

A CONCRETE JUNGLE

written by

Daniel Ranalli

304 Melvin Dr.
West Chester, PA 19380
(484) 653-7779
danran1995@gmail.com

INT./EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Three thugs load duffel bags into a van. One bag remains partially open, revealing the thousands of dollars in it right before the BURLY THUG zips it up.

Nearby, a YOUNG WOMAN lies gagged and tied to a support beam; her clothes torn, the blood on her face mixes with her tears.

The money packed, the HANDSOME THUG approaches the Young Woman and kneels down in front of her.

She dares to look back.

He just gazes at her for a moment, then reaches his hand out -- She recoils like a wounded animal.

HANDSOME THUG

Hey. Come on, now. You're fine.

He stands and walks behind her.

HANDSOME THUG (CONT'D)

(kneels)

The job we had to pull's done now,
so we don't need
anymore...entertainment.

He pulls a knife out. In strolls JAY DUNLAP (30), who can roll with the punches like a wheel, holding a pizza.

JAY DUNLAP

Whoa-ho!

All four of the other people inside flinch.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Wow. Okay. Was not expecting this.
Guess I have the wrong address. Eh-
heh.

The thugs' surprise turns to bewilderment as they exchange glances.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

But it's cool, you know. I don't
judge. You know, you got the whole
S'n'M thing going on, so, yeah. I'm
just gonna get going and let you
crazy kids get back to...whatever
it was that you were doing, which,
hey, none of my business. So,
yeah...

He exits through the door adjacent the main entrance, a garage door. The thugs look to each other for answers, before the WIRY THUG gets his pistol out.

WIRY THUG
Motherfucking...

He goes through the door and speedily walks -- when Jay springs out from behind and snaps his neck.

Inside, the two other thugs draw their pistols and face the door.

HANDSOME THUG
Nichols?...Nichols?...

The Wiry Thug's body flies through a nearby window, the two others flinch. Jay takes aim from the doorway, but they shoot at him and he retreats.

HANDSOME THUG (CONT'D)
Did you really think we'd fall for that?!

Outside, Jay examines the scar on his shoulder, huffs, then rolls his eyes and steps away.

Inside, the Burly Thug says:

BURLY THUG
We should get out of here, before the cops show up.

Outside, Jay stands next to a window and uses a small mirror to peek inside. The two thugs swivel their heads and guns about as Jay uses the mirror to aim, sticking his tongue out.

Inside, the Burly Thug scans the windows, when he sees the mirror. BAM! He's shot in the heart and falls.

The Handsome Thug picks the Young Woman up and uses her as a shield, then blasts away at the windows.

Bullets fly and glass shatters.

Outside, Jay shields his eyes from the glass.

The onslaught finishes, and he raises the mirror up.

The Handsome Thug has his back to him, but too much junk lies in the way for him to get a clear shot.

Jay groans, gets up, and runs toward the other end of the warehouse. He trips but gets right back up and continues on.

Inside, the Handsome Thug still has his arm around the Young Woman.

HANDSOME THUG

Fuck this!

He leaps to the van and closes the door.

Outside, Jay watches and starts to run.

Inside, the Handsome Thug turns the ignition on, then floors it.

He crashes through the main entrance, when a pizza lands on the windshield.

He turns the wipers on and they struggle get it off as the cheese sticks.

Then they do -- right before the thug crashes into another warehouse.

Nearby, Jay strolls up, Colt revolver in hand. He arrives at the driver-side door.

The Handsome Thug, barely conscious, sees him but does nothing except wait for the inevitable.

JAY DUNLAP

Hey. So, usually the tip is twenty-five percent, but...afraid I'm gonna have to ask for a little more. I mean, with all the shit you've put me through...

The Handsome Thug reaches for a snub-nose in his back pocket.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

I mean, I don't mean to be "that guy," you know? It's just...

(leans on van)

my therapist says I need to be more assertive, so this is just me trying to --

The thug pulls the snub-nose -- BAM! But Jay dodges and grabs his arm.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Whoa! Okay. Now I'm gonna have to ask for way more...What, don't have it? Okay, then.

He shoots the thug. He gets his phone out.

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - CONTINUOUS

In an office, MAYA (45), a maternalistic secretary, answers:

MAYA
Brisbane Wedding Planning; when the
moon hits your eyes like a big
pizza pie, that's amore.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JAY DUNLAP
When the world seems to shine like
you've had too much wine, that's
amore.

MAYA
Jay! How's it going?

JAY DUNLAP
Hey, Pumpkin, just calling to let
you know that the clients I was
supposed to see cancelled.

MAYA
Okay, sweetie, I'll tell the Boss.

She hangs up and walks out of the office, through a hall, and to a door, which she reaches toward the handle of, but hesitates with a twitch.

She summons her nerve, then cracks door.

Inside, she finds a darkroom with a harsh, red light, as well as photos strewn about and DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (45), the calm demeanor of a dormant volcano, turning photos in a pan of water.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Don Vesuvio, Dunlap says the job's
done.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
Good. That's very nice...
(hint of fury)
You can leave now, Maya.

MAYA
(spooked)
Yes, sir.

She swiftly closes the door.

EXT./INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jay puts his phone away and sees the Young Woman gleaming at him with the utmost hope. He looks back and forth, then goes over to her, takes his knife out, and unties her.

JAY DUNLAP
Hey. You're okay, right?

She nods. They hear sirens coming.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
You didn't see me, okay? They
blind-folded you.

She nods. He puts his hands in his pockets and walks away.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

In a swanky apartment, WILCOX (40), he only looks like he lives an upstanding life, sets the table by gingerly placing the silverware as classical music plays in the background --

A fist slams against the door three times; Wilcox flinches. He grabs the pistol next to his napkin.

As he approaches the door, he shoves the pistol into the top-rear of his pants, then stops.

The fist slams the door four times, a bit louder.

Wilcox eyes the little table with a lamp on it and opens its drawer to find a knife.

Five knocks, quicker and louder.

He rolls up his sleeve to reveal a sheath attached to his forearm.

He slips the knife into the sheath and begins to roll his sleeve back down -- Six knocks, quicker and louder.

Wilcox finishes rolling down his sleeve and opens the door, keeping the left side of his body behind it and that hand on the pistol.

He finds QUINTON THOREAU (30), calculating eyes as cold as a machine's yet piercing like laser-beams.

WILCOX
Guess it's time, huh?

QUINTON THOREAU
Yeah.

WILCOX

Vesuvio really thinks this job
requires two guys, huh?

Quinton just stares at him.

WILCOX (CONT'D)

Let me just get my jacket on.

He grabs his jacket from the wrack behind the door and puts it on. Quinton backs away, allowing Wilcox to go first as he locks the door behind himself, who makes sure to not completely turn his back on Quinton.

Quinton extends his arm to signal to Wilcox that he can go first, but Wilcox does the same to Quinton, who starts forward.

They walk side-by-side to the elevator. There, Quinton reaches toward the button and makes Wilcox nervously twitch. Wilcox realizes what Quinton was going for when he presses the button.

They stand in silence for a moment, then Wilcox grabs his wrist behind his back and presses his finger on his pistol, hidden under his jacket.

Quinton glances at Wilcox's eyes, then where his hand is, then back at his eyes, finally forward again.

Wilcox's eyes strain to watch Quinton through the edges of their sockets, when the elevator dings.

The door opens, and they both leave room to let the other go first, motioning with their arms, Wilcox politely yet nervously smiling.

WILCOX (CONT'D)

Why don't you go?

QUINTON THOREAU

(a bit too firmly)

Why don't you go first this time?

Wilcox gives a polite half-smile and steps in, followed by Quinton. Quinton presses the button for the ground floor, and Wilcox's smile disappears as he watches this man.

The elevator door closes.

Inside, they just stare forward, only the light hum of the elevator's movement can be heard.

Wilcox puts his hands behind his back again, one elbow brushes the wall, the other brushes Quinton, who glances at his hands again.

The elevator dings. A YOUNG MOTHER and her two young kids get on. The two kids scream and slap at each other.

The BROTHER knocks the SISTER into Quinton, who's arms spring to catch her -- Wilcox grabs his pistol and faces his whole body at Quinton, who stands the girl back up.

The Young Mother politely smiles as the elevator dings again. The door opens and she gets off with her two kids, then the door closes behind them.

Inside, Quinton and Wilcox eye each other, before Wilcox returns to his previous stance. The two just stare forward.

The elevator opens and the two men step out and into the lobby. They walk side-by-side, getting closer to the front door.

They pick-up speed, but Quinton reaches the door first and opens it, then glares at Wilcox.

He motions with his head for Wilcox to go first, and he does, but backwards so as to keep his body facing Quinton.

Outside, the VALET opens the passenger door of Quinton's car and Wilcox gets in, but winces slightly when he sits.

INT. QUINTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Quinton slams the door closed, Wilcox takes a nervous sigh.

Quinton gets in and starts the car. He starts to pull out -- when another car almost hits them and he brakes.

Both lurch forward then glare at each other, as if waiting for the other to make a move.

QUINTON THOREAU

You alright?

Wilcox just gives a nervous smile and nod. Quinton pulls out and drives off.

NIGHT

Now out in the country, Wilcox scans the surroundings, when his vision gets blurry. He rubs his eyes.

WILCOX
How much longer till we get to the
job?

QUINTON THOREAU
We're almost there.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

The car pulls off the road and stops on a dirt path. The two men get out, and Wilcox looks in fearful awe at the trees and the blackness between them. He takes a step forward, but stumbles. He shakes and rubs his head.

QUINTON THOREAU
You sure you're up to this?

WILCOX
I'm fine.

Wilcox heads off into the forest first, followed by Quinton.

Further in, the two men kneel down behind a tree, about fifty feet from a cabin.

WILCOX (CONT'D)
So you said the mark's in there,
right?

QUINTON THOREAU
Should be --

Neither notice the CABIN OWNER pointing a Garand behind them.

CABIN OWNER
Get your hands up.

Slowly, the two men stand with their hands raised.

CABIN OWNER (CONT'D)
Toss out all your weapons. Go on!

Wilcox hands over his pistol and knife, and Quinton gives up his Beretta handgun.

CABIN OWNER (CONT'D)
That it?

They both nod. Then the Cabin Owner hands the Garand to Quinton. Wilcox laughs.

WILCOX

Guess Vesuvio found out that I didn't whack that mark after all, huh?

QUINTON THOREAU

But you took his money anyway. You should've run.

WILCOX

I was preparing to. Not that it matters anyway. We both know how good Vesuvio is at finding --

He looks as though he's becoming ill.

CABIN OWNER

What's wrong with him?

QUINTON THOREAU

It's poison. I put a pin-prick in the passenger seat, just in case he figured it out too early.

Wilcox collapses but fights through the pain to say:

WILCOX

You're just a pawn to him; an expendable piece in his empire.

Wilcox dies. The two other men just look down at his body.

QUINTON THOREAU

Thanks for letting me use your cabin, Sean.

Quinton gets on his phone as he walks away.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)

When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine, that's amore.

INT. JAY DUNLAP'S APT - DAY

The sun setting, Jay opens his door whistling an upbeat tune and swinging his hips. He throws keys God knows where, and plugs his iPod into his speakers, which blasts Japanese Eurobeat.

In the small kitchen, Jay strolls in, bopping to the music.

MONTAGE: JAY PREPARES DINNER

--He puts on a chef's hat and an apron with a big red heart.

--He turns on the stove and gets out the ingredients: eggs, tartar sauce, bananas, milk, beef, sunflower seeds.

--He cracks half the eggs into one frying pan and the rest into another until the fried yokes form solid circles, then he puts the rest of the ingredients into the right pan.

--His cat watches with curiosity.

--He plops the fried yokes from the second frying pan onto the one with all the ingredients in it.

--Once this creation is complete, he turns off the stove, plops his dinner onto a plate, and sits down.

END MONTAGE

With the Eurobeat turned down, Jay sits at the torn-up old couch and turns his computer onto YouTube and plays a video. He eats, the ingredients spilling out, and laughs at the video as his cat sniffs at his meal.

JAY DUNLAP

You wanna nibble, Triceratops? Just like how dad used to make them.

He shoves the omelet in the cat's face, but it runs away. Jay looks at an old picture with two boys and a girl.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

How about you guys? You want some?...No?

He turns to an old picture of two middle-aged people.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

How 'bout you?...Yeah, you never liked dad's cooking, did ya?

His eyes turn mournful as they face the picture.

His phone rings from the other end table.

He looks at it for a moment, rubs his face; the phone rings again, so he finally picks it up.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Yeah?

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - CONTINUOUS

WENDELL (25), an uber nerdy male secretary, sits at his desk.

WENDELL

When the moon hits your eyes like a
big pizza pie, that's amore.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

JAY DUNLAP

Okay, wow, no foreplay at all.

WENDELL

Just say the stupid passcode.

