

THE SALTON SEA

by

Tony Gayton

FADE IN:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN recumbent on the bed, playing a TRUMPET, his white dress shirt defaced by a flower of blood. The room is ON FIRE all around him.

He is playing Miles Davis' moody, Spanish-influenced SAETA, a haunting and lonely piece.

DANNY (V.O.)

My name is Tom Van Allen ...

(beat)

or Danny Flynne ...

A DUFFLE BAG FULL OF MONEY ON THE BED. The money burning, tiny flaming pieces floating around the room.

DANNY (cont'd)

... I don't know anymore.

(beat)

Maybe I'll let you decide. Maybe you can help me, friend. As you can see,

I don't have a hell of a lot of time left.

A PHOTOGRAPH of a woman taped to the inside of a trumpet case. The photo is on fire. Only her smile remains.

DANNY (cont'd)

Avenging angel ... Judas Iscariot ...

Loving husband ... Prodigal Son ...

The prince of Denmark ...?

A GREETING CARD on the floor, a teddy bear and the word, CONGRATULATIONS! on the front. The wind from the fire blows the card open. Inside, a BLACKENED BLOOD STAIN.

DANNY (cont'd)

All of these? None of these? You decide, friend. You decide. Trumpet player? Speed freak?

(beat)

Speed freak.

(beat)

That's as good a place as any.

(beat)

But first, a little background on the mad world of the tweaker ..

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a glass pipette dripping a clear liquid into a glass beaker.

DANNY (V.O.)

Methedrene was first distilled by a Japanese scientist before WWII.

Hand it to the Japanese, they knew a good thing when they saw it.

INT. JAPANESE ZERO - DAY

A wide-eyed, jaw-grinding KAMIKAZE PILOT with a death-grip on the controls.

DANNY (V.O.)

This guy's so tweaked, he probably thinks he can survive this without a scratch.

STOCK BATTLE FOOTAGE - a Japanese Zero crashes into a battleship, bursting into a ball of flames.

DANNY (V.O.)

Maybe not.

(beat)

By some estimates, 2% of the Japanese population had a meth problem after the war: factory workers, soldiers, pilots. Maybe that's why it took two bombs to get 'em to surrender. A nuclear blast is just a minor nuisance to a determined tweaker.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A wide-eyed, June Cleaveresque housewife in a picture-perfect white dress vacuums the floor of a picture-perfect house.

DANNY (V.O)

In the fifties, the housewives got ahold of it. Dexedrine. Benzedrine.

Methedrene ...

She attacks the same spot over and over again, one hand clutching the vacuum, the other stiffly holding a cigarette.

DANNY (cont'd)

Now that's a classic speed freak for you, skinny and cleaning the house. I'll bet her poor husband never knew what hit him in the sack either.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE LEG OF THE BED rattling and bouncing loudly off the floor.

STOCK FOOTAGE - J.F.K. pumping the hand of NIKITA KRUSCHEV.

DANNY (V.O.)

There were even rumors that one of
our presidents dabbled with
mysterious "energy shots". Imagine
that: a slammer in the White House.

Kennedy talking animatedly.

DANNY (cont'd)

If it's true, I'll bet ol' Krushchev
never got a word in edgewise.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A sleepy-eyed TRUCKER emerges from his tractor-trailer and approaches a
loitering HELL'S ANGELS-type.

DANNY (V.O.)

By the late 60's the government
finally cracked down and sent the
whole thing underground. Bikers
controlled the market for a while.

INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER - NIGHT

The trucker gripping the wheel with the same death-grip as the
Kamikaze.

DANNY (V.O.)

But now anyone with a basic chemistry
kit and the right ingredients can
cook it up at home.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

A CASHIER scanning container after container of COLD MEDICATION.

DANNY (V.O.)

Ever see a long-haired tattooed freak
buying up all the cold medicine he
can lay his hands on at three in the morning.

The cashier looks up at the aforementioned FREAK, a frozen grin
plastered on his face.

DANNY (cont'd)

Take it from me, he ain't got no
cold. He's a cook. Look in his
kitchen and you'll find a whole
grocery list of unsavory ingredients.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TRACK DOWN the kitchen counter on various containers.

DANNY (V.O.)

Drain cleaner, hydrochloric acid,
match heads for red phosphorus,
ether and of course the cold
medicine .. that's for Ephedrene,
soon to become Methedrene

CONTINUE TRACKING to a series of BURNERS, BEAKERS and TUBING

DANNY (cont'd)

This guy's a regular Julia Child.
Problem is, I'll be even Miss Julia
fucks up the bouillabaisse from time to time.

The freaky cook sees something he doesn't like. His eyes widen.

DANNY (cont'd)

Oh-oh.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

As the structure explodes.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - UNKNOWN

Thick blankets and tinfoil taped over the windows.

A huge container of empty beer cans, washed and neatly arranged.

Lines of crystal meth on a mirror as precisely arranged as Nails as the
Nuremberg rally.

A GROUP OF TWEAKERS in the middle of a binge.

Two skinny women, NANCY and Teresa bent over a drawer-full of neatly
folded socks on the living room floor. They stare at the drawer as if
they were pondering a Rembrandt.

NANCY

It ain't right

TERESA

You think?

NANCY

Something's off.

TERESA

We can do better.

They take the socks out and being rearranging them again.

Three guys squeezed onto a couch together: KUJO, JIMMY THE FINN and
CREEPER. Kujo is talking a blue-streak. He makes Dennis Leary look
mealy-mouthed.

Creeper and Jimmy stare straight ahead, clearly bugging.

KUJO

So the alphabet, I mean look at it,
there's 26 letters. Why not 27 or 28
or 106? And the vowels: a, e, i, o, u.
What the hell is up with that?

CREEPER

And sometimes y.

KUJO

What I'm saying is that I love it!
It's great. I could go on all night about it.

And he does.

KUJO (cont'd)

Let's take every letter individually.
I mean, let's really break the
mother's down.

DANNY is sitting in an armchair. He is the only one who looks tired.
He sits there, taking the scene in.

ALL SOUNDS FADE OUT

DANNY (V.O.)

And so this is where I find myself.
No. I should choose my words more
wisely: this is the world I sought
out. The land of the perpetual night-
party. Day swallowing night and
night swallowing day. The crank
compressing time like some divine
piston on its awesome downstroke.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - SCANNING THE ROOM. NO SOUND. The girl's folding the
socks ... Kujo ranting on ... Creeper and Jimmy the Finn grinding their
jaws ... the BLANKETS AND TINFOIL ON THE WINDOWS.

DANNY (cont'd)

We've been at this for three days ...
or is it four? Tweakerrs, lokers,
slammers coming and going, swearing
eternal allegiance and undying love
for one another, only to wake up
after the binge and realize you
wouldn't walk across the street to
piss on one of 'em if their head was on fire.

(beat)

Is it three days or is it four?

BACK ON DANNY. He blinks lethargically.

DANNY (cont'd)

I know what you're thinking. But
don't give up on me just yet. And
for God's sake, don't pity me. Don't
make any judgments until you've seen
my whole story.

(beat)

And keep your eyes open.

(beat)

Nothing is what it seems.

Suddenly ...

KUJO (O.S.)

OH SHIT! WE'RE OUT OF DRUGS!

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny and Jimmy the Finn walking towards the front door.

DANNY

How the hell did we get this detail?

JIMMY

Guess it's our turn.

Danny nods.

DANNY

What time is it?

JIMMY

Twelve

DANNY

Midnight?

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - DAY

As the door opens, Danny discovers that it is TWELVE NOON and the sun
is blazing.

The party house is revealed as a cheap stucco apartment building
crammed in the middle of BUSY BUSINESS DISTRICT at a major
intersection.

Jimmy and Danny slip on sunglasses and brave the light.

DANNY

Where to?

JIMMY

I know a guy.

DANNY

Lead the way.

They slink along like two albino rat vampires with sunglasses.

JIMMY

Nice day

DANNY

I hadn't noticed.

(beat)

I've seen you around. What's your name?

JIMMY

Jimmy. Everyone calls me Jimmy the Finn.

DANNY

Why's that?

JIMMY

My features. They're Finnish.

DANNY

You don't say.

JIMMY

Finland is a country.

DANNY

Well, Jimmy the Finn, let's go score some gack.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Danny and Jimmy standing there looking at something OFF SCREEN. Danny and Jimmy looking at one another, then back at what they were looking at.

A GUY sitting on the bed in his underwear, looking down at his left arm and holding a can of BUG SPRAY at the ready in his right hand.

He is completely motionless, studying his arm with hypnotic intensity.

JIMMY

Bobby?

BOBBY

Shhh.

Bobby never takes his eyes off his arm.

BOBBY (cont'd)

(whispering)

They're coming.

JIMMY

(likewise whispering)

What?

BOBBY

The spiders.

Bobby readies the can of bug spray, his eyes widening.

BOBBY (cont'd)

(sing-song)

I'm ready for you this time.

Bobby lets loose with the spray, dousing his arm.

BOBBY

Aha! Yeah!

(super rapid-fire)

You thought you could fuck with
Bobby, you thought you could fuck
with Bobby, you thought you could
fuck with Bobby!

Bobby's mouth wide with stupid joy and continues to cloud the air with
bug spray.

BOBBY (cont'd)

With Bobby you thought you could fuck?

Danny and Jimmy wait silently. Bobby finally stops spraying, satisfied
he has killed the imaginary spiders.

He looks up at Jimmy and Danny, his eyes swimming with stupid, drug-
addled confusion.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Who the fuck are you?

JIMMY

It's me ... Jimmy

Bobby squints.

BOBBY

Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy. Rhymes with Simmy.

JIMMY

Yeah.

BOBBY

What can I do for you?

JIMMY

Um, coupla' eight balls oughta do us.

Danny and Jimmy notice something simultaneously.

There is something under the mattress - A HUGE BULGE.

BOBBY

Don't pay her no mind.

A MUFFLED MOAN from under Bobby. She is between the mattress and the
box springs.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Shut the hell up, goddamit!

Bobby starts slapping the top of the mattress with his hand. New
MUFFLED SCREAMS from underneath.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I got no vocation skills! What the
fuck you want from me?

(keeps slapping)

I got no vocation skills!

JIMMY

Hey man, take it easy.

Bobby immediately stops. Looks at Jimmy with incredulity.

BOBBY

What?

JIMMY

Come on. Ease off the girl.

Bobby springs from the bed, grabbing something as he rises.

Danny and Jimmy suddenly staring at a SPEARGUN which is loaded with two
stainless steel spears.

Bobby stands there alternately pointing the speargun at Jimmy, then
Danny.

BOBBY

Did you bring the plastic men?

Bobby nods towards something behind Danny. Danny and Jimmy don't move
or speak.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Did you bring the plastic men?

(beat)

Did you bring the plastic men?

Bobby rubs his nose.

BOBBY

Did ... you ... bring ... the ... plastic ... men?

DANNY

Nah, we didn't bring 'em. That's
just your good crank talking, brother.

Bobby tilts his head.

DANNY (cont'd)

We were hoping to catch a few ourselves
if you'll hook us up.

BOBBY

(calmer)

You bring the plastic men?

DANNY

Like I said.

JIMMY

Fuck man. Come on, Bobby.

BOBBY

Bobby, Bobby, Bobby. Rhymes with ...

(he draws a blank)

DANNY

Hobby?

Bobby twists a smile, revealing speed-blackened teeth.

BOBBY

That's a good man. I like that.

DANNY

(calmly)

Hey, Bobby, look .. What you got
going with your old lay, it's none
of our business. We're just a couple
of dope fiends trying to score.

Bobby lowers his speargun.

BOBBY

Two eight balls?

Jimmy breaths a sigh of relief.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Danny and Jimmy exit the room, closing the door behind them. Danny
looks at Jimmy.

DANNY

Nice dealer you got there, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Oh ... that. Ah, he was just juiced.

He wouldn't have did nothin'

WHAP, WHAP! Two spears plunge through the cheap door, stopping inches
from Danny's head.

They run like hell.

EXT. SKY - DAY

TIME LAPSE. The sun plunges down. The sky turns black. The moon
races up and down. The sky lightens. The sun races up and down.
Night comes again.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone crashing. Jonestown, post Kool-Aid. It looks like they have all simultaneously fallen asleep where they were standing or sitting.

Danny stirs awake. Looks around. He stretches. KNOCKING OVER A BOTTLE OF BEER.

ALL OTHER SOUND FADES OUT AS the beer SPLATTER to the floor. IT IS UNNATURALLY LOUD.

DANNY staring intently at the spilling liquid.

The beer pools up on the floor.

Danny transfixed by the image.

The last few drops of beer LOUDLY splashing down.

EXT PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Danny on the phone.

DANNY

C.I. number 678-43K-107

(beat)

Tanner and Garcetti

He hangs up.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Danny waiting in the shadows.

A car, sans headlights, pulls into the alley and stops.

Danny emerges from the shadows, opens the back door and lays on the
back seat.

INT. CAR - SAME

Two guys in suits in the front, TANNER and GARCETTI. Tanner. blue eyes
and SHAVED HEAD, an air of ex-military around him. Garcetti: swarthy
and serious, a MIASMA OF BAD-ASS ATTITUDE.

DANNY

(lying on the back seat)

I've got a hot one.

TANNER

You go, boy.

DANNY

If it's all the same to you, I'd
rather not dish right here in the
middle of Crankville.

Tanner drives out of the alley.

TANNER

Feeling the paranoia tonight, are we?

DANNY

Well, you know what they say, just
because you're paranoid, doesn't mean
everyone's not out to slice your
balls off and shove 'em down your throat.

EXT. PART - NIGHT

Danny, Tanner and Garcetti outside the car in a deserted park. Danny
pacing.

TANNER

You got a name?

DANNY

Bobby, rhymes with hobby.

TANNER

What?

DANNY

Never mind. Dude had a backfull of
jailhouse tats.

QUICK FLASHES OF BOBBY'S TATTOOS.

TANNER

No last name?

DANNY

It was all pretty informal. Didn't
have a lot of time to exchange
pleasantries.

Garcetti produces something from the front seat of the car and trudges
over.

GARCETTI

This the guy?

DANNY

It speaks!

The humorless Garcetti hands Danny a "WANTED POSTER". Bobby's mug shot
glaring.

DANNY

That's him. He's a lot prettier in
person though.

GARCETTI

Cut to the fucking chase, Flynn.

DANNY

Dude is bugging. Transparent
spiders, plastic men - the whole nine yards.

GARCETTI

What's he holding?

FLASHBACK - INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bobby's hand extracting the eightballs from a nylon bag full of meth.

DANNY (O.S.)

Couple of eightballs, maybe more.

QUICK SHOT of an open drawer. A GUN can be glimpsed inside.

DANNY (cont'd)

Cheap ass techno knockoff in the
drawer with extra mags.

ANOTHER QUICK GLIMPSE of the closet. A shotgun butt visible

DANNY (cont'd)

12 gauge in the closet.

TANNER (O.S.)

Any company?

The WOMAN'S HAND protruding from underneath the mattress.

DANNY (O.S.)

Alas, the lovely Mrs. Bobby was
playing the bologna in a Posturpedic sandwich

(beat)

And there was a kid.

A SILHOUETTE visible through a crack in the BATHROOM DOOR.

TANNER (O.S.)

A kid? Are you sure?

A BEAT-UP ELMO DOLL and SOME COLORING BOOKS on top of the dresser.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Back on Danny.

DANNY

Yeah. Pretty sure.

(beat)

Oh yeah ... he had a spear gun, too.

TANNER

God damn, Flynn, you are one observant tweaker.

DANNY

Somebody has to help you lazy bastards.

Garcetti looks at Danny with contempt. They head back to the car.

DANNY (cont'd)

Hey Tanner ... you be careful, okay?

TANNER

Danny, I'm touched.

DANNY

Don't be. I'm worried about the kid.

GARCETTI

Then why didn't you help the kid when
you were there?

DANNY

Hey, you want me to do all your work
for you, numbnuts?

Garcetti throws Danny up against the car. Nose-to-nose.

GARCETTI

I'll tell you why you didn't help -
because you're a chickenshit tweaking
snitch. You're a bottom feeder,
Flynn.

DANNY

Garcetti, you're teeth, they're fucking perfect.

Garcetti lets Danny go. Stomps off.

