

The Good Guys

By

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1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - OCEAN AVENUE - DAY 1

SUPER: BROOKLYN, N.Y. - JULY 1994

Four children dash between cars as they play combat on the empty urban streets. The group exchange tactical hand signals before making their way into a forested ravine.

2 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - PROSPECT PARK - DAY 2

Prospect Park Ravine, a forested area of Brooklyn, N.Y.

CLOSE ON: DANNY MANZATTI, 9, rushes to a big tree and takes cover. He holds a walkie-talkie to his mouth.

CLOSE ON: JORDAN ULBRIGHT, 9, takes position behind another tree a few yards away. As Danny waves for him to advance from the distance, Danny's voice comes over the radio.

YOUNG DANNY (V.O)
(from radio)
Alfa to Foxtrot, do you copy?

YOUNG JORDAN
Foxtrot copy. Over.

Danny looks through toy binoculars at a doll house where TWO TOY ROBOTS and AN ARMY ACTION FIGURE hold A GIRL DOLL hostage.

YOUNG DANNY
Tango, 12 o'clock. Looks like a
hostage situation.

ZEKE MENDEZ, 9, Hispanic with a slender build, slides down a hill and leans against a tree behind Danny and Jordan.

YOUNG ZEKE
The Eagle has landed. Lets get this
babe back to the dream house.

YOUNG DANNY (V.O)
(from radio)
Welcome to the party, Zeke.

Danny checks Jordan's position through the binoculars.

YOUNG DANNY
Jordan, keep post behind the
maples, I'll create a diversion.

Jordan holds up his first to signal understood.

YOUNG DANNY (cont'd)
Where's Mickie?

MICKIE SMITH, 9, chubby with glasses, tumbles down the hill. He stumbles some more as he gets up, hauling on his asthma inhaler before getting into position.

YOUNG MICKIE
Sorry Danny, I had to watch my
little sister 'til my mom got home.

YOUNG JORDAN
(into radio)
I thought you mailed her to Canada.

YOUNG MICKIE (V.O)
(from radio)

The post office wouldn't take her.

Danny pulls out a smoke bomb firecracker and a box of matches from his pocket.

YOUNG DANNY
Alright fellas, on my mark we rush
in and eliminate the target.

Zeke checks his digital superhero watch before eyeing out the doll house.

YOUNG ZEKE

In position. Standby.

YOUNG JORDAN

Ready when you are, Command.

YOUNG DANNY
Three...

Danny snaps a few matches before he lights the firecracker. Everyone gets ready to charge in.

YOUNG DANNY (cont'd)
Two...

Mickie takes another haul on his inhaler as he waits.

YOUNG DANNY (cont'd)
One!

Danny tosses the firecracker at the doll house. It begins to smoke.

YOUNG DANNY

Move out!

The boys scream like warlords as they run toward the doll house, disappearing into the CLOUD OF SMOKE.

3

EXT. BROOKLYN SIDEWALK - DAY

3

DANNY, 30's, hurries past a CLOUD OF STEAM from a city storm drain. Wearing a leather sports coat, blue jeans and a black cap that covers half of his face, he's every woman's dreamy bad-ass.

Danny weaves between vendor carts grabbing an APPLE as he walks by. He puts \$20 in the hat of BENJI, a raggedy and worn down street performer.

BENJI

God Bless you, Danny!

Benji waves graciously as Danny hurries by.

DANNY

(shouting)

Go grab a beer, Benji!

Danny slows his pace as he nears a flower shop. MRS. PEMBERTON, 65, leather-skinned with a pinned up perm, acknowledges Danny as she continues trimming some FLOWERS displayed on the sidewalk.

DANNY (cont'd)

Mrs. Pemberton. How's Big Ralphie doin'?

Danny sets the APPLE beside a glass of whiskey and a pack of smokes, undoubtedly belonging to Mrs. Pemberton.

A long stem of ash droops down from a cigarette hanging out of the corner of her mouth. She talks while shuffling some flowers.

MRS. PEMBERTON

Oh, Danny. Good to see you.
Ralphie's doing just fine dear --
but his back's been achin'.

DANNY

Ya, well you tell him to quit
chasing those school girls from
West Central.

Danny hurries off. Mrs. Pemberton hacks a lung as she drops her cigarette.

MRS. PEMBERTON
Jesus Christ.

She takes an emergency sip of the whiskey to ease her cough.

MRS. PEMBERTON (cont'd)
The smog in this city.

4 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - DAY

4

A BELL RINGS as Danny enters the shop front. UNCLE REG, 50's, balding with a beer belly, looks up from chopping meat and sets down a butcher knife.

UNCLE REG
Oh good, Danny you're here. Come
out back for a minute I need to
show you something.

Danny reaches for an apron and ties it behind his back.

Danny PUNCHES IN on an old time card machine as he follows Uncle Reg into the back room.

5 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - DAY

5

Reg picks up a stack of overdue notices from a worn down table in the middle of the room. Meat carcasses surround the table.

Reg hands the bills to Danny who cycles through them.

UNCLE REG
Twenty-six years and they have the
nerve to tell me they're cuttin'
the power.

DANNY
They're cuttin' the power?

UNCLE REG
Yeah, they're cuttin' the damn
power.

Danny tosses the bills on the table. Reg grabs two beers from an old fridge, opening them both and handing one to Danny.

DANNY
What about the Manelli order? I
thought we cleared.

Reg opens a fold-up chair and sits down.

UNCLE REG
Times are changing, Danny, no one
wants deli meat anymore.

Danny grabs a fold-out chair and sits on it backward,
leaning over the back of the chair, he faces Reg. He then
pulls out a wad of cash tied with an elastic band and sets
it on the table.

UNCLE REG (cont'd)
Jesus, where the hell are you
gettin' that kind of money?

DANNY
It's just a little off the top from
the 401k. Take it, Reg.

UNCLE REG
Don't bullshit me, Danny.

DANNY
Look, it doesn't matter where it
came from, just take it.

Reg pauses, looking at Danny, sternly.

UNCLE REG
Look Danny, I know these type of
guys. You get yourself into trouble
and there's no gettin' out.

DANNY
I want to help Reg. Times are tough
now, but we'll get through it. Just
like we always do.

Reg takes a swig of his beer. Danny follows.

UNCLE REG
When you were a kid you used to get
in trouble for teaching your
classes. Do you remember that?

Danny notices a broken radio perched on a ledge below an
open window. He walks over to it, and picks it up, during...

DANNY
How could I forget?

Danny fumbles with the radio analyzing the exposed wires.

UNCLE REG

And every time they called me down there I told them the same thing.

DANNY

Yeah? And what was that?

UNCLE REG

I told them to go pound salt. You were smarter than they were, kid.

Danny continues fumbling with some loose wires. He stops and looks up at Reg.

DANNY

You get any more foil?

Staring down at the table, Reg casually points to a meat grinder as he continues.

UNCLE REG

Yeah, sure. Under the grinder.

Danny walks over to the grinder and grabs the foil. He rips off a few small pieces and begins to twist together some wires.

UNCLE REG (cont'd)

You really were a pain in the ass, you know that?

DANNY

Where are you going with this Reg?

Danny sets the radio on the table and powers it on. An oldie transmits over the AM frequency, clear as day. Reg stares blankly in amazement.

With a grin on his face, Danny crosses his hands behind his head as he sits back down and enjoys the music.

UNCLE REG

See, this is what I'm talking about. You could've went to college or something - made a real difference out there.

DANNY

Yeah, well, you can't pay for college with food stamps, Reg. Sometimes we're dealt a lousy hand

--

Danny grabs the radio and walks to the open window, setting it back on the ledge. Through the window, Danny notices A HOMELESS MAN digging through a dumpster in the alley outside.

DANNY (cont'd)
Then again, sometimes we're not.

Danny closes the window and proceeds back to his seat at the table.

UNCLE REG
Before your mother died, I promised
her I'd raise you right. She
trusted me, Danny.

Danny smirks as he reaches across the table to smack Reg's arm.

DANNY
And what a fine job you did Reg. A
damn fine job.

A bell RINGS from the store front.

DANNY (cont'd)
Time to work.

Danny chugs what's left his beer and slams it on the table, then hustles toward the store front.

DANNY (cont'd)
(shouting)
Money never sleeps!

6 EXT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - NIGHT 6

A CLOSED sign hangs in the window. A light emanates from the back room.

7 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 7

Jordan, Zeke, and Mickie, now all in their 30's, lounge around the table smoking cigarettes and drinking beer. A T.V plays a boxing match behind them.

ZEKE
I'm telling you, pound for pound,
if anyone's better than Golvkin,
it's Klitschko.

JORDAN
Klitschko wouldn't pass the first
round against Golvkin.

ZEKE
I'll bet you a hundred bucks he
knocks him out this round.

JORDAN
Easy money.

Jordan pulls a wad of cash from his pocket and tosses a \$100
bill on the table, Zeke matches it.

Zeke rubs his hands together in excitement as he sits up in
his chair focusing on the t.v.

ZEKE
Come on Klitschko!

MICKIE
(to Jordan)
Did they teach boxing in the
academy?

JORDAN
If by box you mean kick some
serious ass then yeah, we learned a
little boxing.

ZEKE
Can't see why they ever kicked you
out...

Jordan smirks.

JORDAN
Too good looking they said. Kept
makin' the other cadets jealous.

ON THE T.V - A KNOCKOUT OCCURS.

JORDAN (cont'd)
Booyah! It's like taking candy from
a baby, baby!

Jordan reaches in and collects the pot. Zeke fires up a
cigarette, puffing up a cloud of smoke as he paces, pissed
off.

ZEKE
That's horseshit.

MICKIE
(to Zeke)
You do realize that was taped
yesterday.

Zeke puts his fists on the table as he leans in to get to
the bottom if it.

ZEKE
Taped yesterday?

Zeke glares at Jordan who smirks and tosses Zeke's \$100 back
on the table. Zeke quickly snatches it up.

JORDAN
Almost had ya.

ZEKE
Ya but you didn't.

Danny enters the back room bee-lining it to the table.

DANNY (O.C)
Play time's over ladies.

JORDAN
Oh come on Danny, we were just
startin' to relax.

Danny turns off the T.V as the group sits up and awaits
instructions.

DANNY
So we had a little hiccup with the
Chinese cell phones.

JORDAN
Hiccup?

Danny pulls out a cell phone and holds it up to the group
showing a clear forgery for a logo on the back of the phone.

DANNY
We didn't get what we asked for.
Marco asked for iPhones and he's
getting...

Danny takes another quick peak at the back of the phone

DANNY (cont'd)
... Whatever the hell this is.

MICKIE

I thought we made the deal with the NPA for the phones they got out of that raid in Shenzhen?

DANNY

We knew the risks.

JORDAN

So now what are we going to do? We can't sell those.

DANNY

We could strip em' down, sell the backs as cases? Maybe spare parts

ZEKE

In other words, how much are we out on that deal?

DANNY

\$3000 to see em'.

The group groans.

DANNY (cont'd)

But if these were anything close to the real thing we would have made ten times that.

JORDAN

Jesus Danny we can't keep taking hits like this.

ZEKE

Let me go down there and take care of it.

MICKIE

What are you gonna do? Give them all a spankin'?

Danny and Jordan chuckle. Zeke stands up and advances at Mickie. Jordan holds him back.

ZEKE

No, I'm gonna bust their heads open like I'm about to do to yours if you say one more word.

DANNY

Easy fellas. We're gonna need that head to find us a new supplier.

MICKIE

Oh, woah, I don't know Danny. I
mean, I know I look intimidating --

Danny, Jordan, and Zeke exchange confused glances.

MICKIE (cont'd)

But, deep down, I'm just a My
Little Pony of emotion.

ZEKE

I don't know what you see when you
look in the mirror.

JORDAN

My Little Pony?

MICKIE

I got little cousins, alright?

A beat.

DANNY

Jordan, I need you to come with me
to see Hector tonight. I scored
some jewelry from border patrol. I
think he might be interested.

JORDAN

You think we can trust him? I mean,
he's kind of a dick.

MICKIE

I dunno Danny, I've been
thinking...When are we ramping
things up? I'm gettin' tired of
pushing for pricks like Hector.

ZEKE

Yeah, to hell with Hector.

DANNY

Guys let's not lose sight here.
We're not trying to be Tony
Montana. We come together after a
long day of flippin' burgers,
choppin' ribeye and--

Danny motions to Zeke.

DANNY (cont'd)

What is it that you do again, Zeke?

ZEKE
(sarcastically)
Logistics.

Danny grins as he motions to Zeke in affirmation, knowing full well he's full of shit.

DANNY
Logistics...

MICKIE
What did we make from the Toretto deal, one, two grand each? I get not getting carried away, but a couple extra gino's ain't gonna hurt anyone.

DANNY
Look, we all have our reasons, but, we aren't the bad guys and I want to keep it that way.

Danny stands up and looks at his watch, then turns to Jordan.

DANNY (cont'd)
(to Jordan)
Meet me outside the Industrial Park at ten.

Danny turns and walks out of the compound.

A beat.

MICKIE
(to Zeke)
Spell "logistics".

Aggravated at the question, Zeke pulls out a handgun from the front of his pants and casually sets it on the table.

ZEKE
Spell logistics?

MICKIE
Go ahead, spell it.

Zeke turns to Jordan who sits amused at the banter, also waiting for Zeke to spell it.

Zeke collects himself and calmly articulates his answer.

ZEKE

"L"... "O"...

Zeke pauses, trying his best to piece the letters together in the right order. Mickie checks his watch.

Zeke snaps back.

ZEKE

I ain't gotta spell shit for you.

8

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

MAGGIE PISCOTTI, 27, a homegrown Italian Goddess fixes tea as she walks from the kitchen of a two-storey flat.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Maggie looks through the peephole and begins unlatching the padlocks. She swings open the door in playful excitement.

MAGGIE

May I help you, sir?

Danny holds one hand behind his back.

DANNY

Good day, Ma'am. I'm looking for a Miss Maggie Piscotti. She's got long brown hair, and these big, gorgeous brown eyes. It's her anniversary today and I'm here to deliver these.

Danny brings his hand around, revealing a beautiful bouquet of bright flowers. Maggie lights up.

MAGGIE

I was wondering when you'd show up.

