate -- for Trent to jerk the wheel and --

JUMP THE MERCEDES ON TO THE WESTBOUND TRACKS --

-- Briscoe miraculously follows.

INT. BENTLEY (MOVING)

DaSilva climbs back into the seat.

DASILVA

What the fuck are you doing?

BRISCOE

What you said!

EXT. L STATION - NIGHT

The Eastbound L Train pulls out of the station, picks up speed. Now going neck-n-neck with the Bentley.

EXT. L TRAIN TRACKS - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON MERCEDES

taking the next turn --

WHIP PAN TO:

Farther down the line -- as we move into the CITY PROPER -- a WESTBOND L train barrels this direction, full speed ahead.

ANGLE ON MERCEDES

On a head-on collision course with the Westbound train --

BOBBY

Trent! Don't do it, don't play chicken with a train!

TRENT

Who you calling chicken?

The Eastbound L -- on the adjacent tracks -- has caught up to the Mercedes and the Bentley --

ANGLE ON EASTBOUND L

The CONDUCTOR motions for Trent to "get your ass off the tracks!" As the train whizzes by!

ANGLE ON BENTLEY

Getting closer...

ANGLE ON WESTBOUND L TRAIN

at ramming speed --

ANGLE ON MERCEDES

Charging --

ANGLE ON WESTBOUND L TRAIN - CONDUCTOR

finally seeing the Mercedes. Jerking back on the Emergency Brakes --

AIRES

God damn it, Trent, you're cutting
it too close! Forgive me, Jesus.

EXT. L TRACKS, JUNCTION - NIGHT

The Mercedes reaches the junction first -- Trent jooks the wheel -- JUMPING THE MERCEDES -- it lands in the Eastbound tracks --

ANGLE ON BENTLEY

Briscoe rakes the wheel -- but the jump is MIS-TIMED!

ANGLE ON WESTBOUND TRAIN

Clipping the back end of the Bentley --

KA-BLAM! The Bentley FLIPS and SPINS in the air -- flying off the tracks --

INT. BENTLEY (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Briscoe, DaSilva and Royce flopping around the inside.

ANGLE ON MERCEDES

Trent Bobby and Aires watching the Bentley sail thru the air

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

CRASH! The Bentley smacks -- roof first -- onto the pavement. A CROWD of On-Lookers converge upon the accident.

The Bentley's DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR creaks open...

Briscoe rolls out. A little worse for wear... He sees that DaSilva is out cold, and Royce might be dead the way his neck looks.

BRISCOE

Get up, bitches! Get up. If you want your ass kicked. I thought so.
"If I ever drive one!?" You don't know what I drive, sucka-ass muthafucka!

Briscoe hears the POLICE SIRENS and hobbles off.

INT. MERCEDES S-560 (MOVING)

Trent and Aires look back at the wreckage.

TRENT

Waahooo!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MAIN STEPS - DAY

A POLICE MEDAL PRESENTATION CEREMONY is underway. A contingent of cops, press and citizens gather at the bottom of the steps.

The MAYOR and the POLICE CHIEF present Trent, in his dress blues, with a Distinguished Service Medal. Cameras flash and the audience applauds as the medal goes over Trent's head.

Trent sees Nikki smiling in the audience.

EXT. SOUTHSIDE CORNER BODEGA - DAY

Bobby and Trent joking with each other, walk out with beer, hot dogs, buns and other party supplies. The Corvette sits in the middle of the block.

TRENT

Do you think you can beat me?

BOBBY

Seriously? You want to race to the car?

TRENT

Winner takes her home.

BOBBY

This is going to be embarrassing.

TRENT

If you think you're bad enough to
take her from me, put your bag
down.

Across the street from the Corvette, a PIZZA DELIVERY GUY
steps off the curb.

BOBBY

Let me do the count, ok? On three.
One... two...

Before Bobby can say "three," he stops. Recognizes the Pizza
Delivery Guy. Trent sees Bobby's shock, then sees the Pizza
Delivery Guy. Guess who?

Briscoe!

Eyeing each other, the car, then each other again: The
screen splits in thirds, as all three drop what they're
holding and SPRINT like never before to the car - FREEZE
FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END