DANNY

You're welcome.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A GAGGLE OF ONLOOKERS, including a NEWS CREW, watching from the parking lot.

BOBBY'S WOMAN screaming at the top of her lungs as she tries to get a Bobby's sheet-covered body.

A SWAT TEAM packing up nearby. One of them suddenly does a graceful little Tai-Chi gesture.

A LITTLE GIRL clutches at the screaming woman's legs.

REVEAL DANNY, amongst the onlookers. His expression gives nothing away.

A ribbon of blood snakes from Bobby's body, over the parking lot curb and runs into a storm drain.

As the blood SPLATTERS to the bottom, mixing with a pool of filthy water. THE SOUND IS UNNATURALLY LOUD.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - GARDENA - NIGHT.

The place cries out "YOU HAVE FINALLY HIT THE ABSOLUTE BOTTOM!"

Danny exits the stairwell and approaches his door.

A WOMAN ONE DOOR DOWN FROM DANNY'S ROOM struggles with her groceries.

When she goes to open the door, one of the bags breaks, spilling its contents onto the floor.

Danny walks over.

DANNY

(approaching)

Let me help you with those.

She scoops up the groceries and hurries into her room. Slamming the door behind her.

DANNY (cont'd)

(loud through the door)

And to think Miss Manner was
living down the hall from me and I
didn't even know it!

There is a can on the floor. Danny bends down to pick it up.

DANNY (cont'd)

Hey, you left a can of ...

He looks at the can.

INSERT - CAN

The label is in CHINESE.

DANNY (cont'd)

... some Chinese looking shit out here.

No reaction.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'll just leave it by the door here.

(beat)

I'm going now!

After a moment, the door swings open. Danny is holding the can out
with a big smile on his face.

DANNY (cont'd)

You really oughta be more careful.

This is not a good neighborhood.

The woman smiles. A pretty smile. Sad too.

WOMAN

I was rude. I'm sorry. I'm kinda new around here.

DANNY

You did the right thing.

(handing the can over)

What is this stuff anyway?

WOMAN

Fermented soybean curd.

DANNY

Yummy.

She smiles again. World-weary. Sweet. Those eyes. Sad. Sexy. Sad
and sexy.

DANNY (cont'd)

My name is Danny Flynne.

(off her silence)

And you are?

WOMAN

Colette Aragon. Thank you, Danny.

She closes the door abruptly.

INT. RESIDENTAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The burning room from the opening scene. Danny's dirty clothes on the
bed.

He emerges from the shower, a towel wrapped around his waist. There is
a BIG STAR-SHAPED SCAR on Danny's shoulder.

He walks over to the closet, takes a METAL LOCKBOX from the top shelf
and puts it on the bed.

Pulls a key from his pocket and unlocks the box. He sits there staring
at the contents for a moment, then gingerly takes them out ...

... CLOTHES. A white dress shirt, black slacks and wingtips.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Danny dresses in his clothes, combing his hair. He goes back in the
lock box and pulls something else out ...

... A TRUMPET CASE. He walks over to the cheap vanity and sits down in
front of the mirror and stars for a very long time.

DANNY

My name is Tom Van Allen

(beat)

I play the trumpet.

He slowly opens the trumpet case revealing a GLEAMING HORN inside.

Runs his fingers along the length of it and up to ...

... A PHOTO OF A WOMAN taped to the inside of the lid. A self-
conscious smile on her face like she's uncomfortable with having her

picture taken.

DANNY (cont'd)

(distant)

My name is Tom Van Allen. I play the trumpet.

He takes the trumpet from the case - A CHECK from a LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY and a DRIVER'S LICENSE with Danny's picture and the name TOM VAN ALLEN.

DANNY (cont'd)

My name is Tom Van Allen and I play the trumpet.

He starts to play. "Saeta" again.

AN IMAGE appears on THE BLANK WALL BESIDE HIM. MOVE OFF DANNY AND UP TO THE IMAGE.

IN THE IMAGE - A HUGE LAKE in the middle of the DESERT. CONTINUE MOVING IN ON IMAGE AS WE CUT TO ...

EXT. SALTON SEA - SUNSET (FLASHBACK)

Danny and THE WOMAN FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH sitting on the shore. Watching the sunset. She is his wife, LIZ.

Danny playing "SAETA" on his trumpet.

Danny and Liz are alone, except for the myriad birds, silhouetted by

the falling sun.

A gust of wind rushes across the lake, blowing Liz's hair all around
her face.

A dying fish on the waterline, gills pumping for oxygen.

Danny finishes playing.

Silence.

IMPORTANT: DANNY WILL BE KNOWN AS TOM IN THIS SCENE.

LIZ

That's so ...

(not finishing the word)

DANNY / TOM

Melancholy?

LIZ

Yes, it hurts my heart. What a
beautiful composition.

DANNY/TOM

And the performance?

LIZ

(goofing)

A virtuoso rendition. TOM VAN ALLEN
is nothing short of dazzling in his
interpretation of Miles Davis'
haunting, moody piece.

DANNY/TOM

Thank you. Thank you very much.

LIZ

And he has a really hot ass with hardly
any hair on it.

DANNY/TOM

Again, I thank you.

LIZ

I was talking about Miles.

Danny playfully tackles her to the ground.

DANNY/TOM

You, madam, are a heartless wench.

LIZ

And you've got wiener breath.

DANNY/TOM

Really?

LIZ

It's that disgusting hot dog you had for lunch.

Danny starts kissing her over and over again.

LIZ

(laughing)

Tom! Gross!

She finally pushes him off. He rolls off of her and snuggles up next to her, spooning her in the sand.

DANNY/TOM

You know how I make that song
melancholy when I play it?
I think of what my life would be like
without you.

Liz smiles, snuggles closer to Danny.

LIZ

Tom, let's spend the night here.

DANNY/TOM

There's no motels around here.

LIZ

No. Right here on the beach. Come
on. Let's do it.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Danny sitting at the vanity holding the trumpet. THE IMAGE IS STILL
PROJECTED ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM.

DANNY

(at the vanity, whispering)

Okay, we'll stay. We'll stay.

NOW THE DANNY IN THE IMAGE ANSWERS

DANNY/TOM

(on the beach)

Come on, Liz. We'll get eaten alive.

DANNY

(at the vanity, softly)

No ... We'll stay.

BACK ON THE IMAGE as Danny and Liz walk away from the shore.

The sun sinks completely below the horizon.

A long fish hawk floats on the last of the thermals.

The dying fish breaths its last.

Danny (at the vanity) closes his eyes.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

The trumpet goes back in the case.

The lid is closed.

The case goes back in the box.

The neatly folded clothes are laid on top.

The box goes back to the shelf.

The light in the closet is turned off.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. DESERTED PARK - NIGHT

Danny and Tanner sitting across from one another at a picnic table.

Tanner writing serial numbers down as he counts out SEVERAL HUNDRED

DOLLAR BILLS.

Danny watching silently.

Tanner puts the bills in an envelope, licks the flap, seals it and
slides it over to Danny, who doesn't touch it.

The envelope lays there between them for the following conversation.

DANNY

You think I'm a Judas?

TANNER

Hard to compare the people you're
taking down with the Lord.

DANNY

Garcetti thinks I'm a pile of shit.

TANNER

Garcetti thinks everything is shit.
He doesn't even like dolphins.

Danny smiles.

TANNER (cont'd)

I'm serious. He hates 'em. You ever
hear of anyone who didn't like dolphins?

Tanner shakes his head and smiles.

DANNY

Thanks for not judging me.

TANNER

It's not my place.

DANNY

Don't you wonder why I do it?

TANNER

The money? The drugs? Keeping yourself
out of jail? I know the drill.

DANNY

You don't find that repugnant?

TANNER

Just the way the world works. Look,
as far as tweakers go, you aren't a
bad guy. You never hurt anyone but
yourself as far as I know.

DANNY

Tell that to Bobby ... and his wife and kid.

TANNER

Bobby laid his own tracks. He could have gone quietly but he played the hard-ass con till the end. And as far as I'm concerned, he wife and kid are a hell of a lot better off without him.

(beat)

Now take the money.

Danny stuffs the money into his jacket.

TANNER (cont'd)

One think I do want to know is how the hell did you get yourself into this position to start with? You seem like a smart enough guy.

DANNY

It's a long story. Maybe I'll tell you all about it some day.

Garcetti emerges from the men's room, zipping up.

DANNY (cont'd)

Hey, Garcetti ... You ever get confused and try to flush yourself?

Garcetti

(all business)

You tell him?

TANNER

I was getting to it.

DANNY

(to Tanner)

Tell me what?

GARCETTI

I'll tell him.

DANNY

(worried)

Tell me what?

Garcetti sits down next to Danny. Sighs.

GARCETTI

(mock concern)

Danny, it's really pains me to have to
tell you this, but do you remember
DOMINGO, that wetback you helped us
put away for trafficking a few months back?

DANNY

Yeah. What about him?

GARCETTI

Turns out he's connected.

DANNY

To who?

GARCETTI

The Mexicali Boys

DANNY

And what does this have to do with me?

Garcetti puts his hand on Danny's shoulder, really playing it up.

GARCETTI

He knows somebody ratted him.

DANNY

What?!

GARCETTI

And he's making a lot of noise about
having his homies hang a Colombian
necktie on whoever it was.

Garcetti leans in close

GARCETTI (cont'd)

You know that thing where they slit

your throat and pull your tongue out
of the hole.

Danny knocks Garcetti's hand away and stands up. Garcetti stalks him.

GARCETTI (cont'd)

Apparently they call it a necktie
because it hangs down about yay long
and looks very similar to a tie.
Isn't that weird, Danny? Isn't that
weird?

DANNY

Shut up, Garcetti!

Danny turns to Tanner

DANNY

If he finds out it's me, I'm a dead man.

TANNER

Danny, he isn't gonna find out it's
you. Domingo was a slinger, he must
have sold to hundreds of different people.

Danny paces back and forth.

TANNER (cont'd)

And if you're that worried about it,
maybe you ought to get out of town.

DANNY

How the hell am I gonna do that? You
guys are still stringing me a long on
that possession charge.

GARCETTI

(mock surprise)

You mean that hasn't been cleared up yet?

Garcetti chuckles at Danny's fear

DANNY

Fuck you, Garcetti. I been at this
for almost a year. I've done
everything you guys have asked of me.

GARCETTI

Anyone ever ask you to be such a
disrespectful smart-ass all the time?

TANNER

Look, we'll talk to the A.D.A.

DANNY

When?

TANNER

Soon. I promise. We'll get the
charges dropped and you can
disappear. In the mean time, trust
me, he has no idea that you ratted him out.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Danny sitting cross-legged in front of a gravestone.

A PICKUP TRUCK slowly winds its way up the access road towards Danny.

Danny stands up. Dusts his pants off.

The truck stops nearby. The strains of GARTH BROOKS from inside.

Danny approaches. The passenger's side window rolls down revealing ...

... A BAD-ASSED ASIAN DUDE behind the wheel. He wears a cowboy hat and
a rodeo belt. He looks like the Chinese Marlboro man. This is BUBBA.

An AIRBRUSH painting on the door panel - a bad likeness of Bubba
astride a horse, dressed as a cowboy with a huge-breasted Pamela
Anderson-type on the saddle behind him.

DANNY

(checking out the painting)

Ride 'em cowboy)

BUBBA

(southern twang)

You like that?

DANNY

Who wouldn't?

BUBBA

First rate, ain't it?

DANNY

It's downright classy is what it is.

Bubba fires up a cigarette, revealing a pock-marked face. He carries a gun in a tooled leather shoulder holster.

DANNY (cont'd)

You consider my presentation?

BUBBA

Get in, hoss. We'll talk it over.

Danny climbs in. The window goes back up. As the care pulls away, we

...

... MOVE back over to the gravestone.

The stone reads: "ELIZABETH VAN ALLEN. BELOVED WIFE"

EXT. THE CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT

A non-descript. cinder block bar. No windows. No frills.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - SAME

Danny sitting at the bar, nursing a drink. He looks nervous, eyes
darting around for potential assassins.

He has nothing to worry about with this crowd, harmless alcoholics all.

Jimmy The Finn enters and approaches Danny. Danny signals for Jimmy to
go to the back, then gets up and follows him, carrying two beers.

DANNY

Jimmy, you don't look so hot.

Jimmy has dark circles under his eyes.

JIMMY

I'm hurting.

DANNY

You on a roll?

JIMMY

Was. I'm on the fucking ghost train

right now, man. You got anything for
me?

DANNY

Sorry.

JIMMY

Why does it have to feel so bad?

DANNY

You're brain is in reverse mode ...
cutting off your supply of dopamine.

Here. Have a beer.

Jimmy sighs, scratches his arms. They are all scabbed up.

DANNY (cont'd)

You see the crank bugs?

JIMMY

Oh yeah.

(guzzles some beer)

Man, Danny, how do you keep your shit
together so tight?

Danny chuckles.

DANNY

That's a good one.

JIMMY

I'm serious, dude. You always seem
to be on top of things, even when
you're tweakin'.

DANNY

I guess there's just no substitute
for good genes.

Jimmy finishes his beer. Danny signals to the cocktail waitress for
more beer.

DANNY (cont'd)

You hear about Bobby?

JIMMY

Yeah, it's a pity. Truly a pity.

Danny smiles at Jimmy's choice of words.

JIMMY (cont'd)

He was a good supplier.

(gets an idea)

You think maybe there's any drugs

left in his room? You know, like
hidden?

DANNY

I kind of doubt it, Jimmy.

The beers arrive. Jimmy lays into his, downing it in one long gulp.

Danny slides his over.

JIMMY

So, why'd you want to see me?

DANNY

Business. I need to leave town and I
find myself in dire need of some cash.

JIMMY

See that? That's just what I'm talking about.

DANNY

What?

JIMMY

You. You're smooth. You use words like dire
and shit. You got language skills, man.

DANNY

Don't get carried away.

JIMMY

I find myself in dire need of some cash.

Jimmy shakes his head in wonder.

DANNY

You remember that guy you told me
about ... said he could handle a big
hook-up?

JIMMY

Yeah, Pooh-Bear. Dude is a big-time
cook. I'm talking dire.

DANNY

I know a buyer. Guy's looking for a
quarter's worth.

Jimmy frowns.

JIMMY

A quarter? Danny that ain't even worth ...

DANNY

A quarter of a million, Jimmy.

Jimmy's a drug-addled eyes catch a glimmer.

JIMMY

Fuuuuuck

DANNY

Can your man handle that?

JIMMY

I think so. I mean, we'd have to
talk to him.

DANNY

Can you set that up?

JIMMY

Sure.

Jimmy sucks what's left of his beer down.

JIMMY (cont'd)

What's in it for us?

DANNY

I'm getting a 10% finder's fee from
my man if I can get the right price.

JIMMY

10%. That's ...

Jimmy becomes paralyzed by the math.

DANNY

25 grand. You introduce me to your
boy, I'll cut you five grand out of
my take. That's all you gotta do,
just get me in the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Danny walking home. Sparse traffic on the street. He walks with his
head down and his hands thrust in his pockets.

A RED CAR approaches from the opposite direction. It SLOWS as it passes
Danny.

Danny looks over.

The DRIVER is obscured by the reflected glare of a streetlight, but it
is obvious that he is staring right at Danny.

Danny plays it cool. Keeps walking.

The red car pulls a SLOW U-TURN.

Danny hauls ass.

The red car catching up.

7 Danny runs down a service street which runs through the back of a series of apartment complexes.

The red car follows, slowly prowling the street.

Danny squeezed behind a dumpster, watching.

It is now too dark to see the driver. The car comes to a stop.

Danny hugging the dumpster tight.

Another car pulls into the tight street, behind the red car. The driver of the other car SOUNDS HIS HORN. The red car speeds off.

Danny walks quickly the other way.

INT. BARE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A WAY-TOO-YOUNG BLACK KID stares DIRECTLY AT CAMERA, an ARRAY OF HANDGUNS, KNIVES, RIFLES AND SECURITY EQUIPMENT spread out on the dining room table before him.

He is squeezed into a terry-cloth jumpsuit, his body festooned with gold jewelry, his hair all wet jerry-curl.

He looks like Barry White, Jr.

KID

Mister, I only deal in high-end weapons. All guaranteed stolen and

traceable only to their original
owners. All sales are final and all
prices are negotiable.