Maggie grabs A LITTLE BOX from a table beside the door and grins in anticipation as she hands it to Danny.

DANNY

And what is this? I thought we said no gifts.

MAGGIE

Clearly, you don't follow the rules, either.

Danny holds a grin as he slowly opens the box. He glances up at Maggie as he unwraps it. He pulls out a set of keys and holds it up.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 You know that Honda Shadow you
 wanted? The '78 that was at
 Donnie's?

Danny slowly loses his excited grin.

DANNY
 Ya, what about it...

MAGGIE
 I took some extra shifts at the
 diner. You deserve it, Danny.

DANNY
 Jesus Meg. Listen, let me pay you
 back--

Maggie hushes Danny with her finger as she moves in for a
 kiss.

MAGGIE
 Not another word about it.

Maggie tucks herself closer to Danny.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 Now... I have one more surprise for
 you.

Maggie grabs Danny by the shirt and gently pulls him inside.

DANNY
 Yes, ma'am.

Danny closes the door behind him.

9

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

Post-sex. Maggie rests her head on Danny's chest as they
 cuddle. Danny is propped up with one hand behind his head
 and the other running through Maggie's hair.

MAGGIE
 Would you... love me if I had no
 hair?

DANNY
 Of course.

MAGGIE
 Would you love me if... I had one
 arm?

DANNY
It would make cuddling easier.

MAGGIE
What if I was 300 pounds and had a
mushroom cut?

DANNY
Well, then, you'd look like Mickie.

MAGGIE
Okay, that was a bad one.

DANNY
But, I'd get over it.

Danny rolls over and sits on the edge of the bed as he puts
on his shirt. Maggie sits up, covering her breasts with the
blanket.

MAGGIE
Where are you going?

DANNY
I promised Jordan I would meet him
for coffee.

MAGGIE
Coffee, Danny. Really?

DANNY
Yeah, you know. He's seeing this
new girl and things are a little
rocky.

MAGGIE
Eight years and you still don't
think I know when you're
bullshitting?

Danny puts on his jacket and climbs on the bed, leaning into
Maggie whose arms are crossed.

DANNY
This one's more of a half truth.

Maggie is upset but listening.

DANNY (cont'd)
Don't give me that look.

MAGGIE

So you just expect me to be okay
with you leaving at all hours of
the night?

Danny gets up from the bed and puts on his pants.

DANNY

Listen, Meg, I promised I would
take care of us and sometimes that
means I gotta run out once in a
while.

MAGGIE

It's our goddamn anniversary Danny.

Danny leans back on the bed and grabs Maggie's.

DANNY

(softly)

Things are tight at the shop. We
didn't get the Manelli order.

Maggie's frustration wanes as she listens.

DANNY (cont'd)

So that means I gotta do a few
extra jobs until we can get back on
our feet.

Maggie nods in affirmation.

DANNY (cont'd)

I love you, you know that.

MAGGIE

I know.

Danny kisses Maggie's hand then gets off of the bed and
proceeds to the door, gently closing it behind him as he
leaves.

10 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - ISABELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

10

A night light gently illuminates a child's room. ISABELLA,
6, sleeps peacefully with her STUFFED TOY RABBIT gripped
firmly to her chest.

Danny creeps open the door to admire his daughter before
turning off the night light and walking out, gently closing
the door behind him.

11 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

11

A group of HISPANIC GANGBANGERS hang around an old FORD MUSTANG. Some of them are working on it, others are throwing darts. Music plays in the background.

Danny and Jordan walk in. The Gangbangers all stop what they are doing to approach them. Some of the group subtly present their weapons.

Danny, gripping A BRIEFCASE, approaches the Mustang as the group stands motionless, watching him closely.

DANNY

Shelby GT 500. 4280cid V8, good for
about 355 horses. Zero to sixty in
6.2 seconds. Ford's best pony.

Jordan glances around nervously, his body stiff as a board.

Danny slides his fingers along the exterior as he casually circles the Mustang.

DANNY (cont'd)

Getting your hands on one of these
bad boys must have been no easy
task.

HECTOR (O.C.)

That's the value of compound
interest, my friend.

HECTOR, 30's, scarred and intimidating, slowly steps into view from the shadows.

HECTOR

Just a little treat for the boys.
We worked hard for what we have.

Danny looks around at the high-value sports cars that line the compound.

DANNY

The boys must be puttin' in some
long hours.

HECTOR

I know you didn't come here to talk
about my assets, Danny.

DANNY

You're right. I'm here to discuss
mine.

HECTOR

Then please, step into my office.

Briefcase in hand, Danny follows Hector up a flight of stairs and into a small shipping office.

The Gangbangers turn their attention to Jordan, still stiff with his hands shoved deep into his pockets.

12 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING OFFICE - NIGHT 12

The room is illuminated by a desk lamp. Papers are scattered everywhere with elastic-bound balls of money being used as paper weights.

Danny stays close to the door.

Hector reaches for A CIGAR CASE before sitting down in his office chair. He pulls one and offers it to Danny.

HECTOR

Ethiopian?

DANNY

No. Thank you.

HECTOR

Suit yourself.

Hector lights it, puffing a cloud of smoke above his head.

13 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT 13

Jordan's hands remain tucked into his pocket as he glances around the room whistling nervously. The Gangbangers continue to watch him like a hawk.

Jordan pulls out a pack of gum and offers it to the group.

JORDAN

Juicy Fruit?

They don't flinch. Jordan tucks the pack of gum back into his pocket.

JORDAN (cont'd)

More for me then.

14

INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING OFFICE - A FEW
MINUTES LATER

14

Danny puts his briefcase on the table and tabs it open as he talks excitedly.

DANNY

You wouldn't believe what the
Mexicans were throwing away. Look
at this beauty.

He takes out an expensive looking watch and presents it to Hector.

HECTOR

Is it real?

DANNY

Yeah it's real. And I got plenty of
em' too. You like diamonds?

Hector sighs somewhat compassionately. He picks A CHESS
PIECE up from the chessboard on his desk and twirls it with
his fingers.

HECTOR

Danny, I found what I was looking
for. And, unfortunately, it's not
with you anymore.

DANNY

There has to be a over a hundred
grand in top of the line jewelry in
this case. I'm only asking for
twenty.

HECTOR

(interrupts)

Danny, please.

Hector sits up in his chair and ashes into a filled up
ashtray.

HECTOR (cont'd)

You'll be fine. There are plenty of
other opportunities out there. You
just have to keep your eyes open.

Danny pauses, looking at Hector confused trying to hold back
his anger.

DANNY

Then I'll make sure to keep my
contacts in.

Danny snaps shut his briefcase and exits the office.

15 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 15

Danny hurries down stairs and continues past Jordan toward the exit. Jordan props up and looks towards the Gangbangers.

JORDAN

Well, I've had a nice visit fellas
but, it looks like my ride is
leaving, so...

Jordan quickly turns to follow Danny as he makes his way out of the compound.

16 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING OFFICE - NIGHT 16

Hector opens the blinds from his office watching Danny as he walks out. MANNY, 28, tattooed with spacer earrings stands in the open doorway.

MANNY

Should we follow em boss?

HECTOR

If he's smart he won't be showing
up around here anytime soon. Let
him go.

Manny leaves the office as Hector closes the blinds.

17 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 17

Danny packs the briefcase into a backpack and goes to put on his motorcycle helmet. Jordan smacks his arm to get his attention, holding his helmet in his other hand.

JORDAN

What the hell happened in there?

Danny mounts his bike, then pauses.

DANNY

There's no deal.

Danny grabs his helmet from the side of his bike.

JORDAN

No deal?

DANNY

Not now. Not ever. Hector shut us out.

Danny throws on his helmet and fires up his bike.

JORDAN

So what now? I can't go back to living at my ma's, Danny.

DANNY

Well then we better start thinkin'.

Danny peels off. Jordan throws his hands in the air and tosses his helmet to the ground in front of his motorcycle.

18

INT. SERGEANT LUSNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

18

SERGEANT LUSNEY, 40's, sips his coffee leaned back in his office chair. He hangs thick glasses from a lanyard around his neck. He's so blind that they magnify his eyes.

DETECTIVE MARIO SUAREZ, early 30's, Latin movie-star handsome with a smile to light the room, walks through the open door. Suarez drops a folder down on Lusney's desk, then slips his hands in his pockets.

SUAREZ

Two dead Triads in a shootout by the docks. D.E.A found three kilos of Colombian between them.

LUSNEY

Haven't you ever heard of knocking, Suarez?

Lusney sighs as he leans forward and picks up the folder. Putting on his glasses he skims the files.

LUSNEY (cont'd)

What happened to our informant?

SUAREZ

It turns out the bad guys pay better.

LUSNEY

Now what are we going to do?

Suarez makes his way to the window.

SUAREZ

It's always one step forward two steps back. It's not like it used to be. With all of this new tech these guys are virtually untouchable.

LUSNEY

This city has more drugs in it now than it ever has in its entire history, and there's no end in sight.

SUAREZ

We're losing visibility.

LUSNEY

We just need to get creative, and keep our ears to the ground.

Suarez scoffs at Lusney's optimism.

SUAREZ

Yeah, I'll make sure I'm listening when opportunity comes knocking.

19

EXT. PAPA GELLETO'S PIZZA - DAY

19

Zeke stands outside of PAPA GELETTTO'S PIZZA wearing a pizza uniform. He holds a sign by the road that reads: "2 FOR 1 PEPPERONI".

A SPORTS CAR rolls up to the sidewalk where Zeke is standing. A 20 something tosses garbage from the passenger window as the car honks and peels off.

ZEKE

(shouting)

Bite a lemon you piece of --

Zeke is interrupted by two smoking hot COLLEGE BABES passing in front of him. He strolls behind them.

ZEKE (cont'd)

Ehh ladies... you like Pizza?

COLLEGE BABES

Ew, gross. Get bent loser!

The College Babes throw their hands up and flip their hair in disgust as they continue past the store.

ZEKE
(shouting)
Yeah well you're not that hot
honey.

Danny pulls up on his motorcycle.

Leaving his helmet on the seat, Danny smirks as he approaches Zeke.

ZEKE (cont'd)
My man, now I know you're not here
for the 2 for 1.

They bro hug.

DANNY
How do you make it look so
glamorous?

ZEKE
Practice. What the hell you doin'
here?

DANNY
We're meetin' up at Rizzo's
tonight. It's gonna be a brain
storm session.

Zeke grows concerned.

ZEKE
Why... What happened last night?

DANNY
Let's just say Hector's not playing
nice anymore.

Zeke has a minor dramatic fit.

ZEKE
Come on Danny! I needed that deal
for rent this month. You know how
nice it is to have a lock on the
door at night?

DANNY
Well you don't have to worry about
that pal. You'll always have a
place with me.

Zeke's PIZZA BOSS, a 17 year old prep kid yells at him from
the storefront door.

PIZZA BOSS
Hey, I'm not paying you to stand
around all day. Sell some damn
pizza's

Zeke turns and snaps back.

ZEKE
Why don't you stuff it Corey, or
I'm telling your dad.

PIZZA BOSS
Get back to work!

The Pizza Boss goes back in the store.

Danny walks back to his bike, Zeke follows.

ZEKE
(to self)
I can't stand that kid.

Danny mounts his bike holding his helmet in his lap.

DANNY
Yeah well, we're gonna figure
something out. Good guys never
finish last, right?

ZEKE
Things can get real bad for me
Danny, real fast. I'm not going
back to the streets.

DANNY
I'm not gonna let that happen so,
you got nothing to worry about.

Danny reaches out his hand offering up a bro hug.

DANNY (cont'd)
See ya at Rizzo's?

Zeke completes the handshake.

ZEKE
I'll be there.

DANNY
Now get back to work!

Danny smirks as he throws his helmet on and peels off.

20

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

20

Danny reaches for a slice of bread from the middle of a small dining room table. He proceeds to butter it profusely.

Isabella sits at the other end of the table.

Maggie places a platter of meatloaf in the middle of the table. Danny grabs his fork, stabs off a portion, and slops it on his plate.

DANNY
(to Isabella)
You know your grandmother used to
cook like this.

Maggie pulls up a seat. Danny points with his bread roll as he talks between bites.

DANNY (cont'd)
But your mother... She makes the
best meatloaf in the whole entire
world.

Danny chews off another piece while Maggie fixes a plate for Isabella.

DANNY (cont'd)
And that's why she keeps winning
mother of the year.

MAGGIE
Third year in a row.

Danny reaches for Maggie's hand beside him, holding his other hand out toward Isabella, who is oblivious as she plays with her food. Danny clears his throat.

DANNY
Izzy let's go, I'm starving.

Quickly, she grabs her father's hand, then they all bow their heads.

ISABELLA
Thank you, Jesus, for this food.
And, thank you for my mommy and
daddy, and for all my friends at
school...

And for the United States of
America...

Danny glances one eye open at Maggie who smiles lovingly.

ISABELLA (cont'd)
And...Amen.

DANNY/MAGGIE
Aaaamen.

Everyone raises their heads and begins reaching for helpings.

DANNY
So, how did school go today, bud?

ISABELLA
Alexis shot milk out of her nose!

MAGGIE
Eww, gross!

Danny stops cutting his meatloaf and sets his fists on either side of his plate - fork and knife in hand, giving his full attention to Isabella.

DANNY
Yeah? How far?

Maggie looks at Danny, incredulously.

ISABELLA
I don't know! Mrs. James had to clean it up and everyone laughed really loud!

Danny resumes stuffing his face. He picks up a bread roll and chews off a piece.

DANNY
Did you get your spelling test back?

Maggie interjects.

MAGGIE
Another perfect score.

Danny halts chewing to laud over his daughter.

DANNY
Another perfect score! Well look at that, my kid's a genius.

Danny reaches over and rubs Isabella's head like a proud father.

MAGGIE

She really is Danny. I met with her teacher today. She's learning at a grade 3 level.

A quick beat before Danny sets down his bread roll.

DANNY

Meg. I told you, we can't afford that school. Besides, she's got friends now.

MAGGIE

This could set her up for life Danny. We don't exactly have a college savings plan.

ISABELLA

It's okay dad, I like my school.

Danny smiles lovingly as Isabella diffuses the argument.