JAY DUNLAP

I'm just saying, a girl appreciates
getting her engine warmed-up.

WENDELL

Jay, I will not be drawn-in by
stupid, childish antics --

JAY DUNLAP

When the world seems to shine like
you've had too much wine, that's
amore. Okay, you happy? Now I'm a
whore.

WENDELL

Okay, now, if you're done acting
like a child, Vesuvio wants to see
you.

Jay becomes petrified.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Dunlap?

JAY DUNLAP

Yeah...Yeah, tell him I'll be right
over. Love you --

Wendell hangs up.

INT. JAY DUNLAP'S APT - CONTINUOUS

Jay puts the phone down, then buries his face in his hands.

EXT./INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - NIGHT

On the docks, Jay arrives at a rusted door, knocks, and looks
up at the camera. The electric lock buzzes and he heads in.

Inside, Wendell leads Jay down a hallway.

JAY DUNLAP
So, Wendell. You're looking spiffy
as always.

WENDELL
(rolls eyes)
Ugh!

They arrive at a door, which Wendell opens.

JAY DUNLAP
Why thank you! Oh, who said
chivalry's dead?

Jay looks inside the former assembly line to see Vesuvio
smoking a cigar at his desk. Jay goes pale.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
Jay! Come on in!

He timorously does as Wendell leaves and closes the door.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
Well, have a seat. Come on.

Jay, trying not to hide his fear by stiffening-up, sits in
front of Vesuvio's desk as he re-lights his cigar.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
Those three guys you just took care
of; it should've been at least a
three-man job, but it was just one,
thanks to you.

JAY DUNLAP
Ah, shucks. I bet you say that to
all the hitmen...
(stands)
Well, if that's --

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
Sit down.

Reluctantly, Jay does.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
Now. How does a week off sound?

JAY DUNLAP

A week off. Mm, I can finally complete my application to the National Sarcasm Society. Well, can't wait to get started --

Jay stands again, but --

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Sit. Down.

Reluctantly, Jay does again.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)

Got another job for ya.

JAY DUNLAP

Kay. But, see...there was talk around the hitman water-cooler about a vacation?...

Jay gives puppy eyes and presses his index fingers together.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

(leans in)

You can go on your vacation -- after this next job. It needs to be done now.

Vesuvio leans back and re-lights his cigar.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)

Now you can leave. Maya'll give you the details.

Jay heads for the door, but stops.

JAY DUNLAP

So, this guy, he wouldn't happen to be like those three I just took out?

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Like them how?

JAY DUNLAP

Well, a murderer and or rapist.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Oh, Jesus, not this shit again, Dunlap.

JAY DUNLAP

I'm just curious --

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
 No! You're soft! You kill who I
 tell you! That's how it works! So
 yeah, he ain't like them. He's a
 gambler who won't pay-up.

Jay continues to door --

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
 Dunlap. If you go soft on me and
 betray me, I'll not only hunt you
 down, I'll look for anyone you've
 ever loved, and when I find them,
 I'll take them out, too. You know
 how I deal with traitors...Now you
 can go.

Jay takes a deep breath, then bows as he leaves.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jay holds a Playboy with the centerfold out as he watches THE
 MARK, distressed, hang up his phone. A moment later, it
 rings, and he immediately answers:

THE MARK
 Wojcik?...No, listen, I need this
 surgery now!...Look, people are
 probably after me, okay?! I need to
 leave town, but I need this surgery
 first!...Okay, fine,
 double...Okay...Okay, three
 o'clock. I'll be there.

He hangs up, and Jay checks his watch: noon.

INT./EXT. JAY DUNLAP'S CAR - LATER

Still in the city, Jay follows the Mark, his clock says 2:50.
 He keeps his eyes on the vehicle a couple cars ahead, which
 makes a right and pulls into the parking lot of a morgue. Jay
 also does, gets out, and follows the Mark inside.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Under the flicker of the pale florescent lights, Jay follows
 the Mark down the hallway.

The Mark stops at the doorway of a cadaver storage room,
 adjacent a t-intersection, as Jay hustles toward him --

When ASTRID WOJCIK (25), fiery yet somehow cold eyes like a
 viper, steps out from the adjacent cadaver storage room in
 front of the Mark.

Neither notices Jay as he ducks into a perpendicular hallway.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Who are you?

THE MARK

I'm here to see my brother who has
two blue eyes.

Astrid Wojcik enters the cadaver storage room the Mark was about to, and a moment later, motions for him to enter. She scans the hallway and sees Jay.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Hey!

Jay sprints down the perpendicular hallway, which Astrid stops at the corner of, her Glock out.

At the t-intersection, Jay arrives and peeks around the corner to see Astrid as she revolves in place.

Just when she has her back him, Jay darts into the cadaver storage room and closes the door behind him.

In the cadaver storage room, Jay finds the Mark, unconscious, lying on a surgical table and hooked-up to a heart monitor.

On a parallel table lies a cadaver, and over the Mark with a syringe stands ROLAND WOJCIK (55), a man beaten down by life.

ROLAND WOJCIK

The fuck are you?

JAY DUNLAP

(eyes syringe)
If you injected all that, would it
kill him?

ROLAND WOJCIK

Yeah?...

Jay thinks for a moment, doubt and regret in his eyes.

JAY DUNLAP

Do it.
(points revolver)
Seriously.

Wojcik shrugs and injects the rest. Jay watches his Mark with sullen eyes.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Sorry, man. Guess if there's one
 way to go, it's quick and painless.

The heart-monitor flatlines.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 If it wasn't me, it'd be someone
 else. And, odds are, they'd make it
 hurt.

Astrid Wojcik kicks through the door and points her Glock at
 Jay.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Sup, Annie Oakley?

ASTRID WOJCIK
 Shut up and put the gun down.

Jay does.

ASTRID WOJCIK (CONT'D)
 Now get on your knees.

JAY DUNLAP
 You know, most dates buy me dinner
 before they ask me to do that --

Astrid pulls her hammer back.

ROLAND WOJCIK
 I don't think he's here for me,
 Astrid.

ASTRID WOJCIK
 He's still seen everything.

ROLAND WOJCIK
 You're a hitman, right?

JAY DUNLAP
 And you're...some sort of
 underground surgeon? What the hell
 were you even going to do to this
 guy?

ASTRID WOJCIK
 That's enough questions!

ROLAND WOJCIK
 Easy, Astrid.

Jay looks around the room, he eyes the surgical markings on the face of the original cadaver as he walks toward it. He sits on its table and swings his feet.

JAY DUNLAP

You were going to do some sort of face surgery...You were going to give this guy this other guy's face. Who the hell are you?

Wojcik de-preps the Mark for his would-be surgery.

ROLAND WOJCIK

I used to be a plastic surgeon, in Los Angeles, but I got sued. Now I'm here, at a morgue, giving people new identities on the side.

JAY DUNLAP

And her?

ROLAND WOJCIK

My daughter, former Army, and free body-guard.

JAY DUNLAP

Cool.

(stands)

So what if...I wanted my face changed?...

Roland Wojcik motions for Astrid to put her gun away, which she does.

ROLAND WOJCIK

I can do this. Not as simple as it sounds, though.

JAY DUNLAP

Of course not.

ROLAND WOJCIK

Option A is the easiest. Model your new face off of someone who has a similar bone and tissue structure. Or I could create a face that's similar, or model your new one off someone with a very different face structure, or even create a completely new face, but the more changes I make, the more difficult, so the more expensive. More changes also means more recovery time.

JAY DUNLAP

What can I get for a couple thousand?

ROLAND WOJCIK

The least expensive: model your face after someone with a similar face structure.

JAY DUNLAP

What if I could get more money?

Wojcik heads into the adjoining room, carrying his equipment.

ROLAND WOJCIK

(putting equipment away)

I only accept money that you already have. If you want, I can take your face measurements now and call you if I find a match.

JAY DUNLAP

(shrugs)

Fine.

ROLAND WOJCIK

Okay, then. You're going to have to help me with these bodies, though.

JAY DUNLAP

You know, actually, I have a --

Astrid points her Glock and smirks at him with her head tipped.

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - NIGHT

At the bar sits DRAKE MARX (35), a man of quiet dignity, when Quinton walks up to Maya's desk in the adjoining room.

QUINTON THOREAU

Vesuvio called me in.

MAYA

He'll be with you in a minute.

Quinton goes and sits next to Drake. He watches Drake throw back a shot of whiskey, then looks off into the distance.

QUINTON THOREAU

You're nervous.

DRAKE MARX

Hello, Drake. How's the wife?
Anna's fine, so are the kids.

QUINTON THOREAU

You only tip-'em-back like that
when something's frightening you.

DRAKE MARX

Sharp as ever.

QUINTON THOREAU

But it takes a lot to scare people
like us...

DRAKE MARX

It's been raining the past couple
days. Hope it clears up soon.

QUINTON THOREAU

Perhaps Vesuvio, but you don't
always drink like this when you
come here.

DRAKE MARX

Quinton, I'm asking you; drop it.

Quinton stares off into the distance for another moment.

QUINTON THOREAU

The fact that you want me to drop
it only suggests that you are even
more nervous than you're letting on
--

DRAKE MARX

It is Vesuvio, okay? He called me
in.

QUINTON THOREAU

He called me in, too...You haven't
done anything wrong.

DRAKE MARX

You don't get a little scared when
he calls you in?

QUINTON THOREAU

It's usually just to check-in on
us. But you're more worried than
usual, which evidences the idea
that you think you did something
wrong.

DRAKE MARX

Quinton!...Drop it. Okay? I don't psycho-analyze you for every little thing --

IAN MERCER (45), a slippery little weasel, sidles up behind Quinton and grabs his arm, which Quinton pulls away from.

IAN MERCER

Hey, Quinton, you have something good for me, right? Hm? Give me some good dirt and maybe I'll put in a good word for you; get you a promotion or something...Come on, money-launderers taking a little extra for themselves? What about your last job? The other hitman you took out? Know if he had any accomplices?

QUINTON THOREAU

Walk away, Mercer. I'm not helping a snitch.

IAN MERCER

I'm the one who keeps everyone honest around here. What do you do?

MAYA

Quinton, he'll see you now.

Quinton walks away.

IAN MERCER

You know, someday I'll get dirt on you, Quinton. And I might not hesitate to tell the Boss!

In Vesuvio's office, Quinton enters to find him cleaning his camera.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Ah, Quinton!

He walks over with a warm smile and his hand extended, then shakes Quinton's hand vigorously.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)

Good job on that Wilcox job. Heard all about it; clever way of disarming him. How about a drink?

He goes to his personal bar and pours a couple of glasses.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
 I must say, though, I am a little
 disappointed. See, that Wilcox lied
 to me.

He takes a swig.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
 I mean, he stole money, sure. But
 he lied to me about killing a mark.

He walks back over with the glasses and hands one to Quinton.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
 (lecturing)
 Lying is almost as bad as betrayal,
 you know. It is betrayal, actually.
 It's a betrayal of trust. You see,
 Quinton, the lowest circle of Hell
 is reserved for traitors for a
 reason; they deserve the worst
 suffering.

QUINTON THOREAU
 (calculating)
 So, you're disappointed because I
 didn't make Wilcox suffer more.

Vesuvio grins.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
 I got another job for ya.

He takes a folder off his desk and hands it to Quinton, who
 opens it to find a picture of and files on THOMAS ALVAREZ.

INT. THOMAS ALVAREZ'S APT - DAY

Alvarez (35), a man always looking over his shoulder, packs.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (V.O.)
 Thomas Alvarez. Witnessed another
 of my men take-out a mark, and it
 looks like he's been talking to the
 cops. Not sure if he'll go into
 witness protection. Real paranoid
 about the government, you know.

Alvarez goes through paper-work until he flips to a page with
 a Mexican driver's license that says "THOMAS ALVAREZ."

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We tried tracking him down, till we found out he got a new ID on the black market. Thomas Alvarez is actually his new ID, and a Mexican one at that. Guess he plans on running.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Quinton closes the folder, heads for the door, but stops.

QUINTON THOREAU
 The hitman, the one whose job this Alvarez witnessed, it's Drake, isn't it? That's why you called him in here.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
 Don't worry, Quinton. Just need to give him a talking-to.

Quinton exits.

INT. THOMAS ALVAREZ'S APT - DAY

The doorbell rings and Alvarez looks through the peep-hole to find Quinton standing there.

THOMAS ALVAREZ
 Who is it?

QUINTON THOREAU
 Agent Ulysses Blaine, NYPD.

THOMAS ALVAREZ
 I wanna see a badge.

Quinton holds up a fake but convincing badge and Alvarez opens the door.

THOMAS ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
 What d'ya want?

QUINTON THOREAU
 May I come in?

Alvarez steps aside and Quinton enters, but trips and grabs Alvarez's arm.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)
 Excuse me.

THOMAS ALVAREZ
So what d'ya want anyway?

