

DONE. DEAD. GONE.

Written By

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BLACK

SUPER: GLENBROOK, ILLINOIS 1977

Muted SOUNDS of a suburban teenager party-- laughter, 1970s rock 'n roll-- snippets of conversations HEARD interspersed with the SOUNDS of dull thudding and grunting--

Fiery STARBURSTS over black correlate with the THUDS--

Grunting continues-- clearer more precise sounds of fists THUDDING against flesh and bone--

RANDY (V.O.)
Wrong, fuckin, party!

FADE IN:

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

High school kids, late-teens, congregate around a keg at the garage, drinking and watching the violence on the sidewalk--

SIDEWALK

--douchebag RANDY, 18, and three of Randy's dirtbag FRIENDS punch and kick a muscular kid wearing scuffed steel-toe motorcycle boots, jeans and a ripped t-shirt who's down on all fours on the sidewalk-- his eyes are swollen, his mouth drips blood on the white concrete-- this is eighteen-year-old

FINN KELLY.

Randy's three friends, out of breath from throwing punches, stop, stand and stare-- Randy tires, stops punching-- then kicks Finn hard in the ribs--

--Finn groans... then rises unsteadily to his feet-- he's over six feet tall and weighs about two-hundred pounds, most of it muscle; his face is bloody, one eye swollen shut--

RANDY
(mocks)
All-State quarterback? And
can't fight worth shit!

FINN
Nope. Not on ludes.
(smirks; staggers away)
See you. Soon.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM SHOWER - NIGHT

Blood-stained hands grasp the shower head as water sprays Finn's swollen face-- blood runs down his bruised red and purple body-- Finn lowers his head--

EXT. ST. PAUL CATHOLIC GRADE SCHOOL - MORNING - **FLASHBACK**

The school bell RINGS persistently--

SUPER: THREE YEARS EARLIER - 1974

Wearing his Catholic school uniform-- dark dress pants, a sky-blue button-down shirt and a navy-blue tie with a white "SP" logo blowing in the breeze, YOUNG FINN, 14, athletic but small for his age (then) approaches the bike rack near the school's front doors filled with kids' bikes-- Finn parks his bike in the rack and locks it.

No school kids are present as Finn takes a breath, opens the front door and enters-- the school bell stops RINGING.

INT. ST. PAUL SCHOOL - 8TH GRADE CLASSROOM - MORNING

Young Finn enters-- walks quickly past his jeering, uniformed classmates toward his seat in the rear of the room-- bitchy prick classmates, KYLIE, 14, and MITCH, 14, lead the bullies--

KYLIE

(derisively; to Finn)

Bucky Beaver finally made it!
Late as usual! Hey Bucky! Chew
some bark for breakfast?! You
got sap dripping off your chin!

Young Finn ignores the insult as he passes the blackboards chalked with giant beaver faces featuring enormous buck teeth.

MITCH

Does it take long to brush the
wood chips out of your teeth?!
Do you floss out the slivers?!

Young Finn, whose teeth are actually average size, takes a coping breath... and completely shuts off the external world. His internal world is now silent. Safe. But he's filled with humiliation and dread as he takes his seat-- he rigidly faces forward, ignoring Kylie, Mitch and his heckling classmates.

Young Finn's teacher, the airhead known as MS. GIOVANETTI, early-thirties, enters with her purse and briefcase-- she glances at the blackboards with the numerous white beavers chalked on them as she sets her purse and briefcase on her desk-- the kids settle down as she cluelessly glances around the room-- and then--

MS. GIOVANETTI

(smiles; to Finn)

Finn! You got an "A" on your paper. You smarty pants! As a reward, would you erase the boards before we get started?

Young Finn, humiliated further by the only adult in the room, starts to sweat-- he grabs the edge of his desk-- slowly rises from his seat-- walks in a daze toward the front blackboard--

MS. GIOVANETTI (CONT'D)

(admiring the boards)

Hmm... I see we have talented young artists in our class. Wouldn't you agree, Finn?

Kylie, Mitch and the kids snicker... then bust out laughing!

Mocking beaver images seem to close in on Finn-- the kids' laughter is loud and distorted-- he approaches Giovanetti-- she smiles at him and hands him the eraser-- he takes it, and glares at her. With cold rage. The kids laugh harder! He raises the eraser-- and CRACKS her hard across the face with it-- creating an EXPLOSIVE cloud of white chalk dust.

DISSOLVE TO:

[BACK TO PRESENT - 1977]

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

Finn, hair wet from the shower, walks down the stairs toward the door-- his supportive mom, SHANNON KELLY, mid-40s, a sad-eyed wilting beauty stands by the door filled with empathy--

SHANNON

Finn? You won't-

FINN

-I might.

-He stares at her coldly-- exits out the door-- walks to his green Monte Carlo in the driveway, gets in-- drives off--

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME AS EARLIER)

Loud rock 'n roll music-- kids drink and laugh-- Several kids stand on the blood-splattered sidewalk-- Randy and his fighter friends hang on the sidewalk laughing and chugging beers--

In the b.g., Finn's Monte Carlo slowly approaches-- and stops.

INT. MONTE CARLO (STOPPED/MOVING) - NIGHT

Finn's in the driver's seat staring-- his POV on the party kids on the bloody sidewalk in front of Randy's house-- Randy and his friends chat up a group of girls on the sidewalk--

Finn floors it-- tires SQUEAL-- the car launches forward-- he steers up onto the sidewalk-- accelerates toward Randy and the kids-- the kids freak at the car speeding directly at them--

SIDEWALK

Kids scream and dive out of the way as Finn flies past them-- Randy looks up at Finn's passing car-- scared, stunned--

EXT. STREET - MONTE CARLO (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

Finn slams on the brakes, slides to a stop-- turns around and drives slowly back to Randy's house-- he stops across the street from the house. The kids scatter in fear on the lawn--

Finn puts the car in park. He exits with his keys--

STREET

--Finn glances at Randy as he walks to the car's trunk--

The music cuts-- silence. Randy and the kids stare at Finn in shock and silence, unsure of what's coming next--

Finn opens the trunk-- removes something from its darkness-- conceals it under his jacket and closes the trunk. He walks to the open driver's side window and places the unseen object inside on the seat-- he turns and stares coldly at Randy--

FINN
(quietly; to Randy)
C'mon, Randy. Let's talk.

Randy stares at Finn, then glances at his friends--

FINN (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Yeah. Bring your faggots.

A Glenbrook Police cruiser drives slowly between Finn, Randy and the party kids-- and stops next to Finn.

GLENBROOK COP
Go home, Finn. No trouble tonight.
(on car mic--over P.A. system)
Party's over! Go home or I'll
start writing five-hundred dollar
underage alcohol tickets!