DANNY

There's plenty of time to worry about college.

(to Isabella)

You just keep showing up the other kids on those spelling tests.

Isabella props up with excitement.

ISABELLA

Ask me how to spell Tarantula!

21 INT. RIZZO'S ITALIAN DINER - LATER - NIGHT

21

Packed into a busy, fluorescent lit family diner, Danny, Zeke, Mickie and Jordan sit around the table, all deep in thought. Mickie taps his cigarette pack against the table as the others slouch in their chairs.

MICKIE

You know I heard they're looking for a Santa down at the mall.

ZEKE

(to Mickie)

I wouldn't let my kids come within fifty feet of you.

MICKIE

(to Zeke)

You will never know, because you're too poor and dumb to have any.

Mickie begins to light the cigarette.

ZEKE
Says the mall Santa.

Mickie clears his mouth of smoke and ashes his cigarette before he talks.

MICKIE
It won't be glamorous at first,
but, you work your way up.

JORDAN
(to Mickie)
There are thousands of other
Santa's out there that are a hell
of a lot jollier than you.

MICKIE
(to Jordan)
I can be jolly.

Mickie turns to Zeke.

MICKIE (cont'd)
Tell Santa what you want for
Christmas this year, Zekey.

ZEKE
Don't start.

MICKIE
Awe. Has little Zekey been naughty?

ZEKE
I'll show you naughty, you little--

Zeke jumps up and rushes Mickie.

DANNY
Knock it off both of you!

Zeke and Mickie gather themselves.

MICKIE
We should really get a leash for
him.

Jordan looks around at his friends, and sees nothing but
solemn faces.

JORDAN

Come on guys! When we were kids, we used to dream of being something big. We wanted to help people - make real a difference in the world.

MICKIE

What am I gonna do? Go to college?

The group laughs. Mickie throws his hands up in disgust, before cracking a smile.

A waitress brings beers to the table.

JORDAN

Nobody's gotta go to college. Let's not get crazy here.

Jordan cracks open his beer and points the bottle as he talks.

JORDAN (cont'd)

We're not the bad guys, I get that. But, we're not Ivy Leaguer's, either. I mean, we're smart... but, it's a different kind of smart.

ZEKE

He's right. We're the mules for pricks like Hector.

Danny shakes his head.

DANNY

No. I won't accept that.

Beat.

DANNY (cont'd)

Zeke, if I wanted to get my hands on a prehistoric dinosaur egg from the London Museum of Natural History, you'd be in and out without a trace.

Danny pauses, then stands up from the table, and walks to each of his friends, as he addresses them.

Danny pats Jordan on the shoulder.

DANNY (cont'd)
Jordan, you're the only guy I know
that can take apart an engine and
put it back together blindfolded.

As he walks around the table, Danny moves his hand to
Mickie's shoulder. Mickie smiles, brightly waiting for his
words of encouragement.

DANNY (cont'd)
And Mickie...I got nothin'.

Mickie's smile drops.

Danny smiles.

DANNY (cont'd)
Only kidding, pal. Out of anyone I
know, you're the only one who could
talk himself out of a prison
sentence for sneezing on the Mona
Lisa.

JORDAN
You can get arrested for that?

MICKIE
Yeah, what are you getting at,
Danny?

DANNY
What I'm trying to say, is,
everyone in this room is better at
something than anyone else on this
planet.

JORDAN
I'm lovin' all of this warm and
fuzzy talk, I really am. But
sunshine and rainbows ain't gunna
put money on the table, Danny.

DANNY
You ever see Oceans 11?

JORDAN
And 12, and 13, and 14...

DANNY
We're not as good-looking or
charming, but that's us! Each of us
know a thing or two about
something.

Mickie raises his hand.

MICKIE

Can we steer away from things that put us in prison? Orange isn't my best color.

JORDAN

Yeah Danny I'm not about to rob a casino.

ZEKE

Or a bank.

DANNY

Guys, think outside of the box. What do a bank and casino have in common?

ZEKE

Stealing from them comes with long term jail time?

DANNY

Exactly.

Danny smiles, cheekily.

22 INT. RANDOM WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

22

Multiple counting machines tally money as Mexican drug dealers take inventory.

DANNY (V.O)

We happen to know some of this city's richest criminals.

23 EXT. RANDOM WAREHOUSE - DOCKYARD - NIGHT

23

AERIAL VIEW of sea crates being transported off large ships with a small army of forklifts.

DANNY (V.O)

These assholes aren't stock brokers or attorneys. They're drop-outs and runaways.

A Hispanic man drives a forklift. A cigarette hangs out of his mouth. The forklift motors around the shipping docks, and, then, OUT OF SIGHT into a boat house.

24 INT. RANDOM WAREHOUSE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT 24

CLOSE ON: a NO SMOKING sign on the forklift fuel tank.

DANNY (V.O)

They aren't top of their class, and
most of them aren't even licensed
drivers.

The forklift piles skids of wrapped packages into the back
of a fruit truck. The forklift slams into the metal wall of
the boat house as it backs up.

25 INT. RANDOM WAREHOUSE - SMALL SHIPPING OFFICE - NIGHT 25

A gangbanger sits at his office desk piling banded stacks of
cash on top of each other.

DANNY (V.O)

But, the most important thing they
all have in common? They deal in
hundreds of thousands of unmarked
bills - untraceable by any federal
agency.

26 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 26

FOUR UNIDENTIFIED S.W.A.T officers rush the warehouse, two
from the front and two drop in from the roof, with their
guns pointed.

DANNY (V.O)

The cops may not know where these
guys hide, but we do.

27 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - HIDDEN CORNER - NIGHT 27

SIX HISPANICS sit at a poker table. Oblivious.

Two SWAT officers turn a corner behind and rush in and swarm
the table. Poker chips and money fly, as the table overturns
and the Hispanics are brought to their knees.

DANNY (V.O)

If we do it right, no one gets hurt
and we're in and out before the
dust settles.

28 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING OFFICE - NIGHT 28

Hearing something happening down on the floor, Hector looks out of his office window and sees his men being taken into the middle of his warehouse by two SWAT.

Just as Hector opens the door, two SWAT charge in, tackling him to the ground.

DANNY (V.O)

We're going full tactical, just like the boys.

29 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER 29

Hector, and the rest of his Gangbangers, are all in handcuffs on the ground in the main part of the warehouse.

DANNY (V.O)

And, when we're done, we call it in. We put these guys behind bars and spread the wealth between us.

30 BACK TO SCENE 30

Danny stands with his arms wide open, as if to invite someone to challenge his idea.

DANNY

In other words gentlemen, I present you with the answer to our money problems.

MICKIE

Just looking up prison sentences for counterfeit now.

ZEKE

Couldn't be much worse than selling stolen merchandise.

DANNY

Who doesn't love a good Robin Hood story!

ZEKE

This sounds like a Hollywood movie, and they usually end with someone like me getting the short end of the stick.

MICKIE

Well, if someone has to go, I'm
okay with it being you.

DANNY

Nobody's going anywhere. As soon as
they see us rushing in, they'll
fall to the ground in surrender.
This is America.

MICKIE

You know what? I'm starting to
think this isn't such a bad idea...

Mickie grabs his beer as he stands and walks along the
table. He talks out his thoughts.

MICKIE (cont'd)

If we tell the cops where to find
the bad guys then they seize the
money and no one sees a dime.

JORDAN

But if we seize the money --

DANNY

(interrupting)

We keep it... And we decide where
it goes.

ZEKE

So instead of going to the evidence
locker --

JORDAN

(interrupting)

The money goes through us.

DANNY

And we send the bad guys straight
to the MDC.

ZEKE

Now thats a job you can feel good
about.

Jordan tries to find flaws in the plan.

JORDAN

It sounds easy, but where are we
going to get S.W.A.T gear?

Danny immediately turns at Mickie who picks up a pen from the table and starts twirling it with his fingers as he leans back in his chair.

A beat.

After exchanging glances with the group, Mickie puts down the pen, and pauses before smiling cheekily.

MICKIE
Alright, I'll do it.

31 EXT. S.W.A.T. HEADQUARTERS - DAY 31

Mickie stands across the street, looking towards S.W.A.T. Headquarters. Looking like an out-of-date attorney, he wears a dim grey trench coat and large nerd glasses.

He looks down at his over-sized watch, then hurriedly crosses the street bolting up the steps and into the building.

32 INT. S.W.A.T HEADQUARTERS - DAY 32

Mickie opens his trench coat flashing his fake I.D. BADGE. He approaches the help desk.

A young office clerk MONICA, 22, wears her office attire to show off her bust. Smoking hot with a complacent attitude, she looks up over her black-framed glasses.

MONICA
May I help you, sir?

MICKIE
Malcolm Nadar, Department of
Justice.

The clerk looks down at the badge. Mickie quickly shuts his trench coat.

MICKIE (cont'd)
I'm here to retrieve tactical
uniforms for the 89th precinct, I
had my secretary call this morning.

MONICA
Okay, Mr. Nadar. Do you have the
C-18?

MICKIE
The what now?

MONICA

The C-18. For the issuance of
police uniforms.

Mickie pretends to know about the form.

MICKIE

Oh, yes, of course. The C-18!

Mickie opens his briefcase with the D.O.J. emblem
embroidered on the front, a clear forgery.

Out of view of the clerk, he flips through a bunch of blank
papers until he reaches an official-looking letter.

The clerk begins to read the letter. Mickie tries to
distract her.

MICKIE (cont'd)

I'm terribly sorry to have to rush
you --

The clerk looks up at Mickie as he reads her name tag.

MICKIE (cont'd)

Monica. But I need to be at trial
in less than an hour so we can
stand here all day, or, I can call
Chief O'Leary down to move things
along. But, we both know how much
he hates having his time wasted.

CHIEF O'LEARY, 37, tall, handsome and sharply dressed,
approaches Mickie from behind. He towers over him.

Chief O'Leary puts his hand on Mickie's shoulder. Mickie
freezes up, frightened.

CHIEF O'LEARY

Monica, is there something I can
help with?

MONICA

(to Chief O'Leary)

Mr. Nadar is from the Department of
Justice. He says Judge Dennis sent
him to retrieve some uniforms.

Mickie turns around, nervously. He's stiff as a board. He
slowly extends his hand.

Chief O'Leary stares at Mickie, assessing him, curiously.
Mickie feels as though his heart is literally in his throat.

MICKIE
Malcolm Nadar, Department of
Justice.

Chief O'Leary takes his hand and completes the handshake. He assesses Mickie in an attempt to recognize him.

CHIEF O'LEARY
I'm sorry, I'm afraid I don't
recognize you.

Mickie is one twitch away from running out the door.

MICKIE
Yes, sir. I, uh, just started a
couple weeks ago.

Chief O'Leary looks like he is about to expose Mickie when, all of a sudden, the chief snaps his fingers.

CHIEF O'LEARY
Oh! That's right. Lisa told me they
hired a new guy from Princeton.

Mickie loosens up - his blood pressure gently returning back to normal. He smiles, relieved.

MICKIE
Class of 15', sir.

CHIEF O'LEARY
Kappa Theta?

MICKIE
Uh, no sir. No fraternity.

Mickie taps his belly suggesting he wouldn't have fit in.

CHIEF O'LEARY
Oh, well, that's too bad.

MICKIE
I was on the fencing team, though.

CHIEF O'LEARY
Fencing? A noble sport. Did they
play the fight song before your
matches?

MICKIE
Oh, all the time. Can't get enough
of that song.

CHIEF O'LEARY
 Nothing like Princeton pride! Sing
 it with me.

Chief O'Leary steps back and tenses his stance. He holds his hand in a conductors pose as he takes a deep breath in.

CHIEF O'LEARY (cont'd)
 (singing)
 "In Princeton town, we've got a
 team that knows the way to play--"

Chief O'Leary motions to Mickie to sing along. He pulls Mickie in, throwing his arm over his shoulder.

Mickie, still stiff and motionless begins mumbling along.

CHIEF O'LEARY/MICKIE
 (singing)
 "With Princeton spirit back of
 them, they're sure to win the day."

Chief O'Leary laughs as Mickie attempts to spit out a few lines.

CHIEF O'LEARY
 Princeton's my Alma Mater! I was
 getting sick of all those
 snot-nosed Harvard punks coming
 through here.

Mickie's still uncertain if he is in the clear or not.

MICKIE
 Oh, don't even get me started.

CHIEF O'LEARY
 So, Judge Dennis has you doing some
 dirty work for him, does he?

Mickie shakes his head, trying to keep the lie going as long as he can. He shrugs.

MICKIE
 You know Judge Dennis.

CHIEF O'LEARY
 Ahh, hang in there. You'll get in
 the action. In due time, son.

Chief O'Leary motions to the clerk.

CHIEF O'LEARY (cont'd)
 Monica, help Mr. Nadar with
 anything he needs.

Chief O'Leary pats Mickie on the arm.

CHIEF O'LEARY (cont'd)
 It was nice meeting you, Malcolm.
 We'll be seeing you around?

MICKIE
 Yes, sir. I'm already looking
 forward to it.

Mickie turns back around slowly as Chief O'Leary walks away,
 loosening his shoulders as he turns back to face the clerk.

MICKIE (cont'd)
 Well, you heard him.

Mickie smiles, brightly.

The clerk sighs before stamping Mickie's fake form and pulls
 an official police uniform request form out of a drawer and
 stamps it, as well. The address for delivery is listed as a
 P.O. box. Mickie takes the request form and stuffs it in his
 briefcase.

MONICA
 Is there anything else, Mr. Nadar?

Mickie thinks for a moment, then...

MICKIE
 Why, yes, Monica. There is, one
 other thing.

Mickie flirts with the Monica using his newly acquired
 confidence from speaking with Chief O'Leary

33

INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ALLY DOORWAY - DAY

33

Zeke opens one of the police-issued boxes and tosses Jordan
 a headset receiver. Mickie opens another box and pulls out a
 pair of sun glasses and puts them on.

DANNY (V.O)
 Before the show began, we needed a
 few stage props.

34 EXT. ARABIAN DESERT - DAY 34

Outside of a gated compound on the desert plains, POCCO, a baby faced Hispanic man in his 30's, shakes hands with a SIKH while three of Pocco's men load "U.S ARMY" crates onto the back of truck.