The kid speaks in a HUSKY MONOTONE, completely FLAT and HUMORLESS. He
sounds like one of those kids selling candy door-to-door with a
memorized pitch told by rote.

KID (cont'd)

(rapid fire delivery)

Glock semi-automatic 9 mm. Tenifer
matte finish, Polymer grip, fixed
sights, 4 and 1/2 inch barrel, 22
ounces, double action and a 10 round
magazine. Mister, I could hook you up
with this gun for the low price of
three hundred and "fitty" dollars -
well below market value.

(next gun, no pause)

Tangfolio semi-automatic. This a 9mm
too - seems to be the weapon of choice -
try one and you'll understand why.

Rubber grips, adjustable 3 dot
sights, 4 and 1/2 inch barrel, 33
ounces. Check out the eye-catching
extended beaver tail just above the
grip. Got mad-ass double action and a
surprising 16 round magazine.

Mister, I want to sell you this gun

and I can hook you up for the low
price of 200 dollars.

(next gun, breakneck pace)

Maybe you looking for something in
a chrome finish. Something to
impress the ladies. This right here
is a Llama Mini-Max .38 Super Auto.
semi-automatic.

Fresh satin chrome, black rubber
grip, 3 dot fixed sights, 3 and 1/2
inch barrel, skeletonized hammer with
an extended slide release, eight
capacity magazine and single action.

Mister, I won't lie to you, this gun
is not the bomb - it'll do the job,

KID (cont'd)

but it ain't all that. That's why
you can walk out of here with this
gun for the incredible low price of
one hundred and "fitty" dollar.

(next one)

Maybe you looking for power, mister.
This gun got mad power, mad kick and
mad reputation. That's right, it's
the Colt .357 Magnum revolver.
Rubber combat-style grip, fixed rear,
ramp front sights, 2 inch barrel.

Weighs in at a feather-like 21
ounces. 6 shot capacity with double

action. Mister, if you're looking
for impact, the Magnum will satisfy
all of your needs.

(the last gun)

I don't know you, mister, but you
look like a man of style so maybe you
in the market for a custom piece.

Mister, it's your lucky day 'cause
this gun got style to burn. You
lookin' at the Les Baer Custom
Premier Tactical 45. Fresh blue
finish, deluxe grips, 5 inch barrel,
37 ounces, guaranteed to shoot 1 1/2
groups at a distance of 50
yards. Aluminum speed trigger,
throated barrel, single action with
12 shot capacity magazine. I could see
you with this gun, mister. And I can
give it to you for the low price of
seven hundred and ninety-five
dollars. Mister, these are my guns.
All sales are final, and all prices
are negotiable.

He finishes staring at ...

Danny and Jimmy, standing there, wide-eyed and amazed by the incredible
sales pitch.

EXT. BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Rows of decaying stucco apartment buildings. Danny and Jimmy walking away from one of the structures.

Danny pockets the GLOCK he just purchased. He also carries a BULLET-PROOF VEST over this shoulder.

DANNY

Jimmy, where do you find these people?

JIMMY

The Del Ammo Mall mostly.

They walk along.

JIMMY

You wanna score some go-fast?

DANNY

Not tonight.

They continue on. Jimmy looks at the vest.

JIMMY

Hey, why do you need a gun and a vest anyway?

DANNY

Personal protection. It's a

dangerous world we live in, Jimmy, a
very dangerous world.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT

A TRASHY LOOKING DUDE banging on Colette's door.

Danny at his door, fumbling with his keys, watching the dude.

DUDE

(sees Danny eyeballing him)

You mad dogging me, Bitch?

DANNY

Heavens no. I was just admiring your boots.

The dude looks down at this beat-up motorcycle boots.

DANNY

Did you purchase them locally?

The dude ignores Danny and keeps pounding on the door.

DANNY (cont'd)

Goodbye now. Nice meeting you.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Danny enters. AN ARGUMENT ENSUES NEXT DOOR between the dude and

Colette.

The sounds of a struggle. Colette screams. The dude yelling at the top of his lungs. A LOUD SMACK. SILENCE.

Colette sobbing. The dude talking in hushed tones, contrite.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A spray painted rusty Chevy Vega belching black smoke. All of the lights are broken.

INT. VERA - SAME

Jimmy driving. Danny in the passenger's seat, looking down at ...
... the floorboard, or lack thereof. It is completely rusted out. The freeway rushes by underneath.

DANNY

You know, Jimmy, you might as well put a sign on the back of this thing asking the cops to pull you over.

JIMMY

You mean, like to throw 'em off?

DANNY

Yeah, that's what I mean.

(beat)

Where the hell does this guy live anyway?

JIMMY

Palmdale

DANNY

Why do they call him Pooh-Bear?

JIMMY

I think on account of his nose.

DANNY

You're going to have to explain that
one.

JIMMY

He doesn't have one.

DANNY

You're going to have to give me a little
more than that, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Well, you know how Winnie the Pooh
always got his nose stuck in the honey jar?

Well, Pooh-Bear snorted so much
crank, they had to cut his nose off.

He's got a plastic one though.

Danny wonders what he's getting himself into.

JIMMY (cont'd)

You know, they say he hasn't slept in
over a year.

DANNY

You ever see Queen Elizabeth sleep?

JIMMY

No

(beat)

You think she's a tweaker?

EXT. POOH-BEAR'S COMPOUND - DAY

A sprawling old ranch house tucked into the remote hills of the desert.

A GUY passes out in the front yard. A DOG sniffs at him, then starts
pissing on him. He never moves.

A PILE OF DEAD PIGEONS near the driveway.

CLOSE ON POOH-BEAR - he does indeed have a prosthetic nose. It almost
blends in with his face but not quite, making it that much more
disconcerting.

He takes a huge hit of crystal meth from a pipe, holds it, then blows a long exhale.

POOH-BEAR

Okay, here we go gentlemen ...

A REMOTE CONTROLLED CAR trundles out of the garage and along the driveway. Inside the car, FOUR PIEGEONS, their bodies wrapped in tape.

Pooh-Bear working the remote control device.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Zapruder?

A GUY filming the whole thing with a super-8 camera.

GRAINY SUPER 8 FOOTAGE: the pigeons continue along, their stupid eyes glazed with confusion.

ZAPRUDER

Ready.

POOH-BEAR

Oswald?

ANOTHER GUY sighting a scoped pellet gun.

OSWALD

Roger that.

POOH-BEAR

Grassy knoll?

A THIRD GUY aiming a pellet gun further down and to the right of
"Oswald".

GRASSY KNOLL

Ready

POOH-BEAR

Third shooter?

THE THIRD SHOOTER is also armed with a pellet gun

THIRD SHOOTER

It's a go.

Pooh-Bear watches anxiously.

POOH-BEAR

President Kennedy waving to the
crowd, his lovely wife looking
radiant beside him as they turn into
Dealey Plaza ...

GRAINY FOOTAGE: the car making a turn, the pigeons oblivious.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Stand by, gentlemen. Stand by ...

(beat, eyes widening)

Steady steady ... FIRE!

The three men open up simultaneously.

GRAINY FOOTAGE: a mass of feathers flying as the pigeons are hit.

Pooh-Bear pumps his fist.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Yes! Yes!

(beat)

Out! That's a wrap. Good job, boys. Good job.

The car continues rolling past the feet of ...

... Danny and Jimmy, who have been watching the whole thing from the
periphery

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

(to Danny and Jimmy)

So? What do you think?

DANNY/JIMMY

(ad-libbing)

- Cool.

- Yeah. Interesting.

Pooh-Bear takes the camera from "Zapruder".

POOH-BEAR

(holding up the camera)

I'm gonna get this developed and send
it to the Warren Commission.

DANNY

Um, I think the Warren Commission has
been closed for a while.

POOH-BEAR

No shit?

(thinking)

Fuck it. I'll send it to Oliver Stone then.
He'll get them to reopen the bastard.

OSWALD (O.S.)

Pooh-Bear! We got a problem.

Oswald is standing over the car, prodding one of the pigeons with his
pellet gun.

OSWALD (cont'd)

J.F.K.'s still alive.

(beat)

Should I finish him off?

INT. POOH-BEARS HOUSE - DAY

Pooh-Bear and Danny alone in the kitchen.

POOH-BEAR

So, Danny, Jimmy tells me you have a
proposition for me.

Pooh-Bear picks at a plate of SCRAMBLED EGGS on his lap.

DANNY

Yeah, I uh, have a buyer who's
looking for about a quarter's worth.

POOH-BEAR

Crank or glass?

DANNY

The good stuff. Can you handle that?

Pooh-Bear chews his food and nods.

POOH-BEAR

I'm sorry. Would you like a taste?

DANNY

No, I'm good.

POOH-BEAR

I insist. It's delicious. Just a taste.

Not wanting to offend him, Danny concedes. Pooh-Bear shovels some eggs
into Danny's mouth.

DANNY

Not bad.

POOH-BEAR

Secret recipe.

Pooh-Bear winks and shovels some more down.

DANNY

Can we talk price?

POOH-BEAR

Make me an offer.

DANNY

I don't know, 14,000 a kilo?

POOH-BEAR

I deal in U.S. pounds, friend. None
of that faggot metric crap for me.

DANNY

Okay ... How about um .. 6,000 a ounce.

POOH-BEAR

(enthusiastic)

Hey, okay.

Danny looks surprised. It was too easy.

DANNY

You're serious?

POOH-BEAR

Anything for a dear friend.

DANNY

But I just met you.

POOH-BEAR

But you're a friend of Jimmy's. I
think of you as a brother already.

Pooh-Bear takes another bite of eggs.

DANNY

So that's 40 lbs. at 6 a pound then?

POOH-BEAR

If you say so.

DANNY

Pooh-Bear, I don't mean to be rude,
but I get the feeling you aren't
taking me seriously.

Pooh-Bear puts the plate down.

POOH-BEAR

Maybe you're the one who isn't taking
me seriously.

DANNY

Why do you say that?

POOH-BEAR

I welcome you here with open arms and
you got the nerve to low-ball me like
some slick used car salesman.

DANNY

Hey, I was just trying to ...

POOH-BEAR

(never losing his smile)

I want to tell you about the last guy
who tried to jam me up on a deal.

DANNY

Hey, I don't play that.

POOH-BEAR

I'm sure you don't. At least I'm
sure you think you don't. Anyway, I
want to tell you. It's a good story,
guaranteed to break the ice at a party.

Pooh-Bear leans back, grinning broadly

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Dude shorted me eleven dollar ...
thought I wouldn't count it till I
got home. Wrong.

(beat)

You know what I did?

(beat)

I clamped his head in a vice.

QUICK FLASH BACK: LOW ANGLE SLOW-MOTION CLOSE-UP of Pooh-Bear staring
down at something OFFSCREEN, a menacing look on his face.

POOH-BEAR (V.O.)

You should have heard him howling.

BACK TO PRESENT: Pooh-Bear lights a cigarette

POOH-BEAR

Then I took a Saws All and I cut
His skull open

QUICK FLASH: CONTINUE SLOW MOTION CLOSE UP. Pooh-Bear reaching for
something OFFSCREEN.

POOH-BEAR (V.O.)

(calmly)

You know, those Saws All really do
cut through everything.

BACK TO PRESENT: Danny getting nervous.

DANNY

Look, you don't have to ...

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

So I'm standing there looking at this
dude's brain and I'm thinking to
myself, you know, this guy doesn't
really need this thing. I mean,
anyone stupid enough to jam me up
doesn't really use their brain to
begin with. You know what I'm
saying?

(beat, dead serious)

So I took it.

Pooh-Bear makes a POPPING SOUND as he illustrates with his hands.

QUICK FLASH BACK: Pooh-Bear looking down at SOMETHING in his hand, his
face blossoming into a sick smile.

BACK TO PRESENT: Danny listens somberly.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Hell, I make better use out of it
than he ever did. Got it up in my
freezer. I take it out from time-to-
time, mix a little of it up in my
dinner

(looks at the plate of eggs)

... of breakfast.

ON THE PLATE - little chunks of gray matter mixed in with the eggs.

Pooh-Bear smiles knowingly. Danny turns pale.

POOH-BEAR

10,000 a pound

Danny decides to nerve it out

DANNY

Now you're insulting me. Nice
talking business with you.

Danny gets up to leave. One of his hands shaking uncontrollably. He
steadies it with the other hand.

POOH-BEAR

9,000. Take it or leave it.

Danny stops.

DANNY

I'll leave it. Eight is as high as

I'll go. See ya'.

Danny goes to leave again.

POOH-BEAR

All right, all right. Don't get your
knickers in a knot. I can live with eight.

Pooh-Bear stands up.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

You got a deal.

They shake hands.

POOH-BEAR

God damn, Danny, you got some nerve.

Pooh-Bear respects that.

(beat)

Oh, by the way ...

Pooh-Bear takes something from the kitchen counter and tosses it on the
table ...

... a store-bought package of COW BRAINS.

QUICK FLASH BACK: REVEAL that Pooh-Bear has been standing at the meat
section in a GROCERY STORE. He is looking down at the package of COW
BRAINS in his hand.

POOH-BEAR

(in the grocery store)

Hmm. Good price.

Pooh-Bear tosses the package in his cart and walks away, whistling.

BACK TO PRESENT:

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

You want to stay for lunch?

Danny has been had. Pooh-Bear laughs uproariously.

INT. VEGA - DAY

Danny slouched in the passenger's seat.

Jimmy holds out a bullet dispenser of crank.

JIMMY

You want a hit?

DANNY

No. I'm good.

Jimmy pockets the drugs.

JIMMY

Can I ask you something?

DANNY

Sure, Jimmy.

JIMMY

What does J.F.K. stand for?

DANNY

John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

JIMMY

Was he the president?

DANNY

Yes, Jimmy

Jimmy drives for a while, then ...

JIMMY

Danny?

DANNY

Yes, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Thanks for not laughing at me.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT

A DAPPER OLD MAN in a wheelchair crooning a Muzak-like version of Lou Reed's WALK ON THE WILD SIDE on a cheapo Karaoke set-up in the back of the bar.

OLD MAN

(softly, a la Perry Como)

Sugar Plum Fairy never once gave it away.

Everybody had to pay and pay ...

Danny, Jimmy, Kujo and Creeper sitting in a booth.

Jimmy and Creeper are amped, jaws grinding, eyes bugging.

Kujo rambles on but Danny isn't listening. He looks exhausted, his face is pinched, there are bags under his eyes. He scans the bar, stopping on ...

... Colette AND HER TRASHY DUDE BOYFRIEND

Colette sees Danny looking. Smiles at him. Danny returns the smile until the trashy dude looks over. Danny looks away.

KUJO

Danny, listen up. Here's the deal ...
my wife's pimp knows a guy who works
at Cedars Sinai medical lab. They're
getting a very special delivery a
week from this Friday.

JIMMY

What is it, drugs?

KUJO

Better than drugs.

Kujo leans in and lowers his voice

KUJO

Bob Hope's stool specimen

(beat)

We're gonna boost it.

DANNY

Why in God's name would we want

to do that?

KUJO

So we can sell it.

DANNY

To who?

KUJO

I don't know. A collector. Fuck

Danny, it's Bob Hope.

CREEPER

He is a national treasure.

Danny shakes his head in amazement, then looks back at Colette again.

She sneaks another look at him.

ON THE TABLE - Kujo slides a drink glass in front of him.

KUJO

Check it out. This is the lab.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)

A stark hospital hallway. A placard on one of the doors - MEDICAL LAB.

A TITLE APPEARS - "KUJO'S BIG HEIST"

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT

Creeper points at the glass.

CREEPER

What is that?

KUJO

It's the lab.

CREEPER

I mean what kind of drink?

KUJO

Cuba Libre

JIMMY

What is that? Rum and coke?

KUJO

Don't worry about it.

JIMMY

I just want to be straight on the
details. Can I taste it?

KUJO

No, you can't taste it. It's the fucking

lab! Now shut up.

Danny amused by the conversation. He sees something out of the corner
of his eye ...

The boyfriend kissing Colette roughly. She obviously isn't enjoying
it.

Danny watching intently.

KUJO (cont'd)

Danny, come on. If I'm gonna let you
in on the opportunity of a lifetime,
the least you can do is pay
attention.

Danny turns back to the table. Kujo slides another glass over.