DISSOLVE TO:

PRE-LAP MUSIC CUE: Melancholy opening saxophone notes of "The Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys" by Traffic are heard-- Traffic's Steve Winwood sings--

WINWOOD (V.O.)
*But today you just read that
the man was shot dead / By a
gun that didn't make any noise*

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WINWOOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But it wasn't the bullet that
laid him to rest / Was the low
spark of high-heeled boys*

Vaguely visible in the smoky darkness-- bookshelves holding-- *The World Book Encyclopedia*-- novels-- *Breakfast of Champions*, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, *Siddhartha*, *Writings of Kahlil Gibran*, *GOD: A Biography*, *Hell's Angels*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*-- shelves of sports trophies for football, hockey, baseball, swimming.

On a low table next to the bed, an expensive turntable spins the vinyl Traffic album with Winwood singing--

WINWOOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*If you had just a minute to
breathe / And they granted you
one final wish*

Posters on the bedroom walls-- Cubs' Ron Santo and Ernie Banks; Bears' Dick Butkus and Gale Sayers; Musicians Jimi Hendrix, The Who, Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Chicago--

WINWOOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Would you ask for something, like
another chance?*

The bubbling water sound of a bong is heard-- Finn, with bruised face and black eye, sets the Graffix bong next to his baggie of green buds on his table--a case box of "Old Style" beer bottles. He leans back in his chair and exhales a cloud of smoke--

BANGING on the door-- the muffled voice of a drunk angry man-- Finn's alcoholic attorney father-- CONOR KELLY, 50--

CONOR (O.S.)
Turn that shit down!

Finn stares vacantly at the closed door with the "California" poster of the naked blonde model standing in ocean surf-- she smiles at Finn. He picks up his baggie of green weed and inhales the sweet comforting fragrance of his private heaven.

His bare foot rests on a green push-button phone sitting on the shag carpeting. He sits back, motionless, a black and blue zombie staring vacantly at the blonde model on his door--

WINWOOD (V.O.)
*But spirit is something, that
no one destroys /*

The phone's ringer makes a hollow CLICKING sound-- Finn leans down and picks up the handset-- he listens... and then--

FINN
Sure, Cole.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DOWNTOWN - DAY

We pass dilapidated buildings-- Chicago is home to over a hundred-thousand gangbangers in fifty-five major gangs: Gangster Disciples, Vice Lords, Black P. Stones, Latin Kings and Black D's among others-- who have spray painted every imaginable surface with their colors and symbols.

A group of psycho homeless men huddle near a gutted car. Their greasy hands pass around a bottle in a paper bag--

A pristine, lime green "1968 Camaro SS" passes them and parks curbside in front of an office building.

FINN (PRE-LAP)
(stoic)
Comes in waves... silently,
softly... wraps me, snugly.

INT. CHICAGO STREET - CAMARO (STOPPED) - DAY

Sitting behind the wheel is Finn's best friend, the slick, smart, well dressed and very aggressive eighteen-year-old

COLE WOLFE.

Finn sits in the front passenger seat speaking introspectively as he stares vacantly out the windshield at the homeless men drinking by the gutted car--

FINN (CONT'D)
A dark soft blanket. Smothers
me, slowly. Can't breathe. I
roll with it. No fear. Follow
where it takes me. Maybe all
the way. This time. I flow,
and transform. Into a ghost.
Not caring, about anything.

Finn turns his head and looks blankly at Cole...

COLE
Snug. Inside a satin padded
coffin. Done. Dead. And gone.

Finn opens the car door, pauses--

FINN
Yeah... kinda like "*Silent Snow, Secret Snow*"... and we all know
what happened to Paul.

He exits the car--

COLE
Wait, what happened to Paul?

STREET

--Finn closes the door-- walks between the car and the homeless men--

FINN
(to himself)
Try, cry. Why try. Die.

--as he walks toward the building entrance--

--Cole's POV as he watches Finn enter the building--

One of the homeless men, a drunk BUM, 50, wobbles over to Cole's Camaro, gives it an appreciative look and sits on the hood-- he smiles tauntingly at Cole--

Cole slides his window down--

COLE
Fuck off my car.

BUM
Who me? I take yo car. Think
I can't? Watch me, muthafuckah.

Three of the Bum's psychotic ASSOCIATES wobble over to the Camaro-- one breaks his empty bottle on the street and waves the jagged neck, another slides a knife out of his pocket--

Cole calmly raises and aims his black semiautomatic pistol through his front windshield at the Bum on his car hood.

COLE
Get the fuck off!

The Bum's friends grumble and stagger away from the car--

BUM
(slides off car)
Fuck you, muthafuckin cracker!

Bum staggers back to his associates--

Cole smirks, and lowers the gun.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - TYSEN TICKET OFFICE - DAY

A sign on the wall inside the two-room office suite reads-- "Tysen Ticket Brokers -- All Chicago Events."

Finn stands motionless in front of a thick window that separates him from IRA TYSEN, 30s. They stare at each other with "fuck you" looks on their faces-- silence. And then--

FINN
Phone hasn't rung once.

TYSEN
I'll say it again. Twenty-five
seats. Fifth row center. Fifteen-
hundred. You fuckin get that?

Finn pulls a fat roll of cash from inside his jacket-- he
peels several hundreds from the roll--

FINN
(touches his ear)
Your phone? Still not ringing.
Three hours until Ozzie rises
out of hell and hits the stage.
Ira, you'll take nine.

Finn presses the cash against the window near Tysen's face--

TYSEN
(goes berserk)
You motherfucker! You're killing
me! Goddammit! Fuck you, Finn!
This is Black fucking Sabbath!
Fifth Row Center! The Stadium!
(paces around...)
Eleven goddammit!

FINN
Nope. Nine... Or, eight-fifty?

Tysen and Finn revert to their silent staring "fuck you"
faces... then simultaneously slide the cash and banded tickets
to each other through the narrow slot under the window. Finn
slides the tickets into his jacket-- Tysen counts the cash--

TYSEN
You used to be a soft touch.
Nice Catholic suburban goy.
What happened, Irish?

Finn walks to the door, turns--

FINN
Everything. Nothing. Who cares?
(exits)
Fuck off till next time.

Tysen flips Finn the finger as Finn exits and enters the
hallway--

HALLWAY

--Finn presses the elevator button, then walks to the hall window and glances downward--

--Finn's POV from the window down on Cole's Camaro illegally parked in front of the building. A Chicago Police cruiser slides up next to Cole's car and stops. Moments pass-- the police cruiser drives off-- Finn looks back at the elevator-- it DINGS its arrival-- the elevator doors open, Finn walks to it and boards-- the doors begin to slide shut--

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

--menacing JOAQUÍN, twenty-five-year-old Latin Lord gangbanger enters the elevator as the doors close-- he fake smiles at Finn-- Finn backs into the corner and stares at him-- Joaquín whips out a switchblade, lunges at him and presses the shiny blade against Finn's neck-- they're eye-to-eye--

JOAQUÍN

Shitting your pants, whitebread?
Let's do this real quiet.