QUINTON THOREAU
We know you witnessed a murder, Mr.
Alvarez.

A bead of sweat drips down Alvarez' face, which turns red.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)
Are you okay, Mr. Alvarez?

More sweat, then Alvarez practically falls onto a chair. He looks at Quinton with fearful eyes, then takes his phone out of his pocket, but Quinton takes it away.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)
I'm not really from the NYPD,
Thomas.
(proud of himself)
I injected you with an untraceable
poison when I tripped.

FLASHBACK - QUINTON TRIPS

At the doorway, Alvarez steps aside and Quinton enters, but trips and grabs Alvarez's arm.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Alvarez grips at his throat.

QUINTON THOREAU
The name doesn't matter, but what
does is that it makes it look like
you died of a cardiovascular
infarction, something common in
your family. I need to leave a body
behind, because someone
disappearing actually looks more
suspicious.

Alvarez falls on the floor, dead. Quinton looks down at him for a moment, then leaves.

INT. ROLAND WOJCIK'S APT - NIGHT

Roland Wojcik watches TV as his daughter, Astrid Wojcik, looks out the window.

ROLAND WOJCIK
You know you're allowed to relax at
some point, right?

ASTRID WOJCIK
 You know, I can be so much more
 than your guard, right?

ROLAND WOJCIK
 What do you mean?

ASTRID WOJCIK
 I don't want to be your guard
 forever. I'd like to move up.

ROLAND WOJCIK
 Yeah, who wouldn't?

Roland's phone rings and he picks it up.

ROLAND WOJCIK (CONT'D)
 What?

INT. SECOND MORGUE - LATER

Roland enters, Alvarez's body next to a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD
 You were looking for a new body,
 right? Thought this one kinda
 looked like what you were looking
 for.

Roland takes out his measuring tools and examines the
 cadaver's face.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
 Well? It close?

Roland thinks.

ROLAND WOJCIK
 (sighs)
 Not exactly what I'm looking for.

He stands straight.

ROLAND WOJCIK (CONT'D)
 Could definitely be more
 similar...Still, not so different
 that it'd be too much trouble.
 (walks to Guard)
 Paperwork isn't filed on this one,
 right?

SECURITY GUARD
 As far as anyone knows, this body
 was never here.

ROLAND WOJCIK
 (hands Guard cash)
 I'll take it. Wrap it up for me,
 would ya?

INT. JAY DUNLAP'S APT - CONTINUOUS

Jay lies on his couch deep in thought, when his phone rings, but he doesn't answer. It rings again, he still doesn't answer. It rings again, and he finally answers.

JAY DUNLAP
 Yeah?

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

ROLAND WOJCIK
 Dunlap, I found a face.

JAY DUNLAP
 Really?

ROLAND WOJCIK
 Yeah. Even has a Mexican ID by the name of Tom Alvarez.

JAY DUNLAP
 And he's clean and everything?

ROLAND WOJCIK
 Sure is.

JAY DUNLAP
 How'd he die?

ROLAND WOJCIK
 Had himself a heart-attack. Natural causes. Don't worry, kid. No one's after this guy.

JAY DUNLAP
 Always good to know...

ROLAND WOJCIK
 Here's the thing, though. His face isn't completely similar to yours. But it's just close enough that I'll offer you a discount. My cheapest option.

Jay considers his options.

ROLAND WOJCIK (CONT'D)
 Well? What's your answer, kid?

JAY DUNLAP

Okay.

ROLAND WOJCIK

But you gotta get over here now,
though.

JAY DUNLAP

Seriously, why?

ROLAND WOJCIK

Longer this body sits here, better
chance of someone discovering it.

JAY DUNLAP

Wait, you can't just -- ?

ROLAND WOJCIK

I don't wanna get caught. You got
one hour, kid. It's now or never.

INT. JAY DUNLAP'S APT - CONTINUOUS

Jay hangs up.

In his bedroom, he lifts the mattress and reveals dozens of
money-stacks. He gets out a duffel-bag and fills it until
only a couple stacks are left. He examines this feeble
amount, then leaves.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Alvarez's body lies on a table as Jay looks down at him.

ROLAND WOJCIK

You ready, kid?

JAY DUNLAP

One minute.

He looks at his reflection in the paper-towel dispenser.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

I'm gonna miss you. We've been
through a lot together; motor-
boated boobs, been sat on...plus
that one time we were in the locker
room and I bent over to tie my shoe
and sat-up and got hit on the nose
by some old man's wang...So I guess
a lot of sexual stuff. Good
times...Okay, I'm ready.

Jay sits on the table parallel to Alvarez's. He takes in a deep breath as Wojcik places the respirator on his face.

INT. QUINTON'S APT - NIGHT

Quinton cleans the pieces of his deconstructed Beretta, when the phone rings. He answers:

QUINTON THOREAU

Thoreau.

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - CONTINUOUS

Drake stands huddled in a corner.

DRAKE MARX

Quinton! You know your last mark?
They never received confirmation of
its arrival at the morgue.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

QUINTON THOREAU

What are you talking about?

DRAKE MARX

I just heard. Vesuvio sent that
snitch, Mercer, to look into it.

QUINTON THOREAU

Shit!

He hangs up.

INT. QUINTON'S CAR - DAY

Dawn. Quinton pulls into a parking lot, the names of morgues on a piece of paper beside him, most crossed-off.

He gets out of his car.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Quinton silently walks down a hall, when he hears voices. He turns a corner to find Mercer and two body guards, one with a NECK TATTOO, and another with a SHAVED HEAD. Astrid Wojcik stands in front of them.

IAN MERCER

Listen, sweetheart, no one wants
for you to get hurt --

He reaches for her arm -- but she snaps his fingers.

IAN MERCER (CONT'D)

Ah! You fucking bitch!

Neck Tattoo reaches for her, but she dodges and kicks his knee in.

NECK TATTOO

Ah!

A COWORKER of Roland Wojcik cautiously approaches.

COWORKER

What the hell's going on?! Do I need to call the police?

IAN MERCER

It's fine. We'll just take our leave.

He leads the two guards away. The Coworker approaches Astrid.

COWORKER

So, what do I get for not calling the police?

Astrid rolls her eyes and hands him some cash.

As the Coworker leaves, Quinton approaches Astrid from down the hall.

QUINTON THOREAU

Excuse me, ma'am...

(flashes fake badge)

I'm Officer Blaine. Came here to investigate missing persons, and I was wondering if I could talk to Roland Wojcik. He works at this...

He looks through the window of the door she's standing in front of and sees one person: Jay, unconscious, but with his new face, that of Alvarez, and hooked up to a heart-monitor.

Astrid snatches the fake badge.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Nice badge. You get this at a Halloween store?

QUINTON THOREAU

Ma'am, I --

She points her Glock at his face.

ASTRID WOJCIK
 Leave. Now.

Quinton does.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Jay opens his eyes and takes a breath.

ROLAND WOJCIK
 So you're awake. Good.

He hands Jay a mirror, who looks at his new face.

ROLAND WOJCIK (CONT'D)
 You'll wanna rest for a while. And
 don't forget, your face comes with
 a new identity. That's a lot of
 paperwork --

Jay clammers to his feet but almost falls over.

ROLAND WOJCIK (CONT'D)
 Easy! You need to be off your feet
 for at least a day --

JAY DUNLAP
 I'm fine. Thanks for the face-off,
 Doc.

A bit wobbly, he leaves.

INT. QUINTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Quinton watches the morgue entrance, when Jay strolls through
 it. Quinton still can't believe what he's seeing.

Jay gets in his car and drives off, Quinton follows.

EXT./INT. JAY DUNLAP'S APT - LATER

Jay parks his car near the front door and enters his
 apartment.

Across the street, Quinton parks, gets out, and follows Jay
 inside.

In the lobby, Quinton walks past the elevator, which has
 caution tape over it, and the JANITOR as he mops, and follows
 Jay up the stairs.

On the next floor, he rounds the flight and sees the SUPER
 atop a ladder, which blocks-off the staircases behind him,
 fixing a light fixture.

On the next floor, Quinton rounds the next flight, when the door next to the flight going up is opened by a DOG-OWNER, who leashes his large dog to his door-knob.

When Quinton walks by the dog, it snaps at him and he flinches.

Quinton rounds the next flight and sees Jay stop and stand at his apartment to check his phone.

Quinton corner-covers, but not before Jay gets a glimpse of him as he enters.

Quinton pulls his head back and ponders to himself, when Jay rounds the corner with arms full of clothes and falls into Quinton, throwing his clothes on top of him, then pulls his Colt out.

JAY DUNLAP

My bad.

They glare at each other. Quinton takes note of the scars on Jay's face.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Hey, so, that a gun in your pocket
or you just happy to see me?

He extends his hand and Quinton hands him his Beretta.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

You know, you're a real shitty
peeping-tom.

Quinton's bewildered, like a robot trying to comprehend love.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Anyway, would you mind...?

He motions downward with the Colt.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Picking up my...?

Slowly, Quinton gathers Jay's clothes. Jay puts the Colt in his pocket and motions for him to move with the Beretta.

On the stairs, Quinton walks, but then looks up.

The dog sits next to his owner's door, still on his leash.

Back on the stairs, Quinton's almost reached the bottom, Jay two steps up.

Quinton jumps, Jay runs after him, and the dog lunges at him.

Jay falls back and Quinton grabs his gun away from him, twisting his ankle.

Jay puts his hands up and steps away from the dog, when his owner comes out.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

What, do you just stand around when someone's being mugged?!

The Owner unleashes his dog and it attacks Quinton, so Jay runs down the next staircase.

Quinton kicks the dog off and runs down another flight.

In the next hall down, Jay limps in and stops when he sees the Super on the ladder, on his right, so he dashes down the flight to his left.

He limps down the next flight and is about to reach the bottom, when Quinton jumps out at the bottom with the Colt pointed.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch --

QUINTON THOREAU

Don't say another word. Do you have any weapons?

Jay shrugs.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)

Answer me.

JAY DUNLAP

Oh, so I can talk now. Don't worry, though, I'm not armed. Here, I'll prove it.

He takes off his shirt and throws it at Quinton, then grabs the gun away from him and points it.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch. How'd you make it down the stairs so quickly?

QUINTON THOREAU

Jumped.

JAY DUNLAP

Huh.

He takes a step and limps.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 And that's why you twisted my
 ankle. You son of a bitch! Ha-ha!

Jay keeps the gun on him, but hesitates. He swings its butt at Quinton's head, who blocks. They struggle till Jay shoots and wounds Quinton in the arm, then runs.

Down in the lobby, the Janitor mops.

Quinton gives chase.

Jay limps into and through the lobby. Quinton arrives and Jay points his gun at him. Quinton steps right, so Jay limps left, towards where the Janitor had been mopping.

Quinton takes a sudden step, so does Jay, right into the mop-water, but limps and slips -- Quinton leaps and grabs the gun away. The Janitor jumps back.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Well? Call the cops, super-genius.

QUINTON THOREAU
 Do not call the cops.

JAY DUNLAP
 Or do. Can only point the gun at
 one person.

QUINTON THOREAU
 Stand next to him.

Jay takes a step, but limps and slips into the Janitor, knocking him into Quinton, then leaps out the door.

Outside, he lands, winces in pain, then limps into the cab.

JAY DUNLAP
 Go! Drive!

Inside, Quinton throws the Janitor off him and runs through the door.

Outside, he sees Jay as his cab peels out.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Jay sighs.

JAY DUNLAP

Okay, so, that was weird. A hitman came after me. No big deal. Just, somehow, Vesuvio knows.

Jay nervously sighs.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Vesuvio knows. Shit, Vesuvio knows! Well, graham-crackers dipped in dragon shit. Okay, what am I going to do? I can run! But then have to look over my shoulder my whole life. Or I can stay, see who ratted, and get a new face. But then what if Wojcik's the one who ratted? But why would he?

He shrugs.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter. Well, it does matter, but he's the only person who could get me a new face. And maybe it wasn't him, somebody else could've seen me. Either way, need to talk to him. Who has two thumbs and was not ready for this day?

He points his thumbs at himself.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quinton searches frantically, but gives up after a minute.

QUINTON THOREAU

Damn.

Police sirens blare from a few blocks away, so he runs.

INT. QUINTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He gets in and thinks.

QUINTON THOREAU

Morgue or his apartment? He knows I know where he lives...Morgue.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

In the lobby, Jay enters and looks around.

JAY DUNLAP
Wojcik? Woo-hoo! Seriously, Wojjy,
not a good time to not be around.

He heads into the hallway to his right, then goes into another hallway, and another.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
Kay, this is turning into the worst
game of hide-and-seek!...Wojcik?!

The Coworker peeks his head from around the corner.

COWORKER
Wojcik? He's having lunch with his
daughter.

Jay walks over to him.

JAY DUNLAP
Where?

COWORKER
Why do you want to know?