KUJO (cont'd)

This is the courier

CREEPER

You should use something smaller.
He's the same size as the office. It
doesn't ring true.

Kujo rolls his eyes. He uses a peanut instead.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

And the colored girls sing doot-de-doot

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)

A courier exits from the elevator carrying a medical sample case.

KUJO (O.S.)

He delivers at four o'clock on the
nose every Friday. Alpha team will
be in the elevator with the courier.

That'll be Danny and Creeper.

MOVE INTO THE ELEVATOR - Creeper standing in the corner alone, asleep
on his feet, drool trickling down his mouth.

KUJO (cont'd)

Every member of the team will be
equipped with night vision goggles, a
police scanner and two-way radios.

The elevator door closes on the dosing Creeper.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT

He slides over two peanuts behind the courier peanut.

KUJO (cont'd)

... number two team, which will be
me and Jimmy, will be positioned in
the stairwell at the other end of the hall.

Kujo slides over two more peanuts.

The trashy dude heads into the bathroom. Danny sneaks another look at
Colette. This time, she gives him a big smile.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)

Kujo emerges from the stairwell, also alone, approaching the courier.

He is wearing shorts, a tank top and after-ski boots. He has a big
powdery crank donut around his nostrils.

KUJO (cont'd)

With alpha team following from the
elevator, number two team will
approach from the stairwell, cutting
the courier off before he reaches the lab.

Creeper still fast asleep inside the elevator. He wakes with a start,
breaking down into a karate stance.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT

The courier peanut is now surrounded by the other peanuts and the
cashew.

KUJO (cont'd)

Facing superior numbers and an array of high-tech weapons,
the courier will have no choice but to comply with our demands.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)

Kujo and the courier playing tug-of-war with the case. Kujo points a
dustbuster vacuum at the courier like it was a gun.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy listening intently, takes some of the peanuts.

KUJO

Jesus Jimmy, you at the alpha team.

JIMMY

I thought you were done.

Jimmy pulls peanut paste from his mouth and mounds them up on the
table.

OLD MAN

I said hey sugar, take a walk on the wild side ...

KUJO (cont'd)

Now here's the beautiful part. The
getaway. Both teams will rappel
right down the center of the

stairwell, change clothes and walk
right out the front door like nothing
happened.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)

Kujo tumbling head-over-heels down the metal steps. He gets to his
feet, a bloody mess.

The kit has sprung open, sending shit samples everywhere.

Kujo quickly scrapes as much as he can back into a container and runs
off.

EXT. CEDARS SINAI - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)

Kujo bolts out the front door, into the street and directly into the
path of ...

... an ONCOMING AMBULANCE, which drags him underneath for a good fifty
feet.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT

Danny watches as the trashy dude exits the bathroom.

KUJO

So what's it gonna be, Danny boy?

You in or out?

Trashy dude goes to Colette. It looks like he wants to leave and she
doesn't.

KUJO (cont'd)

Danny!

Trashy dude grabs her by the back of the neck, lifts her off the stool
and pushes her out the front door.

DANNY

(watching Colette)

I'm afraid I'm gonna have to pass on
this one, boys.

Danny watches her exit.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)

Danny approaches his door. Stops.

Colette is sitting in the hall, head in hands, sobbing.

Danny starts to say something. Stops. Goes to this door. Stops again.

DANNY

You okay?

She nods.

DANNY (cont'd)

Well...good night then.

Danny starts to enter again. Stops again.

DANNY (cont'd)

Why are you out here?

COLETTE

Quincey, my boyfriend... he kicked me out.

Danny isn't quite sure what to do. He takes a half-step towards her.

DANNY

Look...I'd like to help you out ... but I
really don't want to get involved.

COLETTE

I understand. Thanks anyway.

She looks up. That face. Those eyes. Everything about her says "Get
involved."

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Danny and Colette in a near-deserted retro coffee shop.

A LONE WAITRESS AND COOK mull behind the counter.

Colette's mascara is running. Danny hands her a napkin.

COLETTE

Thanks.

She dabs at her eyes.

COLETTE (cont'd)

I'm so embarrassed.

DANNY

Don't be.

She looks at herself in a compact mirror.

COLETTE

Jesus, I look like a raccoon.

DANNY

I was thinking Alice Cooper.

She puts her head in her hands. Sighs.

COLETTE

Oh God.

DANNY

Come on, cheer up. It could be worse.

She looks up.

COLETTE

How?

DANNY

I don't know you could be staking
your financial future on stealing Bob
Hope's stool specimen.

She laughs

DANNY (cont'd)

See. No matter how bad things are,
there's always someone a little worse off.

COLETTE

What about the guy on the very bottom?

DANNY

Leave me out of this.

COLETTE

That bad, huh?

Danny holds up his water glass.

DANNY

Nevertheless, I still try to see
the glass as half-full.

He takes a sip.

DANNY (cont'd)

Problem is, it's usually half-full of
something that tastes a lot like urine.

He pulls a face. Sets the glass down.

COLETTE

Could be worse.

(beat)

Oh sorry, forgot who I was talking to.

DANNY

Ouch.

Colette sips her coffee. Danny looks around nervously.

DANNY (cont'd)

Hey, did I mention that I was a coward?

Colette frowns, not sure what he means.

DANNY (cont'd)

Quincey. You sure he isn't gonna
come looking for you?

COLETTE

Don't worry, he's probably passed out
with his head in the toilet by now.

DANNY

This man sounds like a real catch.

COLETTE

Oh, he's a keeper all right.

DANNY

Colette ...

He stops.

COLETTE

What?

DANNY

Nothing.

COLETTE

Go ahead.

DANNY

Look, it's really none of my business
but why don't you just dump this guy?

COLETTE

It's not that easy.

DANNY

Don't tell me, down deep he's really
not a bad person and you don't want
to see him get hurt.

COLETTE

Who the fuck are you, Dr. Joyce

Brothers?

(beat)

I hate the son-of-a-bitch.

DANNY

Then leave.

COLETTE

I can't.

DANNY

Why not?

COLETTE

You don't understand.

DANNY

There's nothing to understand.

The guy is a pig.

COLETTE

I can't leave.

DANNY

You get off on abuse or
something?

COLETTE

Fuck you.

DANNY

Then why don't you leave?

(beat)

Just give me one good reason.

COLETTE

Because he'll kill me.

The waitress and cook look up.

COLETTE (cont'd)

Is that simple enough for you?

DANNY

Why don't you call the cops?

COLETTE

Why? They don't hold him for more
than a day or two.

DANNY

That's long enough to get out of town.

COLETTE

I can't. I've got a kid. She lives
with my parents. Quincey knows where
they live.

Danny chews it over for a second then ...

DANNY

Then make sure he gets put away for longer.

COLETTE

How?

Danny hesitates, not sure of how much he wants to get involved.

COLETTE (cont'd)

Tell me how.

DANNY

I don't know.

(beat)

Let me think about it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Urban blight abounds

INT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - NIGHT

The grafitti-filled, cluttered shell of what used to be some sort of
offices.

BUBBA THE ASIAN COWBOY sitting on a desk. Danny pacing back and forth
in front of him.

BUBBA

(Texas drawl)

I wanna do a small buy first. Ten
thousand. We'll see how it goes.

DANNY

Why? The guys is ready to deal now.

BUBBA

Because I don't know him and I don't
really know you, partner.

DANNY

Now that's down-right insulting.

BUBBA

I'll have to live with that. My money

my risk, my rules.

Bubba takes a plastic-wrapped bundle of money from his pocket. Tosses
it on the table.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Tanner and Garcetti ensconced in an alley diagonally across the street.

Garcetti pointing a LONG-RANGE PARABOLIC MICROPHONE at the burned out
building. He and Tanner wear earpieces, which are attached to the
mike.

DANNY (O.S.)

(filtered, broken)

I guess I don't have a hell of a lot
of choice.

BUBBA (O.S.)

(filtered)

Get used to it. You're in a very
tenuous position on the food chain, hoss.

Garcetti removes his earpiece and turns to Tanner.

GARCETTI

You thinking what I'm thinking?

TANNER

Yeah. This could be the one we're
looking for.

EXT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - SAME

Bubba exits the building and disappears around the corner.

INT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - SAME

Danny now alone. He picks up the bundle of cash. Turns to leave when

...

... Tanner and Garcetti enter the building. Danny turns and runs the
other way.

TANNER

Hold it right there, Flynn.

Danny stops.

DANNY

Jesus, you almost gave me a heart attack!

Danny secretly pockets the bundle of cash.

DANNY

What the hell are you doing here?

TANNER

Question is, what are you doing here?

DANNY

I was trying to score some dope.

TANNER

Cut the shit, Flynne.

DANNY

Someone want to tell me what the hell
is going on here?

TANNER

Okay, asshole, you wanna play, we'll play.

Tanner takes out a pair of black leather gloves.

DANNY

(serious)

What did I do?!

Tanner approaches him. Danny backs into a corner.

DANNY (cont'd)

This is a joke, right? You put him
up to this, Garcetti?

Garcetti is mum. Tanner raises his fists. Danny covers his face.

DANNY (cont'd)

Come on Tanner ... don't ...

Tanner starts swinging but SOMETHING UNEXPECTED ...

TANNER HITS LIKE A WIMP.

The punches have absolutely no effect.

Danny can't help it. HE STARTS LAUGHING. Tanner throws some more
creampuffs.

Garcetti shakes his head with shame.

TANNER

(shrieking, failing)

You think this is funny motherfucker?

DANNY

(still laughing and covering up)

I can't help it, Tanner, you hit like
a fucking girl.

This makes Tanner even madder. His punches become wilder and even less
effective.

DANNY

Garcetti, do something.

Garcetti tires of the whole show. He pulls a small SHOCK GUN from his pocket, switches it on and sticks Danny behind the neck with it.

Danny crumples to the floor. Tanner kicks him in the face.

Garcetti squats down next to Danny.

GARCETTI

We know what's going on.

DANNY

(in pain)

I still don't know what you're
talking about.

Garcetti jams the stun-gun into Danny's crotch. DANNY HOWLS. Garcetti lays off. Danny lays there whimpering.

GARCETTI

Okay, let me help you. You're setting
up a deal with a Chinese redneck.

Quarter of a million.

Garcetti holds up a tap.

GARCETTI (cont'd)

We just listened to the whole thing.

Danny gaped-mouthed. He can't believe it.

GARCETTI (cont'd)

Somebody tipped up, dipshit.

DANNY

Jimmy?

GARCETTI

Who the hell is Jimmy?

DANNY

He's the only one I told.

GARCETTI

And he probably only told two people
and they probably only told four
people and on and one. You know
better than to tell a secret to a
tweaker, Flynne. Might just as well
broadcast it on the evening news.

INT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - NIGHT (LATER)

Danny sitting on a crate. He is sporting a BLACK EYE from where Tanner
kicked him.

Garcetti at the desk dusting the plastic wrapper on the bundle of cash
for prints. Tanner paces back and forth in front of Danny.

DANNY

I met the guy at a party. He said he wanted to do a biggie. He's new in town so I offered my services.

TANNER

This chink have a name?

DANNY

Bubba.

Tanner rolls his eyes.

DANNY (cont'd)

I swear. That's all he gave me.
Hell, I didn't give him my real name either
(off their skeptical looks)
He figured the less we know about
each other, the better.

TANNER

You better not be blowing smoke up
My ass, Flynn.

DANNY

After that ass-whipping you gave me?

Garcetti suppresses a smile.

GARCETTI

(finishing up with the bundle)

What's on the other end of this thing?

DANNY

Now that I can help you with. Nasty
boy ... goes by the name of Pooh-Bear.

He's a chef.

Check with Palmdale P.D. I'm sure
they're keeping box scores on the guy.

GARCETTI

Sounds like you hooked up with some
fine citizens, Flynn.

DANNY

Oh they're all that and the
proverbial bag of chips.

TANNER

What're your taking down?

DANNY

Standard vig. Minus five for a
certain blabber-mouth moron by the
name of Jimmy the Finn, who's living
proof that natural selection is a
flawed theory.

Tanner looks at Danny quizzically.

TANNER

Did you really think you were slick
enough to pull this off?

DANNY

Look man, I just wanted to make some
dough and disappear. I didn't want
to wait around for Domingo to figure
out who doubled back on him.

Danny holds his hands up

DANNY (cont'd)

But now I've seen the error of my
ways. I'll just walk away ... call
the whole deal off.

GARCETTI

Wrong.

He tosses the bundle of cash to Danny.

DANNY

You mean you want me to roll on these guys?

Their silence is answer enough.

DANNY (cont'd)

No. No way. These guys catch a whiff and I'm a fucking bag of Bandini.

TANNER

You've got no choice.

DANNY

Whata you mean I've got no choice?

TANNER

Well, if you'd rather do a stretch in la casa grande ...

DANNY

For that old possession charge?

Gimme a break.

TANNER

No. You just handed us a new one. We can go Federal on your ass right now: ongoing criminal conspiracy. Intent to buy and distribute \$250,000 worth of crank. What's the mandatory on that, Al?

GARCETTI

Dime, minimum.

MOVE OFF GARCETTI and over to a wall mounted heating vent. MOVE INTO
THE VENT, then ...

... OUT OF A VENT in another room.

BUBBA lurking in the shadows. Listening to the conversation through the
wall vent in the other room.

TANNER (O.S.)

And believe me, word will get out that
you're a pro rat.

GARCETTI (O.S.)

That's not good in prison. It's just
not good.

Bubba listens intently.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Danny hunkered down in the back seat. Garcetti sniffing the air.

GARCETTI

What's that smell?

DANNY

That would be me.

GARCETTI

What'd you do, piss your pants?

DANNY

Hell, yes! What the hell do you expect
zapping Mr. Johnson with that crackler?

Garcetti looks back at Danny with a twisted smile.

GARCETTI

Who'd have thought it? Danny
"Chickenshit" Flynn trying to go
large right under our noses.

DANNY

Lay off, Garcetti. I'm not in the mood.

GARCETTI

No. You've got me all wrong. I
mean, in your own pussified way, you
actually got some nuts in your little sack.

TANNER

Bullshit. He's a liar.

DANNY

News-flash, Tanner. I'm a fucking rat.

TANNER

You think you're so god damned smart,
don't you?

The dynamic has suddenly changed in the trio's relationship. Tanner is
now the bad cop.

TANNER (cont'd)

Well, you played the wrong mark this
time, asshole.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT

Danny approaching the building, we hear shots ...

... THE RED CAR from earlier, prowling the streets. Danny ducks into a
liquor store and watches from the window.

The red car cruises slowly past.

Danny squinting, trying to make out ...

... THE LICENSE PLATE NUMBER. A street light illuminates the tag
momentarily. A VANITY PLATE: IFORGIV.

Danny frowns, not sure that to make of it.

INT. COLETTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Colette and Quincey lying in bed. THE LILTING SOUND of Danny's trumpet

wafting in the air.

Quincey is fast asleep. Colette lays there, eyes open, listening to the coolly hypnotic strains of Miles Davis' "Generique."

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Danny in his good clothes, sitting in front of the mirror, playing his trumpet, staring at the photos of his wife.

INT. COLETTE'S ROOM - SAME

Colette now sitting on the floor of the adjoining wall with her arms around her knees. She closes her eyes and leans her head against the wall, soaking in the music.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Danny continues playing. He sneaks down a look at ...

... A GREETING CARD on the vanity in front of him. The word, "CONGRATULATIONS" printed on the front.

THE FLASHBACK IMGERY appears on the wall behind him again. MOVE from Danny to the image as we ...

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - THE HIGH DESERT (FLASHBACK)

The car jolting slowly back and forth over the bumpy road.

INT. CAR - SAME

Danny driving. Liz in the passenger seat looking pissed.

The Salton Sea can be seen far below in the distance shimmering under a full moon.

AGAIN. REMEMBER, DANNY IS KNOWN AS TOM IN THIS SCENE.

LIZ

Why didn't you just ask for
directions back there?

DANNY/TOM

Come on, where's your pioneer spirit?

LIZ

You mean like the Donner Party?

DANNY/TOM

Hey, do you think you could eat me if
you had to? And if so, which part do
you think you would find the most
delicious?

LIZ

Tom, quit fucking around.

DANNY/TOM

Okay, okay.

(peering through the windshield)

There's a house up there. I'll go ask
for directions.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

A dilapidated house further up in the hills, lights glowing.