FINN

What? Kill me? Go ahead. I won't scream.

Face-to-face, they stare into each other's eyes-- Joaquín presses the knife point into Finn's neck, blood trickles out--

FINN (CONT'D)

(anxious but calm)

Do it or get off me, asshole.

Joaquín quickly pats Finn's pants and coat pockets--

JOAQUÍN

Shut the fuck up!

--he takes the banded tickets from Finn's inner-coat pocket--

JOAQUÍN (CONT'D)

Where's the roll of Benjie's?!

A loud hollow POP! ECHOES through the car-- hazy blue smoke slowly swirls up around their faces-- they stare at each other, eye-to-eye-- Joaquín steps back, drops the tickets on the floor, and stares at Finn-- he smiles, amazed--

--he collapses to the floor-- blood pumps out of the hole in his gut-- he looks up at Finn, still smiling in amazement-- Finn slides his pistol into the back of his waistband--

JOAQUÍN
Fuckin real. Ghost face killer.

Joaquín reaches out wildly with his knife-- drops it-- his body goes limp. Eyes open. Staring. Dead.

Finn pushes the red "Stop" button--the alarm SOUNDS-- he crouches, picks up the tickets and bullet casing from the floor-- he pulls a bandana from his pocket and uses it to pick up the switchblade-- he uses the wrapped switchblade to pry the embedded slug out of the elevator wall-- he stares at Joaquín as he slides the tickets, the casing and the slug into his jacket pocket-- he drops the switchblade to the floor and uses the bandanna to wipe down the elevator buttons-- pulls out the "Stop" button-- alarm stops ringing-- slides the bandanna into his pocket-- the elevator stops-- the doors open to the lobby-- Finn steps over the body, looks out into the deserted lobby, and walks quickly toward the exit doors--

EXT. STREET - CAMARO (STOPPED) - DAY

--Finn pushes through the exit doors and walks quickly to Cole's Camaro parked at the curb--

INT. CAMARO (STOPPED/MOVING) - DAY

--Finn opens the door and slides into the passenger seat. Cole's in the driver's seat. Finn stares calmly out the windshield-- Cole pulls away and glides into traffic--

COLE
You get a good price? I bet the Jew wanted over a grand. Right?

FINN
Fifteen. We paid nine.

COLE
Nice! This is how we build our business. Smart and quick deals, engaged customers, high margins.

Finn tosses the twenty-five banded tickets onto the dashboard.

COLE
Blood? On your neck? What's-

FINN
-Must've scratched a mole.

Finn touches the dried blood on his neck--

COLE
Dude, you gotta cut your nails.
Girls don't like dirty snagly
fingernails in their pussies.

FINN
Yeah... maybe... a *manicure* then?

They look at each other and start laughing, hard-- so hard
that tears fill their eyes-- they wipe their eyes--

Finn takes a prescription pill container from his jacket and
pops a couple pills in his mouth-- swallows them.

COLE
So, Mr. Brainiac. What happened
to Paul? In the secret snow?

FINN
Yeah... He went insane.

Finn looks out the side window as we pass endless dirty run-
down buildings covered with endless gang graffiti...

FINN (CONT'D)
(closes his eyes)
And he was okay with it.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL PARK - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

SUPER: 4TH OF JULY - 1971

MUSIC CUE: "Saturday in the Park" by Chicago swings in--

Parents and kids cheer the teams from the crowded bleachers--

The scoreboard above the left field fence shows it's the sixth
(and final) inning: FLAMES - 7 : WOLVES - 7 -- 2 OUTS.

BASEBALL DIAMOND

The bases are loaded as the Wolves pitcher, YOUNG COLE, 11, a
tall kid for his age with a bad attitude chews a big wad of
bubble gum and stares at--

--YOUNG FINN, 11, in the batter's box swinging his bat a few times as he awaits Young Cole's first pitch--

Flames' DAVID, 10, on third base, yells to Young Finn--

DAVID
C'mon, Finn! Little base hit!
Let's win it! Pitcher sucks!
Cole sucks!

Young Cole shoots a nasty glance at David, starts his windup and throws a hard fastball at Young Finn's head-- Young Finn ducks and hits the dirt-- he glares at Young Cole--

UMPIRE
Ball!

CATCHER
Attaway, Cole. Back him off!

Young Finn rises, dusts himself off, glances at Catcher and shakes his head-- he adjusts his helmet, swings his bat, and readies himself for Young Cole's next pitch--

Young Cole winds up and throws another blistering screamer right over home plate--

--Young Finn swings-- CRACK! the white-skinned ball sewn tight with blood red stitches flies high over the outfielders' heads and over the center field fence-- a Grand-Slam!

The crowd cheers as Young Finn trots around the bases--

The "Star Spangled Banner" blares over the P.A. system--

Young Cole glares at Young Finn as he rounds third base-- he takes a few steps off the pitcher's mound toward Young Finn and throws his mitt hard at Young Finn's head--

Young Cole's mitt knocks Young Finn's helmet off-- the crowd GROANS-- the National Anthem continues--

Young Finn stops and stares at Young Cole with eyes filled with kill-- Young Cole runs at Young Finn-- they slam into each other and fall to the ground punching and wrestling--

YOUNG COLE	YOUNG FINN
You think you're so great! You're not! I hate you! I'll kill you!	I'm better than you! Can't pitch! You suck! I'll kill you!

Young Cole's father, JACK WOLFE, 37, a tall nasty criminal businessman, walks over and separates the two fighting boys--

JACK

Okay, tough guys, enough.

(picks them up by
their jerseys)

Shake hands now and be good
little sports. Do it!

Young Finn and Young Cole slowly stick their hands out toward each other-- they hesitate, shake hands... then smile.

JACK

Jaysus, an Irish miracle.

(gruff)

Cole, get in the car.

Young Cole sees the look on Jack's face and runs to a new black Cadillac Eldorado-- Jack's ferocious German Shepherd, HOOKER, its thick neck bound tightly in a black leather and steel spiked collar, sticks his head out of the open rear window flashing its fangs-- Young Cole opens the front passenger door and gets in the car.

Jack walks over to the Eldorado, yanks the small American flag off the antenna and gets in-- he reaches across with his right arm and cracks Young Cole hard across the face with his hand-- Young Cole covers his face with both hands-- remains silent--

Jack feeds the huge dog the flag-- it crunches the stick and red, white and blue rag in its jaws--

EXT. GLENBROOK GOLF COURSE - POND - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER - 1974

Fairway sprinklers shoot arcs of misting water over the rolling green grass. Yellow weeping willows dangle over the pond's lily pads and cattails. Moonbeams shimmer off the water. Dirty white balls lay on the grass around the pond.