DANNY (V.O)
And if anyone was packing automatic
weapons, it was Pocco.

35 EXT. ARABIAN DESERT - OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY 35

BOOM! A truck explodes roadside on an empty urban street. Pocco's men rush in to take pictures in front of the smouldering rubble using a camera phone.

DANNY (V.O)
It wasn't like it was good
business, he just liked blowing
stuff up.

36 INT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - NIGHT 36

Two large and nasty GUARD DOGS circle the gated yard.

DANNY (V.O)
Taking from Pocco wasn't going to
be easy. His guns were his babies
and he was a just a little
overprotective.

A noise from outside of the gate and the dogs leap at the chain link fence nearly ripping through it.

SPOT LIGHTS flick on and illuminate the yard.

37 INT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT 37

An old antenna television displays a security grid of monitored locations. Pocco cuts A CIGAR on his desk as a Gangbanger walks in and informs him of the disturbance.

DANNY (V.O)
But we needed some artillery and
Pocco had an affinity for
semi-automatics.

Pocco grunts as he stands up and walks out of the room.

CLOSE ON: THE TELEVISION

POCCO AND THE GANGBANGER CALM THE DOGS IN THE COMPOUND YARD.

38

INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - DAY

38

Our group sits around the table, beers in hand. Mickie holds a cigarette in his hands as he leans back in his chair.

DANNY

Jord I'll need you on this one.

JORDAN

I don't know Danny, I'm more of a cat guy.

MICKIE

Let me handle it. I've seen Dog Whisperer, I know what to do.

ZEKE

Yeah I say let him go, it'll take them a while to chew through the fat.

MICKIE

Fat jokes now.

Mickie throws up his hands before putting out his cigarette in an emotional fit.

MICKIE (cont'd)

I can't work like this.

DANNY

Zeke's right. Jordan do you still have that R/C car from when we were kids?

JORDAN

It's probably somewhere at my ma's place, but yeah I still got it.

DANNY

Good, we'll need it.

ZEKE

And what the hell am I supposed to do?

DANNY

I want you two to stay here and learn how to be cops. The big boy special forces kind.

MICKIE

You want me to stay back with him?
Danny, come on, I'm ready.

DANNY

Study the lingo and take some
notes.

Danny picks up his blueprints from the table and heads
toward the door.

MICKIE

For the record, I'm the only one
here trained in martial arts.

JORDAN

Martial arts? Really?

MICKIE

Blue belt in karate.

ZEKE

You couldn't hit a spare tire.

MICKIE

I don't even know what that means.

JORDAN

Yeah, come on, Zeke. If you're
gonna be the guy that comes up with
the one-liners, you got work to do.

39

INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - LATER

39

Mickie and Zeke are watching a movie based on S.W.A.T.
Mickie holds a clipboard and pen, eagerly taking notes.

MICKIE

You see the way the Jim looks at
Hondo? You can tell he appreciates
him.

Zeke glares at Mickie in disgust before turning back to face
the T.V.

MICKIE (cont'd)

I'm just sayin, you don't always
have to hold it in you know.

Mickie twists his position on the couch to face Zeke.

MICKIE (cont'd)
This is a safe space.

Zeke turns away from Mickie.

ZEKE
Just watch the damn movie.

Mickie turns back to face the T.V.

MICKIE
Ok, but, I think you could learn a lot from Jim.

ZEKE
What the hell's the matter with you?

Zeke SLAPS Mickie upside the head, gets up and walks away.

MICKIE
See? This is exactly what I'm talking about.

Zeke disappears OUT OF VIEW. Mickie struggles to swivel his neck over the couch to shout at Zeke.

MICKIE (cont'd)
(shouting)
You want me to pause it?

Mickie turns back to the T.V. He writes in his clipboard as he watches an action scene unfold.

40 EXT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

40

Wearing all black, Danny and Jordan pull up outside of Pocco's compound on their motorcycles. Both kickstands deploy at the same time.

Danny readies himself by putting his helmet in a pack attached to his bike.

JORDAN
Are you sure you wanna go through with this? I mean, I got no one. No girl, no kids. But you Danny, you got family.

DANNY
Yeah and that family needs me now more than ever.

Jordan removes a TOY R/C CAR and a REMOTE CONTROLLER from his backpack and begins to calibrate them.

JORDAN

What about Isabella huh? You gonna let her grow up without a dad?

Danny pauses, lowers his head and looks down.

DANNY

Look, if I don't do this, growing up ain't gunna be easy.

After a beat, Danny turns his head and looks at Jordan.

DANNY (cont'd)

Are you with me, pal?

Jordan nods affirmatively.

JORDAN

I'm always with you.

After Danny and Jordan exchange glances of affirmation, Danny pulls out a bolt cutter from his bag and shuffles OUT OF VIEW. Jordan follows.

41 EXT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - NIGHT

41

Danny and Jordan split as they approach the front of the compound. Jordan takes post at the far right corner of the lot while Danny hurries to the left corner.

Danny makes a fist with his right hand as he gets into position.

Jordan pushes the R/C car through a small opening in the fence and sets it in position on the other side of the fence.

Danny pulls a bag of meat from his backpack and tosses it over the fence. It lands behind some crates scattered along the left side of the yard.

Jordan navigates the R/C car. It races through the yard quickly grabbing the attention of TWO GAURD DOGS who tail it curiously.

The dogs follow R/C car OUT OF SIGHT as it steers sporadically toward the landing spot of the meat.

Jordan pulls a walkie-talkie from his backpack.

JORDAN (V.O)
 (from radio)
 Nice shootin' Danny.

Danny signals for Jordan to come to his position then grabs bolt cutters from his bag and begins cutting a small hole at the bottom of the chain link fence.

Jordan hurries over to Danny's position.

DANNY
 Kill the power.

Jordan heads around the corner to the electricity meter connected to the side of the compound. Lifting the cover of the box, Jordan flips the breaker.

42 INT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT 42

Illuminated by the light of wireless electronics, computers, etc. FOUR GANGBANGERS exchange glances as they reach for their weapons.

43 INT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - NIGHT 43

Switching on their flashlights, Danny and Jordan shuffle through the hole in the fence and make their way to the Hummer to find the doors are locked.

Danny pulls a field laptop from his backpack and begins punching in some numbers.

JORDAN
 Now's not the time to be checkin'
 Facebook.

Jordan keeps watch, circling the truck frantically before returning to his cover position beside Danny.

The truck doors unlock after a BEEP sounds from Danny's laptop. Jordan points at the lock in disbelief.

JORDAN (cont'd)
 You can hack a Hummer?

DANNY
 It's easier than you'd think.

They pause for a moment, then make their way to the back of the truck.

Danny opens the trunk and takes the lid off one of the crates. They shine their flashlights on the automatic weapons and hand grenades that fill the crate.

JORDAN

Woah.

DANNY

Things just got real.

A FLASHLIGHT shines at the truck from the distance. A whistle from one of the Gangbangers echoes in the silence of the night. The dogs GO BERSERK.

Danny and Jordan drop the weapons and roll under the truck from either side. They lie on their backs, face up, just inches from the Hummer's undercarriage.

POCCO'S MAN 1 (O.C.)

(spanish)

Chewy! Pablo! Shutup! Get inside.

From underneath the truck, we see POCCO'S MAN 1's feet and lower legs as he approaches the Hummer. He stops.

POCCO'S MAN 1 (O.C.)

(to self)

Now how did these get out?

44 EXT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - HUMMER UNDERCARRIAGE - NIGHT
44

Danny and Jordan watch POCCO's MAN 1's legs as he walks slowly around the truck. He opens one of the back doors of the Hummer and grabs a shotgun. He then cocks it before slamming the door shut.

Danny and Jordan exchange nervous glances.

A beat.

45 EXT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - NIGHT 45

POCCO'S MAN 1

Pedro. That idiot's gonna get himself killed.

POCCO'S MAN 2 calls from the distance.

POCCO'S MAN 2 (O.C.)

(shouting)

Marco.

POCCO'S MAN 2 whistles loudly, calling POCCO's MAN 1.

POCCO's MAN 1 laughs to himself as he grips the shotgun tightly and walks away, whistling.

46 EXT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - HUMMER UNDERCARRIAGE - NIGHT
46

Jordan begins to tap the beat to the whistling on the undercarriage.

DANNY
(whispers)
Stop that.

The whistling stops. Jordan's smile quickly turns into freight as he stares at Danny like a deer in the headlights.

47 EXT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - NIGHT 47

POCCO'S MAN 1 quickly turns and points his shotgun at the Hummer.

A beat. You could hear a pin drop.

POCCO'S MAN 1 relaxes his stance and turns back toward compound and disappears OUT OF SIGHT.

48 EXT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - HUMMER UNDERCARRIAGE - NIGHT
48

DANNY
What is wrong with you?

Jordan faces upward, towards the undercarriage, crossing his hands at his chest as if he were lying in a coffin.

JORDAN
It's not healthy to limit
creativity Danny. Cheryl told me I
shouldn't hold back my creative
urges.

DANNY
Who's Cheryl?

JORDAN
She's my mind and wellness
counselor.

DANNY
You mean your shrink.

JORDAN
Well, I guess if you're being
insensitive.

Danny pauses, staring at Jordan, incredulously.

DANNY

We're pinned under an armored
Hummer filled with automatic
weapons and you wanna talk about
your feelings?

JORDAN

If we don't acknowledge them now
when would we ever?

DANNY

(sarcastically)

I'll tell you what, buddy. When we
get out of here, we'll get ya an
ice cream and we'll talk all about
it, okay?

Danny reaches over with his hand and pushes up Jordan's chin
as if he were patronizing him. Jordan smacks his hand away.

JORDAN

No, you're right. Forget it.

49

EXT. POCCO'S COMPOUND - YARD - NIGHT

49

Jordan and Danny roll out from opposite sides of the truck
and rush toward the back doors. When they meet up, they open
up the hatch, then open the crate, and begin to pull out
five semi-automatic weapons, strapping them over their
shoulder stringing them together with heavy-duty fishing
line.

Jordan grabs a frag grenade and holds it up to Danny
suggestively. Danny shakes his head no, then grabs a smoke
bomb and holds it up to Jordan. Jordan nods agreeably and
they line their pockets with smoke bombs and stun grenades
and run toward the hole in the fence.

50

EXT. OPEN FIELD - CITY LIMITS - DAY

50

Danny, Jordan, Mickie and Zeke stand in a line each holding
a stun grenade. They study it.

Danny wears a tactical vest and gear belt.

DANNY

Has anyone ever used one of these?

Mickie cautiously analyzes the grenade.

MICKIE

So you pull this pin here?

DANNY
I think so.

Mickie pulls the pin and urgently tosses it forward. The group falls back in cover.

BANG! the grenade goes off and smoke fills the air.

DANNY (cont'd)
Jesus Mickie, what'd you think was gonna happen?

The group gets up and dusts themselves off.

JORDAN
You don't think Pocco's gunna be a little pissed off when he finds out that we hi-jacked his inventory?

DANNY
It's not going to matter, because--

Danny reaches into a burlap sack from the ground behind them and pulls out a S.W.A.T. hat. He proudly puts it on and holds his arms out.

DANNY (cont'd)
We're the newest members of the Brooklyn S.W.A.T.

MICKIE
What percentage chance of certain death does this line of work get you?

Danny shrugs.

DANNY
There's risk in any job you do.

ZEKE
You could burn your hand as a fry cook.

Danny looks to Zeke, acknowledging his supportive, yet sarcastic, insight. Danny nods, agreeably as he motions to Zeke.

DANNY
See? Zeke gets it. I could just as easily slip and break my neck at Mattress Depot.

Jordan chimes.

JORDAN
Choking hazards are everywhere.

Mickie is unimpressed.

MICKIE
Okay. I get it.

Mickie grabs a S.W.A.T. hat from the burlap sack and puts it on, gleefully.

MICKIE (cont'd)
So when do we start kickin' ass?

51 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - VAN - DAY 51

Danny grabs semi-automatic rifles from the weapon crate in back of a van then turns to face the group.

He tosses a rifle to Zeke and Mickie. Mickie fumbles the toss and the gun falls to the ground.

DANNY
For the sake of keeping you two
alive, Jordan here is gonna show us
a few things he learned in the
academy.

Danny tosses an ammunition clip to Jordan as he walks to Danny who hands him his rifle.

MICKIE
You're putting him in charge?

Jordan loads the gun with ease.

MICKIE (cont'd)
I watched the movie Danny, I'm
ready.

DANNY
Alright then...

Danny pulls out another box of bullets from his gear belt and tosses it to Mickie. This time he makes the catch.

DANNY (cont'd)
Show us how to load the gun.

Mickie looks around at the group, a little nervous.

MICKIE

Really?

ZEKE

Just load freakin' gun.

MICKIE

Alright, alright. Take it easy.

Mickie analyzes his gun and the ammunition clip.

A beat.

JORDAN

You got it?

MICKIE

They didn't have a scene like this
in the movie, okay?

Zeke scoffs.

Jordan steps in front of the group and takes over. Danny
lines up beside Zeke and Mickie.

JORDAN

Don't worry buddy, Daddy's got'ya.

Jordan empties his clip and quickly reloads another as he
instructs.

JORDAN (cont'd)

This is how you load a gun.

Jordan quickly turns to the warehouse and aims at an opening
on the second floor.

BANG! Jordan takes out a few beer bottles with rapid fire.
All of the bottles explode.

The group cheers with excitement.

JORDAN (cont'd)

And that's how you shoot it.

The rest of the group load their guns.

52 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

52

In full tactical gear, Jordan leads the group into the abandoned warehouse.

JORDAN (V.O)
Now the first thing you'll need to
know is how to clear a room.

Mickie tries to boot down the door, pathetically. He kicks at it a few times before Danny turns the knob and pushes it open.

Jordan rushes into a common room followed by Danny, Mickie then Zeke.

53 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - COMMON ROOM - DAY

53

Jordan enters the doorway and fires at an old office chair in the middle of the room, then follows the entrance wall to the left corner.

JORDAN (V.O)
The first guy in takes out the
first thing he sees...

Danny quickly enters behind Jordan and takes a shot at an old painting hanging on the far wall before taking position in the far right entrance corner.