INT. CAR - SAME

Liz sees the run-down old house.

LIZ

You think that's a good idea?

DANNY/TOM

What do you mean?

LIZ

Look at that place. It's creepy.

Danny steers the car onto the narrow dirt approach to the house.

DANNY/TOM

First you want me to ask for

directions, then you don't. Which is it?

LIZ

I wanted you to ask back there. You
know, before you got us lost.

DANNY/TOM

Just no pleasing you, is there?

LIZ

Just admit you're wrong.

DANNY/TOM

We all know how much you like hearing
that. Okay, Liz, I was wrong.
There. You happy?

LIZ

Quit feeling sorry for yourself, Tom.
It gets old.

DANNY/TOM

No. You know what gets old? Being
reminded what a loser you are every
time you screw up.

LIZ

Here it comes, poor Tom.

DANNY/TOM

But that's okay, Liz, you're the one
with the steady job, you pay all the
bills. I'm just an unemployed
musician. You have every right.

LIZ

That is so unfair.

Danny stares straight ahead, steering the car towards the house.

DANNY/TOM

My sentiments exactly.

LIZ

Why are you doing this?

Danny doesn't answer.

LIZ (cont'd)

I never once asked you to stop
playing. I wouldn't dream of it. So
don't take your low self-esteem out
on me.

Danny continues to ignore her.

LIZ

... Tom ... screw it. Tell me when you're

ready to apologize.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

DANNY lying on the bed, reliving the moment. THE IMAGE STILL PROJECTED
ON THE WALL.

DANNY

(on the bed, whispering)

I'm sorry, Liz. I love you and I'm sorry.

But the DANNY IN THE IMAGE never answers.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - DAY

It is raining buckets outside. Danny sleeping soundly.

The roof of Danny's room is leaking, PUDDLING UP ON THE FLOOR NEAR HIS
BED.

Danny's eyes pop open. He lays there rigidly. LISTENING TO THE WATER.

ALL OTHER SOUND FADES OUT AS THE WATER PATTERS AND PUDDLE ON THE FLOOR.

IT IS UNNATURALLY LOUD.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT

The bar is almost empty.

Danny quietly playing chords on a beat-up old upright piano in the back

of the room - the through-line of Davis' "All Blues."

COLETTE (O.S.)

This seat taken?

Danny looks up.

DANNY

Oh. Hi.

COLETTE

What happened to your eye?

DANNY

Turns out I'm allergic to steel-toed boots. Go figure.

(beat)

By the way, I'm not looking for a
matching set.

(off her puzzled look)

Where's Quincey?

COLETTE

Don't worry. He's out of town.

DANNY

How far out of town?

COLETTE

Trust me. We're safe.

Colette sits down on the piano bench next to Danny.

COLETTE (cont'd)

Please keep playing.

He continues. She sits there listening for a few moments.

COLETTE (cont'd)

That's nice. What is it?

DANNY

Miles Davis. "All Blues."

COLETTE

Never heard of him.

DANNY

Just a fucked-up guy who played
beautiful music.

COLETTE

Like you?

DANNY

Nah. I'm strictly minor league...
except for the fucked-up part.

Danny continues to play.

DANNY

Dude played his soul right out the
end of the horn. No false notes.

Always honest.

COLETTE

And you admire that?

DANNY

It's the only way to play.

Colette slides closer.

COLETTE

Is that how you play?

DANNY

I try.

COLETTE

No false notes?

She pulls even closer.

COLETTE

No deep dark secrets?

She goes to kiss him. Danny stops playing. Pulls away from her.

DANNY

(cold and abrupt):

What are you up to?

COLETTE

Nothing.

DANNY

What do you want from me, Colette?

COLETTE

I don't want anything. Why are you
so suspicious?

DANNY

It gets me through the day.

COLETTE

You really need to lighten up.

She puts her hand on his leg.

COLETTE (cont'd)

Just relax.

He moves his leg away.

DANNY

Look, I can't help you with Quincey
if that's what you're after.

COLETTE

This has nothing to do with him.

DANNY

So you're just attracted to me, is that it?

COLETTE

Yes. Why do you find that so hard to believe?

DANNY

How much time do you have?

COLETTE

What is wrong with you?

DANNY

How much time do you have?

COLETTE

You've got a comeback for everything,
don't you, Danny? You use 'em like
some sort of shield.

DANNY

Who the fuck are you? Dr. Joyce Brothers?

COLETTE

There you go again. You're nothing
but false notes.

DANNY

You don't like the tune, find another
station.

COLETTE

What are you hiding, Danny?

DANNY

Therapy session is over.

He closes the keyboard cover.

COLETTE

You think you're the only one down
here with a sad story?

DANNY

No. But I'm the only one with my sad
story.

(beat)

And that's how it's gonna stay.

INT. CAR - DAY

Still raining. Tanner negotiates the slow traffic.

Danny looking at a MUG SHOT OF POOH-BEAR.

Garcetti

Harlan Dale Monty a.k.a. Pooh-Bear.

Did five years manslaughter for
beating a pimp to death with an
electric wheelchair.

DANNY

Excuse me?

GARCETTI

Several possession charges, but nothing major.

DANNY

Why doesn't Palmdale P.D. just raid the guy?

GARCETTI

They have. But they never found a lab.

TANNER

That's because he doesn't have one.

DANNY

Whata you mean? He told me -

TANNER

Guy scores dope and dollar from
ripping off other drug dealers. As
least that's what the word is.

DANNY

What's to stop him from just ripping me off then?

TANNER

That's probably what he would have
done if we hadn't found out about
your get-rich-quick scheme.

GARCETTI

You're lucky, Flynn.

DANNY

Funny, I don't feel lucky.

GARCETTI

We're coordinating with Palmdale P.D..

We'll have your sorry ass covered.

DANNY

What if he caps me before you can
make a move?

TANNER

Golly, I hadn't thought of that.

GARCETTI

Don't we always take good care of you?

Danny doesn't look reassured.

DANNY

Speaking of which ... you run that license
plate for me?

GARCETTI

You mean the menacing red car?

Garcetti and Tanner exchange a smile.

DANNY

What? Is it bad?

TANNER

I'm afraid so, Danny.

DANNY

Who is it?

GARCETTI

Brace yourself.

Danny's eyes dart back and forth between Garcetti and Tanner.

DANNY

Come on! Who is it? Domingo's boys?

GARCETTI

Worse. Much worse.

(beat)

A teacher.

Garcetti and Tanner break out laughing.

TANNER

Car is registered to a Mrs. Nancy Plummer.

Danny reacts to the name, not listening to the rest of what Garcetti
and Tanner have to say.

GARCETTI

She's 57 and she's been teaching
third grade for the last 33 years.

TANNER

Now that's scary!

Danny lost in thought.

GARCETTI

You're paranoid, Flynn. I think
that crank is finally starting to get

the best of you.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Danny waiting on the corner.

GARCETTI (V.O.)

When is the deal going down?

DANNY (V.O.)

I'm making the small buy tonight ...
if I don't get beaten to death with a
wheelchair or something. If
everyone is happy, we'll do the big
deal later in the week.

Jimmy's Vega sputters to a stop in front of Danny. Jimmy gets out and
hands Danny the keys.

ON THE BUMPTER, a hand-made sign. It reads: PULL ME OVER. I DARE YOU!

Danny sighs. Walks to the back, rips the sign off and gets in the car,
leaving Jimmy with the sign.

JIMMY

You sure you don't want me to go with you?

Danny burns rubber.

EXT. POOH-BEAR'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Danny being led towards a trailer by TWO OF POOH-BEAR'S MEN. LITTLE

BILL AND BIG BILL. Little Bill is big and Big Bill is little.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

Pooh-Bear sitting in a recliner, obscured by shadows when Danny and his
escorts enter.

A WIRE CAGE IN THE CORNER, SOMETHING MOVING AROUND INSIDE. It too is
obscured by shadows.

Pooh-Bear doesn't look up. He is preoccupied with something in his hand
which he is cleaning with a toothbrush.

DANNY

Pooh-Bear, my man. What's up?

Pooh-Bear doesn't respond. Continues brushing.

LITTLE BILL

He's blue.

BIG BILL

Comin' down from a 10 day ride.

Danny closes his eyes. Not what he wanted to hear.

DANNY

You want to do this some other time?

POOH-BEAR

(gloomy and tired)

Pull your pants down.

DANNY

I'm sorry?

POOH-BEAR

Pull your motherfucking pants down.

Danny looks to the two Bills for help.

DANNY

(laughing nervously)

Come on, guys ...

POOH-BEAR

Big Bill.

Big Bill pulls a 19th century double-barreled FLINTLOCK PISTOL from his jacket and points it at Danny's head.

BIG BILL

Argh, matie. I'm a pirate.

POOH-BEAR

Little Bill

Little Bill drops Danny's trousers. Danny about to object when he is started into silence.

The saturnine Pooh-Bear raises his head, illuminating his face. He isn't wearing his prosthetic nose. A GAPING HOLE WHERE HIS NOSE SHOULD BE. He looks like some obscene human bat.

Pooh-Bear holds up the plastic nose he has been cleaning, inspecting it under the light.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Introduce him to Captain Steubing.

He pops his nose back into place, but it goes on crooked.

The Bills escort Danny over to the cage. There is A GIGANTIC CRAZED WEASEL INSIDE.

The cage is divided by a large piece of Plexiglas.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

You'll have to excuse him, he ain't ate for over a week.

The weasel is foaming at the mouth.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

That and the rabies. Don't make for
a happy weasel.

DANNY

(trying to stay calm)

Pooh-Bear. come on, man. What is
this?

(off Pooh-Bear's silence)

It's me, Danny. I thought we had a deal.

POOH-BEAR

Big Bill

Big Bill pushes Danny up to the cage, which comes up to about waist
level.

POOH-BEAR

Captain Steubing thinks you might
work for the police.

DANNY

What?!

Pooh-Bear holds up his hand.

POOH-BEAR

Don't address me. I didn't make the
accusation.

DANNY

Please .. I don't know what you're ...

POOH-BEAR

Uh-uh-uh ...

He points to the cage. Danny looks down at the weasel, which is trying to gnaw through the Plexiglas.

DANNY

Jesus Christ.

(to the weasel)

Um ... I'm not .. Captain Steubing.

I'm not working for the cops.

The weasel continues to gnaw.

POOH-BEAR

He don't believe you. Big Bill.

BIG BILL

Drop your package in the cage.

DANNY

My what?

BIG BILL

Put your pee-pee through the hole.

There is a hole in the top of the cage on the opposite side of the
Plexiglas from Captain Steubing.

DANNY

This is fucking crazy!

Big Bill pulls back the hammer on the gun.

BIG BILL

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.

DANNY

Oh fuck ... oh Jesus ...

Danny's eyes dart quickly over to Little Bill, who like everyone else,
is watching the weasel.

Little Bill is wearing a big, filthy pea coat with A LARGE TEAR on the
side.

Danny still hasn't complied with Pooh-Bear's order.

POOH-BEAR

Shoot him.

DANNY

Okay! Okay!

From behind, we see Danny bend slightly, dropping his privates into the

cage.

DANNY (cont'd)

(eyeing the wild rodent)

Oh my God ... oh-my-fucking-God ...

Danny tries to stay calm, shoots another look at Little Bill who is standing right next to him.

POOH-BEAR

Now get talkin'

DANNY

I didn't fucking do anything! I

swear to God!

Pooh-Bear leans forward and opens the Plexiglas partition about half an inch.

THE WEASEL bolts for the opening, gnashing its teeth, trying to squirm through.

POOH-BEAR

You got something to tell Captain

Steubing, you'd better do it now.

The weasel squirms and squeals and bangs against the Plexiglas.

Danny uses the diversion. He quickly TAKES SOMETHING from him own

jacket pocket and SLIPS IT IN THE HOLE IN LITTLE BILL'S JACKET between
the coat and the lining.

No one notices.

Pooh-Bear opens the Plexiglas even more. The weasel is able to get his
head through the hole. He bares his filthy teeth.

DANNY

(rapid-fire)

Captain Steubing, listen to me.
You're after the wrong guy. This is
the fuck you should be talking to.

He nods towards Little Bill. Pooh-Bear cocks his head.

DANNY (cont'd)

Jimmy told me that Little Bill's been
shorting Pooh-Bear ... settin' up his
own stuff on the side.

LITTLE BILL

That's a pack of discharge.

Danny now makes eye contact with Pooh-Bear, who listens intently.

DANNY

It's true. Jimmy saw him flashing a
pimp role at a bar the other night ...

said he was dissin' your ass in front
of one of your customers.

Pooh-Bear rises slowly. Approaches the triumvirate.

Danny keeps one eye on ...

... the weasel as it continues its assault on the opening.

POOH-BEAR

Man'll say a lot of thing when he's
sporting weasel food for a pecker.

LITTLE BILL

Damn straight.

POOH-BEAR

Least I can do is check it out though.

Pooh-Bear pulls a chrome .45 from his waistband.

DANNY

Can I pull my dick out now?

Pooh-Bear limply aims the .45 at Little Bill.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Big Bill

Big Bill pats Little Bill down.

LITTLE BILL

(holding up his arms)

Go ahead. I got nothing to hide.

Big Bill checks all of Little Bill's pockets, coming up empty.

The weasel has squeezed about a third of the way through the hole.

DANNY

Can I pull my dick out?

Danny, panicked, eyes the hole in the pea coat.

BIG BILL

He's clean.

Danny can't believe it. But when Little Bill lowers his arms, a big roll of cash protrudes from the hole.

Pooh-Bear and Big Bill see it immediately.

LITTLE BILL

What?

He follows their gaze to the cash.

DANNY

CAN I PULL MY FUCKING DICK OUT?!

POOH-BEAR

(eyes on Little Bill)

Yeah.

Danny extracts himself from the cage just as ...

... the weasel bolts through the opening and springs for the hold in
the cage.

INT. POOH-BEAR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (LATER)

Danny sitting at the kitchen table. THE SCREAMS OF LITTLE BILL AUDIBLE
FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

Danny is FIDDLING WITH SOMETHING UNDER THE TABLE when he HEARS POOH-
BEAR APPROACHING.

Danny finishes up, stuffing a roll of DUCT TAPE into his pocket.

Pooh-Bear drops a zip-lock bag of METH on the table.

DANNY

I ought to just call this whole thing
off right now.

POOH-BEAR

Don't do that. Please. Or I'll kill
you. Please, Danny.

DANNY

What the hell was that? Who told you
I was five-0?

POOH-BEAR

No one. It was just a test. I need
to be sure of who I'm dealing with
from time-to-time.

Pooh-Bear nudges the baggie towards Danny.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Take it easy. You passed.

Danny hands over the bundle of cash. Pockets the dope.

DANNY

Did it ever occur to you that someone
might cop to something they didn't do
rather than have their balls chewed
off by a rabid weasel?

POOH-BEAR

I'll keep that in mind.

MOVE UNDER THE TABLE - Danny's Glock taped to the underside, out of sight.

EXT. DESERTED PARK - NIGHT

Danny, Garcetti and Tanner. Tanner doing a chemical test on the meth with a field kit. The tester turns a tell-tale blue.

TANNER

We're in business.

GARCETTI

Good work, Flynn. You're a first-rate rat.

DANNY

That's real sweet, Garcetti. Thanks.

TANNER

We got the 411 on your good old boy.

Tanner produces a print out from an F.B.I criminal computer file. A MUG SHOT OF BUBBA. The name BUFORD "BUBBA" NGUYEN underneath.

TANNER (cont'd)

Nothing local so we ran his prints through the F.B.I. Believed to be a major supplier in Texas. Jumped bail

on a murder rap last April.

DANNY

Murder. Beautiful.

TANNER

Pumped fifty-seven bullets into a police informant.

Danny heaves a sign and plops down on a bench.

DANNY

You know, I'm starting to think I'd
rather take my chances with Domingo
than go through any more of this shit.

GARCETTI

Didn't you hear? Domingo's dead.

Danny looks up.

TANNER

Took a pig-slicker to the heart.

DANNY

Jesus.

TANNER

I thought you'd be happy.

DANNY

Yeah.

He doesn't look happy.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

Domingo sprawled face-down on the tile floor of the shower room. Blood
leaking from underneath him.

WATER PATTERS DOWN FROM THE SHOWER HEAD. DILUTING THE POOL OF BLOOD.
THE SOUND IS UNNATURALLY LOUD.

