In Chicago, Illinois, a cop is sitting in his cop car opposite a large industrial building. He waits as a long lorry truck heads to the entrance and is escorted inside by a security guard at the gate.

The copper holds his walkie-talkie and says, “we are a good to go, and we are good to go.”

“10-4” the voice through the walkie-talkie replies.

The copper then comes out of the car and sneaks his way towards the gate and ambushes the security guard. As the security guard is on the ground tied up and gagged, the copper activates the gate just as a black van comes from the corner and enters the archway entrance towards the building.

Inside the van are two rows opposite each other, filled with policemen and woman suited up in balaclavas awaiting final instruction from the main lieutenant called James.

“Ok, you know the drill.” As he holds up a picture of a girl called Kiera, mid 20s in a police uniform. He then also holds up another picture of a guy called Carl, also mid 20s both of them in police uniform posing like a graduation with the biggest grins on their faces. Just like all fresh coppers do when they think that they are going to make a difference, no naïve.

“These two are not to be touched, me and Sampson will deal with them. They will be in plain clothes, undercover, so be discreet when approaching them.”

“Make sure Marciano is apprehended and if there is a crossfire situation, I rather see them in a cell than in the morgue, they need to stand trial.”

As they head in, the crossfire became a reality and the police and Marciano men exchanging bullets.

In the middle of it all, Carl and Kiera are laid on the floor opposite each other. The look or anguish and despair in his eyes as he look over her bleeding, motionless. She is then carried away by Marciano’s men and escorted to a van by Joey who rises as grin to the guy who now turns to rage.

“Kiera!!” he screams out as James carries him away towards the van.