JORDAN (V.O) (cont'd)
The second guy cleans up the
mess...

Mickie and Zeke rush in and take position on either side of entrance wall standing in line one meter beside Jordan and Danny.

JORDAN (V.O) (cont'd)
And the trailers keep their eyes up
the middle.

54 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

54

Jordan leads our group across the warehouse rooftop to a roof vent. He opens the vent and rigs a rappel with rope taken from a rope bag strapped to his back.

JORDAN (V.O)
Dropping in is like rock climbing,
only the people on the ground might
be trying to kill you.

Jordan drops-in through the roof vent while Danny, Mickie and Zeke watch from the rooftop.

55 EXT. OPEN FIELD - CITY LIMITS - DAY 55

Jordan, Mickie, and Zeke are on the ground doing push-ups. Mickie struggles to complete one.

JORDAN (V.O)
U.S S.W.A.T isn't your typical 9-5
so if we're going to play the part
we have to look like we know what
we're doing.

56 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - FIELD - DAY 56

Danny, Mickie and Zeke lay on their stomachs looking down their rifles at a few empty beer bottles propped up on an old saw horse.

JORDAN
Mickie, what do you see out there?

MICKIE
Dirt, sir. A whole lotta' dirt.

JORDAN
Zeke?

ZEKE
Looks like what's left of one hell
of a party, sir.

JORDAN
Danny. Tell them boys what's out
there.

Danny holds his aim for a few seconds before pulling the trigger. A smoke grenade explodes spitting out smoke as it spins sporadically.

Zeke and Mickie sit up from their firing positions and look over to Danny. Danny glances over, keeping his position.

DANNY
I saw a C4 ready to blow our sorry
asses to Jersey.

The group rise to their feet.

JORDAN
Attention to detail is gonna keep
us alive.

ZEKE

So then, what's our first job?

Danny reaches into the burlap sack and pulls out a rolled up NEWSPAPER that reads:

"JAPANESE MOB BOSS EITO KATO RELEASED FROM PRISON ON \$3 MILLION BAIL."

DANNY

Eito Kato.

57 EXT. NEW YORK STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY 57

EITO KATO, 30's, a flashy-dressed Japanese man, smiles as he makes his way down the steps of the prison entrance to his limo.

A FRENZY OF REPORTERS AND MEDIA OUTLETS is held back by LAWYERS, POLICE and a HALF-DOZEN MEMBERS OF HIS ENTOURAGE.

DANNY (V.O)

This guy is one bad ass son of a bitch.

58 EXT. EITO KATO'S HOUSE - BACKYARD POOL - DAY 58

Eito Kato holds a handgun as he strolls out of the house to his pool deck. He approaches a group of THREE CHINESE BUSINESSMEN and proceeds to shoot one of them into the infinity pool behind them.

DANNY (V.O)

Legend has it that he cut the head clean off his housekeeper for forgetting the mint on his pillow.

59 EXT. EITO KATO'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER 59

FROM OVERHEAD, we see a pile of ABOUT EIGHT FEMALE MODELS. One-by-one, they begin to walk away from each other, revealing Kato laying underneath.

DANNY (V.O)

When he's not busy killing people, he likes to party. And I mean party.

A SEXY MAID walks up to him, carrying a platter with six evenly-placed lines of cocaine. He snarfs two lines in a row.

DANNY (V.O) (cont'd)
Now, as big of a maniac as Kato is,
he's reckless. It's no secret on
the streets where he does his
business, or where he holds his
cargo.

60 EXT. EITO KATO'S HOUSE - GARAGE - EVENING

60

Eito Kato walks out of his garage. In between the exotic cars lies stacks of powder on crates. Unlocking the doors with a key fob, he gets into a Honda CRV, and drives off into the sunset.

DANNY (V.O)
Lucky for us, Kato's head is so far
up his own ass that he doesn't
bother with security.

61 BACK TO SCENE

61

Danny, grinning from ear to ear, now stands with his arms crossed.

DANNY
Unlucky for him, we're the new
security in town.

Danny looks around to gauge the reaction of the group.
Mickie puts up his hand in objection.

MICKIE
You know the part of that montage
where Kato shot a China-man into
his infinity pool?

DANNY
Well, I'm not really sure what kind
of pool he has.

Mickie pauses.

JORDAN
He may not even have a pool.

MICKIE
Regardless of the type of pool he
may or may not have, I really don't
feel like getting shot into it.

DANNY
Look, no one's getting killed.

Danny pulls out a box of rubber bullets from the burlap sack. He takes one out, and holds it up in front of his group.

Jordan stares back at the sack.

JORDAN

The contents in that bag have been really convenient for the plot...

DANNY

We load our guns with these bad boys. It's enough to knock anyone out of the action long enough to get in, and get out. And most importantly, we keep our hands clean.

ZEKE

I don't think Kato's men are going to give us the same courtesy.

Danny rips open his button-up shirt to reveal a bullet proof vest.

DANNY

That's why you wear protection.

Looking at some nervous faces, Danny tries to lighten the mood, reassuring the group of their safety.

DANNY (cont'd)

Fellas, we're a tactical team. The whole point is to not get hurt. As long as we do our homework and stick to the plan, we'll be coming home without a scratch and one hell of a bounty.

JORDAN

I'm in.

ZEKE

Me too.

DANNY

Mick?

After a brief hesitation.

MICKIE

If I get even so much as a hangnail...

ZEKE

I don't see what could go wrong.

JORDAN

Yeah, seems fool proof to me.

A beat.

MICKIE

Then the boys are in business!

Mickie pulls the pin on the flash grenade and tosses it in the air behind him.

DANNY

Hoorah.

ALL

Hoorah!

The grenade detonates.

62 INT. EITO KATO'S HOUSE - BACKROOM OFFICE - NIGHT 62

FOUR KATO HENCHMEN pile money into counting machines while taking accounting notes. Some of the men stack packages on top of one another.

63 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 63

Zeke, Mickie, Danny and Jordan are lined in a row, gearing up in full S.W.A.T uniform. Their faces are stone cold, getting focused.

64 INT. GALA DINNER - NIGHT 64

Kato talks with A BUSINESS MAN, 40'S, sitting across from him. A BUSTY HOSTESS brings TWO TALL GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE.

65 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK DOOR - NIGHT 65

Danny pulls out A PICTURE of Maggie and Isabella. He gently rubs their faces with his thumb. Zeke pats Danny's shoulder as he walks past him.

Danny tucks the picture into his vest pocket before following Zeke.

66 INT. KATO'S LIMO - NIGHT 66

Kato looks out of his limo window looking up at the moon in contemplation. A HIGH-CLASS ESCORT, 23, blonde, perky bust, reaches for his leg. Kato bats it away.

67 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - ISABELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT 67

Maggie and Isabella play together with a doll house. Maggie turns, and notices the full moon out of the window.

68 EXT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK DOOR - NIGHT 68

As the guys exit, Danny stops and glances up at the moon. Jordan walks up to him, and gently pats Danny on the shoulder. They exchange brief, but reassuring smiles.

JORDAN
You ready, pal?

They stop walking.

Danny looks back up at the moon.

DANNY
Pretty amazing, huh?

Jordan glances up.

JORDAN
It's our night to shine, brother.

After patting Danny on the shoulder Jordan hustles toward the van. Danny quickly follows.

69 INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT 69

Jordan hops into the passenger side while Danny takes the driver seat.

As Zeke and Mickie get in the back of the van, they toss their empty loot bags on the floor and take kneeling positions on either side.

Just as Zeke closes the doors behind him, Danny goes to start the van. It stalls!

Danny tries again. This time, while pumping the gas.

Nothing.

DANNY
It was running fine this morning.

MICKIE
Are you sure there's enough gas?

Danny glares intently.

DANNY
Yes, there's enough gas.

MICKIE
I'm just saying. Sometimes a car
won't start without gas.

ZEKE
What about the oil? Did you check
the oil.

DANNY
Yes, I checked the oil.

Danny leans over to Jordan.

DANNY (cont'd)
(quietly)
You checked the oil, right?

JORDAN
(quietly)
Since when am I the mechanic?

Danny gets out of the van and whips open the hood.

There's a pause.

DANNY
(yelling)
Needs oil!

Danny hurries around to the back of the van and opens the doors. Mickie and Zeke sit there, waiting patiently, as Danny pulls a jug of oil from the van's storage compartment.

Danny points to Mickie and Zeke.

DANNY (cont'd)
Not one word.

Danny closes the back doors. Mickie and Zeke look at each other. They don't move.

MICKIE

Well this isn't very a good start.

After a moment, Danny closes the hood and hops back into the van, flippantly tossing the empty oil carton behind him. The van starts.

Danny is ecstatic.

DANNY

The Good Guys are back in business.
Hoorah!

ALL

Hoorah!

The van skids off into the distance.

70 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 70

Danny's van pulls up, and parks a safe distance from Kato's house.

71 INT. DANNY'S VAN - NIGHT 71

Mickie and Zeke lean in on the back of the front seats of the van in anticipation of the heist.

MICKIE

So, are we going with "The Good
Guys", then?

JORDAN

Yeah where did that come from?

DANNY

It just came out.

ZEKE

You can't think that stuff up.

DANNY

Alright, remember - we're in and
out in under ten minutes. Got it?

Danny turns to the group for confirmation before putting on his standard issue mesh mask and tactical helmet.

The rest of the group put their helmets on. Jordan hops out of the front of the van while Zeke and Mickie exit through the side doors.

72 EXT. KATO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 72

Danny, Jordan and Zeke rush the garage door, Mickie catches up to them.

Zeke and Mickie split to either side of the garage and disappear OUT OF SIGHT.

73 INT. KATO'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT 73

Four Japanese men play poker on a cluttered table of drugs, cash, and electronics. The room is filled with cigar smoke.

KATO'S MAN 1
(Japanese accent)
Halle Berry is so hot.

KATO'S MAN 2
(Japanese accent)
No no. Anne Hathaway - super hot.

The four men laugh and nod their heads in excitement. KATO'S MAN 1 drops his smile as he throws some chips in the middle of the table.

KATO'S MAN 1
All in.

74 EXT. KATO'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT 74

Danny types some code on a child's TOY COMPUTER that has been modified with taped on sensors and gizmo's.

JORDAN
(whispering)
YouTube?

DANNY
(whispering)
NYU. I sold a dime bag to a freshman.

JORDAN
(whispering)
You're kidding, right?

Danny looks up at Jordan. The toy BEEPS.

DANNY
No.

Jordan takes post on the corner of the garage door, Danny hustles to the other side - both ready.

75

INT. KATO'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

75

The garage door begins to open causing THE FOUR MEN INSIDE to quickly bolt upright and reach for their weapons.

They point their weapons at the garage door. It stops 1/4 of the way up. Two of the men exchange glances before A FLASH GRENADE flies inside. It bounces on the floor, then rolls towards the men. It stops. There's a pause. Then, the grenade GOES OFF.

The table flies and the contents scatter throughout the garage.

Amid the sudden flash and smoke, two bricks burst through the glass windows on either side of the garage distracting the men inside.

Danny and Jordan roll in from under the garage door pointing their guns at the men as they spring to their feet and take post on either corner of the garage entrance.

DANNY/JORDAN
POLICE! Get down, now!

Zeke comes flying in through the open window.

ZEKE
(yelling)
Nobody move! Don't move.

Kato's men quickly fall to the ground. Danny rushes in and cuffs one of the men while pressing his knee against the back of his neck.

DANNY
Stay down!

Zeke begins to cuff the other men while Jordan keeps a dominant position over the scene.

Mickie struggles to lift himself through the other window. He shouts orders as he hobbles on the ledge.

MICKIE
Get down! Nobody move!

Mickie makes his way inside the garage, rolling on the floor as he falls inside. He notices Zeke apprehending one of the men and struts over.

MICKIE (cont'd)
 You messed with the wrong district
 today, buddy.

As Zeke ties him up, he looks up at Mickie with disgust.

ZEKE
 (to Mickie)
 What the hell is a matter with you?
 Start grabbin'!

Mickie scrambles to gather as much cash as possible.

With all of Kato's men tied up and face-down on the ground, Danny, Jordan and Zeke join in, filling up their bags, quickly.

After getting as much as they can fit in their bags, Danny, Jordan, Zeke and Mickie bolt out of the garage.

76 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 76

Danny, Jordan and Mickie stand around a table, holding beer bottles. Zeke wears a 1980's accounting visor as he counts out the loot.

DANNY
 Not bad for our first job, boys.
 Zeke, what are we at so far?

ZEKE
 We're eatin' good tonight, fellas.

The group laughs together.

They raise their beer bottles.

ALL
 Hoorah!

77 EXT. RANDOM MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 77

In full S.W.A.T. gear, Danny, Jordan, Zeke and Mickie each storm different entrances of a large three-story mansion on the top of the hills, during...

DANNY (V.O)
 For the next three months we raided
 compounds, store houses, and safe
 houses.

78 INT. RANDOM MANSION - LIBRARY - DAY 78

Danny and Mickie line up three men facing the library wall with their hands and feet spread apart.

Zeke and Jordan begin to collect the jewelry and money that are scattered throughout the room.

DANNY (V.O)
We were looking for anything we
could sell... and cash was king.

79 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - STREET - DAY 79

Zeke hands A BRIEFCASE to A well-dressed business woman, named FRANCESCA, 30's. She walks out of the parking garage, then around the corner, and into a bank.

80 INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - TELLER STATION - DAY 80

Francesca walks up to A MALE TELLER, 20's, and smiles at him, flirtatiously.

DANNY (V.O)
We even had a mule. Her name was
Francesca. A smart girl with daddy
issues. She took 10% off the top
which of course, we were okay with.

81 INT. VALET PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 81

Jordan and Mickie walk towards a row of twelve expensive-looking cars - six on each side - parked parallel on a 45-degree angle.

DANNY (V.O)
As for the big ticket items. We
took those too. I ended up making a
deal with the same kid who showed
me how to hack garage door openers.

82 INT. CHINESE MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY 82

In the dinning room of a giant mansion a CHINESE KID is getting yelled at in Mandarin by his FATHER at the dinner table. The kid moves his vegetables around with his fork as he ignores his father's lecture.

DANNY (V.O)
Turned out, he also had daddy
issues.