EXT. PALOS VERDES - NIGHT

The red car with "IFORGIV" plates parked in the driveway of a modest
Spanish-style house.

INT. PALSO VERDES - NIGHT

NANCY AND VERNE PLUMMER watching TV.

Photos of Liz on top of a baby grand piano. A SHRINE OF SORTS.

CATHOLIC ICONS ABOUND: crucifixes, Virgin Mary's, needle point prayers.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Nancy gets up to answer.

NANCY

Who is it?

DANNY (O.S.)

It's Tom.

Nancy and Verne look at one another.

INT. PALOS VERDES HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny and Verne sitting at the dining room table. Nancy brings in a pot of coffee. Verne eyes Danny silently. Danny won't look him in the eye.

DANNY

All right, Nancy, how'd you track me down?

NANCY

Billy Sutcliffe said he saw you at a bar down in Gardena a few weeks ago. Said you looked so bad, he barely recognized you.

Nancy pours the coffee.

NANCY (cont'd)

Billy's a cop now, you know.

VERNE

Highway Patrol.

NANCY

He said you were ... the people you
Were with ... well ...

VERNE

Said you were a drug addict.

DANNY

Maybe I should just go.

Danny pushes away from the table. Nancy grabs Danny's wrist.

NANCY

No. We want to help you, Tom.

Danny stays put.

NANCY (cont'd)

I know everyone deals with grief in
their own way. I know how hard it is
to find closure.

DANNY

Closure? How do you find closure
when her killers are still running
around out there?

NANCY

I found forgiveness in my heart for
the people who killed my daughter. I
gave my grief to Jesus Christ.

DANNY

Is that what you want me to do? Put
it all on Jesus? Let him sort it out
in the afterlife?

NANCY

You've got to deal with this sooner
or later, Tom. You can't keep
hiding.

DANNY

Maybe I am dealing with it.

NANCY

I know it's not my place to pass
judgement on you but ...

Danny looks at the shrine to Liz on top of the piano.

DANNY

Then why don't I see any pictures
Of me up there?

VERNE

That was my idea.

DANNY

You never did like me much, did you

Verne?

(beat)

And you can't stand it that I walked
out of there alive and Liz didn't.

You think I'm a coward,
don't you?

Verne's silence is answer enough.

DANNY (cont'd)

I don't blame you for hating me. At
least I understand that.

(back to Nancy)

But forgiving the butchers who killed
Liz well I'm having some trouble
with that one.

NANCY

Love your enemies, bless them that
curse you, do good to them that hate
you, and pray for them which

despitefully use you, a persecute
you.

Danny touches Nancy's hand tenderly.

DANNY

I'm genuinely happy that you found
some peace, Nancy. But you can't
forgive for Liz. No one can. And
you can't forgive for me.

NANCY

Your hatred makes them stronger and
you weaker.

DANNY

I don't buy that. There's a place for hatred.

(beat)

Did you know that Liz and I got into an argument the night
she was killed? I acted like an ass and I never had a
chance to apologize to her. Do you know what that feels like?

NANCY

It's not too late to show her you're sorry.

DANNY

How?

Verne slams his hand down on the table.

VERNE

By not disgracing her memory!

DANNY

What does that mean?

VERNE

You might as well be spitting on her
grave every time you put drugs up
your nose. Or did you just
conveniently forget that it was drug
dealers who killed my daughter?

Verne glares at Danny. No forgiveness in his heart.

VERNE (cont'd)

You ever think you might be buying
drugs from the very people who took
her life?

DANNY

You don't understand.

VERNE

Understand what?

Danny starts to say something. Stops.

DANNY

Nothing. It's ... it's complicated. I
just want you to know ... I'm not what
you think I am.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Danny sitting at a table, the lockbox open in front of him.

He is endorsing the back of a life insurance check. His Tom Van Allen
driver's license laying next to it.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

DANNY

Who is it?

COLETTE (O.S.)

It's me.

DANNY

I'm kind of busy.

COLETTE (O.S.)

Please open the door, Danny.

He pockets the check and the license, closes the lockbox and goes over

to the door.

Colette standing on the other side. Her FACE AND ARMS ARE BLACK AND
BLUE WITH BRUISES.

DANNY

Oh Jesus.

He lets her come in. Colette looks away.

DANNY (cont'd)

Colette ... You've gotta leave.

COLETTE

We been through that.

DANNY

What about a battered woman's
shelter? You can move you kid in
with you.

COLETTE

I need my paycheck.

DANNY

You can still work.

COLETTE

He knows where I work.

DANNY

Find a new job.

COLETTE

It's not that easy. I just got a
raise. I need the money.

DANNY

You always been this stubborn?

Colette cracks a crooked smile.

COLETTE

From day one.

(beat)

I was a breach birth. They tried for
hours to turn my little butt around.

But I wouldn't let 'em.

DANNY

Ass first into the world.

COLETTE

I been that way ever since.

Danny smiles. He gently touches her eye. Colette reaches up and
touches Danny's bruised eye.

COLETTE (cont'd)

Look at us. What a pair.

Colette leans in to kiss him, but they bump bad eyes.

COLETTE/DANNY

Ouch.

They laugh.

COLETTE

Can we try that again?

They kiss again. Deep and long. Danny suddenly pulls back mid-kiss.

DANNY

I can't.

Colette goes to touch him. He pulls away.

DANNY (cont'd)

I can't.

COLETTE

Why not?

DANNY

I just can't. Okay?

Danny paces uncomfortably.

COLETTE

What's wrong, Danny?

DANNY

Look, maybe you oughta' leave.

COLETTE

No. I want to know what the hell
is going on.

DANNY

I can't tell you.

Colette comes to a slow realization.

COLETTE

There's someone else, isn't there?

THE FLASHBACK IMAGERY suddenly FLICKERS TO LIFE on the wall behind

Danny - THE MOONLIGH SALTON SEA.

Danny freezes. Looks up at Colette.

DANNY

Yes.

Colette waits a beat, then turns to leave.

DANNY (cont'd)

Don't go.

(beat)

Please, Colette.

(she stops)

Stay and talk to me, please.

Something about Danny's voice - a raw vulnerability - which we haven't seen in him before. MOVE OFF of Danny and ONTO THE FLASHBACK IMAGE.

DANNY (O.S.)

I'm so tired of lying.

CUT TO:

EXT. CREPPY HOUSE - SALTON SEA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Danny's car parked out front.

INT. CREEPY HOUSE - SALTON SEA - NIGHT

A CHUBBY GUY sitting on the couch in his underwear, watching A MEXICAN WESTERN. He sits there with wide eyes, GRINDING HIS JAWS.

Danny, Liz AND BO, the affable owner of the house, looking at a map on the kitchen table.

BO

What you want to do is go back the way you came and make a left at the

bottom. It'll take you right to the
highway.

DANNY/TOM

That's it?

BO

Are you Australian?

DANNY/TOM

No.

BO

Good. I fucking hate Australians.

Danny and Liz share a look.

DANNY/TOM

You got a bathroom I can use before
we hit the road?

BO

Yeah? First door on the right.

It ain't that dirty. Just kinda'
filthy is all.

DANNY/TOM

(to Liz)

You mind?

BO

No, I don't mind. That's how come I
told you about it.

DANNY/TOM

I was talking to my wife.

LIZ

Try to make it fast.

Danny heads down the hallway, Liz looks a little uncomfortable.

LIZ (cont'd)

(trying to make small talk)

So. What do you do for a living around here?

BO

You know. This and that.

ON THE SHELVES, SUNDRY ITEMS USED TO DISTILL METH.

Bo scratching his arms.

Liz notices TRACK MARKS ALL OVER BO'S ARMS. He sees her looking.

BO

Skeeters. They're bad up here.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Danny peeing WHEN HE HEARS ANOTHER CAR PULL UP OUTSIDE. CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE. HUSHED VOICES OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM WINDOW.

Danny finishes up. He steps up onto the tub and peaks out the bathroom window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW - TWO FIGURES CROSS IN FRONT OF THE HEADLIGHTS OF THE CAR. THE ENGINE REMAINS RUNNING.

Danny frowns, not sure what to make of it. He steps down from the tub and is just about to exit when THE FRONT DOORS IS KICKED OPEN AND SHOTS ARE FIRED.

VOICES SHOUTING.

Danny freezes, not sure what to do. His eyes dart around for a weapon.

He picks up a large plumber's wrench and goes to the bathroom door.

MORE SHOTS. SEMI-AUTOMATIC FIRE.

SEVERAL BULLETS slam through the bathroom wall, one striking Danny in the shoulder.

He slumps to the floor.

THE PANDEMONIUM continues in the front room.

There is a BULLET HOLE about the size of a fifty cent piece in the wall next to Danny's head. He puts his eye to the hole and looks out.

DANNY'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE HOLE - scanning the room. Stopping on ...

... LIZ. In the confusion, she has managed to hide from the intruders. She is squeezed into a tiny space between the sofa and the wall. She clings tightly to the curtains, her hands shaking violently.

ONE THE CURTAIN RINGS - pulled taught by Liz's grip.

Danny adjusts his gaze through the hole.

THROUGH THE HOLE - scanning to the other side of the room. Bo and the other guy sprawled on the floor. INTRUDER ONE stands over them, only his legs visible.

BACK ON LIZ - scared to death, clinging to the curtains.

The curtain rings are pulled to the breaking point.

INTRUDER ONE

Let's go!

INTRUDER TWO emerges from the back carrying a small nylon bag. They

start to head out the front door when ...

... one of the curtain rings breaks with a METALLIC "TING".

ON DANNY - freaking. His eyes shooting back to Liz.

SILENCE.

Listening.

Then the CREAKING FOOTSTEPS of Intruder One approaching. It takes an eternity.

Liz can't possibly see Danny through the hole but it looks like she is staring directly at him, her body rigid with fear.

Danny grabs the wrench again. Tries to get to his feet but slips back down, either too weak from loss of blood or just plain scared. His hand is shaking violently.

He looks through the hole again.

THROUGH THE HOLE - Liz still staring at Danny. THE FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE at a agonizing slow pace, then stop.

A GUN, ever so slowly, enters FRAME. EXTREME CLOSE UP on Liz's eyes as they widen.

EXTREME CLOSE UP on Danny's eye peering through the hole. A SHOT IS

FIRE. His eye closes.

ON DANNY-his mouth opens to scream BUT NOTHING COMES OUT.

And with that it is all over.

Danny tries to get to his feet again. Fails, His eyes flutter. All is
silent except for A FAINT LIQUID SPATTERING.

LONG SHOT-Back on the Salton Sea, placid and silvered with moonlight.

INT RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT (LATER)

Danny and Colette face-to face- in profile, silhouetted by the IMAGE of
the sea.

DANNY

She died knowing that I was a coward...
that I didn't lift a finger to help her.

COLLETTE

There was nothing you could have done.

She is inches closer to him.

DANNY

No, you're wrong, I tried to tell
myself the same thing but I could

have gotten up. I could have done
something.

COLETTE

They would have killed you too.

DANNY

(finally looks her in the eye)

Nothing could be worse then this
slow death I'm living now.

Colette puts her arms around him and hugs him tight. The IMAGE OF THE
SEA FLICKERS AND FADES behind them.

CLOSE ON DANNY-holding Colette.

DANNY

(looking up)

Colette...I want to help
you, with Quincey.

Colette pulls back.

COLETTE

No Danny, Don't-

DANNY (cont'd)

But you gotta be serious about it.

COLETTE

Really, I don't want to.

DANNY

I want to do this for you. I
want to do something good
for a change.

Danny goes over to the dresser. Takes out a baggie of meth.

DANNY (cont'd)

I want you to hide this
somewhere where Quincy
won't find it.

COLETTE

What is it?

DANNY

Never mind. Just do what I say.
He holds out the baggie. Colette backs away.

COLETTE

I don't want to.

Danny stalks her.

DANNY

I'm offering you the chance to take
care of your problems. Take it.

(she still hesitates)

Don't make the same mistake I did,
Colette. Do something while you
have a chance. Do it for your daughter
before something happens.

(beat)

Believe me, you don't want to
live with this burden.

(firm)

He holds the baggie out again. Colette
reluctantly takes it from him.

DANNY (cont'd)

Tomorrow night, when he is asleep.
I want you to beep me at this number.
He writes the number down on a dollar bill.

DANNY

Will you do that?

(off her nod)

Then I want you to get out of the room.

COLETTE

Why?

DANNY

Don't worry about it. Just go across

the street and watch. You'll know
when it's safe to go back.

Colette goes to protest. Danny puts his hand to her mouth the same way
she did to him earlier.

DANNY

Just do it. All your problems with
Quincey will be taken care of.

INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - DAY

Empty except for Danny and Jimmy in a back booth. Danny slides an
envelope over to Jimmy.

JIMMY

What's this?

DANNY

Tem thousand dollars. Everything I could spare.

(beat)

It's for you.

JIMMY

But why? You only owe me five. And
that's not till after we close the deal tonight.

DANNY

You aren't coming with me.

Jimmy looks hurt.

DANNY (cont'd)

I need you to do me a favor instead.

JIMMY

Okay

DANNY

Wait till I tell you what it is.

JIMMY

It don't matter. I'll do it. And you
sure as hell don't have to pay me.

Jimmy slides the money back over.

DANNY

Why?

JIMMY

You're my best friend, man. I'd do
anything for you.

Danny smiles, genuinely touched.

DANNY

Jimmy, look, there's something I have
to tell you.

JIMMY

Hey, check it out...

Jimmy rolls his sleeve up, revealing a tattoo.

DANNY

What the hell is that?

ON THE TATTOO: CRUDLEY DRAWN FACE.

JIMMY

(Proudly)

It's you! I didn't have a picture or
nothin' so I had to describe you to
the guy. Not bad though, huh?

Jimmy sits there, admiring the tattoo.

Danny stares at Jimmy with pity.

DANNY (cont'd)

I really have to tell you something.

It's important.

JIMMY

What?

DANNY

I'm not a tweaker.

(beat)

I don't use drugs. I never had.

Danny is deadpan. Jimmy starts laughing

DANNY (cont'd)

I'm not joking.

Jimmy keeps laughing. Danny staring, deadpan, Jimmy slowly stops laughing.

JIMMY

But...I've seen you.

DANNY

When? When did you ever see me use?

JIMMY

This isn't like that Queen Elizabeth question, is it?

DANNY

You ever notice how I always showed up, in the middle of a binge? Left before it was over? How I sneak away

for cap-naps? How when the crank
came around to me, I always said I'd
just done one?

Jimmy slack-jawed.

DANNY (cont'd)

You asked me how I always keep my
shit together. Well, that's how.

JIMMY

No one ever noticed?

DANNY

Are you kidding me? A bunch of amped
-out tweakers? It was easy.

Jimmy is agitated and confused.

JIMMY

But... why? Why would you pretend?

DANNY

I can't tell you.

JIMMY

You don't trust me?

DANNY

I don't trust anybody.

JIMMY

And you want me to do you some big favor?

DANNY (cont'd)

It's cool. I understand

Danny gets up to leave.

JIMMY

Wait

(beat)

If you don't trust me, why did you
tell me that stuff about not using drugs?

DANNY

Because I don't want to see you end
up like Kujo and those other losers.

(beat)

I thought that maybe if you knew that
I didn't use, you might see it in
yourself to go clear.

EXT. BACK OF CINDERBLOCK BAR- DAY (LATER)

Jimmy and Danny squinting in the mid-morning sun. They stand face-to-
face.

DANNY

You mad at me, Jimmy?

Jimmy shrugs.

JIMMY

I don't know... a little. I wish you
would have let me in on it from the
beginning.

DANNY

I'm sorry. I couldn't.

Danny taps Jimmy's arm.

DANNY

You know you can get that tattoo removed,
don't you.

Jimmy rubs his arm where the tattoo is.

JIMMY

Nah... I want to keep it.

(beat)

Maybe I can use it for like, inspiration
...you know...like when
I detox?

DANNY

Good for you Jimmy.

Danny takes the envelope from his pocket.

DANNY

I really want you to take this.

Danny tries to give Jimmy the envelope. Jimmy pushes it away.

JIMMY

Wouldn't be a favor if you were
paying me. I'll just take my five
when the deal is done.

DANNY

You're a good man. Jimmy the Finn.