JAY DUNLAP
Look would you just -- ?!

He calms himself.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
I just need to know. It's very,
very important.

At the entrance, Quinton enters and heads down the left hallway.

A few halls down, the Coworker, with Jay, gets suspicious.

COWORKER
Look, why don't you give me the
message, and I'll pass it on to --

JAY DUNLAP
Okay, I literally can't even with
you! Just tell me where he is.

The Coworker thinks about it for a moment.

COWORKER
No.

JAY DUNLAP
Okay.

He takes his wallet out.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
So how much, huh?

He holds out a twenty, but the Coworker just stares at him.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
Not enough? Okay...

Jay starts going through his wallet again.

In a nearby hallway, Quinton can hear their voices and picks up speed.

A couple hallways ahead:

COWORKER
Okay, if you don't leave now, I'm calling the cops.

JAY DUNLAP
Whoa, whoa! No need for that! No need for that! How about one hundred?

He keeps going through his wallet.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
I...I don't have a hundred. Heh.

The Coworker starts to walk away.

COWORKER
You'd better get out of here.

Jay grabs and throws him against the wall.

JAY DUNLAP
Okay, like for real, brah. It would be super cool if you could just tell me where he is. Like, super-duper cool. I mean, Super Saiyan God cool, alright?

He takes out a knife and holds it to the Coworker's throat.

COWORKER
Okay! Okay! They're at his apartment!

JAY DUNLAP
Oh yeah, his apartment. Where the hell is that?!

COWORKER
Next to the Park! Where Central
Park West meets 96th!

JAY DUNLAP
Grazie.

He kisses the Coworker on the cheek, then walks away.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
Oh, and if you call the cops...Eh-
heh, I'm coming back.

The Coworker breathes a sigh of relief and heads the other
direction.

He turns the corner -- when Quinton pins him against the
wall.

COWORKER
Are you serious?! This is happening
to me again?!

QUINTON THOREAU
Who were you talking to?!

COWORKER
I don't know! He just wanted to
know where Dr. Wojcik is!

QUINTON THOREAU
What did you tell him?

INT./EXT. ROLAND WOJCIK'S APT - LATER

In the lobby, Roland Wojcik arrives at the Starbucks.

ROLAND WOJCIK
One. Black.

Jay enters and looks around. He spots Roland and bee-lines it
to him, when he sees Quinton outside the opposite side of the
building.

Jay stops and reaches for his revolver.

Nearby, Astrid Wojcik enters from the stairs and sees Jay,
who, from her perspective, is staring at her father with his
hand on a gun. She rushes over to Jay and puts him in a
wristlock.

ASTRID WOJCIK
Who the fuck are you?

JAY DUNLAP
 Seriously? This again?

ASTRID WOJCIK
 Answer me!

JAY DUNLAP
 What? You don't recognize someone
 your dad did surgery on?

ASTRID WOJCIK
 He doesn't let me see the faces of
 his patients. Says it keeps me
 safe.

JAY DUNLAP
 Kay, well, I lied. See, back when
 your pa was a plastic surgeon, he
 did a little surgery for me. And
 let's just say, I wasn't born a
 man.

She raises a brow at him, then marches him to the door he
 came through.

Outside, she pushes him to the ground, then goes back inside.
 Jay stands right up.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Never give up. Never surrender.

He walks away.

In the bathroom, Roland washes his hands, when Jay opens the
 window, crawls through, and falls. He stands and notices
 Roland.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Oh. Well. That's convenient.

ROLAND WOJCIK
 Dunlap?

JAY DUNLAP
 Yeah, hey. You know, you should
 consider putting a little Xanan in
 the coffee of that girl of yours.
 Anyway. Quick question. Did you
 tell Vesuvio I got a sex change?

ROLAND WOJCIK
 What?

JAY DUNLAP

Wait...Face change. I meant to say
face change.

ROLAND WOJCIK

I didn't tell anybody.

Jay sticks his knife in Roland's face.

JAY DUNLAP

You sure about that?

ROLAND WOJCIK

Look, if I blabbed to everyone who
my customers were, it would totally
defeat the point of my business.

JAY DUNLAP

True. Still, doesn't quite change
the fact that somebody came after
me just a little while ago. You
know.

ROLAND WOJCIK

Why don't you just run?

JAY DUNLAP

No point if he knows my face.

ROLAND WOJCIK

Look, I don't know what to tell
you.

A CUSTOMER enters.

JAY DUNLAP

Hey! D'ya mind?!

The Customer backs out.

ROLAND WOJCIK

Look, why don't I do another
surgery for you?

Jay considers this.

JAY DUNLAP

(tents fingers)

Perhaps...Hm. Alright. Maybe I can
trust you. Maybe. In any event, I
gotta go. Think about things.
Later, Woj-Poj.

He leaves Wojcik just standing there.

In the lobby, Astrid waits, when she sees Jay exit the bathroom and head for the doors she just pushed him through.

On the other side of the lobby, Quinton sits at a table, sees Jay, and goes after him.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jay walks with his hood up. He turns and looks behind him, then faces forward again to find Astrid there. He jumps.

JAY DUNLAP

Whoa! Jesus! Man, do you need to wear a bell.

She points her Glock at him from her hip. She motions for him to move.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They enter.

ASTRID WOJCIK

What do you want with my father?

JAY DUNLAP

Look, I just needed to have a little chatty-mc-chat-chat with him, okay?

ASTRID WOJCIK

I don't think so. Try again.

JAY DUNLAP

You know, as much as I love being held at gunpoint by a beautiful woman, since it actually is a fetish of mine, I actually have more important things to do, so...

He starts to walk away.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Stop.

JAY DUNLAP

Look, Pony-Tail, as much as I would love to extend this fantasy for as long as possible, I cannot stress how much I need to skedaddle.

He starts away again, and she pulls the gun's hammer back.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 (walking to her)
 Okay, seriously, I literally can't
 even anymore, so --

He twists the gun so that her finger's bent backwards, but she presses the magazine-release, kicks the clip away, and lets the gun go.

They glance at the magazine.

He fake-lunges, she twitches, and he smiles.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Jumpy.

He fake-lunges again, she flinches, and he smiles again.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 You know, there aren't many women
 out there with this sort of killer-
 instinct. It's hot...How you doin'?

Angry, she leaps and grabs the mag. He grabs her hand, but she takes the arm he has on her and twists it, putting him on his knees.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Is that all you got? You fought
 like I did before my sex-change!

She twists his arm again and reaches for the gun, but he throws it. She tosses him to the side and leaps over him, but he throws his legs up and trips her.

He stands and she swipes his face with her foot, then bounds for the gun. She grabs it, when a trash can lid hits her face.

Jay throws an open bag of trash on her, junk spilling everywhere as she whips it away, when Jay manages to grab the hand with the mag and pulls it away.

Astrid smacks the bag away to see him with the mag, which he holds up.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Ha-ha!

She leaps at him but he runs up the fire-escape with her right behind.

On the first platform, he starts to run up the first flight, but she grabs his foot and he falls.

She swings over the railing and onto him, reaching for the mag, but he blocks and puts her in an arm-lock.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Well, isn't this interesting?

She pulls away and he kicks her. She flies into the perimeter railing and tips over it, but twists and grabs onto the platform.

Jay goes to stomp on her hand, but she moves it and grabs his foot with her other hand, then swings herself over the railing and uses the momentum to round-house kick, but he dodges.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

You know, that would've really hurt if it had connected.

She punches but he blocks and counters with a fist, which she dodges and uses his momentum to pin him against the railing. So he wraps his leg around hers and trips the woman, who catches herself and pushes him off, then she round-house kicks him through the window behind him.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

He falls into some family's living room, the MOTHER screams:

MOTHER

Aaahhh!

Astrid crouches in the window and Jay throws a plastic tricycle at her and runs out the door, clutching his glass-wounds, as Astrid leaps across the room.

In the hallway, Jay sprints with Astrid a leg behind. He turns the corner, but she grabs him and they both fly through another window and onto the second fire-escape.

EXT. SECOND FIRE-ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Glass shatters as they crash-down. Jay thrusts her off and runs up the stairs.

JAY DUNLAP

(pulls glass out of arm)

Didn't anyone ever tell you that no means no?!

She gets up and chases him while pulling glass out of her leg.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Jay runs to the center and bends over to catch his breath. Astrid jumps up onto the roof's edge.

JAY DUNLAP
I think...I think I pulled a groin
muscle.

He stretches.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
Really wish I had stretched before
this!

ASTRID WOJCIK
Do you always talk this much in a
fight?

JAY DUNLAP
You should hear me during sex.

Furious, she charges at him, so he tosses the gun toward the alley. She leaps and catches it, then loads the mag and aims, but he's already through the downstairs door.

She runs over to it, but it's locked, so she shoots the knob and runs through.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She runs through a hallway looking around, and arrives at a four-way intersection. She pauses, before running down the left hall.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jay walks along with his hood up and looks behind himself.

On a nearby sidewalk, Quinton looks around but can't see Jay. He sees Astrid walking toward him and hides his face. She walks past, and he follows her.

INT. ROLAND WOJCIK'S APT - CONTINUOUS

Quinton follows Astrid inside and sees her sit with her father. Then Ian Mercer, the snitch, and two body guards, including a new one, NOSE RING, enter. Mercer has his fingers in a splint, he sits at a nearby table.

At Mercer's table, Mercer watches the Wojciks --

QUINTON THOREAU
Mercer.

IAN MERCER
 (feigns excitement)
 Quinton!

QUINTON THOREAU
 I'd like to talk to you. Alone.

IAN MERCER
 (grins)
 No. I mean, you're the whole reason
 I have body guards. Wouldn't want
 me turning up dead in the middle of
 my investigation of you.

The two guards put their hands on their sidearms. Quinton walks away as Mercer chortles.

Near the door, Quinton turns and eyes Roland Wojcik, then Mercer. He glances at Wojcik again, then Mercer, but he keeps his grimacing eyes on Mercer this time, and sits down, keeping those eyes on that snitch.

INT. RUNDOWN HOTEL - LATER

Sunset. In the lobby, the RECEPTIONIST goes through papers, when the phone rings.

RECEPTIONIST
 Hello?

In Jay's room, he holds the phone to his face, his body covered in bloody bandages.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

JAY DUNLAP
 (midwestern accent)
 Why hello, sir or ma'am, do you
 have a minute to talk about our
 Fuhrer?

The Receptionist just doesn't know what to say.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 I'll take that awkward silence as a
 yes. Now, can I interest you in a
 thousand free armbands and a de-
 attachable square mustache?

RECEPTIONIST
 (almost excited)
 Sure.

JAY'S ROOM

Weirded out, Jay looks at the phone and hangs it up.

JAY DUNLAP
 (to his cat)
 That didn't go as expected.

He slaps his hands on the bed as he stands, but winces from this scars.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Okay, actually need to think. So,
 if we believe that Wojcik probably
 didn't tell anybody, then who did?
 Who would know?

He paces as he talks to himself.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Who would be able to find that out?
 Someone who finds things out?
 Detectives...PI's...

He stops.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 A snitch. Mercer.

He rushes to the door.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Son of a bitch, a snitch!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A car with Mercer and his two body-guards parks.

Nearby, Jay watches with his hood up.

IAN MERCER
 Okay, gentlemen, it'll just be a
 little while.
 (to Neck Tattoo)
 Why don't you stay out here and
 guard the car?

Mercer tosses him the keys and heads off with the other guard, Nose Ring.

Nearby, Jay disappears.

At the car, Neck Tattoo leans against it and lights-up -- when he gets pistol-whipped with a Beretta. He keels over, Quinton standing over him.

Quinton snags the keys, unlocks the car, and begins to haul the guard inside, his face turning red.

INT. MERCER'S APT - CONTINUOUS

In a stairwell, Mercer and Nose Ring walk along. Jay enters a flight below them and follows.

Nose Ring notices Jay and directs Mercer to a door that leads into a hallway -- Jay pistol-whips him, and Mercer flees.

In a hallway, Jay glimpses Mercer as he runs into another stairwell, then dashes after him. A couple onlookers watch the pair.

In the second stairwell, Jay rushes in -- BAM! A bullet scrapes his arm and ricochets off the floor.

JAY DUNLAP

Dah, cracker-jacks!

Jay falls back and grabs his wound. He looks up just in time to see Mercer running through another exit.

Angry, Jay runs to the exit and into this other hallway.

INT./EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A young couple walks by, and Quinton freezes. Neither notice him or the unconscious guard in the narrow space between their car and the one next to it. He closes the car door and exits the garage.

Quinton walks onto the sidewalk and arrives at the front of Mercer's apartment building a couple paces later.

Police sirens blare as two cruisers ride up. This surprises Quinton as he heads inside.

INT. MERCER'S APT - CONTINUOUS

In the lobby, he walks past the LANDLORD at the front desk.

LANDLORD

Hey, d'ya hear that gunshot?