Finn, 14, and Cole, 14, hunch over in the pond, moving slowly, with their chins above the water-- they troll the pond's mucky bottom with their fingers and toss golf balls onto the grass--

FINN

They were at it again. Screaming.
Slapping... They should split up.

Cole has a cut on his forehead and a swollen black eye.

FINN (CONT'D)
Some weird party from years ago.

COLE
Sixties parties were fucking wild.
Drugs, sex and rock 'n roll. Free
love and flower power. Whatever
that is. Dirty-ass hippie love.

FINN
Right about that. Apparently the
weird party had too much free
love... I'm cold. We got enough.

They climb out of the pond in their wet shorts and quickly gather the balls, over a hundred, in four buckets-- Cole's back has a thick purple welt and some black stuff on it.

FINN
What's that shit on your back?

COLE
Fucking tar. Worked at my dad's
yard since six. While you were
off dreaming, in Finn-land.

FINN
He made you work, today? After
he beat the shit out of you?

COLE
Yeah, not one or the other, I get
both. I'm lucky like that. Picked
up dog shit and washed the trucks.
All day... No pay... Oy vey.
(pause)
Speaking of abuse. What's up with
your lovely classmates, cunt Kylie
and vagina bitch Mitch?

FINN
Oh, you know. They get more
creative every day... One day
I'll wake up and do something.

COLE
I'll help. We have access to
guns. We'll thin out the herd.

They smile at each other and finish loading the golf balls. They put their sneakers and t-shirts on and walk with the buckets toward the hole in the golf course fence--

COLE
You shoulda gone to my school.

FINN
I know. I pleaded with her. She was psycho about me graduating from Catholic school. If she only knew how inferior it is... And all, that church, bullshit.
(resets his mind)
Only a month till graduation! Then summer. And girls. In the pool.

They light up and high-five-- duck through the hole in the fence with the buckets-- walk the road toward Cole's house--

COLE
Bikinis on! Bikinis off! Wet and wild. We're going to get lucky this summer. I can feel it.

Finn's lost in a trance-- Cole notices Finn's oblivion--

COLE (CONT'D)
You said something about bullshit, at your church?

FINN
(snaps alert; gruff)
Nothing... Not my church!

Cole is taken aback...

FINN (CONT'D)
You totally ruined the images I was imagining of your sister.

COLE
Noelle, the Christmas Princess?
Good luck thawing her out.

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (1974)

The house is large and landscaped. A new blue Coupe DeVille is parked in the driveway next to Jack's black Eldorado.

INT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The mirror and glass door are steamed-- shower water sprays--

LARGE SHOWER

The shower floor is covered with dirty pond golf balls. Cole and Finn are in the shower wearing the same shorts from the pond while scrubbing the dirty golf balls with brushes-- they drop the clean ones back into the buckets on the floor.

FINN

Hammered every day. Martinis then shots. He turns into, a drooping angry mess. I could, Cole, you know? Really do it.

COLE

Kill him?

FINN

Yeah. I don't know... Maybe.

COLE

In between swings at me, my dad made Sean eat a pack of 'Boro Reds last night.

FINN

(laughs)

Shit! The whole pack?

COLE

(smiles)

Filters too. Thought he was going to puke out the Marlboro Man. And his horse!

FINN

My dad's verbal. Won't hit me.

COLE

Why's that?

Cole's mom, JULIE WOLFE opens the bathroom door a crack--

JULIE (O.S.)

Coley! I made you and Finn ice cream cones. Finish up in there before they melt!

FINN
 Thank you, Mrs. Wolfe!
 (to Cole)
 Because, as you're well aware,
 Coley. I now have a history.
 And it's on my permanent record.

EXT. GLENBROOK GOLF COURSE - EARLY MORNING (1974)

Cole, 14, and Finn, 14, stand at the apex of converging white gravel pathways adjacent to three separate golf tees. Cole's eye is swollen, purple. He looks intimidating.

A small group of wealthy, well-attired GOLFERS hover around them. They've been selling their pond golf balls from egg cartons to golfers all morning-- Finn passes a carton of gleaming white balls to GOLFER #1 and takes his cash. Five empty cartons lay on the gravel. He walks to Cole--

FINN
 Any left?

COLE
 (drops empty carton)
 None, and done. We have--
 (counts cash)
 -a little over one-fifty.

FINN
 (smirks)
 From selling their pond balls
 back to them. Golfing fools.

Wearing a very cheesy golf outfit, GOLFER #2 stands on the nearby tee ready to tee off. He takes a practice swing then addresses his ball-- he draws his driver into his backswing--

COLE
 (cups hands around
 mouth)
 FORE!

Golfer #2 swings, misses the ball-- glares at them--

FINN
 (smiles)
 Oh, shit. Run.

Cole and Finn laugh and run for the hole in the fence--

GOLFER #2 drops his club and runs after them--

Cole and Finn duck through the fence hole to the road--

--GOLFER #2 runs up to the fence, slips, falls, gets up--

GOLFER #2
Little fuckers! You'll get yours!

FINN
(yells at Golfer #2)
Does your husband golf?!

Finn and Cole walk down the street, laughing--

COLE
Golfers. They're such pussies.
Like homoclones. Same look, same
talk, same clothes. Man, I could
never be like them. Who'd wanna?

FINN
Me neither. Never.
(smiles)
We're one of kind.

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD POOL - DAY (1974)

Cole, 14 and Finn, 14 dive and swim in the pool--

Cole's hot mother, JULIE WOLFE, 36, wears sunglasses and a red
bikini revealing her voluptuously tan body as she walks
barefoot to the patio table with a plate of sandwiches--

FINN
Hi Mrs. Wolfe. How're you today?

JULIE
Great, Finn. How's your mom
and dad? Any wild parties lately?

FINN
Uh, they're okay. I guess. No.
No more parties. Of any kind.

JULIE
(sets sandwiches
on table)
Coley, you guys have lunch.

COLE
(in pool)
Thanks, Mom. Aren't you
going to the club soon?

JULIE
Going to change, then going.

Julie lays out silverware and napkins-- Cole and Finn climb
out of the pool, pick up their sandwiches and start eating--

Cole's father, Jack, 40, exits the house and walks to the pool
wearing neat navy-blue work clothes and black work boots.

"WOLFE PAVING, INC." is stitched in gold cursive thread across
the back of his shirt.

JACK
(friendly)
Hey, Finn. How's it going?

FINN
Hi, Mr. Wolfe. Good. And you?

JACK
Same shit. How's your mom?

FINN
She's okay.