EXT. PARK-DAY

Tanner and Garcetti's car parked on the periphery.

INT. CAR-SAME

Danny in the back seat dialing a CELL PHONE. A MICRORECEIVER ATTACHED
TO THE PHONE.

Tanner and Garcetti listening through earpieces.

INT. UNKNOWN-SAME

BUBBA answers a cell phone on the other end.

BUBBA

Yeah.

CONVERSATION WILL INTERCUT BETWEEN TWO LOCATIONS

DANNY

Everything go?

BUBBA

Yeah.

DANNY

Just make sure you come alone. This
guy won't like any surprises

BUBBA

I ain't a idiot, asshole.

DANNY

I'll see you tonight.

Bubba hangs up.

Danny turns the phone off.

TANNER

Man of few words.

Danny hands the phone back to Garcetti

GARCETTI

Nervous?

DANNY

With you clowns watching my back? What
do you think?

Danny opens the back door.

GARCETTI

Just make sure you hit the floor when
we come in. It could get ugly in there.

TANNER

Yeah, I'd hate to shoot you by accident.

Danny gets out of the car. Shuts the door.

EXT. CAR-SAME

Danny watches them drive away. When he is sure that they are gone, he
looks around. Sees...

...A PLUMBER'S TRUCK parked on the other side of the park.

INT. PLUMBER'S TRUCK-SAME

AN HISPANIC GUY behind the wheel.

HISPANIC GUY

He's coming in.

As Danny approaches the truck, the door slides open. He piles in.

VOICES (O.S.)

How'd it go?

DANNY

You tell me.

Danny pulls a TINY MICROPHONE AND WIRE from inside his shirt and hands

it to...

...Bubba, who sits in front of a BANK OF LISTENING EQUIPMENT.

BUBBA

You ready to go meet the team?

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - WESTWOOD - DAY

The PLUMBER'S TRUCK enters the underground parking lot.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICES-DAY

TEN F.B.I. AGENTS in a small conference room, looking at...

...Danny and Bubba, sitting at the head of the table. BUBBA is now wearing his security badge, which reads, SPECIAL AGENT TEX TRAHN. He

stands up and addresses the group.

And he really does have a SOUTHERN ACCENT.

TRAHN

For those of you who don't know this
is Tom Van Allen... a.k.a. Danny
Flynn.

Danny looks self-conscious.

TRAHN (cont'd)

About a year and half ago, Mr. Van
Allen's wife was murdered at a meth
lab out near the Salton Sea. No one
was ever apprehended for the crime
but local authorities have always
assumed it was a hit and grab
perpetrated by rival drug dealers.
That is, until Tom here took it upon
himself to conduct a one-man
undercover operation at great risk to
his own personal safety.

One of the agents pipes up...

AGENT ONE

He's a civilian?

(off Trahn's nod)

How the hell did you pull this off?

Trahn turns to Danny.

DANNY

I played the long shot. Just got lucky.

INT. SALTON SEA SHERIFF'S STATION (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Danny and DETECTIVE BOOKMAN, a homicide detective, sitting at a table.

BOOKMAN

How about the car? The model?

Danny shakes his head.

BOOKMAN (cont'd)

Was it a truck? S.U.V.? Sedan?

DANNY

All I saw was the headlights. The high
beams were on.

BOOKMAN

Not even a guess?

DANNY

(pissed off)

How many times do we have to go through
this?

ANOTHER DETECTIVE enters the room, hands something to bookman, then
whispers into Bookman's ear. Bookman nods.

BOOKMAN (cont'd)

You said one of the perpetrators crossed
in front of the headlights ...

DANNY

Yeah, but he was in silhouette.

BOOKMAN

How about in the house?

DANNY

They were wearing ski masks. I told
you all of this.

BOOKMAN

Did you see his hair color?

DANNY

No, Why?

Bookman holds up a small plastic evidence baggie.

BOOKMAN

Forensics found this on your wife.

Bookman holds it up to the light. Inside, ONE BRIGHT RED HAIR.

ON DANNY staring at the hair, remembering something...

EXT. SALTON SEA GAS STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK WITHIN THE FLASHBACK)

Danny putting gas in his car, Liz in the passenger's seat reading.

On the other side of the pump, A RED HAired MAN with a bad comb-over.
The brightest, reddest hair you've ever seen with a BIG STREAK OF WHITE
RUNNING THROUGH IT.

His back is TURNED. We can't see his face.

His arm and hands resting on top of the pump.

Danny looks at the guy's hand. A GUADY CLASS RING on his finger: EL
CAMINO COLLEGE, CLASS OF '84.

INT. SALTON SEA SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Danny staring absently at the red hair in the baggie.

BOOKMAN

What is it?

DANNY

Nothing, I'm trying to remember...

Danny feigns frustration.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'm sorry... I didn't see his hair
color... I'm sure of it.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICES-NIGHT

AGENT ONE

Why didn't you tell him?

Danny looks up.

DANNY

Because I wanted to find them myself

(beat)

I wanted to kill them.

INT. EL CAMINO COLLEGE LIBRARY-DAY

Danny sitting at a table, poring over a YEARBOOK for the class of '84.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF REDHEADS along with their majors.

Danny continues thumbing through the book. Stops. A LOOK OF RECOGNITION
ON HIS FACE.

DETAIL OF A PHOTO: a balding red head with a streak of white running through it.

Danny staring intently.

REVEAL REST OF PHOTO: It is TANNER. Underneath the photo, his major: criminology.

INT. EL CAMINO COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY (LATER)

Danny at a library computer.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN. DANNY SCROLLING THROUGH an alumni listing, STOPPING ON...

...TANNER, GUS, CLASS OF 1984. DETECTIVE, GARDENA police Department.

EXT. GARDENA POLICE DEPARTMENT-DAY

Danny sitting on a bus bench across from the parking lot.

TANNER AND GARCETTI exit the building and head over to their car.

Danny watches from behind a magazine as they drive past him.

DANNY (V.O.)

I swear to God I would have done 'em
right then and there...but I had to
be positive. And even if Tanner was

involved, I had to be sure about
Garcetti

EXT. D.M.V-DAY

Danny talking to a MEXICAN DUDE on the corner.

Danny slips the guy some money.

DANNY (V.O.)

So I became Danny Flynne.

EXT. D.M.V.- DAY (LATER)

The Mexican dude holds up something for Danny to see...

...A DRIVER'S LICENSE. It is him on the photo, but the name reads,
DANIEL FLYNNE.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

On Danny's last line, we see TWO CAR BUMPERS COLLIDING AT LOW SPEED.

Tanner and Garcetti in the car that has been rear-ended.

Danny in the offending car, empty beer cans scattered on the front
seat.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT (LATER)

Danny spread-eagle over the hood with Garcetti roughly searching him.

DANNY (V.O.)

I dropped myself right in their laps.

Garcetti pulls a baggie of meth from Danny's pocket.

EXT. DESERTED PARK-NIGHT

Danny, Garcetti and Tanner at the picnic table, talking.

DANNY (V.O.)

I gave up whoever they asked for,
whenever they wanted. I was a
fucking dream rat. But the whole
time I was sizing them up, looking
for any evidence that they were the
guys who killed my wife.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

Danny watching from the shadows as Tanner and Garcetti haul a DOPE
DEALER away in cuffs.

DANNY (V.O.)

But they did everything by the book.

F.B.I. OFFICES-DAY

DANNY

I knew that if these were the guys I was looking for, I'd have to set up a deal so sweet, they wouldn't be able to walk away from it.

TRAHN

That's when he called me. He told me his story and he pitched me a plan.

DANNY

These guys are smart. I knew they wouldn't hit a deal unless they knew all the players. I needed a big buyer.

EXT. ROOFTOP-NIGHT

Tanner and Garcetti watching Battle enter the building.

TRAHN (V.O.)

We had one of our C.I.'s call Tanner and Garcetti with an "anonymous" tip about the deal.

TANNER

(the line takes on a whole new meaning)

This could be the one we're looking for.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Garcetti scanning the print he took from the plastic wrapper.

A COMPUTER SCREEN - the F.B.I. fingerprinting database. A MATCH IS MADE. BUBBA/ TRAHN'S PHOTO appears, along with the pertinent information.

BATTLE (V.O.)

...I dumped a dummy file into the system. They took the bait and we were off to the races.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICES-DAY

Another agent kicks in.

AGENT TWO

How sure are you that you're not chasing two good cops? I mean all you've really got is one red hair. That's still your only evidence.

TRAHN

Not anymore. We tapped these guys' phones

and computers at Gardena P.D.

Tanner and Garcetti didn't
report on this deal. Not a peep.

They haven't coordinated with
Palmdale P.D. They're keeping it off
the books. It looks like we've got
the right guys.

(beat)

We'll find out for sure tonight.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICES-DAY (LATER)

The meeting breaking up. Trahn walks Danny away from the conference
room.

TRAHN

How you holding up?

DANNY

I'm fine. Little nervous...little
disappointed that I didn't finish
this myself.

TRAHN

Hey, you did the right thing. You
wouldn't have stood a chance against
these boys by yourself. They have
eaten your ass alive.

Danny's PAGER STARTS BEEPING. He checks the readouts.

DANNY

Oh shit

TRAHN

What?

DANNY

Can you do me a favor? This girl I
know, her boyfriend's a real piece of
shit-dude's really jamming her up.
I promised her I'd try to help.

Danny pockets the pager.

DANNY (cont'd)

Could you call Gardena P.D. tell 'em
you got a tip that the guy's holding?
Maybe have 'em send out a patrol car?

TRAHN

I'll see what I can do.

INT. BANK-DAY

Danny at the counter with a big gym bag.

A TELLER COUNTS out stacks of money.

THE LIFE INSURANCE CHECK lays on the counter in front of her. We see
the amount -- \$250,000.00

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Colette standing across the street, looking at...

...TWO COPS exiting a patrol car.

Colette is crying her eyes out. She is HOLDING the BAGGIE OF METH that
Danny gave her.

The cops enter the building just as...

... Danny drives by in Jimmy's car, followed by...

... TWO OF THE AGENTS from the conference room. They remain a good
half-block behind him.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR-NIGHT

Danny at the wheel. He is wearing a black baseball cap pulled down low
on his head.

DANNY

Hey guys...

INT. F.B.I. CAR-SAME

Danny is wired for sound. The agents monitor him on a receiver.

DANNY (O.S.)

(filtered)

I need to stop for some cigarettes.

EXT. MINI-MARKET-SAME

Danny pulls into the market.

The agents pull over to the curb, watching.

Danny is in and out in no time. He hustles back into his car and drives
away.

EXT. REMOTE LOCATION-SAME

Tanner and Garcetti outside of a car we have never seen before. The
truck is open.

Garcetti putting a phony license plate. Tanner sifting through the
trunk.

IN THE TRUNK - A sawed off SHOTGUN, TWO SEMI-AUTOMATIC HANGUNS, TWO
KNIVES, GLOVES AND SKI -MASKS.

INT. POOH-BEAR'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Pooh-Bear loading a chrome .45, Big Bill his Flintlock.

INT. TRAHN'S CAR-SAME

Trahn driving on the freeway. he opens a briefcase on the passenger's seat. Inside, his F.B.I. BADGE, TWO BARETTA 9mm and TWO PAIRS OF HANCUFFS.

EXT. BLUFF-NIGHT

Tanner and Garcetti negotiating a washboard dirt road in the hills.

EXT. DESERT MOTEL - NIGHT

The Vega pulls into the lot of a tumbleweed motel in the middle of nowhere.

INT. F.B.I. CAR - SAME

The car passes the motel.

AGENT ONE

(into min-mike)

All right people, heads up. Blue team?

EXT. DESERT MOTEL - SAME

TWO MOTEL MAIDS pushing a cleaning cart. They are wearing small ear piece receivers.

Danny in the motel office, checking in.

MAID ONE

I've got a visual.

AGENT ONE

(filtered)

Red team?

TWO WORKMEN, repairing the motel sign out front.

WORKMAN ONE

He's heading to his room.

The workman watch Danny head into a room at the far end of the
facility. As he enters the room ...

AGENT ONE

(filtered)

Black team?

INT. ADJACENT ROOM - SAME

TWO AGENTS on the other side of the wall from Danny's room. MONITORING
WITH A FIBER-OPTIC CAMERA.

ON THE MONITOR. DANNY enters and sits on the bed, his back to the
camera.

INT. F.B.I. CAR - SAME

They continue down the road, away from the motel.

AGENT ONE

Okay. It's all yours.

EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

Tanner pulls the car in behind a rock formation on the bluff.

INT. CAR - SAME

Tanner kills the engine. Garcetti checks his watch.

GARCETTI

Half an hour to kickoff.

Tanner takes a pair of NIGHT VISION BINOCULARS from under the seat.

EXT. DESERT MOTEL - NIGHT

Trahn pulls into the lot. He emerges from the car with his briefcase,
looks around, then heads down to the room.

Trahn checks his watch, then KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

DANNY (O.S.)

It's open.

INT. DESERT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Trahn enters. Danny sitting with his back to Trahn.

ON THE BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE MONITOR NEXT DOOR.

TRAHN

You alone?

Danny nods.

TRAHN (cont'd)

Any word from Pooh-Bear?

Danny shakes his head.

TRAHN (cont'd)

You okay, hoss?

BACK INSIDE THE ROOM

Trahn walks over to Danny, who sits there with his head down, his face obscured by a baseball cap. Slowly, he looks up.

IT IS JIMMY.

TRAHN (cont'd)

What the hell?

JIMMY

Danny told me to tell you that he was sorry.

(beat)

He said he had to take care of this himself.

EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

Tanner scanning with the night vision glasses.

TANNER

Here he comes.

REVEAL that the car is on a bluff above POOH-BEAR'S COMPOUND.

Danny pulls up in a rental car.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - SAME

Danny's hand is shaking uncontrollably.

DANNY

Easy, boy.

He looks at his hand again. It continues to shake. He takes a deep
breath.

TANNER'S P.O.V.

As Danny gets out of the car and goes to the trunk.

Tanner watching.

TANNER

Where's Bubba?

GARCETTI

Maybe he isn't showing.

Danny takes a gym bag out of the trunk and approaches Pooh-Bear's house.

TANNER

Looks like Flynn's handling the cash. Let's get into position.

They get out of the car and trek down the bluff towards the house.

INT. POOH-BEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Big Bill lets Danny in, then pats him down for weapons. Satisfied, he leads Danny to the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN - Danny enters and stops. A worried look.

Pooh-Bear along with THREE OTHER MEN. The men eye Danny silently.

They look like ex-cons.

DANNY

What the hell is this?

POOH-BEAR

Just some buddies.

DANNY

This is bullshit. You didn't say
anything about anybody else being here.

POOH-BEAR

What the fuck are you gonna do about
it, dickhead?

The other guys snicker, one of them almost spitting his beer out.

Danny smiles good-naturedly. Shoots a look over at ...

... one of the guys sitting where he taped his gun earlier.

DANNY

Come on, man, let's deal.

He throws the bag on the table, knocking a beer into the guys lap. The
guy springs up, pissed off.

POOH-BEAR

Cool it. We got business.

DANNY

Yeah, dickhead.

Danny moves over and plops down in the guys seat.

UNDER THE TABLE - Danny fumbling with the gun, trying to untape it
without being too obvious.

Pooh-Bear unzips the bag. Inside, a lot of cash.

POOH-BEAR

Oh my, oh my.

(beat)

Big Bill, come take a look at this.

Big Bill is behind Danny, over by the sink. He pulls his FLINTLOCK and
walks over.

Danny continues trying to get the gun loose. Something catches his eye

...

... the MICROWAVE OVEN DOOR is open, casting a reflection of the room
behind him. Big Bill approaches Danny, pointing the gun at Danny's
head.

The other men ease back from the table a little.

UNDER THE TABLE - Danny still can't get the gun loose.

ON THE REFLECTION - Big Bill right behind Danny. He raises the
flintlock.

Danny bugging. He rips at the gun. Too late.

Big Bill goes to fire. Using the reflection, Danny ducks at the last
instant.

Big Bill FIRES.

The guy across the table takes the mini-ball in the chest.

ALL IN AN INSTANT - Danny extricates the gun. Turns on Big Bill, who
sees the gun and holds his hands up.