Quinton stops.

QUINTON THOREAU

Gunshot?

LANDLORD

Yeah, why d'ya think I called the
cops?

Quinton nods and heads upstairs.

In Mercer's pitch-black apartment, the door opens and light from the hallway cuts through the darkness like a knife.

An OLD LADY peeks her head inside, then takes a few timorous steps in.

She looks back at Mercer, waiting at the doorway, who motions for her to keep going.

She hobbles into the living room, turns the lights on, and gives the room a wary scan before moving into the kitchen, where she does the same.

Back at the door, Mercer anxiously waits, looking over his shoulder, when the Old Lady returns.

IAN MERCER

Well?

She shakes her head and walks away. Mercer steps inside his apartment, but doesn't notice Jay running at him from the perpendicular hallway.

Jay grabs Mercer and forces him inside.

In Mercer's apartment, Jay keeps the man in an arm-bar, before pushing him onto the couch with his revolver pointed.

JAY DUNLAP

What's up, Ian?

IAN MERCER

(squints)

Alvarez? You are alive? Guess
Thoreau didn't kill you, after all.

JAY DUNLAP

You know this face? Terrific.
That's just expialidocious.

Mercer just sits utterly confused.

IAN MERCER

How did you know where I live?

JAY DUNLAP

Um, hello, you're Vesuvio's snitch.
We all know where you live.

(MORE)

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 You know, just in case you actually
 do get dirt on us...But let me ask
 you about this Thoreau guy. Why was
 he sent to kill me, huh? Why?

Still confused, Mercer doesn't know what to say. Jay presses
 the barrel against Mercer's forehead.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Why was Thoreau sent to kill me?!

IAN MERCER
 I...You owed gambling money.

Jay rubs his face and paces.

JAY DUNLAP
 Tits, tits, tits! Big, floppy,
 anime tits!

He doesn't notice Mercer slowly reaching for a snub-nose
 taped to the bottom of the end table next to him.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 (points gun at Mercer)
 Okay!

Mercer pretends to stretch.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Get up.

Mercer does; Jay motions for him to go into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, Mercer leads Jay in and Jay looks around till
 he spots a steak knife, which he grabs. Horror fills Mercer's
 face.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 Wish I had my silencer.

Mercer grabs a chair and throws it at Jay, then starts to run
 back to the snub-nose. Jay throws the chair off and leaps,
 grabbing Mercer's legs. Mercer rolls over and kicks as Jay
 climbs up him.

Jay pulls the knife back, but Mercer gets free and tries to
 stand. Jay slices his calf.

IAN MERCER
 Ah!

Jay gets up and tackles him. He pulls the knife over his head
 and swings down, but Mercer grabs his arm.

But Jay, younger, stronger, and on top, slowly brings the blade closer to Mercer's throat. Mercer eyes the snug-nose from below.

A hard knock on the door from a SQUINTY COP.

SQUINTY COP (O.S.)
NYPD...NYPD, need you to open the
door, please.

Jay presses his finger against his pursed lips. Squinty Cop knocks again.

SQUINTY COP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mr. Mercer, we know you're home; we
can see that the lights are on.

An IMPATIENT COP adds:

IMPATIENT COP (O.S.)
(irritated)
Your old neighbor said she saw you
go in, Mercer.

Jay sighs, shaking his head.

In the hallway, the two cops stand, when Mercer opens the door but doesn't know how to greet them.

IAN MERCER
...Gentlemen...

SQUINTY COP
Mr. Mercer, did you hear the
gunshot earlier?

In the apartment, Jay stands behind the door with his gun pointed at Mercer.

IAN MERCER
No. No, I did not.

IMPATIENT COP
Your neighbor did. You know? The
almost deaf old lady.

IAN MERCER
Well, I was watching TV.

Squinty Cop looks him up and down.

SQUINTY COP
You're still in your street
clothes.

IAN MERCER
Well, I just got home.

IMPATIENT COP
When?

IAN MERCER
About five minutes ago.

IMPATIENT COP
That's about when the gunshot was heard.

SQUINTY COP
I thought you said you were watching TV.

The Impatient Cop notices the blood-trail leading inside.

IAN MERCER
Well, I...You see --

IMPATIENT COP
Sir, are you bleeding?

IAN MERCER
Bleeding? I...No.

IMPATIENT COP
We found blood where the shooting occurred. You see anyone bleeding?

IAN MERCER
Sorry, eh-heh.

SQUINTY COP
Then why is there a blood-trail leading into your apartment?

IAN MERCER
Well, I'm bleeding.

IMPATIENT COP
Thought you said you weren't.

IAN MERCER
Well...I was.

The cops exchange a glance.

IMPATIENT COP
Can we come in?

IAN MERCER

Come in?

SQUINTY COP

We'd like to search your apartment.

IAN MERCER

Well, I...I don't think that's --

The Impatient Cop shoves his way in.

IMPATIENT COP

Sir, we need you to let us into the apartment --

Jay pushes the door closed; Mercer bounds for the snub-nose; the cops kick the door open; Jay tries to point his gun, but they grab it and press him against the wall.

Mercer points the snub-nose. BAM, BAM! The cops go down, Jay moves; BAM! He's wounded and aims at Mercer -- BAM, BAM! They shoot each other, Jay in the arm, Mercer in the heart. He goes down.

Half a dozen cops sprint up from down the halls and up the stairs.

Jay opens the window and climbs onto the fire-escape.

JAY DUNLAP

Another fire-escape.

Jay looks behind -- and sees Quinton at the front door.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Hey. So...Turns out, this was all a big misunder --

Quinton draws -- Jay leaps onto the fire-escape.

EXT. FIRE-ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Jay takes flights of stairs in single leaps, Quinton a couple flights behind.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Jay hits the pavement and is about to run, but doesn't notice the ROOKIE COP:

ROOKIE COP

Freeze!

(to Quinton)

And you! Stay right there!

Jay glances back up at Quinton.

JAY DUNLAP
Arrest me!

This perplexes the Rookie Cop.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
Seriously! I killed all those
people in that apartment! I also
killed Hoffa! I'm also the reason
why "Family Guy" hasn't been good
in ten years!

The Rookie Cop cuffs him, then searches him and takes his
gun.

From Mercer's apartment, an OLD COP yells at Quinton:

OLD COP
Hey! Don't you fucking move,
motherfucker!

Quinton slips into the window next to him as Jay gets dragged
away.

EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Rookie Cop walks Jay to the car, when Quinton runs out of
Mercer's apartment building, spots Jay, but keeps running
because of the cops behind him.

The Rookie Cop pushes Jay inside then gets in and drives off.

JAY DUNLAP
Hey, I'm...not feeling so --

He keels over.

ROOKIE COP
What the...?

She stops the car and gets out.

As she opens the rear door, one hand on her gun, a nearby
TEENAGER starts filming with his phone.

ROOKIE COP (CONT'D)
Hey! Can you hear me?
(into radio)
Dispatch, this is --

Jay grabs her, slams her head against the car, then grabs his
gun and runs into an alley, not noticing the Teenager.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Three cops run along, but don't notice Quinton climb out from behind a dumpster and run the other way.

EXT. MERCER'S APT - CONTINUOUS

Quinton runs up, then acts casually as he walks past the cops and toward where he had last seen Jay.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Quinton keeps walking until he comes across the Rookie Cop with an ice-pack on her head and a couple other cops (MUSTACHE and SIDEBURNS) take a statement from the Teenager, who Quinton sidles up to.

MUSTACHE

And you saw this man knock-out
Officer Pennyworth and run off in
which direction?

The Teenager points down an alley.

INT. NARROW ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Stealthily, Quinton heads down this alley.

QUINTON THOREAU

He's headed west. The morgue is
west. Worth a shot.

INT. RUNDOWN APT BUILDING - DAY

Jay hobbles down the hallway with a wobbled gate and his arm covered in blood.

He stops when he spots the apartment he wants. He knocks on the door, and barely waits another second before he knocks again. BERTRAM DAHL (70), a fuddy-duddy of a man, answers.

BERTRAM DAHL

Yes?

JAY DUNLAP

Bertram Dahl, right?

BERTRAM DAHL

I am, I suppose.

He sees Jay's arm oozing blood.

BERTRAM DAHL (CONT'D)

Why don't you come in?

Inside Dahl's apartment, his parrot bobs its head up and down, which Jay mimics. From the other side of the room, Dahl brings over his med-kit.

BERTRAM DAHL (CONT'D)
Why don't you sit down?

Jay does as Dahl cleans his wound.

BERTRAM DAHL (CONT'D)
So, what's your story, then?

JAY DUNLAP
My story?

BERTRAM DAHL
Everyone who comes to me has an interesting story. Wounds in the criminal world always have an interesting story. So, what's yours?

He smiles at Jay, who sighs.

JAY DUNLAP
Kay...Well...Let's just say I've been trying to run.

BERTRAM DAHL
Why did you want to run?

JAY DUNLAP
Wanted to escape.

BERTRAM DAHL
Escape what?

Jay hesitates.

BERTRAM DAHL (CONT'D)
Oh, don't get cold feet now, my boy. I was just starting to get intrigued.

JAY DUNLAP
Well, I...I wanted to get back to my old life; the one I had as a kid.

BERTRAM DAHL
And what was that like?

JAY DUNLAP

Well...I was born upstate, in this town called Gallopy.

BERTRAM DAHL

Gallopy...Gallopy. Hm, never heard of it.

JAY DUNLAP

Not a surprise; doesn't exist anymore.

This greatly intrigues Dahl.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

See, a while back, these land developers came by. They offered us money to buy-out the land, but we refused.

(like he's annoyed)

And, of course, these guys worked for the mob, so of course they came back and...burned the place down.

Jay takes a moment.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

My family survived, but none of our stuff did, so we moved to New York. Wasn't easy, I started off picking pockets. Even had a plan, you know.

(shakes fist jokingly)

A plan to get revenge on the bastards that burned down my town...

BERTRAM DAHL

And the man you're running from...Was he the man who burned down your town?

Jay looks like he's about to have a real moment, when:

JAY DUNLAP

Nope. Completely different guy. The guys who did burn down my town got whacked by some hitman who worked for someone who hated them as much as I do...

BERTRAM DAHL

So here you are.

JAY DUNLAP
So here I am.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Quinton cracks the entrance door and peeks his head inside. The lights are on, but he doesn't see anybody.

He enters and swivels his head around as he walks.

He goes down one hall after the next, but can't find anyone.

Back in the lobby, he paces.

QUINTON THOREAU
He's not here...But Wojcik might
know where he is.

He leaves, but doesn't notice Astrid standing behind him with her phone to her ear.

ASTRID WOJCIK
Dad? Leave the apartment...Just
trust me.

EXT./INT. ROLAND WOJCIK'S APT BUILDING - LATER

Outside the front door, Quinton looks through the list of names, finds Roland Wojcik's, and slips in when an OLD WOMAN exits.

In a hallway, the elevator dings and Quinton exits into the hallway, taking note of the large window facing the building to his left.

In Wojcik's apartment, Quinton enters and scans the room, taking note of the windows, their blinds rolled up, that face the building across the street, as well as the placement of the kitchen table, the angle of the sun, and the general layout of the apartment, and the coat on the coat-wrack.

QUINTON THOREAU
Mr. Wojcik?

Nothing. He waits a moment...

The phone rings. Quinton passes it and looks around the small apartment but doesn't find him. The machine picks up just as Quinton checks the pockets of the coat and finds nothing, then starts toward the door.

ASTRID WOJCIK (O.S.)
If you're looking for my dad, he's
not there.

Quinton stops a few feet from the door.

ASTRID WOJCIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm giving you one last chance;
leave him alone.

Quinton looks through the window, to the building across the street, and can barely make something out. It's her silhouette.

He jumps down, a bullet whizzes across the skin of his arm as he slams down under the window. He eyes the door, a good ten feet away, every last step in full view of the window.

He looks up at the blinds, then around the room until he spots the coat on the coat-wrack directly in front of him.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Through her scope, Astrid watches the door through the left window -- when its blinds get pulled down and a figure moves behind them.

ASTRID WOJCIK
You little --

She opens fire, the silencer doing its job.

INT. ROLAND WOJCIK'S APT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Quinton leans against the wall as he counts the bullets, the coat and coat-wrack getting ripped to shreds.

Once the bullets stop, he leaps.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Astrid rips the mag out and is about to reload, when she stops and sees Quinton running through the door. She sneers.

INT. ROLAND WOJCIK'S APT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Quinton sprints to the end of the hallway but stops and leans against the wall next to the large window at the top of a stairwell.

He looks over at the elevator he came up in, takes a breath, then runs for it -- whiz, whiz! Two bullets cut his jacket and scrape his leg.

He collapses, the elevator still twenty feet away.

He notices that the bullets had also hit the elevator's button-panel, which sparks.