JACK
Tell her I said hello. Cole,
take care of the paperwork,
before I get home.

COLE
Yes, sir.

JACK
(gruff)
You were off by forty-eight
grand last week. Accounts didn't
reconcile. It's simple fucking
math. Figure it out.

Jack coldly ignores Julie as he exits past her--

JACK
Keep the books accurate!

COLE
(quietly; to Finn)
Both sets.

JULIE
(sad)
Bye, honey.

Tall blonde, NOELLE, 16, and her cute friend KATRINA, 16, exit the house wearing string bikinis and carrying towels--

NOELLE
(subtle flirt)
Hi, Finn. Nice tan.

FINN
(smitten)
Hi, Noelle.

JULIE
You kids play nice. I'll be back in a few hours.

Julie exits the pool area and enters the house--

The girls lay their towels on lounge chairs, smile at the boys eating their sandwiches, and dive into the pool--

FINN
(watches Noelle)
Are you ever embarrassed, that your mom runs the club?

COLE
(watches Katrina)
Nah. My dad uses it and his paving company to launder money.
He hates the IRS.

FINN
Oh. Can we go there?

COLE
Finnster, our babes are here.

The boys jam their last bites into their mouths and dive into the pool-- they slowly circle Katrina and Noelle while chewing on their food-- the girls giggle as the boys circle closer and closer like hungry sharks-- Noelle laughs and lunges at Finn as Katrina lunges at Cole-- they have a splash battle--

EXT. THE ULTRA ROOM STRIP CLUB - DAY (1974)

An upscale club on Broadway--a kinetic street in a funky neighborhood near Lake Michigan. Poster-photos in glass cases on the exterior walls advertise touring "celebrity dancers."

GINO, a hefty Italian, 35, stands behind a red velvet rope promoting the dancers to the eclectic pedestrian traffic--

INT. THE ULTRA ROOM - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - DAY

We hear the muffled SOUND of a 1970s pop song as we peep downward through the two-way mirror onto the neon-lit stage featuring two NAKED WOMEN, 18, twirling on glowing poles.

The office is spacious and luxuriously furnished. We become aware of the fast rhythmic SOUND of-- "phit-phit-phit-phit"--

A tall muscular black SECURITY GUARD, 30s, wears a shoulder-holster and pistol while standing near the steel door.

Jack stands at a side table feeding stacks of cash into the electronic money counter going "phit-phit-phit"-- banded stacks of cash sit on the table near the speedy machine.

Julie sits behind the large desk reviewing financial reports, receipts and bills while jotting notations into two ledgers.

JULIE

(frustrated)

I'm out of ideas, Jack. He needs
your help!

JACK

He can help himself.

JULIE

He's out of control. Can't you
talk to him? The poor kid has
no self-esteem.

JACK

Self-esteem? He can go out and
take it, like everyone else.
He's got no pride.

JULIE

(upset)

So, that's it? You're giving up
on Sean?

JACK

(angry)

I'm not going to hold his fucking hand! If Sean's too weak to pull himself together, why should I waste my time?!

Pause...

JULIE

(enraged)

Is that really what it's about, Jack? Your fucking time? Is that why we never fuck anymore? Because the fucking wet cunt dancers spend all of their fucking time twirling on your fucking pole?

The bodyguard at the door freezes and stares at them--

Jack looks at Julie-- they glare at each other with contempt--

The cash counter devours the cash--"PHIT-PHIT-PHIT-PHIT..."

INT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS GAME ROOM - DAY (1974)

The room is dark except for the purple fluorescent glow of a black light. Glowing posters are tacked to the pinewood walls.

Moaning and giggling is heard near the pool table-- two separate oversized sleeping bags lay near each other on the rug-- filled with two couples of jostling kids--

Katrina pulls the top of the sleeping bag away from her face-- her dark hair is tangled, her face red and moist.

KATRINA

(huffing)

I'm so hot!

COLE (O.S.)

(inside Katrina's bag)

And wet!

Finn pops his head out of the other sleeping bag-- he touches Katrina's wet shoulder with his finger and licks it.

FINN

You're salty. I like sweet.

Sweaty Noelle pops her head out of Finn's sleeping bag--

NOELLE
(smiles)
I'm so, slippery.

She gazes puppy love at Finn-- Finn smiles-- she kisses him--

KATRINA
You guys have any weed?

Noelle snuggles against Finn--

COLE
In the drawer. Thirty joints.
Pick one. For you, no charge.

Katrina takes a joint out of the drawer, lights it, inhales, passes to Finn--

NOELLE
You're selling pot?

COLE
We sell everything.

NOELLE
You're going to be like dad.

Finn passes the joint to Noelle, she inhales--

COLE
Never. Fucking. Ever. Finn and I
are going to be independent. No
overhead. High margin. Cash only.

The muffled JOLTING-CHURNING noise of the garage door opening shatters the moment-- they freeze--

COLE (CONT'D)
Fuck! She's home early!

Noelle stubs out the joint and puts it in the drawer--

TRACK WITH THEM-

-as they scramble out of the sleeping bags-- run laughing up the back stairs, out the back door--SLAM--

EXT. WOLFE'S BACKYARD - POOL - DAY

--they scamper through the gate, across the pool deck and finish with a group cannonball leap into the pool-- SPLASH!

--As Julie walks around the corner from the garage and stops. She sadly gazes at the laughing kids playing in the pool.

DISSOLVE TO:

[BACK TO PRESENT - 1977]

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

A large Mediterranean-style house in an upscale neighborhood. Cole's lime green Camaro pulls into the driveway and parks next to Finn's green Monte Carlo.

INT. CAMARO (STOPPED) - SUNSET

Same as before: Cole, 18 in the driver's seat; Finn, 18, dozes in the front passenger seat with his head resting against the side window with a spot of dried blood on his neck.

COLE

(shakes Finn's arm)

Finn, we're home. At your
house, man. Finn?

Finn opens his eyes, sits up straight, stares-- he reaches into his jacket pocket, pauses... then places the empty bullet casing and slug on the dashboard next to the concert tickets.

Cole stares at the casing and slug--

FINN

Thought I was dreaming.

COLE

Where'd they come from?

FINN

The elevator. At Tysen's. Guy
tried to jack me. Gangbanger.

COLE

No shit?

Finn looks out the side window--

COLE (CONT'D)

Where's the guy now?

FINN

Never never land.

COLE
You're okay though, right?

FINN
(faces Cole)
It comes and goes. You know?

He opens car door--

COLE
(worried)
I mean, did he hurt you?

FINN
Just the hole in my neck.
(sincere)
I'm okay. Don't worry.

COLE
(intense)
How did it feel? To kill?

Finn smiles weakly and exits the car--

FINN (CONT'D)
I'll tell you if I feel it.

COLE
He's really dead?