83 INT. DOCKYARD - LOADING HANGAR - NIGHT

83

Danny, Jordan and Mickie each drive an exotic car into different SEACANS. Once the cars are inside, Danny, Jordan, and Mickie get out of the cars, and each hand the Chinese Kid their keys.

They all then each pick up a briefcase, and walk out of the hanger. Danny shakes the Chinese kid's hand on his way out.

DANNY (V.O)

The cars were loaded on a boat and sent to the Mainland where they would be wiped clean. In exchange, we took half the sticker price.

84 EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

84

Danny drops a plastic crate at the door of a homeless shelter. The shelter owner excitedly waves him over, they hug.

Jordan, Zeke, and Mickie each stack crates one on top of other, drawing from the bed of a loaded pickup truck.

DANNY (V.O)

We clothed the poor, fed the hungry, and made sure we took care of our own.

85 EXT. PEMBERTON'S FLOWERS - DAY

85

A crane lifts a neon sign: PEMBERTON FLOWERS, to the front of the newly renovated flower shop.

86 INT. GOSPEL CHURCH SERVICE - DAY

86

A gospel choir sings joyfully as our group sits awkwardly wearing their Sunday best.

The collection plate passes Danny who subtly places in an unmarked envelope.

DANNY (V.O)

And of course, being the newest Saints in town we had to pay our duty to the church.

The plate makes it's way to the end of the row where Zeke is sitting, he drops in another envelope before passing the plate to Jordan in the pew behind him who places in yet another envelope.

87 EXT. BROOKLYN, N.Y - PAYPHONE - NIGHT 87

Danny mans the payphone receiver as Jordan, Zeke and Mickie lounge around outside of the phone booth.

DANNY (V.O)
We called in the address of every
hideout we ransacked just minutes
earlier. We took their money and
gave them a one-way ticket to the
slammer.

88 INT. ALVAREZ COMPOUND - NIGHT 88

Police rush in from every entrance. They apprehend the tied up ALVAREZ along with a half dozen henchmen.

DANNY (V.O)
Alvarez.

89 EXT. PONCHO ESTATE - YARD - NIGHT 89

Police charge at a fleeing PONCHO, who is bound to a chair with his hands tied behind his back. They tackle him to the ground and slap cuffs on him.

DANNY (V.O)
Poncho.

90 INT. ESTIVAN LIVING ROOM - DAY 90

S.W.A.T bust down the front door and pile into the dining room to find ESTIVAN eating dinner with his family.

As Estivan reaches for an automatic weapon nearby, an officer charges in and knocks the chair from under him. Other officers rush in and apprehend him.

DANNY (V.O)
Even Eduardo Estivan. New York's
biggest Aderoll player from the
90's -- now serving a 30 year
prison sentence thanks to us.

91 INT. SERGEANT LUSNEY'S OFFICE - DAY 91

Lusney and Suarez apply pushpins to a city map, attempting to trace the steps of our group while other officers cycle in and out of the office.

DANNY (V.O)
The cops had no idea what was going
on but they had to have been
(MORE)

DANNY (V.O) (cont'd)
pleased with our service to the
city.

92 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - DAY

92

Danny, Jordan, Mickie and Zeke all lounge around the table smoking cigars, playing poker with stacks of banded money.

DANNY (V.O)
At the end of the day, we were
flying high, and no one knew who
the hell we were - and as long as
we stayed under the radar -- We
were untouchable.

93 INT. ANOTHER RANDOM MANSION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

93

BANG!

Danny, Zeke, and Jordan dart from around a corner, guns raised, all shocked and alert.

They see Mickie standing there with his gun smoking and A MAN sprawled on the ground.

He throws off his helmet and mask in an attempt to gather himself.

CONTRABAND and DRUGS are scattered everywhere.

Danny looks at Mickie, confused.

DANNY
What the hell was that?

MICKIE
(shocked)
I don't know, it just went off,
and... I'm sorry Danny, I just shot
and... I don't know.

DANNY
You weren't suppose to blow his
freakin' head off! Put your mask
back on!

Mickie looks at the knocked out Gangbanger on the floor. A few spats of blood have dripped on the floor from a small flesh wound.

MICKIE
His head's not off.

Mickie leans down towards him.

MICKIE (cont'd)
(to the man)
You dead, man?

Mickie pauses before collapsing to his knees. He then grabs the mans shirt and proceeds to shake him hysterically.

MICKIE (cont'd)
Wake up Dammit!

Mickie slaps him a couple of times. Zeke and Jordan cringe.

JORDAN
I don't think he's waking up, pal.

ZEKE
That's just not right.

Mickie hobbles off of the guy. He's sobbing a little.

Danny rushes over and checks the guy's pulse. He looks around at the group, relieved.

DANNY
He's not dead. Yet.

JORDAN
Let's get out of here.

The group snaps out of it and stuff their loot bags with money and jewelry before fleeing through the open door.

94

INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

94

Danny, Jordan, and Mickie all sit around the table, littered with contraband. They're motionless - mentally evaluating the experience.

MICKIE
Look, I don't know what happened,
it was an accident. The gun just
sort of, went off. I mean, there
was a lot of yelling and banging, I
just... I don't know what happened.

DANNY
That wasn't exactly flying under
the radar.

JORDAN
You think they had cameras?

95 EXT. ANOTHER RANDOM MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY 95

Sergeant Lusney approaches the mansion our group just robbed. He dabs the sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief as he walks. Pocketing the handkerchief, Lusney adjusts his glasses and continues forward.

SUAREZ
Sir.

Lusney continues to the mansion as Suarez briefs him.

SUAREZ (cont'd)
The FBI are on their way. It looks like another one from our mystery group.

The garage door is open. TWO POLICE OFFICERS finish blocking off the scene while DEA AGENTS gather evidence in and around the garage and front yard.

96 INT. ANOTHER RANDOM MANSION - GARAGE - DAY 96

LUSNEY
What do we have so far?

SUAREZ
Joggers came across some debris this morning but no one was home by the time we showed up.

A young-looking Hispanic man in business casual - DETECTIVE JUAN MARTINEZ, 30's, storms through the garage door from inside of the house.

MARTINEZ
Sir, you might want to take a look at this.

Suarez and Lusney make their way through the garage and follow Martinez into the mansion.

97 INT. ANOTHER RANDOM MANSION - HALLWAYS - DAY 97

Martinez and Suarez, and Lusney, make their way through a few random hallways, to a safe room where A HALF DOZEN FBI AGENTS and POLICE OFFICERS are analyzing security footage on a grid of small flat-screen televisions.

Martinez and Lusney attempt to go through the door at the SAME TIME. They bow awkwardly back and forth trying to get through.

LUSNEY
Dammit Martinez.

MARTINEZ
Sorry sir.

Martinez steps back and gestures to Lusney to pass through. Lusney shakes his head as he walks past a shameful Martinez.

98 INT. ANOTHER RANDOM MANSION - SAFE ROOM - DAY 98

As Lusney enters the Safe Room he nods towards OFFICER HILLCOAT, 30's.

OFFICER HILLCOAT
They had cameras all over this place.

LUSNEY
So what are we looking at?

OFFICER HILLCOAT
It appears to be Brooklyn S.W.A.T, Sir.

LUSNEY
S.W.A.T?

Lusney leans in towards the monitor.

A beat.

LUSNEY (cont'd)
(to Suarez)
I want intel on every P.D within fifty miles of here. I want to know what every tactical unit had for breakfast this morning.

SUAREZ
I'm on it.

Suarez quickly turns and exits the room.

MARTINEZ
What about me, sir?

LUSNEY

I want you to find our mystery man.

Martinez nods before quickly leaving the room.

ON THE MONITOR, we see security camera footage of Mickie standing next to the Gangbanger on the floor, and taking off his mask.

Lusney keeps his eyes locked on the monitor. He leans in closer to the monitor, squinting.

DANNY (V.O)

Turns out, they had cameras.

99 EXT. MICKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

99

Mickie sits on a park bench, a baseball cap poking through his hoodie, tied tightly around his neck. With his hands tucked in his pockets, he bounces his knee up and down, nervously.

DANNY (V.O)

Mickie was the first to go. He became paranoid of every little thing. He even attacked the mail man because he thought he was spying on him.

With no pants on, Mickie chases THE MAILMAN from the front of his apartment, yelling at him like a crazed animal.

DANNY (V.O) (cont'd)

Which, of course, he was.

The mailman crosses the street and hops into a nondescript van.

100 INT. NONDESCRIPT VAN - DAY

100

The Mailman takes off his mailman shirt to reveal an NYPD armored vest. He then begins typing into a laptop.

101 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

101

Zeke stands in a smoke-filled motel room, peaking through the blinds, periodically. He holds A BASEBALL BAT over his shoulder as he chugs A BEER with his other hand.

DANNY (V.O)

No one's heard from Zeke since it happened. He never owned a cell phone so no one knew where he was half the time anyway.

102 INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAY 102

Jordan leans back in a chair slowly puffing a cigar, blowing straight up at the ceiling, filling the room with smoke. He sports tactical pants and boots with a worn white muscle shirt.

DANNY (V.O)

Jordan? Well, he really didn't give a shit. He thought, if the cops found him, he'd have one hell of a party on his way out.

103 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY 103

Inside police headquarters, AN INTERN clutches a file folder as he hurries past OFFICERS and DETECTIVES. He scurries through the office, as it bustles with activity.

The Intern bursts into Lusney's office.

104 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SERGEANT LUSNEY'S OFFICE - DAY 104

The Intern drops the file folder onto Lusney's desk and stands staring at Lusney. After a moment, the sergeant turns to the file and opens it, revealing SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of the group taken from a street camera.

Lusney looks back up at the intern.

DANNY (V.O)

At the end of the day, we were on the run and paranoid as hell. I guess, we were all just waiting for the shit storm that awaited us.

105 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 105

On the television, A NEWS REPORTER details an incident. Still footage displays Mickie's face with a caption of "UNKNOWN MERCENARIES LOOT ALVAREZ COMPOUND".

REPORTER

(on t.v)

People across the city are heralding the man from this photo, who police say is one of a handful of others responsible for bringing down some of New York's most notorious criminals.

Maggie's watching the television - alone. The room is dark.

As part of the news story, A CITIZEN, 28, in raggedy clothing, is interviewed. HOOD MEMBERS randomly jump in and out of view of the camera, yelling hype behind the Citizen as he talks.

CITIZEN

(on t.v)

Shout out to Flay Flay and C-Money.
My boy big Ricky, lil' Simmy -
whaddup. 10-23 you know what it is,
keepin' it real down hurr--.

The reporter is crowded by hood members squeezing into frame trying to get some camera time.

REPORTER

(on t.v)

Do you have anything to say about
the mercenaries?

CITIZEN

(on t.v)

Oh lordy lordy. You know what I
think? It's Robin Hood for real
man! He's come back in the flesh,
my brotha, keepin'us safe down on
the East Side!

HOOD MEMBERS

(on t.v)

East Side!

The hood members scatter. Too much hype for the East Side.

REPORTER

(on t.v)

Well there you have it...

The news program continues in the background as Danny enters the living room.

An image of Mickie's face pops back on the screen - taken from the security footage.

Danny sees the t.v and stops in his tracks. Maggie sees him, and, with the t.v. remote in her hands, quickly darts towards him.

DANNY

Meg.

Danny tries to gently put his arms around her, but, she quickly swats them away. Maggie can't look Danny in the eye.

MAGGIE

Please tell me you had nothing to do with this.

Danny nearly breaks down.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You don't think he's going to rat you out the first chance he gets?

DANNY

He may be an idiot, but, he's no rat.

Isabella looks down into the living room from the top steps. Thinking that her daughter is asleep by now, Maggie tries her best to keep her voice down while she tongue lashes Danny.

MAGGIE

You better figure out how to undo what ever the hell it is you've done, Danny.

Danny grabs the remote from Maggie, and turns off the t.v.

DANNY

We didn't exactly have options Meg, we needed the money.

MAGGIE

So... what? You're just going around killing people now?

DANNY

We never hurt anyone. And we went after the bad guys.

MAGGIE

Stealing is stealing, Danny.

A beat.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

How long has this been going on?

Maggie paces into the hallway, Danny follows.

106 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 106

Maggie walks down the hallway, and up to a closet. She whips open the closet door and pulls out a suitcase.

DANNY

I wasn't just going to stand around
and watch the people I love the
most fall apart. I said I'd take
care of us and I did.

Maggie paces to the stairs.

Danny follows her.

MAGGIE

I was so naive. I just didn't want
to believe it so badly.

DANNY

Where are you going, Meg?

Maggie halts at the bottom of the stairs and turns to Danny.

MAGGIE

We're not staying here.

Maggie drags her suitcase up the stairs.

Danny calls from the bottom step.

DANNY

So what, you're just going to leave
me?

107 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 107

Maggie drops the suitcase on the bed and begins to pack frantically.

Danny walks in and closes the suitcase.

DANNY

Meg?

MAGGIE

You know what, Danny. Maybe this is
what we needed.

DANNY

Let me fix this, please. I'll
figure something out, like I always
do.

ISABELLA (O.C.)

Mommy?

Maggie and Danny both look over to Isabella standing at the bedroom door, dazed from the commotion.

Maggie breaks past Danny and kneels down to Isabella.

MAGGIE

Go get your Dora bag, honey. We're going to grandmas.

ISABELLA

I'm tired.

MAGGIE

Me, too, baby. Me too.

DANNY

Go back to bed, sweetie. Daddy's gonna come tuck you in.

Isabella pauses for a moment, then runs to her room. Maggie shoves Danny as he tries to stop her from packing.

MAGGIE

No! Just don't. I'm tired of all the lies Danny. Do you know how many nights I sat up wondering if you were coming home or not?

Danny is growing agitated.

DANNY

What did you want me to do, Meg?
Wait until we lost everything?
Until Reg was on the streets?

Maggie zips up her suitcase and heads to the door.

108

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

108

Isabella stands motionless outside of the door.

MAGGIE

(to Isabella)

Come on baby.

Maggie picks her up and carries her down the stairs.

109 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 109

Danny catches up to Maggie and grabs her arm.

DANNY

You can't just take my daughter!

Maggie looks down at his hand and then back up at him, looking at him, sternly.