Quinton crawls to the top of the stairwell and looks down as he stands against the wall; every four feet is a ceiling-to-floor window.

QUINTON THOREAU

Damn.

He pauses, then takes a breath. Calm, he leaps -- Whiz! A bullet cuts his jacket as he bounds down the stairs to the next window.

Whiz! A bullet slices his arm. He bounds past the next window -- whiz! A bullet hits the wall where his head was a moment before. He stumbles to the bottom of the flight and leaps up.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Astrid reloads. Once done, she squints through the scope.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Where are you?

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Quinton bursts through the rear door and into the alley. He draws his Beretta and hustles to the end of the alley where he corner-covers and looks up at Astrid's roof.

Right below it, he sees a cafe with tables that have large umbrellas over them. He looks around and spots a bus coming up the street. He looks into his alley and spots a dumpster.

Quinton looks back at the bus as it gets within twenty feet.

QUINTON THOREAU

Okay...

He goes to the dumpster and begins pushing it forward, keeping his head below it, wheeling it out into the street and in front of the bus, which screeches to a halt.

He runs along the bus, keeping his head low, then leaps under the umbrellas of the cafe.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Through her scope, Astrid spots him but doesn't get a clear shot.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Quinton weaves through the patrons and into the building.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Astrid picks up her sniper.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Shhhhit!

She disassembles the sniper and packs it into its suitcase, then sprints through the downstairs door.

INT. ASTRID'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Quinton runs through a hallway and takes note of a JANITOR stuffing supplies into a supply closet as he passes him.

In another hallway, he rounds the corner just as Astrid rounds the corner at the other end.

They both draw their side-arms, as well as take a moment to catch their breath.

ASTRID WOJCIK

What do you want with my father?

QUINTON THOREAU

How does your father know Thomas Alvarez?...That's who I want. Alvarez.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Why?

QUINTON THOREAU

I can't tell you.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Not. Good. Enough.

She pulls her hammer back. Quinton notices that the doors open outwardly and knocks on the one next to him.

ASTRID WOJCIK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

After a minute, an OLD MAN opens it.

OLD MAN

Ye -- ?

Quinton opens the door all the way, kicking the Old Man down as he runs and Astrid fires, then chases after him.

In another hallway, Quinton runs past the now closed supply closet.

Astrid rounds the corner and takes aim just as he opens the closet's door, spilling everything out, blocking her view of him. He runs.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Astrid arrives and looks around, but doesn't see Quinton. After a moment, she groans.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

In her father's office, Astrid enters and slumps on a chair.

FLASHBACK - ASTRID AND QUINTON'S BATTLE

In the apartment, the two of them stand with their sidearms drawn at each other.

QUINTON THOREAU

How does your father know Thomas
Alvarez?...That's who I want.
Alvarez.

RETURN TO SCENE:

Astrid opens a file cabinet and pours through the files till she finds one labeled "ALVAREZ/DUNLAP." She opens it, reads, then has an epiphany.

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - LATER

In his office, Vesuvio sips his whiskey, when a LIEUTENANT enters.

LIEUTENANT

Boss, you're gonna wanna see this.

He holds his phone to Vesuvio's face, who watches the video of Jay escaping the cop car.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

So, Quinton's mark is alive.

LIEUTENANT

Video was taken by some kid. Went
viral after that --

Vesuvio, stone-faced, flips over his desk.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Spread the word. Thoreau dies.

INT. TINY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quinton opens the door and checks inside. Secure, he steps in, makes sure no one's watching from the hall, then closes the door behind himself.

In ten-by-ten room, he pulls the bug-out bag out from under the bed and opens it, scans through the contents, then places it on the floor.

He sits on the bed and takes his shirt off, next he takes the old, bloody bandages off, gets fresh ones from out of the bug-out bag, and re-dresses his wounds.

Once that's done, he peers through the solitary window, onto the skyline of New York at night. He gazes at it for a moment, then puts his clothes back on, grabs the bug-out bag, and leaves.

EXT. MAZE OF ALLEYS - CONTINUOUS

Quinton hastily walks, looks over his shoulder, and continues.

He arrives at the intersection of four alleys and turns into one that intersects with his. Behind him, someone steps out from another alley and into the intersection.

Quinton stops. He turns, and finds Drake with his Remington pointed. Quinton seems shocked, then accepts what the situation.

QUINTON THOREAU

You found me a lot quicker than I thought you would. Which means you knew about my second apartment. But I guess that's only because you know me so well...because I'm your friend, or at least, I thought I was.

Above them, in an apartment, an OLD MAID watches the standoff and dials on her phone.

DRAKE MARX

You son of a bitch. Don't try and guilt trip me, Quinton. You know I'm only doing this because I have a family!

QUINTON THOREAU

I'm allowed to make you feel a little guilty, though, right?

A gun's cocked from behind Drake. Four hitmen step out of the shadows and train their Uzis on Drake.

The LEAD HITMAN says:

LEAD HITMAN

That's quite a conundrum. But, if you think about it, if you let us do the job, Marx, you won't have to feel guilty at all...Step aside.

Drake lowers his Remington and steps away, a HITWOMAN with her Uzi fixed on him as the other three take aim.

DRAKE MARX

How did you even find us?

QUINTON THOREAU

They followed you. They knew that if anyone caught up to me first, it'd be the person who knows me best.

LEAD HITMAN

Damn, you really are a genius.

QUINTON THOREAU

Well, you know what they say: a mind's a terrible thing to waste.

The Lead Hitman chuckles --

Police sirens in the distance. Everyone freezes. They're getting closer.

Quinton leaps into another alley -- the four hitmen open fire! The Uzis ooze bullets.

Nearby, Quinton sprints, the sirens get louder and louder, till he sees the police cars, still a few blocks away.

He fires his Beretta three time. A moment later, the hitman team spots him. He runs into an intersecting alley, away from the street the cops are on.

The four hitmen run to this alley, but stop when they reach the end of it and don't see him.

LEAD HITMAN

Shit! Let's get the fuck --

A BEARDED COP yells:

BEARDED COP

Freeze! Drop your weapons and put
your hands in the air!

The hitmen do as ordered.

Twenty feet ahead of them, Quinton peeks over a dumpster. He
leaps out and takes aim at the four hitmen.

LEAD HITMAN

That son of a b --

He shoots them all dead, next dashes through a door as the
cops shoot at, then run after him.

INT. MEAT-PACKING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

The cops run in and fan out, but find only meat.

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - LATER

In his office, Vesuvio smokes a cigar at his desk, when the
door's opened. His Lieutenant enters, followed by Astrid
Wojcik. She and Vesuvio lock eyes for a moment.

Vesuvio nods to his Lieutenant, who exits.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Sit down, sweetheart.

Astrid instead walks perpendicular to him as she looks around
the room.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)

Ms. Wojcik, is it?

She stops and makes eye contact. Vesuvio smiles.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)

Please.

He motions to the chairs in front of himself. Now she comes
and sits.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)

Would you like a drink?

ASTRID WOJCICK

Yes.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Yes, what?

ASTRID WOJCIK

Yes please.

Vesuvio pours them a drink. Astrid reaches for a glass --

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Uh-uh. That one's mine.

She pauses, then takes the other one.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)

My man tells me you have news about someone I'm after.

ASTRID WOJCIK

You're after the wrong person.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

So I've been told. How did I wind up going after the wrong person, though? I'm still having trouble understanding. My man tells me your father switches faces?

ASTRID WOJCIK

My father does, on the side. A few days ago, he gave a man named Jay Dunlap the face of a dead man named Thomas Alvarez. Then another man came after Alvarez. I assume he thinks that this Jay Dunlap is the dead man named Alvarez.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

How did you know to come to me?

ASTRID WOJCIK

Word on the street. Don Vesuvio thinks one of his hitmen flaked on a mark; a hitman shows up trying to kill a dead man. I guess I could've assumed wrong. But I obviously didn't.

Don Vesuvio chortles.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

You're too smart for these streets...Tell my man he can come back. I need to get in touch with someone.

EXT. HOTDOG STAND - DAY

Quinton, his hood up, receives a hotdog from a VENDOR. Two men (HOODY and LURCH) talk nearby.

HOODY
Did ya hear? Vesuvio called off
that hit.

LURCH
Of that one hitman?

HOODY
Yeah. Apparently, it was all a
misunderstanding.

Quinton pays the Vendor and heads off.

INT. DRAKE MARX APT - LATER

Drake opens his door, then closes and locks it, and turns to find Quinton on his recliner.

DRAKE MARX
Jesus!

He points his Remington at Quinton, who puts his hands up.

QUINTON THOREAU
Drake. Drake it's okay. I just
wanted to talk.

DRAKE MARX
Stand the fuck up.

Quinton does, and Drake pads him down.

QUINTON THOREAU
Okay?

Drake nods, and Quinton returns to the recliner. Drake keeps his gun trained on him.

DRAKE MARX
What'd you want to talk about?

QUINTON THOREAU
I heard that Vesuvio called the hit
off. That true?

Taped to the underside of the end table next to Quinton is his Beretta.

DRAKE MARX

Yeah. Yeah, that's true.

They stare at each other for a minute, till Drake re-holsters his gun.

DRAKE MARX (CONT'D)

He wants to meet at St. Vartan Park at 8AM. I'll tell him you'll be there tomorrow.

QUINTON THOREAU

What was the misunderstanding?

DRAKE MARX

Well, that man you've been chasing, he's not your last mark, he's another hitman who works for Vesuvio. Apparently, he wanted to run and got some sort of surgery to alter his face.

QUINTON THOREAU

And he happened to get the face of my last mark.

DRAKE MARX

Yeah...

QUINTON THOREAU

Okay.

Quinton rips his Beretta out from under the table and holsters it.

DRAKE MARX

Heh. Always with a trick up your sleeve.

Quinton heads for the door, but stops.

QUINTON THOREAU

How do I know that the meeting isn't a trap?

DRAKE MARX

Guess you don't. I didn't kill you, though.

QUINTON THOREAU

Maybe that's just part of it.

DRAKE MARX
Yeah, could be. Or it could be your
last chance.

QUINTON THOREAU
So. This is either my one chance to
live or my one chance to die.

DRAKE MARX
Pretty much.

Quinton takes a step toward the door --

DRAKE MARX (CONT'D)
Quinton. For what it's worth, I'm
glad I didn't have to kill you.

EXT. ST. VARTAN PARK - DAY

Vesuvio stands and checks his watch.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Through binoculars, Quinton watches him, then spots his
guards, hidden in several positions. He takes the binoculars
away from his eyes, then sighs and gets up.

EXT. ST. VARTAN PARK - CONTINUOUS

Vesuvio paces, when:

QUINTON THOREAU
Don Vesuvio.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
Quinton.

He extends his hand; Quinton hesitates, then shakes.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
Sorry for the misunderstanding.

QUINTON THOREAU
Thank you, sir.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
I'm willing to give you another
chance, Quinton. You might not have
lied to me about killing that mark,
but when you thought he was still
alive, you still didn't come to me.
You know what they call that?

QUINTON THOREAU
A lie of omission, sir.

Vesuvio grins.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
A lie of omission. Any lie is a
form of betrayal, Quinton.

Fears begins to fill Quinton's eyes --

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
Of course, there are much worse
lies; much worse forms of betrayal.
Which is why I'm going to give you
twelve hours. Twelve hours to
atone, and catch this other hitman.
Jay Dunlap.

QUINTON THOREAU
Sir?

Vesuvio grins again.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
What, you didn't think I could be
understanding? Or forgiving? Do you
honestly think I'd just kill you
immediately when a person can do
far worse than tell a lie of
omission?

He grins and shakes his head.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
And besides, this Dunlap. He
betrayed me, too. Thought he could
just up and leave. Can't have that.
Not to mention all he knows. God
knows what would happen if the cops
ever got to him.

QUINTON THOREAU
I understand, sir.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
I will kill you, though; once those
twelve hours are up. Eight
p.m....No one will interfere...Go.

INT. RUNDOWN APT BUILDING - DAY

Jay lies asleep on the couch, when Dahl shakes his shoulder.

BERTRAM DAHL
You with me, sonny-boy?

Jay opens his eyes and sits up.

A minute later, in the hallway, Jay opens the door with Bertram right behind.

BERTRAM DAHL (CONT'D)
(handing papers to Jay)
Make sure to change those bandages every few hours, now.

Jay nods and is about to walk away.

BERTRAM DAHL (CONT'D)
Hey, kid, you want my advice? Find a nice girl, have some kids.

Jay smiles.

JAY DUNLAP
Thanks.

They shake hands, before Jay leaves.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Jay glances over his shoulder as he quickly walks up to an old sedan with a car-cover on it, which he removes.

He takes keys out of his pocket and inserts them into the old car, gets in, starts it, and drives off.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Jay cracks the entrance door open and peeks inside. After a moment, he takes a step in with his Colt pointed, then waits. Nothing. He cautiously starts to walk down the hall.