FINN
(looks in at Cole)
Done. And gone.

He closes the door-- walks past his Monte Carlo to the door--

Cole is stunned-- his POV on Finn approaching his front door-- he picks up the casing and the slug that came out of it- that killed Joaquín. He stares at them-- he tries to stick the deformed slug into the casing-- it won't fit. It'll never fit. Cole's POV on Finn entering his house, closing his door.

INT. NOELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (1974)**

Julie carries in a basket of folded clothes-- she sets it on Noelle's bed. Noelle, 16, sits at her desk doing homework--

JULIE
I washed and ironed that blouse
you wanted to wear tomorrow...

NOELLE
Okay, thanks.

Julie walks to Noelle, stands near her shoulder--

JULIE
I'm going to work. Dad and I
will be home late...
(cautious)
Hey, just curious...

Noelle stays focused on her homework--

JULIE (CONT'D)
Are you and Finn, you know...
going together? Like steady?

NOELLE
Mom, really? I'm doing homework.
Have a biology test tomorrow.
I'm getting a "D" in that class.

JULIE
Oh no! I'll let you study then...
But you should, you know, maybe
think about other boys? He's
nice and all, very smart, but
you can do better. Find a rich
man, so you don't have to work,
unless of course you want-

NOELLE
-Are you kidding me? I'm trying
to concentrate! I have a test!

JULIE
He's not right for you.

Noelle turns to Julie--

NOELLE
Enough! I like him. A lot. We
haven't done anything. Yet. Now
leave me alone! Jesus, mom!

JULIE
(harsh)
Noelle! Do not fuck that boy!
Do you hear me! Find someone
else! Listen to me!

NOELLE
 (stands; faces her)
 Oh my god, mom! Why?! Why you
 crazy bitch?! Why?! Tell me!

Several beats...

JULIE
 (tears)
 You really want to know?

Noelle reacts to Julie's tears-- and softens a little--

NOELLE
 (worried)
 I don't know... do I?

JULIE
 (sniffling; tears)
 You cannot, tell, anyone.

[BACK TO PRESENT - 1977]

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Finn exhales a cloud of smoke-- rolls his baggie of weed tight and slides it into the inside pocket of his jacket-- exits the room, closes the door-- moments later his phone, on the shag carpeting, makes a repetitive hollow CLICKING sound--

INT. TYSEN'S TICKET OFFICE - NIGHT

Tysen stands shaking, sweating-- phone in one hand and a small caliber pistol in the other-- he throws down the phone-- aims his pistol with two shaking hands at the bullet proof window--

TYSEN
 (scared to death)
 I called Chicago P.D. Just go!
 You can't get in! It's a vault
 door and bullet proof window!

On the other side of the window, calm, holding a big ass, .45 Glock pistol is stocky, soft-spoken fifty-year-old Latino hitman for the Latin Lords, PEPE GUZMÁN--

PEPE
 (touches the glass)
 This window here? No. Not quite.
 (MORE)

PEPE (CONT'D)

Bullet resistant. Not bullet proof. Only level-one protection. You know- gas stations, stores, pharmacies. Businesses like that.

(shakes his head)

This has very few layers.

TYSEN

It came with the office! The guy said it was fucking bullet proof! Get out! You're going to be arrested!

PEPE

Sorry, no. You should've had them install level-two glass, like they use for banks- that would withstand the fire from a larger caliber weapon, like my Glock 21.

(admires his pistol)

This is a fourteen shot, forty-five caliber weapon. It's a motherfucking cannon.

Pepe backs up a couple steps as he gazes at the window--

PEPE (CONT'D)

And it is magnificent.

Pepe BANGS out five EXPLOSIVE rounds at the window-- instantly destroying it-- shards of glass BLAST into Tysen's office-- Tysen, barraged with a million sharp chips of level one glass, screams and dives down to hide behind his desk--

Pepe climbs onto the window ledge-- jumps into the office-- he walks to Tysen-- snatches the pistol from his shaking hand--

PEPE

Sales book?

TYSEN

(sobbing)

What?!

PEPE

Client, sales, book. Location?

TYSEN
(cowardly; sniveling)
Uhhh, top drawer... are you
going to kill me? Please don't
kill me!

Pepe opens the top drawer of Tysen's desk and pulls out a green ledger-- he drops it on the floor in front of Tysen--

PEPE
Sales. This afternoon. Page.

Tysen takes the book in his shaky hands, flips a few pages, finds the page of ticket sales for the afternoon--

TYSEN
(trembling)
Here. God, I just sell tickets!
(passes ledger to Pepe)
The police are on their way!

PEPE
No. No, they are not, Ira.
(tears out page)
They are just another gang in
the city. With whom we have a
treaty. We told them not to
respond to your call. They agreed.

Pepe folds the sales page and slides it into his pocket-- he places his pistol muzzle on the crown of Tysen's head--

TYSEN
(terrified; sobbing)
I'm not ready! Oh my god! This
is it? I'm going to die?!

CLOSE ON Pepe's hand gripping his pistol-- it has a tattoo of a RED CROWN between his thumb and index finger.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Finn walks along the sidewalk smoking a joint-- he stops at a corner to let a car pass in front of him.

Finn's POV as he looks up at the clear night sky, at the sparkling stars-- he continues walking-- and comes upon a park and playground--

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1974)**

Mothers sit on benches chatting together as their children play on the playground slides, jungle gym and carousel--

Holding hands, Noelle, 16 and Finn, 14 walk silently together through the park-- they are sad-- they look at each other with the broken heartache of losing their first love-- and slowly release their clasped hands. Noelle tries to smile, she has tears in her eyes. Finn stands still, distraught. Noelle kisses his cheek, and quickly walks off-- Finn watches her go.

FINN
(tears; yells to Noelle)
I love you!

Noelle stops with her back to Finn-- then continues walking--

[BACK TO PRESENT - 1977]

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - PARK - NIGHT

Finn shifts his sad gaze from the park and continues walking-- a car passes him-- then stops. It reverses until it stops next to him. Finn keeps walking-- the driver rolls his window down and drives forward slowly next to Finn-- it's douchebag Randy.

RANDY
Hey quarterback, you wanna go again? Just me and you. C'mon.
It'll be fun. I'm gonna put you in the hospital this time, you faggot jock.