MAGGIE

Get your hand off of me.

Reluctantly, Danny lets go.

Danny tries to hold it together as he watches his daughter being taken away.

ISABELLA

Daddy!

Danny follows.

DANNY

Have fun at Oma's, baby. I'll see you soon, okay? Daddy loves you.

Maggie walks out of the apartment, not saying a word.

As the door closes...

The apartment is silent. Danny stands, motionless.

110 INT. SERGEANT LUSNEY'S OFFICE - DAY 110

Lusney sits behind his desk reviewing security footage of Mickie walking into the department asking for uniforms.

Suarez walks in and drops a newspaper on Lusney's desk. The paper reads "MODERN DAY ROBIN HOOD TAKES DOWN POWERFUL DRUG LORD". A picture from the security camera is under the headline.

Lusney looks down at the newspaper.

SUAREZ

Mickie Smith, 32 years old, clean record, works at Burger King.

LUSNEY

Clearly he had two jobs.

SUAREZ

Shouldn't we be praising these guys? I mean, if it weren't for them the DEA would be months behind.

Lusney gazes back at the newspaper.

LUSNEY

The media is having a field day with this.

Suarez sighs, deeply. Frustrated. Lusney gets up from his desk and follows Suarez as he walks over to the window.

LUSNEY (cont'd)

As much as this city needs a night watchman, our hero can't be dipping his hands in the cookie jar.

Suarez turns back to look out the window. He puts his hands on his hips.

SUAREZ

At this pace, they'll have the entire drug ring to its knees by the end of the month.

LUSNEY

We need to do the right thing and let the judicial system decide.

Suarez turns back around to Lusney, his hand pushing back his trench coat.

SUAREZ

With respect, sir, the judicial system isn't out there fighting crime. We have a mole that's capable of cleaning up this entire city and we're gonna fold our hand?

LUSNEY

The Chief wants control over the situation. He's not one for vigilante justice.

Lusney sits back down at his desk and grabs the phone receiver, then begins dialling.

LUSNEY (cont'd)

Just find these guys and bring them in for questioning, got it?

SUAREZ

Yes, sir.

As Lusney waits for the other end to pick up...

Suarez waits.

Lusney looks up from his glasses as he leans forward, the phone receiver tucked against his face and shoulder.

LUSNEY

What are you waiting for?

Lusney points toward the door. Suarez looks puzzled at the sudden mood shift. They both stare at each other awkwardly for a few moments before Suarez turns and walks out of the room.

LUSNEY (cont'd)

(to self)

Dammit Suarez.

111 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

111

Danny sits alone at the table, twirling a picture of Maggie and Isabella with his fingers.

Reg walks in from the storefront and grabs two beers from the fridge. He opens one for Danny and sets it on the table, pushing it forward as he pulls up a chair. Crossing one leg at the knee, he stares at Danny.

A beat.

UNCLE REG

So you gonna tell me what's goin on?

Danny looks up and pauses before he grabs his beer and takes a swig.

DANNY

It's complicated.

Reg pulls a cigarette case from his front pocket. He lights one and tosses the case on the table.

UNCLE REG

I got all night.

DANNY

How did you and Aunt May do it for so long Reg?

UNCLE REG
Communication.

DANNY
Yeah well what if there were things
you couldn't exactly communicate.

Reg hauls his cigarette knowing where Danny is heading.

UNCLE REG
Sure, there were some things she
didn't know.

Danny stares down at the table.

UNCLE REG (cont'd)
Look, what ever you got going on
you better not be puttin' those
girls in danger.

Danny looks up at Reg as he delivers a stern message.

UNCLE REG (cont'd)
Because nothing's more important
than family Danny.

DANNY
That's who I'm fightin' for, Reg.

Reg pulls a picture from his back pocket and drops it on the
table. Danny glances at it before picking it up.

INSERT - PHOTO

Reg is with some U.S Army soldiers in the jungle.

UNCLE REG
May wanted a family. Kids, white
fence, the whole bit. I went to
Nam' thinking I'd be a real G.I and
kick some ass. It was supposed to
be a quick six months but it turned
out to be a hell of a lot longer. I
came back with a "grab life by the
balls" attitude and I started
getting into a little trouble. By
the time I realized what a screw up
I became, it was too late. Your
aunt wasn't happy with the way
things were goin, and she took
off...

Danny tosses the picture back to Reg.

DANNY

You think Aunt May woulda' stuck
around if you got her that white
fence?

Reg hammers home the moral of the story.

UNCLE REG

She didn't care about the fence,
Danny.

Reg butts out his cigarette and leans in.

UNCLE REG (cont'd)

All she ever wanted was me.

DANNY

If I'm at home I'm not out puttin'
food on the table.

Reg puts out his cigarette and pulls his chair forward,
leaning in.

UNCLE REG

How can I help, kid?

DANNY

I need to figure out how to
disappear and keep my old life.

Reg is figuring out that Danny is in deep shit.

UNCLE REG

You wanna start fresh? Get the cat
off your tail?

DANNY

Something like that.

Reg leans back in his chair, crossing his fingers as he
rests his hands on his belly, relaxed.

UNCLE REG

Let me make a few phone calls.

DANNY

What you gonna do?

UNCLE REG

You trust me Danny?

DANNY
With my life, Reg.

A beep from his pocket, Danny checks his cell phone before getting up abruptly.

UNCLE REG
Where you goin?

Danny grabs his jacket from the table and throws it on while he talks.

DANNY
I gotta go figure things out.

He walks over to Reg and kisses him on the forehead.

DANNY (cont'd)
The Manzatti's are fighters. I'm gonna take care of my girls. That's a promise.

As Danny exits to the storefront Reg grabs the picture from the middle of the table and reflects.

112 INT. MICKIE'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY 112

The television is on. Cartoons are playing at high volume. Mickie is passed out on the couch holding the t.v remote in an outstretched hand hanging off of the couch.

A bag of chips rests on his belly. Beer bottles and leftovers clutter the area in front of the t.v. They are visible only by the dim light that cuts through the closed blinds. A ceiling fan spins above him.

There is an aggressive KNOCK at the door. MICKIE'S MOTHER, 40's with a thick Jersey accent, calls from the next room.

MICKIE'S MOTHER (O.C)
Get the door!

Mickie snaps up from his slumber and holds his hands as if to brace a fall. With his head on a swivel, he looks around for a breakout plan. He reaches for a baseball bat as he shuffles to the door. Gripping the bat, tightly, readying himself for a swing.

The knocking continues.

MICKIE'S MOTHER (O.C) (cont'd)
I swear to God if I hear one more knock...

Mickie rolls his eyes and answers sternly.

MICKIE
I'm handling it, Ma.

The knocking stops. Mickie's excitement wanes as he inches closer to the door in curiosity. As he reaches for the handle the door busts open.

Jordan comes flying in wearing headphones and a backpack. Mickie swings his bat at Jordan who tackles him to mitigate the blows.

JORDAN
What the hell man?

Mickie quickly looks up at him, floored, yet somewhat relieved that it's Jordan.

MICKIE
I thought you were the cops!

Mickie throws Jordan off of him.

MICKIE (cont'd)
Who the hell knocks like that
anyway? Didn't you hear me yelling?

Jordan rips off his headphones and holds them out as he explains.

JORDAN
Katy Perry.

MICKIE
(calmly)
Oh. Ya, no, her new stuff is pretty
sick.

JORDAN
What did you think of the bonus
track?

MICKIE
Oh you liked that one too?

JORDAN
Ya I couldn't believe some of those
harmonies.

MICKIE
I don't care what they say she
definitely does her own backup
vocals.

Mickie begins to feel the conversation veer off, and quickly snaps out of it, and rushes over to close the door.

Jordan gazes at him, perplexed, as Mickie locks all three deadbolts.

JORDAN

Wait. You left your door unlocked?

Mickie pauses, realizing.

MICKIE

I must have forgotten.

JORDAN

Isn't locking the door like the first step in home security?

MICKIE

I'm forgetful, okay? I'm not exactly in the best mental state right now.

Mickie turns the last lock, and makes his way to the fridge, grabbing two beers.

MICKIE (cont'd)

You want a beer?

JORDAN

Sure.

Jordan takes the beer and walks over to the mess in front of the couch. He picks up a newspaper with Mickie's headline, and throws it back into the clutter.

Mickie sits down on the couch.

MICKIE

So you came here to check up on me?
Make sure I was okay?

JORDAN

Not really. I came for your Oculus.

MICKIE

You were going to take my Oculus?

JORDAN

Well, yeah. I mean, I figured you'd be gone by now.

Mickie walks over to the OCULUS RIFT VIRTUAL REALITY HEADSET and hands it to Jordan.

MICKIE
Go ahead. Take it.

Jordan takes off his backpack and motions to put the headset inside. But, just before Jordan closes the bag, Mickie stops him.

MICKIE (cont'd)
Wait. You were going to take it?
Just like that?

JORDAN
You just said I could.

MICKIE
Yeah, but, I didn't think you were
actually going to. I'm sitting
right here.

Jordan pauses, slightly perplexed, as he gently reaches back into his bag, and pulls the Oculus back out before straightening his posture.

JORDAN
So... can I take it? Or...

Mickie sighs.

MICKIE
I suppose it won't be much use to
me in prison.

Jordan puts the Oculus in his backpack, then zips it up, and throws it over his shoulders.

JORDAN
I don't know man, for all we know,
the cops think we're heroes. They
could be sending out a search party
for us right now to tell us we're
getting the key to the city.

MICKIE
They only know about me Jord. Get
out of here while you still can.
Don't let me bring you guys down.

JORDAN
Look, no one is going down. But,
there may have to be a few changes.

Mickie shakes his head.

MICKIE

Oh I dunno. I mean, I know I look
good in heels, but, I'm not sure
I'm ready to cross over.

Jordan stares at Mickie, quizzically.

JORDAN

What?

MICKIE

You want me to go full Caitlyn.

Jordan is floored that Mickie went that far astray.

JORDAN

I'm talking about moving to Canada,
or something.

MICKIE

What? Yeah, Of course. That's what
I was thinking, too.

Jordan takes a good, long swig of his beer.

MICKIE (cont'd)

So. What now?

Jordan finishes his beer.

JORDAN

I don't know. But, I know Danny's
working on something. Until then --

Jordan looks Mickie up and down and sniffs twice.

JORDAN (cont'd)

Take a shower.

As he turns to walk out, he pauses, and looks back to
Mickie.

JORDAN (cont'd)

Oh, and, go to a Motel 6 or
something.

Jordan throws his headphones back over his head and walks
out.

113 EXT. NEW YORK CITY DOCKS - DUSK

113

Jordan stands beside his motorcycle, looking out at the harbor.

Danny walks up from behind.

DANNY

They say Jimmy Hoffa's somewhere in
that river.

Jordan looks over and sees Danny standing beside him. He smirks.

JORDAN

I thought he was under Giants
Stadium.

Danny smiles back. They bro hug.

DANNY

It's not easy gettin' the old gang
together these days.

JORDAN

I guess that's the price you pay to
get on America's Most Wanted.

Jordan and Danny share a brief chuckle.

DANNY

How's Mick?

JORDAN

He seems to be holding it together.
A little more disturbed than usual,
but overall alright.

Danny reaches in his bag and pulls out a few papers and offers it to Jordan.

JORDAN (cont'd)

What's that?

DANNY

It may be our only chance at a
normal life.

Jordan reaches out and grabs it, but, not fully accepting it. He looks down, then back up at Danny.

JORDAN
 Danny, I thought--

DANNY
 The way I see it, is we either end
 up in prison, wind up dead, or, by
 the seat of our pants, we get a
 free pass.

JORDAN
 This could get us in even more
 trouble.

DANNY
 Take it. Think about it. Then, when
 you're ready, you know where to
 find me.

Danny lets go of the papers, Jordan holds onto it, batting
 it against his palm as he ponders Danny's proposal.

JORDAN
 How are the girls?

DANNY
 She left me Jord. Took the kid too.

JORDAN
 She'll be back.

DANNY
 Yeah well, let's hope you're right.

Danny throws his helmet back on and hops on his bike, a few
 yards behind Jordan's bike, kicking up a little dust as he
 rides off.

Jordan pauses, then throws the map in his bag and walks
 towards his bike.

114 INT. SERGEANT LUSNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

114

Lusney moves a KNIGHT on a chess board on his desk.

Standing beside Lusney, Suarez leans in and presses play on
 A TAPE RECORDER.

SUAREZ
 So why don't you tell us why you're
 here.

115 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - NEARBY BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 115

TWO S.W.A.T. SNIPERS line the roof of a building across the street. TWO ARMORED VEHICLES are stationed nearby, just out of range of the large industrial lights illuminating the compound.

UNCLE REG (V.O)
I told the kid he was in too deep.

116 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SOUTH GATE GUARD STATION - NIGHT 116

A S.W.A.T. MEMBER sneaks up behind A GUARD at the south gate, and disarms him. The S.W.A.T. member smacks the guard's head off the desk, then cuffs him.

UNCLE REG (V.O)
He just wanted to provide for his family. General labour wasn't cuttin' it.

117 INT. MOTEL - ROOM 108 - NIGHT 117

Mickie and Jordan gear up tossing each other parts of the uniform as they get ready.

SUAREZ (V.O)
So one of the men is your nephew?

Danny opens a crate and hands a rifle to Jordan. Danny then tosses another rifle across the bed to Mickie, who loads it as he catches it.

UNCLE REG (V.O)
Look, just promise me they won't get hurt.

118 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING OFFICE - NIGHT 118

Hector looks out of the office window at the gangbangers below. He puffs a cloud of smoke before closing the blinds.

SUAREZ (V.O)
Ya, sure. No one gets hurt.

UNCLE REG (V.O)
I want your damn word.

119 EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 108 - NIGHT 119

Zeke leans against the wall beside the door with a cigarette hanging from his mouth. He packs some ammo into his jacket pocket.

LUSNEY (V.O)

Mr. Manzatti, this department is
built on a foundation of trust. You
have our word.

120 INT. MOTEL - ROOM 108 - NIGHT 120

Danny throws a backpack over his shoulder.

DANNY

Alright then, this is it. Lets
stick to the plan and look sharp
out there and for the love of God
don't forget the hand signal.