JAY DUNLAP
(to himself)
Scooby, Scooby-Doo, where are you?
We got some work to do now.

Jay enters a cadaver storage room. When he's halfway into the room, diagonal to two tables that each have a cadaver, Quinton jumps out from the adjoining room to his right, and they point their guns at each other.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
You know there's a point where it just becomes stalking, right?

Astrid enters from the hallway, Jay's left, with her Glock pointed at him. All three form a pyramidal triangle.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Stand down, Thoreau. I'm giving him to Vesuvio.

QUINTON THOREAU

Vesuvio said that I would have twelve hours to capture Dunlap on my own; I still have six hours left.

JAY DUNLAP

I'm sorry, what name did you just say?

ASTRID WOJCIK

Vesuvio doesn't care who brings him in, so long as somebody brings him in.

QUINTON THOREAU

I need to bring him in. I am going to bring him in.

JAY DUNLAP

I'm sorry, just --

ASTRID WOJCIK

If you want him, you'll have to --

JAY DUNLAP

Guys! As much as I hate to delay what I'm hoping will become a devil's three-way, I really gotta know...How do you know my name?

ASTRID WOJCIK

(mockingly)

I found the file he had on you and recognized you. Also, he knows you're the one who stole his money.

For a moment, Jay says nothing.

JAY DUNLAP

Huh. Welp...

ASTRID WOJCIK

Now drop your gun.

Jay looks at Quinton and shrugs, then gives the slightest smirk for a moment.

JAY DUNLAP
Gotta do what the lady says, right?

He places his Colt on the floor.

ASTRID WOJCIK
Now kick it over here.

He looks at her, then at Quinton.

JAY DUNLAP
What d'ya say? Should I do it?
Maybe I should kick it over to you?

ASTRID WOJCIK
No, you should kick the gun over to
me!

Jay smiles and kicks it over to Quinton's corner. She grimaces.

ASTRID WOJCIK (CONT'D)
Put your hands up and move.

She motions with her gun for him to move forward. When he's between her and Quinton, she says:

ASTRID WOJCIK (CONT'D)
Stop.

He does.

ASTRID WOJCIK (CONT'D)
Come towards me.

JAY DUNLAP
With pleasure.

He takes a step forward --

QUINTON THOREAU
Stop!

JAY DUNLAP
Oh, come on!

ASTRID WOJCIK
Dunlap is mine.

Quinton just stares at her. Jay smiles and looks back at Quinton, then to her.

JAY DUNLAP
Did anyone ever tell you you two
need to get a room?

ASTRID WOJCIK
Dunlap, turn around.

QUINTON THOREAU
Don't turn around.

ASTRID WOJCIK
Back off, Thoreau.

He just stares at her again.

ASTRID WOJCIK (CONT'D)
Dunlap, come towards me --

QUINTON THOREAU
Don't.

ASTRID WOJCIK
Dunlap, come towards me --

QUINTON THOREAU
Move and I'll kill you.

ASTRID WOJCIK
I am giving you one last chance,
Thoreau!

For a moment, he just continues to stare at her.

QUINTON THOREAU
So am I.

The two of them don't remove their laser-like eyes from each other.

Jay's eyes dart back and forth -- then he dives between the cadaver tables.

Quinton and Astrid flinch to aim at him, then aim at each other and fire while diving, each wounding the other.

From behind their respective tables, they take a few shots at each other.

Quinton eyes Jay's gun.

From the other side of the table Astrid's hiding behind, Jay can see the top of the door he entered from.

JAY DUNLAP

Did I ever tell you two that I
think it's sweet you're fighting
over me?

Quinton takes a few shots, then does Astrid, he takes a few more, then she does too, till she runs out.

She scrambles to reload.

Quinton leaps for Jay's gun.

She reloads and fires, scraping his ankle with a bullet as he dives behind his table, where he reloads his first gun.

Jay notices the fat cadaver on Astrid's table. On the other side, she can hear him straining and looks up to see the cadaver being pushed towards her.

She stands and aims, Jay dives back down, and Quinton fires at her, hitting her cheek as she gets back down. She takes another shot, forcing him back down.

Jay gets back up and pushes the cadaver onto her, then leaps over the table as Quinton fires, wounding his ass.

In the hallway, Jay grasps his wound.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Ah! Douche-bag!

Astrid pushes the cadaver off of her, then shoots and hits Quinton in the shoulder as he dives back down.

She lunges into the hallway and Jay grabs her gun.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Nope!

They pull and twist at it, Jay pushes her into the doorway, Quinton takes aim, she dives forward just as he fires and uses Jay's weight against him to throw him off balance and into the doorway.

Quinton fires and Jay dodges.

Jay and Astrid wrestle away from the door, when Quinton runs out and points the Beretta and the Colt at each of them.

Jay and Astrid freeze, then look at each other, and point the Glock at Quinton, who dives back into the room as bullets fly at him.

Astrid twists the gun away but doesn't notice Jay press the mag-release till the mag hits the floor.

She looks at it, then Jay. Quinton jumps out and shoots her in the small of her back.

ASTRID WOJCIK

Ah!

She goes down as Jay sprints into the perpendicular hall, Quinton firing.

Quinton runs after him as he reloads, then snatches Astrid's gun and clip.

Quinton turns the corner into this second hallway, which has plenty of rooms on either side, and cautiously starts forward. He looks in one room, then another, then another, then another and sees a cadaver covered in a plastic sheet.

He timorously steps forward -- Jay throws the sheet covering him onto Quinton.

JAY DUNLAP

(pins Quinton against
wall)

The zombie apocalypse has begun!

Quinton tries to point his Beretta, but Jay grabs and twists it away. He's about to point it at Quinton, but the man punches Jay, throwing him into the hall.

Jay scurries away as they take shots at each other, till Jay rounds the next corner.

Quinton runs to the corner, then points the Colt forward and finds the exit door, which he runs through.

EXT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Quinton arrives outside, but Jay has vanished. He grits his teeth and heads back inside.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Astrid tries to sit herself up, when Quinton enters. She looks up at him and he down at her. He reaches into his pocket as she watches and pulls out a phone.

QUINTON THOREAU

A woman has been shot. She's at the morgue on fiftieth.

He hangs up, then runs out the way he just came.

MONTAGE: QUINTON SEARCHES FOR JAY

--Quinton shows Alvarez's picture to a HOTDOG VENDOR, then a DOG-WALKER, then a TAXI DRIVER.

--Quinton looks at the sun, now scraping the tops of the buildings in mid-afternoon.

--Quinton slams a DEALER against a wall and yells at him, then shows him Alvarez's picture. The panicked Dealer points.

--Quinton searches an abandoned factory, looking around, flipping things over, kicking doors down, getting increasingly frustrated.

--Quinton exits and finds that he can't see the orange sun over the skyline.

--Quinton sullenly saunters down a dark street.

END MONTAGE

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - NIGHT

In his office, Vesuvio watches the clock reach eight and sighs. His Lieutenant stands in front of him.

LIEUTENANT

Sir? It's eight. What do we do?

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

(shrugs)

Release the hounds.

The Lieutenant nods and exits. Vesuvio then turns to Drake, sitting in front of his desk.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)

Drake...I'm sorry that I'm making you do this. I know Quinton's your friend.

DRAKE MARX

Thank you, sir.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Let me ask you something, though. Why betray your friend?

Drake considers his answer very carefully.

DRAKE MARX

I have a family, sir. And I know what you think of disloyal people.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
I do hate disloyalty. For example,
there's the disloyalty you're
showing your friend.

Drake goes pale. Vesuvio stands and slowly walks toward him.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
If I were Quinton...I'd kill you
myself.

He sits on his desk, over Drake.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO (CONT'D)
You didn't help Quinton at any
point, did you, Drake?

Drake dares look him in the eye.

DRAKE MARX
No...sir...I'm loyal only to you.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
If that's the case...
(leans into Drake's face)
Then why aren't you leaving?

With his head bowed, Drake stands and hastily leaves.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Quinton enters and sits at the bar, where the BARTENDER comes over to him.

BARTENDER
What d'ya --

QUINTON THOREAU
Whatever costs the most.

The Bartender goes off. Quinton nervously runs his fingers through his hair. After a minute, the Bartender returns with a pint of beer as well as a pink martini.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)
I didn't order this.

BARTENDER
From the gentleman across the bar.
Told me to tell you he thinks you
have "intense eyes."

The Bartender walks away to reveal Jay smiling and flexing his index finger at Quinton, who is just utterly stupefied.

Jay comes over and leans against the bar.

JAY DUNLAP
So, what's a pretty girl like you
doing in a place like this?

Quinton reaches for the Colt, but Jay grabs his arm.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, hey! Just wait. Wait a
moment. Okay, we're in the same
boat now.

QUINTON THOREAU
I should just turn you in.

JAY DUNLAP
You could, but since it's after the
deadline, I'm thinking Vesuvio
would just kill you anyway.

QUINTON THOREAU
How do you even know when the
deadline is?

JAY DUNLAP
Um, the hot girl in the morgue said
it. Or was it you?...

Quinton re-holsters the Colt.

QUINTON THOREAU
You were following me the whole
time, weren't you?

Jay shrugs and smiles, then sits.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)
Why'd you even stay?

JAY DUNLAP
Oh, I don't know. Maybe because
there's no point if everyone knows
my face.

QUINTON THOREAU
You could've gotten a new ID.

JAY DUNLAP
True, but I think we both know that
it's not enough to get away from
Vesuvio.

QUINTON THOREAU

He does know all of our tactics.

JAY DUNLAP

Our strengths, our weaknesses.
Hell, you were even able to track
down the last owner of this face, a
guy who had already changed his
identity.

QUINTON THOREAU

Yeah.

JAY DUNLAP

So, Batman, you're the master
tactician, what do you think we
should do?

QUINTON THOREAU

Well...we need new IDs, and we
could get new faces.

JAY DUNLAP

Yeah, but word on the street is
that Vesuvio has Wojcik now.

QUINTON THOREAU

We could find another surgeon.

JAY DUNLAP

Ah, but Vesuvio probably would've
caught us by then. And even if he
doesn't, he already knows about the
face-changing thing anyway.

QUINTON THOREAU

Vesuvio knows us, but we know him.
Maybe we would be able to run.

JAY DUNLAP

Yeah, if you want to spend the rest
of your life running. We'd never
get to have a...a normal life.

This seems to deeply depress Jay. Quinton groans and pinches
the bridge of his nose. After a moment, he raises his head.

QUINTON THOREAU

Guess we have no choice.

After a moment, Jay smiles at him.

JAY DUNLAP
 Better to die fighting than
 running, right?

Quinton nods in agreement.

QUINTON THOREAU
 We should set up an ambush. If we
 do that, we might be able to take
 Vesuvio out.

He looks to Jay, who tips his head and nods in agreement.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)
 Okay, then.

JAY DUNLAP
 (English accent)
 Righty-O!

He raises his martini. Quinton holds his beer up, and they
 clink their glasses together, then drink and slam these
 glasses on the bar.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
 So, do you have an idea?

QUINTON THOREAU
 Yeah. But you're going to have to
 trust me.

INT. DRAKE MARX'S APT BUILDING - LATER

Drake holsters a pistol as he heads to the door. When he
 opens it, he finds Quinton holding a Colt to Jay's head.

DRAKE MARX
 Quinton --

QUINTON THOREAU
 Call Vesuvio. Tell him I have
 Dunlap.

DRAKE MARX
 Quinton, come on, it's not going to
 work, the deadline --

QUINTON THOREAU
 Just make the call, Drake.

Drake takes out his phone.

DRAKE MARX

When the world seems to shine like
you've had too much wine, that's
amore...Yeah, Quinton's at my
apartment; he has Dunlap...Okay.

He hangs up. Quinton lets go of Jay, and Drake figures it out
as Jay points the Beretta at him; Drake scoffs. Jay leads
Quinton in, who motions for Drake to back up with the Colt.

Jay goes right for the kitchen:

JAY DUNLAP

Hey, I'm hungry. You want anything,
Quinton?

Quinton and Drake sit across from each other on a couple of
chairs.

DRAKE MARX

Quinton...Quinton, you have to
understand --

QUINTON THOREAU

Your family's not here, right?

DRAKE MARX

No, no, they're with my in-laws.

Quinton looks at the picture of Drake with his family.

QUINTON THOREAU

I always wanted a family,
Drake...and even though I don't
have one, I always knew that I'd do
anything to protect them.

Quinton meets his gaze for a moment. Jay hustles out of the
kitchen with arms full of food, some of which he scarfs down.

JAY DUNLAP

(mouth full of food)
Now what?

Quinton gets up and knocks Drake out with the butt of his
gun.

QUINTON THOREAU

Now we wait.

MONTAGE: THE STORM GATHERS

-- Two hitmen load their automatic guns.

-- Eight hitmen gather into a van with all sorts of guns.