Randy shifts the car into park. Finn stops walking. He stares at Randy-- Randy exits the car smiling-- he approaches Finn-- Finn instantly grabs Randy's hair, pulls his head down and pummels his face ferociously with his other fist-- he lets Randy drop to the street and kicks the shit out of his torso-- Randy is out cold, bloody and broken. Finn drags Randy to the car, shoves him into the driver seat, puts the car in drive-- it rolls forward, picks up speed-- Finn trots away--

INT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS GAME ROOM - NIGHT

1970's rock music plays from the stereo-- the room is filled with about twenty of Cole and Finn's FRIENDS ages 17-19, some with GIRLFRIENDS. They drink wine and beer from plastic cups--

MONTAGE

- Cole exchanges tightly folded white cocaine "snow seals" with many of his friends for cash--
- Finn, with the knuckles on his right fist raw from Randy's beating, passes out concert tickets in exchange for cash--
- Friends snort lines of coke through rolled up hundred-dollar bills off the glass tops of the pinball machines--
- Friends shoot pool and drink--
- Friends play foosball while smoking joints--

BACK TO SCENE

Cole's older brother, SEAN, 21, staggers drunkenly over to Finn with a cup of vodka-- it sloshes out of his cup--

FINN

Hey, Sean- whoa! Spillage.

SEAN

I'm fine, Finn. You seen my brother? He owes for the keg.

FINN

(pulls out cash)
I'll get it. Eighty-five, right?
(flips thru cash)
So, where's Noelle been lately?

SEAN

Out.

FINN

Yeah. She's never around.

He hands Sean a hundred-dollar bill--

SEAN

(takes bill)
She's after the flash, Finn.
Hunting millionaires. Something
you're not. Make bread or bail.

FINN

Yeah. I just thought-

SEAN

-Forget her, Finn. She's the
ice princess. Where's Cole?
The cars're here.

FINN

(nods)
Gun "womb."

The sign on the door reads-- "WOLFE PAVING, INC. KEEP OUT!"

Sean walks over and enters the gun room--

GUN ROOM

--Sean watches Cole snort a line of coke off the top of the steel safe. He's surrounded by beautiful oak-and-glass gun cases filled with rifles, shotguns, semiautomatic pistols, machineguns, revolvers and a set of antique Samurai swords.

In the b.g. corner behind Cole is a temperature-controlled cooler with a sticker reading "DANGER! EXPLOSIVES! KEEP OUT!"

SEAN

Cars're out front.

COLE

(sniffing)
Got any bets down tonight?

SEAN

Big on the Knicks. My guy says
it's a lock. Better be.

COLE

Take the Bulls, man! Get off
your losing streak.

Finn enters--

SEAN

Knicks'll cover for sure. I
have no worries.

COLE

Good luck. Still bookin with
Sally?

SEAN

Yeah. Fuckin dago Sal.

COLE
(notices Finn's hand)
Dude, your hand?

FINN
Had a blind date with my boy,
Randy... He wouldn't put out.
So I put him down. And out.

Cole and Sean smile.

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

The swaggering staggering rowdy crew of concert Kids wobble down the sidewalk in the darkness toward the street--

Four black stretch limousines idle quietly in line at the curb; the DRIVERS stand at the opened rear doors of the limos greeting their festive fares as they pile into the cars--

Finn and Cole walk toward the first limo--

COLE
Sabbath Rules! I am "Iron Man"!

FINN
I am "Killing Yourself to Live"!

They laugh and climb in-- Driver closes their door.

EXT. CHICAGO BUILDING - LATIN LORDS CLUBHOUSE - DAWN

The anonymous building is pristine. No graffiti. Just one small image of a "Red Crown" on the front door.

INT. LATIN LORDS CLUBHOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAWN

Sparsely furnished. A long table, thirty chairs and a phone.

Pepe sits alone in a chair at the table looking at the page torn from Tysen's ledger--

Pepe's POV on the page-- we see column headings across the top of the page-- name- phone number- event- #tickets sold- final price paid- time of day- with line-item rows of-- names, phone numbers, events, etc.--

CLOSE ON the last row-- "Finn- 312-555-7140- Black Sabbath- 25- \$900 cash- 5:00 PM."

Pepe pulls the phone over in front of him and pushes in Finn's digits-- he waits on several rings... then hangs up.

He thinks for a moment-- then presses in the digits of another phone number--

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAYBREAK

The sun peeks over the eastern horizon. Early birds chirp. The dewy green grass sparkles.

SUPER: 5:15 AM

YOUNG BOY, 12, rides his bicycle with a basket of newspapers attached to the front-- he throws papers onto the neighbors' driveways-- he approaches the Wolfe's house-- rides up the driveway, parks his bike and carefully lays a paper on the hood of the black Eldorado-- he hops on his bike and rides down the driveway, continues tossing papers--

The electric garage door GROANS as it slides open-- bushy beefy Hooker with the spike collar stalks out of the garage and sits waiting obediently at the Eldorado's driver's door.

Jack walks out of the garage in his navy-blue work clothes and heavy boots-- he wears a shoulder holster that holds a black pistol. He pulls on a windbreaker as he walks to his car--

Sean wipes his eyes and follows Jack out of the garage to the car-- he wears the same navy-blue work uniform and work boots.

Jack picks up the paper from the car and opens the door-- the big dog lunges onto the car's rear seat-- Jack gets in--

Sean opens the passenger door-- "WOLFE PAVING, INC." is stitched in gold cursive lettering on the back of his shirt-- a chrome pistol is tucked into the back of his pants.

Jack backs the car out of the driveway and speeds away--

A few moments later, a black stretch limousine pulls into the driveway-- the Driver hops out and opens the rear door-- he pulls groggy Cole out and helps him walk to the front door-- Driver uses Cole's keys to open the door-- he gives Cole a little push into the foyer, tosses the keys inside, watches him for a moment, then turns and trots back to the limo--

INT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAYBREAK

Cole sways drunkenly in the foyer with his eyes closed--

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAYBREAK

The limo backs out onto the street-- then speeds away--

A THUMP sound emanates from the foyer--

Immediately--a Ferrari pulls into the driveway and stops abruptly with a brief SQUEAL-- passenger door swings open-- a pair of four-inch heels and long legs swing out onto the driveway-- we see her tight red mini skirt, a diamond solitaire pendant around her neck, silky blonde hair, she turns her face-- revealing stunning Noelle, 19, who appears to be a hot young prostitute.

Noelle rises out of the car, pulls her tight mini skirt down her thighs and swaggered to the front door--

The Ferrari backs out of the driveway in a curving motion--

INT. FERRARI - DAYBREAK

Wealthy DRIVER, 35, stares lustfully at Noelle as she walks to the door--

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAYBREAK

Ferrari Driver SMASHES the rear end of his car into one of the large granite boulders protecting the lawn--

Noelle jerks her head toward the noise in surprise--

Driver's eyes pop with disbelief-- embarrassed, he shifts frantically into first gear while looking at Noelle with a dumb ass grin on his face--

Noelle smiles at him and waves cutely--

Driver SQUEALS away with the Ferrari's damaged rear bumper--

Noelle enters the foyer...

NOELLE (O.S.)

Get up you stupid boozier! You're
puking on mom's new carpet!