JORDAN

You really think this is going to
work?

DANNY

What ever happens we had one hell
of a ride, didn't we?

MICKIE

Hell ya.

Danny puts out his fist. Jordan, Mickie and Zeke hustle over to join in.

DANNY

Hoorah on three. 1, 2, 3.

ALL

Hoorah!

The group hustles out of the Motel.

121 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT
121

Running toward the warehouse, Mickie and Jordan run past
Danny who stops to take position overlooking the warehouse.

Danny opens his backpack and pulls out a pair of binoculars
then surveys the mill.

122 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - NEARBY BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 122

S.W.A.T SNIPER 2 surveys the mill through his scope, zooming in and out on the dozen or so gangbangers inside the compound until he focuses on Suarez. Sitting in the passenger seat of the squad car, he looks back at the sniper, nervously.

Lusney is eating a powdered donut. He spills coffee on his pants.

123 INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT 123

Lusney takes out some napkins from the glove box and begins to wipe himself.

LUSNEY

Dammit.

(to Suarez)

You got any Tide-To-Go? My wife's gonna kill me.

SUAREZ

No, sir.

LUSNEY

Jesus, Suarez, I'm really starting to question your commitment to this team.

Suarez tries to shrug off the sergeant's comment.

Lusney perks up and points toward the gates as a PAPA GELLETTO'S PIZZA VAN approaches.

LUSNEY (cont'd)

Look, here they come.

Suarez picks up the intercom.

SUAREZ

(into radio)

All units, we have a visual on an unidentified vehicle approaching the south gate. Standby.

S.W.A.T SNIPER 1

(through radio)

Roger that.

Suarez grabs his gun from his holster and gets out of the squad car, Lusney follows.

124 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SOUTH GATE GUARD STATION -
NIGHT 124

Suarez stealthily approaches the vehicle. Lusney catches up. THREE OFFICERS also close in on the vehicle, until it's surrounded.

Suarez approaches the window.

Through the window, we see a pile of PIZZA BOXES on the passenger seat. Suarez relaxes his demeanor, then picks up his walkie-talkie.

SUAREZ
(into radio)
It's just the pizza boy.

Suarez taps the window of the pizza van with his flashlight, and re-holsters his gun. The window rolls down, it's Zeke with a Mexican disguise. He keeps his hands up in plain site of the officers.

ZEKE
I don't want any trouble, officer.

Suarez digs deep into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash.

SUAREZ
Here's fifty bucks. I suggest you
turn around and go home, and forget
this ever happened.

Lusney approaches the window and interjects.

LUSNEY
Now, wait a minute, Suarez. These
boys are expectin' pizzas.

SUAREZ
Sir, I don't think it's a good idea
to put this kid's life in danger.

Lusney grows agitated.

LUSNEY
If we don't send him in, we could
jeopardize this entire operation.
We don't get these guys on our
side, and this city's drug problem
gets worse. Then, little Carlos
here, goes out with his friends one
night for a little "Booze and
(MORE)

LUSNEY (cont'd)
 Cruise". Next thing you know, his
 older cousin pulls out a dime bag
 of crack cocaine and he tries a
 little, because he's in college,
 and he's curious...

125 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - ABANDONED BUILDING WINDOW - NIGHT 125

Through his binoculars, Danny pans the sniper overwatch then focuses on Jordan getting into position on top of the mill roof.

DANNY
 (into radio)
 Be careful up there Jord. They got
 eyes all over the place.

126 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - MILL SIDE DOOR - NIGHT 126

Mickie runs up to a side entrance of the mill and peaks through the window before quickly kneeling into position.

127 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - MILL ROOF - NIGHT 127

Jordan unwinds some rope and buckles to a harness.

MICKIE
 (from radio)
 The Falcon is in the nest. Over.

Jordan kneels down and lines his pockets with smoke grenades taken from a backpack.

128 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SOUTH GUARD STATION - NIGHT 128

LUSNEY
 ...And then, you're driving home
 one night and you see him crawling
 around in a dumpster behind a
 Denny's, all because you didn't let
 him do his damn job.

Lusney places his other hand on the driver door as he leans in. He puts on his "Chief of Police" voice.

LUSNEY (cont'd)
 (to Zeke)
 Now, listen here, son. You're gonna
 go in there, and hand out them
 pizzas. Then, when you're done,
 (MORE)

LUSNEY (cont'd)
 you're gonna go back to the little
 pizza shop you came from, and get
 three more large's. Got it?

Suarez steps in to intercede.

SUAREZ
 Sir.

LUSNEY
 Stand down, Suarez.

129 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - NEARBY BUILDING - ROOFTOP -
 NIGHT 129

Through his rifle scope, S.W.A.T SNIPER 1 sees Suarez start
 to back away from the van. The two S.W.A.T members staking
 the roof turn to each other.

S.W.A.T SNIPER 2
 What's going on down there?

S.W.A.T SNIPER 1
 It looks like the sarge's ordering
 pizza's.

S.W.A.T SNIPER 2 snickers to himself.

130 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SOUTH GUARD STATION - NIGHT
 130

Zeke writes down the order on a notepad.

ZEKE
 So that's two pepperoni's and a
 meat lovers, extra cheese.

LUSNEY
 And, for the love of God, don't
 forget the dipping sauce, what ever
 you do.

Zeke, more than a little puzzled, looks back and forth
 between Suarez and Lusney, trying to figure out who is the
 adult between them.

Lusney's face is stone cold.

ZEKE
 That'll be \$48.50

Lusney reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his wallet, fetching some cash. He hands it to Zeke, and backs away from the van.

LUSNEY
Keep the change.

Suarez motions for the pizza boy to proceed into the compound.

Zeke hangs his hat out of the drivers side window to acknowledge the detectives.

ZEKE
Thank you officers.

As the van rolls forward Suarez pats the back of the van with his hand, placing a SMALL DEVICE above the tail light.

131 INT. PIZZA VAN - NIGHT 131

Zeke casually puts his hat back on before remembering that that was the signal...

He perks up like a deer in the headlights.

ZEKE
Oh shit.

132 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - ABANDONED BUILDING WINDOW - NIGHT 132

Danny puts his binoculars down and radio's to the group.

DANNY
(into radio)
Did he just give the signal?

133 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - MILL SIDE DOOR - NIGHT 133

Mickie tries to get a view of the pizza van.

MICKIE
(into radio)
He waved his hat?

134 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - MILL ROOF - NIGHT 134

Jordan stops what he's doing and takes cover behind the roof vent.

JORDAN
 (into radio)
 Danny, what's happening out there?

135 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - ABANDONED BUILDING WINDOW - NIGHT 135

Danny focuses on the drivers side mirror of the pizza van.
 Zeke makes a nervous cut throat hand signal.

DANNY
 (into radio)
 Hold tight boys. It looks like it
 may have been a false alarm.

136 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - MILL - NIGHT 136

The doors to the compound open as the van slowly rolls in
 and slows to a stop.

Zeke casually gets out of the van, gently whistling a tune
 as he circles to the passenger side.

Zeke opens the door and carries the pizza over to the front
 of the van where he stands and waits.

137 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - MILL ROOF - NIGHT 137

Jordan opens the roof vent and peaks down at the action.

JORDAN
 (into radio)
 The lamb is in position.

DANNY
 (fromradio)
 Standby.

138 BACK TO SCENE 138

ZEKE (O.C)
 That will be \$88.75, please.

The Zeke waits for one of the Gangbangers to come over. One
 of the roughest looking members strolls over as the rest of
 the Gangbangers watch on.

GANGBANGER 1
 You lost Boy? We didn't order no
 Pizza.

Zeke sets down the boxes and picks up the top two. Zeke
 flips through a receipt taped to the top box.

ZEKE

It says here that someone at this address ordered 4 larges. This is 21 Parkway isn't it?

GANGBANGER 1

No, it isn't. Now get lost.

Zeke throws a pretend fit.

ZEKE

Oh, just great. Larry screwin' with me again. Unbelievable.

Gangbanger 1 approaches Zeke as the posse begins to stir.

GANGBANGER 1

Now's when you go home Ese.

ZEKE

I can't take these back or my boss is gonna kill me.

GANGBANGER 1

Not if I do first.

Gangbanger 1 lifts his shirt to show a handgun tucked in the front of his pants. Zeke notices it and then throws his hands up - still in play mode.

ZEKE

Woah woah. I don't want any trouble.

Gangbanger 1 glances down at the pizza's Zeke holds out as an offering before turning his back and walking back to the group.

A beat and then Zeke turns his hat backwards.

139

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - ABANDONED BUILDING -
ANOTHER WINDOW - NIGHT

139

DANNY

(into radio)

Now!

140 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 140

SLOW MOTION

The Zeke tosses the two boxes to either side of the compound, landing next to two crates of drugs. The Gangbangers leap from the table, and quickly scatter.

Zeke reaches to his vest and grabs A DETONATOR. He presses a button and the pizza boxes explode, creating two giant clouds of white dust that cover almost the entire compound.

A smoke grenade flies in through the side door. Two stun grenades detonate as they hit the ground from above.

Jordan zips down from the roof vents and lunges toward the back of the pizza van and hops in through the back doors.

END SLOW MOTION

141 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SOUTH GUARD STATION - NIGHT
141

Suarez and Lusney hear the commotion from inside the building and quickly draw the guns from their holsters.

142 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT
142

Danny rushes from behind the police unit stationed in front of the mill and launches a smoke grenade at the squad cars.

143 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - SOUTH GUARD STATION - NIGHT
143

Officers disappear in a cloud of smoke as the smoke bomb detonates.

Lusney holds a handkerchief over his mouth trying not to inhale the smoke.

LUSNEY
(into radio)
Get somebody on our six, now!

The two armored S.W.A.T. vehicles floor it into the building.

144 INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK WAREHOUSE - MILL - NIGHT 144

The S.W.A.T. vehicles skid to a stop on either side of the pizza van.

A sea of POLICE OFFICERS flood in through the mill doors while flash grenades fly in from outside.

S.W.A.T 3
(yelling)
POLICE! Everybody down on the
ground, now!

S.W.A.T 4
(yelling)
Don't move! Get Down!

As S.W.A.T apprehend the men inside of the compound, Suarez and Lusney step through the rubble. The room is filled with smoke and powder. Laser sites from the S.W.A.T rifles pierce through the smoke as more S.W.A.T survey the area.

As the smoke settles our group is nowhere to be found. Lusney looks for the closest inanimate object to destroy and kicks over a broom and dustpan leaning against the wall by the door.

LUSNEY
God Dammit!

145 INT. SERGEANT LUSNEY'S OFFICE - DAY 145

Lusney and Suarez sit in silence. A television broadcasts a press statement from Chief O'Leary.

Lusney grabs the remote and turns off the t.v.

LUSNEY
I'm gonna have my ass handed to me
in about thirty minutes.

Suarez takes a cell phone from his pocket and leans forward in his chair. He swipes a few times.

LUSNEY (cont'd)
It's too bad. I really think the
Chief was startin' to come around.

SUAREZ
Maybe they'll meet us for a coffee.

Lusney scoffs.

Suarez nods amicably.

SUAREZ (cont'd)
 No, you're right. They might not
 meet us...

Suarez stands and approaches the front of Lusney's desk. He turns his phone to face him and drops it on his desk.

Lusney looks down at the phone and then back up at Suarez.

SUAREZ (cont'd)
 But I think I might know how we can
 meet them.

CLOSE IN ON: THE DEVICE SHOWING A TRACKING BEACON ON A MAP.

Suarez smiles cheekily as Lusney looks up curiously.

SUAREZ (cont'd)
 I don't think those boys were
 expectin' pizza's.

146 EXT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY 146

S.W.A.T line up outside of Danny's apartment. Using a SWATKEY Tactical Breaching Tool, one of the S.W.A.T members busts open the door. The other officers flood into the apartment and search every corner for evidence.

147 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 147

One of the S.W.A.T members notices a cellphone on the kitchen table blinking with a notification. He takes off his headset and dials into the voicemail. Putting it on speaker he listens to the unheard message.

MAGGIE
 (from machine)
 Hey Danny, it's Meg. I know you're
 probably gone now, but...

The S.W.A.T member calls out to the living room.

S.W.A.T 1
 Sir, you better come listen to
 this.

Lusney comes rushing into the kitchen, Suarez follows behind him. They listen to the message.

MAGGIE
 (from machine)
 We miss you.

148 EXT. ROUTE 66 - USA - DAY 148

Without a vehicle in sight, Zeke, Mickie and Jordan cruise through the desert on old Route 66. Riding custom hogs, our group is in full biker attire, all black leather with American flag patches on the back of their jackets.

MAGGIE V.O.
(from machine)
Reg told me he got passports.
Switzerland? That seems so far.

149 INT. UNCLE REG'S MEATS - DAY 149

Lusney flips through overdue letters on the counter as S.W.A.T survey the area, no one to be found.

MAGGIE V.O.
(from machine)
You think the guys will like it
there? I've never even heard of
Geneva.

Suarez approaches from the back room to show Lusney some drafts of fake Swiss passports for our group. They exchange glances of confusion.

OFFICER 1
Sir.

Another officer brings crumpled receipts for plane tickets to Geneva, Switzerland.

150 INT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE - DAY 150

Lusney and Suarez sit on a moving plane flipping through evidence they gathered from their recent raids. Swiss passports, receipts, bank statements.

MAGGIE V.O.
(from machine)
Izzy got another A on her math
test. She misses you like crazy.

A flight attendant approaches and offers drinks to Suarez who sits in the aisle seat. He puts his hand up to pass.

151 EXT. ROBIN'S HOGS - DAY 151

An AMERICAN FLAG waves from the above the front entrance of a motorcycle tuneup shop. Reg shakes hands with a BIKER who gives him a wad of American bills.

Danny emerges from inside of the garage to meet Isabella who runs towards him from outside where she was playing. He picks her up and fixes the wind-blown hair from her face as he smiles lovingly.

152 INT. PAYPHONE - ACROSS FROM ROBIN'S HOGS - DAY 152

MAGGIE
(into receiver)
Anyway... I've been doing a lot of
thinking and, you were right.

153 FROM THE BLACK WE HEAR-- 153

MAGGIE V.O.
(from machine)
You really were one of The Good
Guys.