Danny SHOOTS TWICE, the bullets blowing through Big Bill's hands and
thumping into his chest. Big Bill crumples.

When Pooh-Bear goes to pull his gun from his waist-band, it discharges,
shooting him in the thigh.

The muzzle flash ignites his pants leg. POOH-BEAR HITS THE FLOOR,
SCREAMING, slapping at the fire on his leg.

Danny wheels on the other two guys at the table, who are going for
their guns. Danny opens up on them with the Glock, flooring them
before they can get a shot off.

OUTSIDE - still descending the bluff, Tanner and Garcetti hear the
gunfire.

INSIDE - Danny turns on Pooh-Bear, who sits there staring at his
injured leg.

Danny puts the gun to Pooh-Bear's head, closes his eyes and starts to
pull the trigger.

Pooh-Bear lifts his gun and SHOTS DANNY IN THE TORSO THREE TIMES.
Danny collapses.

Pooh-Bear gets to his feet.

POOH-BEAR

Oh lordy, oh lordy, oh lordy. Pooh-
Bear done shot himself.

He's in shock. He grabs the duffle bag from the table and staggers
down the hallway, into the living room.

OUTSIDE - Tanner and Garcetti at the front door, listening. They pull
their ski-masks on, take out their guns, then silently enter.

INSIDE - gunsmoke abounds. One of the guys MOANS on the floor.

Tanner and Garcetti enter the kitchen, guns drawn and ready. They
survey the scene.

Bodies everywhere.

Big Bill lays there dying, staring with confusion at the stigmata in
his hands.

Danny lying in a heap, next to Big Bill.

Suddenly, they hear POOH-BEAR MUMBLING from somewhere in the house.

Tanner signals for Garcetti to take point. They head down the long
hallway, slowly and silently. When they are gone ...

... Danny stirs on the floor. His eyes open. He opens his shirt and
checks his torso REVEALING THAT HE IS WEARING HIS BULLET-PROOF VEST.

He struggles to a sitting position, in great pain from the impact
bruises left by the bullets.

He picks up his gun, gets up on wobbly legs and follows Tanner and
Garcetti down the hall.

ON DANNY as he creeps down the hall.

INT. CREEPY HOUSE - SALTON SEA - NIGHT

Exiting the bathroom and creeping towards the front room.

DANNY

Anybody there?

ONLY THE SPLATTERING LIQUID SOUND.

Danny continues.

He stops at the end of the hall. His eyes go wide with fear and
revulsion.

THE LIQUID SOUND BECOMES LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL IT IS ALL THAT CAN BE
HEARD.

Liz is still in her hiding place behind the end of the couch. Her head
is resting comfortably on the arm of the couch. She looks fine. There
is even a slight smile on her lips.

DANNY (cont'd)

Liz?

Then he notices it ...

... a widening pool of BLOOD seeps from under the couch like some
living thing. More blood patters down from some UNSEEN WOUND on the
side of her head.

Danny staggers towards her.

Her eyes flutter slightly.

Danny sits next to her. Holds her hand. There is nothing he can do.

Liz tries to speak. Can't.

DANNY

I'm here, Liz. I'm here.

She squeezes his hand. Then goes limp.

INT. POOH-BEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny continues down the hall, remembering.

INT. CREEPY HOUSE - SALTON SEA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Danny sitting there with Liz in a pool of blood. He notices something
on the floor ...

... LIZ'S PURSE, the contents spilled on the floor. A GREETING CAR
with a teddy bear and the word "CONGRATUALTIONS" on the front.

Danny goes over and picks up the card.

INSERT - CARD

He opens it ... "YOU'RE A DADDY!" A home pregnancy test taped inside,
the reading is POSITIVE.

Danny drops the card. Stares down at it as ...

... the blood from the floor pools out and engulfs the card.

EXT. SALTON SEA - NIGHT

On the placid sea as DANNY'S HORRIFIC SCREAM resounds from the house in
the distance.

INT. POOH-BEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ON DANNY standing in the hallway, staring, his face a blank.

ON POOH-BEAR - cooking up a huge dose of meth with a lighted hundred
dollar bill.

He draws the meth into a syringe then turns on the stereo with a
remote.

A YODELING INSTRUCTION TAPE BLASTS FROM THE SPEAKERS.

Pooh-Bear prepares to dose, looking for a vein in his neck, never
noticing ...

... Garcetti's gun moving to the back of Pooh-Bear's head.

Pooh-Bear about to plunge the drugs when GARCETTI FIRES.

Pooh-Bear pitches forward, dead. The syringe falls to the floor.

Tanner and Garcetti standing over him. They pull their ski masks off.

GARCETTI

Get the bag.

Garcetti holsters his weapon and picks up the bag of money from the floor.

GARCETTI (cont'd)

Let's get out of here.

A GUNSHOT. Garcetti goes down where he stands. He lays there twitching like a rabbit.

Tanner staring down the sucker's end of Danny's gun.

TANNER

Danny?

DANNY

My name is Tom.

Tanner frowns.

DANNY (cont'd)

Tom Van Allen

Danny raises his gun.

TANNER

Whatever you say, man. Look ... can
we talk about this?

DANNY

Yeah. Okay. Listen carefully ...

(beat)

You're in the bathroom. You've been
shot in the shoulder ...

Danny shoots Tanner in the shoulder. He collapses to the floor.

ON GARCETTI - his eyes flutter and open.

Danny walks over to Tanner and stands above him.

DANNY (cont'd)

... there's two guys with masks and
guns in the other room about to kill
your wife.

Tanner looks at Danny, confused.

DANNY (cont'd)

But you know if you go out there,
they'll kill you, too. You'll both
die. What do you do?

Tanner realizes what Danny is talking about.

DANNY (cont'd)

Do you go out there and die like a
man or do you live to fight another day?

Tanner doesn't answer.

Danny (cont'd)

What do you do?

Still no answer.

DANNY (cont'd)

Answer the question!

Tanner is ghost white, loosing blood quickly.

Danny (cont'd)

What do you do!

TANNER

Please ... don't do this ...

DANNY

Answer the fucking question!

When Danny goes to shoot Tanner again ...

... Tanner pulls a K-BAR KNIFE from the back of his belt and plunges it

into the back of Danny's gun hand. The gun discharges, missing Tanner.

Danny drops the gun. Tanner snatches it up.

Tanner immediately has the gun inches from Danny's head. Danny freezes

...

TANNER

Does that answer your question?

(beat)

I fight.

I fight and I die like a man.

(beat)

You're a fucking coward, Flynn. You
lived like one and now you're gonna
die like one.

Danny looks up at the gun, his face a blank.

DANNY

(mumbling)

Glock semi-automatic 9 mm ...

CLOSE ON THE BARREL OF THE GUN. ALL SOUND FADES OUT.

MOVE INTO THE BARREL OF THE GUN. THE BLACK KID'S FACE APPEARS INSIDE.

KID

Tenifer matte finish, Polymer grip,

fixed sights, 4 and 1/2 inch barrel,
22 ounces, double action and a ...

QUICK FLASHES of all the shots Danny fired with the Glock.

- TWO at Big Bill
- FOUR at the guys at the table
- ONE at Garcetti
- THREE at Tanner

THE KID AGAIN.

KID
... and a TEN ROUND magazine ...

ON DANNY. Still staring at the gun. He knows the gun is empty. He
notices something on the floor ...

... THE LOADED SYRINGE.

KID (cont'd)
Or did I say ELEVEN?

Danny trying to remember.

KID (cont'd)
Which was it, mister? Was it ten or was it eleven?
(beat)

Pretty big fucking difference if you ask me.

DANNY starts chuckling. Looks up at Tanner.

DANNY

It doesn't matter.

Danny looks down at the syringe again. Tanner sees it too.

TANNER

Too late to be a hero.

Danny picks up the syringe.

Tanner pulls the trigger.

INSIDE THE GUN - MOVING SLOWLY towards the firing pin as it springs
forward toward CAMERA with a LOUD CLICK.

THE GUN IS EMPTY.

DANNY

Ten it is.

Danny jams the SYRINGE INTO TANNER'S THROAT all the way down to the
plunger, dosing him with the meth.

Tanner goes down, blood bubbling from his throat around the syringe.

His eyes roll back as he convulses from the drugs.

Danny struggles to his feet.

Tanner quivers from head to toe like some freaked-out Pentecostal in the throws of a holy possession.

Danny pulls the syringe from Tanner's throat. A LONG WET WEEZE ESCAPES.

Suddenly, A NOISE BEHIND DANNY.

Garcetti standing there pointing his gun at Danny, rocking slightly back and forth, a bullet hole in his cheekbone. He looks brain dead.

Danny doesn't move. TANNER STILL WHEEZING.

Garcetti looks like he wants to shoot his gun, but can't. He keeps looking down at his hand, trying to get it to obey.

Danny calmly walks over and takes the gun from Garcetti.

Garcetti puts his hand to his nose and blows out a clot of blood. He looks down at his hand.

He has hacked up the bullet he was shot with.

Garcetti smiles an embarrassed smile at Danny. TANNER'S WHEEZING CONTINUES.

DANNY

(softly)

You're dead.

Garcetti nods slightly. He goes to a kneeling position, then curls up on the floor like he is taking a nap and dies.

Danny goes over to the couch and sits down.

Danny with his head in his hands, emotionally and physically exhausted.

TANNER WHEEZING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

CLOSE ON DANNY'S FACE. Blank. Devoid of anything. He stuffs Garcetti's gun into his own mouth, hand shaking.

He takes the gun out.

Stuffs it back in again, shoving it way down, almost gagging on it.

The barrel clatters against his teeth. He takes it out again. THE

WHEEZING CONTINUES.

Danny starts crying. Lifts the gun halfway again, then drops it.

He jumps up. Goes over to the still-wheezing Tanner and empties his clip into him. When the clip is spent, Danny keeps pulling the trigger ... over and over again.

He stands there pulling the trigger again and again and again and again.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Danny dressed in his "Tom" clothes. He limps over to the bed and picks up the trumpet case. Carries it over to the mirror.

Danny staring at his reflection. He lights a cigarette.

DANNY

My name is Tom Van Allen. I'm a
trumpet player.

Danny smiles.

VOICE (O.S.)

Nah, you're Danny Flynnne.

He turns.

COLETTE and QUINCEY standing there. Quincey holds a nine millimeter with a muzzle suppressor.

QUINCEY

You're a motherfucking rat.

He shoots Danny in the stomach. Danny slumps to the floor. His cigarette falls out of his mouth and rolls under the bed.

Colette freaks.

COLETTE

You said you wouldn't kill him!

She tries to go to Danny but Quincey stops her.

COLETTE

You lied to me!

QUINCEY

Oops. My bad.

Danny looks at them, confused, a blood stain blossoming on his white
shirt.

DANNY

Colette, what happened? Didn't the cops ...

QUINCEY

The cops came. But they didn't find
nothing. Turns out their C.I. gave
'em some bad information.

Quincey holds up the baggie of drugs.

Danny looks from Quincey to Colette. Colette looks away.

QUINCEY (cont'd)

You fuck with the Mexicali Boys, this
is what you get, homes.

UNDER THE BED - the cigarette smoldering on the carpet.

QUINCEY (cont'd)

Domingo thought you might be the one
who went rat on him.

Quincey looks at Colette

QUINCEY (cont'd)

So I brought in a rat of my own.

Danny looks at Colette, dumbfounded.

DANNY

You set me up?

QUINCEY

Bitch played you like a squeezebox, Romeo.

Danny can't help from laughing at the irony. Beads of sweat are
forming on his blanched face. He looks at Colette with a wry smile.

DANNY

You're good, princess. I'll give you that.

COLETTE

Danny, it's not what you think.

Danny looks down at his bloody stomach.

COLETTE

I owed them money ... a lot of
money ... they didn't give me a
choice. You know how it works. When
I got to know you, I tried to back
out ... that's when they did this ...
(she indicates the bruises)

But I told them I wouldn't do it .. I
didn't want to see you get hurt.

Danny stares at her, not sure what to believe. He looks over at

Quincey.

DANNY

She selling me a bill, home boy?

Quincey shakes his head.

QUINCEY

Nah, she ain't lying. She took a
pretty good beating from you, ace. I
seen grown men crack after a lot
less. But not this bitch.

(beat)

It was very touching.

DANNY

Then why are we here?

COLETTE

They threatened to kill my daughter.

(beat)

I had no choice.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Danny.

Danny looks at Colette, imagining the awful beating she must have
taken.

DANNY

It's okay. It's okay.

(Danny touches her face.)

(beat)

God damn, you're beautiful.

UNDER THE BED - THE CARPET IGNITES. The fire spreads quickly.

QUINCEY

Jesus.

Quincey grabs her arm.

QUINCEY (cont'd)

Let's go.

COLETTE

No!

The drapes go up in flames. Quincey puts the gun to the back of her head.

QUINCEY

You wanna die here with him or come with me?

DANNY

Colette, go.

COLETTE

I don't want to leave you.

DANNY

Your daughter needs you. Go.

The fire continues to spread. Colette kisses Danny on the lips.

Quincey pulls her away.

Collette looks back one last time just as the flames reach the door,
cutting off any escape.

Danny breathing hard. He gets up. Staggeres over to the mirror where

his trumpet is.

He opens the case and takes the trumpet out.

He plops down on the bed and BLOWS A FEW NOTES. He stops for a second,
a smile on his lips.

He starts to play SAETA.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURNING ROOM - NIGHT

Back to the opening scene. The whole room ablaze. Danny lying on the
bed, playing the horn.

DANNY (V.O.)

So what is it? Who am I after it's
all said and done?

Pieces of the roof start falling in.

DANNY (cont'd)

Tom Van Allen or Danny Flynne?

(beat)

Avenging angel or plain old Judas?

He stops playing.

DANNY (cont'd)

(weakly)

You decide, friend. You decide.

He closes his eyes.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'm too tired ... so you decide.

He drops his trumpet and lays his head back.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

THEN BLURRY, VAGUE SLOW MOTION - moving through the flames.

CLOSE ON DANNY'S HEAD - seemingly floating through the fiery room.

DANNY (V.O.)

Oh shit. What is this?

Emerging from the flames into a dark hallway.

Danny's eyes flutter as he seemingly continues to float.

DANNY (cont'd)

Am I dead?

A linoleum floor rushes underneath.

DANNY (cont'd)

Linoleum. This must be hell.

Danny head sags, finds himself staring at ...

... A TATTOED LIKENESS OF HIMSELF. The tattoo smiles and speaks.

TATTO

(warped, distorted)

Hang in there buddy.

Stairs rush by underneath. Then another hallway.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - a bright white light at the end of the hall.

DANNY (cont'd)

Oh no. What a fucking cliché.

On Danny's face, floating through the hall. His eyes fluttering.

MOVING TOWARDS the light. Closer. Closer.

Danny's eyes close, his head droops.

FADE TO WHITE:

CLOSE ON DANNY as his eyes flutter and open.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - an image slowly coming into focus ...

... JIMMY staring down at him with concern.

Danny blinks his eyes again. Looks up at ...

... A PARAMEDIC working on him.

Danny smiles a weak smile at Jimmy.

Jimmy just sits there, nodding his head, a big shit-eating grin on his
face.

The paramedic continues to work on Danny. His eyes slowly close.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

Danny exits a cab and heads towards a coffee shop. He looks like a new
man.

DANNY (V.O.)

Well, I've had some time to think
about it and it's pretty simple after
all. I guess it's like the man said -

"Man is the measure of all things."

I should know. I ran the gamut.

Avenging Angel, Judas, loving
husband, prodigal son, prince of
Denmark. I was all of those things.

(beat)

Tom Van Allen got his revenge.
Good for Tom. And Danny Flynne? He
got gut-shot for being the low-life
rat that he was. Sucks for him.

(beat)

But as far as I'm concerned, they're both dead.

Danny looks through the window of the shop.

Colette inside, working the counter, pouring coffee.

DANNY (cont'd)

But what about this guy? Who is he?

Danny enters the shop.

DANNY (cont'd)

To tell you the truth, I don't know yet.

INT. COFFE SHOP - SAME

Danny takes a seat at the counter. Colette turns and sees him.

DANNY (cont'd)

But I like his chances.

They stare at one another for a beat, then smile. Colette pours him
some coffee.

DANNY (cont'd)

I really like his chances.

They strike up a conversation as we ...

FADE OUT.

THE END