-- Three hitmen in a car stop at a red light, when three other hitmen pull up in a car beside them. They nod to each other.

END MONTAGE

INT. DRAKE MARX'S APT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Drake's eyes flutter open, and he finds that he's tied to a chair.

Quinton enters and Drake closes his eyes again.

Quinton looks over to and watches him, when Jay enters from the kitchen, whistling "Hi-Ho." Quinton follows him out.

Drake opens his eyes and looks around the room, then eyes the glass vase a few feet away. He hops to it, then slams his body into the table it's on till it falls off.

He tips himself on top of the vase, smashing it and holding in a yelp.

He grabs a piece of glass and starts cutting the rope around his wrists.

In a stairwell, Quinton and Jay hastily walk

Back in Drake's apartment, he finishes cutting the ties around his feet.

He feels his pockets but can't find his phone. He goes to his wireless phone but finds the cord cut.

Out in the hallway a minute later, he knocks on his OLD NEIGHBOR's door, who opens it.

DRAKE MARX
Can I use your phone?

OLD NEIGHBOR
Wh --

DRAKE MARX
It's an emergency!

OLD NEIGHBOR
Well, sure --

He barges past her and into her apartment.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Quinton enter with duffel bags. Jay goes to the closest, sporty car he sees and picks the lock as Quinton keeps lookout. Jay opens the door and gets into the driver's seat as he begins to hot-wire the vehicle.

Meanwhile, Quinton keeps his head on a swivel. When the car's engine starts, he gets in. Jay pulls out and drives off, when another car a couple rows over starts and follows.

INT. SPORTY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Quinton cleans the Colt.

JAY DUNLAP

Excuse me. But you do make love to another man's wife right in front of him?

Quinton doesn't know what he's talking about.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

That's my gun, dude!

QUINTON THOREAU

Huh. And don't you have mine?

Jay takes out the Beretta and they switch. Quinton begins to clean the Beretta.

JAY DUNLAP

Hey. You and that Beretta ever think about moving in? Settling down? Having some kids?

Quinton gives him a confused look.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

I think it's clean, man.

QUINTON THOREAU

(returns to cleaning)
It's how I relax.

Jay nods and purses his lips.

JAY DUNLAP

You never really talk a lot, do you?

QUINTON THOREAU

You never really talk a little.
 (faces him)
 Do you?

Jay makes a face like he just got burned.

Bullets rip through the hood and their car veers into a wall!
 The two men grasp at their injuries as more gunshots ring-out
 in the night.

EXT./INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They get out, each with a duffel bag, and dash into the
 warehouse. Bullets zip by and they shoot back.

Nearby, the same car that had been following them lurks.

INT. LURKING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Drake holds a phone to his ear.

DRAKE MARX

Yes, sir, they have been
 intercepted.

He hangs up. Guilty, he holds his face in his hands.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The duo hides next to some crates, bullets cutting and
 ricocheting as Quinton gets an M-4 and Jay gets two Tech-9's
 out of the duffel bags.

JAY DUNLAP

(to the shooters)
 That was a really nice car! Which
 you're paying for!

QUINTON THOREAU

You're the one who let us get
 followed.

JAY DUNLAP

Um, ex-squeeze me, but I was a
 little busy driving. Eh-heh.

Five rounds scrape the air next to their faces and they
 flinch.

Nearby, a SMILING HITMAN pokes his head from around the
 abandoned car he's hiding behind. Four other thugs split off
 into two teams.

SMILING HITMAN

Dunlap! Thoreau! Is that really you?

JAY DUNLAP

No.

SMILING HITMAN

I cannot believe it, man! You two are legends!

JAY DUNLAP

Hey! If you let us go, I'll sign you an autograph!

SMILING HITMAN

I really have to say, from one hitman to another, I really respect you two...

JAY DUNLAP

(to Quinton)

I feel like there's a but coming.

SMILING HITMAN

Which is why, when I kill you, people are going to respect me even more.

JAY DUNLAP

(to Quinton)

There it is!

Bullets smack into their crate, making Jay flinch. When the firing stops, Jay returns fire. Quinton peeks around the crate and sees the Smiling Hitman.

He looks around but only sees large objects and junk. Then he notices a grated staircase.

Quinton stands -- when bullets streak right at him, one scraping his arm. He falls back.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Watch out. Slight chance of bullets today.

From behind an oil drum, two hitmen keep their AR-15's aimed at where Quinton had been a moment earlier.

Jay sees the oil drum and fires into it, spilling its contents, which he shoots, catching the oil on fire. The two hitmen fall back as Quinton leaps for the stairway.

He races up till he has a clear line-of-sight on the Smiling Hitman and fires a single shot through his head.

Nearby, Jay gets fired at from behind and skitters to another crate as this second team of hitmen fire at him, one of them, SCARFACE, firing as the other, MELON HEAD, reloads.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)

Whatever you're doing, QT, do it quickly!

Now at the bottom of the staircase, Quinton sees the second team closing in on Jay, when the first pair fires at him.

He returns fire as he races to hide behind another crate.

Then he sees that they're about to step in front of an abandoned SUV a few feet from him.

He opens the driver-side door, puts it in neutral, then begins to roll it towards them. The LANKY HITMAN yells:

LANKY HITMAN

Look out!

The pair gets out of the way, and once the SUV has rolled by them, they retake their aims, when Quinton flanks and fire on them with just two shots.

A bullet skims his leg. He ducks for cover as Melon Head fires at him. Meanwhile, Scarface stops to reload.

Jay looks up and sees a few support beams along the ceiling barely hanging on over the second pair of hitmen and takes a few precise shots. The beams rain down on the pair.

Jay hops on over to Quinton as he reloads.

JAY DUNLAP

Hey, can I ask you something? Do you think I could pull-off a bun?

A van crashes through the main entrance, thugs pouring fire from within.

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - CONTINUOUS

Vesuvio smokes a cigar, when his Lieutenant enters.

LIEUTENANT

Sir, we have them trapped in an old warehouse in Brooklyn. The troops are closing in on them.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
And the cops?

LIEUTENANT
Our blue bloods on the payroll are
slowing them down.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
Buono.

He takes a drag from his cigar.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bullets rip the air like a swarm of furious wasps. Jay and Quinton return fire, but can't pierce the bullet-proof glass or metal-sheeting of the van as it drives around, the thugs inside firing with the sliding doors open.

Quinton runs and fires with Jay following, so the van turns and follows him, everyone in it pouring bullets toward him till he leaps behind an abandoned car.

Quinton peeks his head out from behind the car and sees a series of large shelves, then notices that the DRIVER's firing with his window down, then spots a forklift.

QUINTON THOREAU
See that forklift?

Jay looks.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)
Drive it into those shelves.

Jay doesn't know what he's talking about.

QUINTON THOREAU (CONT'D)
Go!

Jay gets up and runs as Quinton covers him. Jay arrives and hotwires the forklift.

He fidgets with the controls till it starts forward, uses a brick on the pedal to drive it forward, and gets out.

Seeing this, Quinton fires full-auto on the van from the driver's side, which follows him, and right as the forklift hits the shelves, he shoots the Driver in the head.

JAY DUNLAP
Bulls-eye.

The van comes to a stop, and the shelves come crashing down on it, their contents spilling into the van and onto the thugs, as well as all around, obscuring their vision.

With the thugs inside disorientated and trapped, the duo closes in and rains fire, killing them all.

They each take a minute to breathe, when they hear cars screeching to a halt outside. They exchange a glance.

A minute later, a dozen more thugs enter with their guns pointed. Then, they hear one of their cars starting and run out to see it driving off.

INT. VESUVIO'S HQ - CONTINUOUS

In his office, Vesuvio's almost finished his cigar. He taps on his desk impatiently.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO

Hey! Any news on Dunlap and Thoreau?!

In the bar, people mill about -- when a car comes smashing through. Jay and Quinton jump out as those in the bar scatter away. Two of Vesuvio's guards round the entrance's corner and the duo takes them out.

In the hallway, they run, when GUARD 1 sprays bullets without looking from around the corner in front of them, getting a few shallow shots in.

Quinton busts through a door, Jay following, then fires through the wall, annihilating the guard.

A second later, a string of bullets tears through the room back at them, hitting them at the tops of their torsos, collapsing them.

Two guards rush in and fire, the duo fires back, both sides wounding the other as the guards retreat, but the duo fires through the walls again as they stand until they run out of bullets.

Four guards rush in before the duo has time to aim. They both drop their guns.

Vesuvio enters.

JAY DUNLAP

H-h-hey! Look who it is! Look who it is, Quinton!

Quinton begins to scope-out the guards; their weapons and positions.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
You seem awfully chipper for a dead man.

JAY DUNLAP
Thank you!

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
Yeah...Kill 'em.

JAY DUNLAP
Wait! Before you kill us, I have one thing I want to give you, Sal.

He starts to reach into his pocket, drawing the guards' attention, which Quinton notices. Jay's hand stops moving.

Quinton leaps to GUARD 2 and puts him in a headlock; Jay uses his distraction to leap onto GUARD 3; Quinton uses Guard 2 as a shield and fires on GUARD 4, then Guard 2; Jay does the same with Guards 4 and 5.

When he looks up, Vesuvio's pointing a gun at him. Quinton points his Beretta at Vesuvio. Jay puts his Colt down.

DON SALVATORE VESUVIO
You got anything else on you?

JAY DUNLAP
Nope. Wanna see?

He takes his jacket off and throws it Vesuvio's face, but Vesuvio whips it away and flattens Jay against the wall as he strangles him, pure fury in his eyes.

Quinton takes aim, Vesuvio sees him in the corner of his eye and throws Jay at him.

Vesuvio lunges, Quinton shoots him in the shoulder. Vesuvio grabs the gun and the hand Quinton has on it, then squeezes.

QUINTON THOREAU
(his bones cracking)
Rgh!

He manages to squeeze the trigger and shoot Vesuvio in the upper-left chest, who pulls the gun away. Vesuvio looks at the wound, then grins at Quinton.

He picks up Jay's Colt right before Jay can grab it.

Holding the two guns, he looks at them, then the men, grins, tosses the two pistols out, and stomps Jay's arm, then tackles Quinton, walloping him with fists.

Jay wraps his good arm around Vesuvio's neck, but Vesuvio just keeps punching.

Jay pulls Vesuvio back, so the man jumps up and falls back onto Jay.

Vesuvio gets up and starts kicking Jay in the face.

Jay rolls away and stands with his fists partially raised and a smile on his fat lips.

JAY DUNLAP

Huh. You know, I don't actually
have anything to say right now.

Vesuvio's about to charge -- BAM! He's shot in the back. He turns to find Quinton with his Beretta still smoking.

Vesuvio takes a step towards him, Quinton tosses the Colt to Jay, who also shoots Vesuvio in the back.

The two men wait for him to die, but he grins and keeps walking.

Quinton shoots, then Jay, Vesuvio still hobbling; they shoot again, and he stops; they shoot again, and he falls to his knees; they keep shooting as he slowly goes the rest of the way down, taking turns, their eyes in disbelief.

They stop to just watch his body.

A moment later, more guards rush in and see the carnage.

For a moment, the two sides just eye each other.

The Lieutenant emerges from the guards, sees Vesuvio, and turns to his men.

LIEUTENANT

You work for me now!

Quinton and Jay exchange a glance, then Jay picks up his gun and they try to tip-toe out --

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

You two. Never come to this city
again.

JAY DUNLAP

D'ya wanna put a pinky swear on it,
or -- ?

Quinton pushes him out.

INT. SHABBY HOTEL - LATER

At the front desk, the MANAGER chews gum, when Jay and Quinton walk past, their wounds making it difficult to stand and shocking this Manager, to whom Jay smiles and nods.

In Jay's room, the cat watches as the men dress each other's wounds.

JAY DUNLAP

You know, I think I once saw a gay
porno that started out like this.

Quinton shoots him a glare.

LATER

They lie on the bed and watch TV.

QUINTON THOREAU

Can I ask you something?

JAY DUNLAP

You wanna initiate conversation?
Oh, this must be something good!

QUINTON THOREAU

What can we do now? I mean...what
should we do now?

Jay thinks about this for a minute, then has an epiphany.

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Quinton sits in a car as Jay slips money to a NURSE, then runs back to him.

JAY DUNLAP

This is the place.

QUINTON THOREAU

Finally.

He gets out.

Inside, the Young Woman sits down with a tray of food, when Jay pokes his head inside.

JAY DUNLAP
Hey. Anna Hewitt?

He steps inside.

YOUNG WOMAN
Sorry, I don't...

JAY DUNLAP
Eh-heh. You...probably don't
recognize me, I guess. Had a
different face last time you saw
me.

This makes her even more confused.

JAY DUNLAP (CONT'D)
Maybe I should explain.

In the hallway, Quinton watches them talk.

He smiles, then looks optimistically into the distance.

THE END.