The front door SLAMS! closed.

EXT. CHICAGO - COOK COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

SUPER: 6:00 AM

Dual street signs indicate-- 26th Street / S. California Ave.

The sprawling dilapidated gray concrete fortress sits in a run-down Southside neighborhood. Razor wire rolls along the top perimeter of its high walls. Towers with armed guards monitor activity inside and outside of the jail.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - HOLDING BLOCK - DAY

Puke green walls and stale yellow light. BOOMING ECHOES of distorted voices-- inmates SCREAM, CRY, TALK SHIT and WAIL in anger and despair-- kind of like Hell.

A large holding cage packed with prisoners-- mostly black and Mexican gangsters covered with tattoos. Jack stands near jail guard, PETE, 50, holding a small notebook. Jack talks to a muscular black inmate, MANNY, 30, through the cell bars--

JACK

You got ten full crews at my yard right now ready to roll?

MANNY

That's my job, boss. And three new brothers here start today.

Three large tattooed men stand behind Manny, listening-- one of the men, a Latino man, HÉCTOR, 30, has the same red crown tattoo as Pepe on his hand between his thumb and index finger.

JACK

Pete, what's the bail?

PETE

They're all "D&D." So four hundred, total.

Jack jots numbers into his notebook--

JACK

(to Manny)

Sean's got the van out front.
Give him their names and numbers.
He'll take you to the job in Northbrook. Tell him to stop at my house for a radio mic.

MANNY

Okay... Jack, hey, I got this
great new idea- we start our
own bail bond company-

JACK

(stern)

-Manny. Shut the fuck up.

MANNY

It was just a joke.

JACK

You're the joke. A grown man,
stronger than King Kong and
smarter than anybody you know.
Locked in a cage. Like a fucking
ape at the zoo. Where's your
self-respect, Manny? You don't
belong here.

MANNY

No, sir.

JACK

Straighten out your dick.

Jack puts the notebook in his pocket as he and Pete walk to
the holding block security door-- it BUZZES and CLICKS open.

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

The lawn and bushes at the Mediterranean-style house are
overgrown.

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The alarm clock BEEPS continuously-- it's 10:15 AM. School
books, notebooks and half-read novels are scattered on the
desk and around the darkened room. Clothes are strewn about.
The MOANING air conditioner blows icy air-- Finn sleeps in
bed, covers up to his neck.

KNOCKING on the door--

SHANNON (O.S.)

Finn! Get up. I'm bored.

Shannon enters--

SHANNON (CONT'D)
I made you a B-L-T on toast.
It'll smooth out your hangover.

FINN
What, time is-

SHANNON
-Time to get your ass out of bed.
You've got to cut the grass and
trim the hedges before you go to
school. Your father expects it
done before he gets home... It's
like the Arctic in here! Finn!

FINN
(eyes closed)
I'm freezing the blood vessels
in my head. Stops my mind from
wandering. And throbbing.

SHANNON
If you start now, you can make
it to class by noon. Move it!

FINN
It's Friday. Can't I take the
day off? I'm really unwell.

SHANNON
Next time don't drink so much!
Speaking of booze... Finn, your
father and I. Are splitting up.

FINN
(stunned)
Good. It's about time. You
guys are toxic.

SHANNON (O.S.)
(exits)
He is. I'm done with him.

Finn sits up and pulls the covers off-- he's wearing his
jacket-- he slides his feet out from under the covers and sets
them on the carpet-- he looks down-- he's wearing his boots.

FINN
Ah, Christ.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET CORNER - DAY

Pepe stands on the corner smoking a cigarette-- a black unmarked Crown Victoria detective car pulls over and stops. Pepe looks around quickly, opens the rear door and gets in--

INT. UNMARKED DETECTIVE CAR (STOPPED) - DAY

--Slick Chicago detective, MICK, 50 sits behind the wheel. He hands Tysen's bookkeeping page to Pepe-- he takes it.

PEPE

You get the address?

MICK

No.

PEPE

Why not?

MICK

It's unlisted. I'd need a search warrant, signed by a Judge. And then when you whack the guy, the Judge is going to whack me. Not going to happen.

PEPE

I need the guy's address, Mick.
He may have killed my nephew.
The fuck we pay you for?!

MICK

Undetected information transfer.
Which I'm happy to provide. This falls outside of our agreement.
Find another way, Pepe.

PEPE

You are utterly useless.

MICK

I have one morsel that may be of interest. Street patrol noted a bright green Camaro, '68 or '69, parked illegally in front of Tysen's building. At 4:45 PM.

PEPE
Bright green Camaro? You get
the plate?

MICK
No.

PEPE
Fucking needle in a hay stack!
Thanks for nothing, Mick.

Pepe angrily exits the car-- SLAMS the door.

MICK
Have a nice day, killer.

EXT. WOLFE PAVING VAN (MOVING) - DAY

The navy-blue van has "WOLFE PAVING INC." painted in gold cursive above the rear side window.

INT. WOLFE PAVING VAN (MOVING/STOPPED) - DAY

Sean drives fast through a quiet North Shore neighborhood-- he's desperate. Manny's in the front passenger seat. Sitting behind a plexiglass partition in the rear of the van is Héctor and the other two large tattooed black MEN from county jail.

MANNY
Jack needs a replacement mic
for his car radio. He said to
stop at your house and get one.

SEAN
Fine! Another fucking errand!
I am so fucked!

MANNY
Hard to be more fucked.

SEAN
Knicks missed the spread by two
fucking points! Two! It was
supposed to be a goddam lock!
Was supposed to get me out of
this fucking hole!

MANNY
Stop digging... How much?

SEAN

Ten! I'm already into Sal for twelve. I woulda been down to owing him two! Now he wants twenty-two G's by ten o'clock tonight... How much you got, Manny? You gotta lend me-

MANNY

-Sorry, Sean. No extra. I got ex-wives and six kids who take it all. Wish I could help.

SEAN

(slams fist on wheel)
Where am I going to get it?!

Sean parks the van in front of his/Wolfe's house, opens door--

SEAN (CONT'D)
(exits van)
I gotta think! I can't think!

Héctor's POV through the van's window as Sean trots past Cole's lime green Camaro on the driveway--

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Finn pushes a lawnmower, cutting the tall grass-- he finishes inhaling the last of a joint and tosses it-- he glances up at the beautiful blue sky--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. PAUL CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAWN - **FLASHBACK**

SUPER: FIVE YEARS EARLIER - 1972

SUPER: 6:00 AM

YOUNG FINN, 12-years-old, wears the same school uniform as before, rides his bike through the same school & church parking lot toward the side door of the church-- he hops off his bike, opens the door and rolls his bike inside--

INT. ST. PAUL CHURCH - ALTAR BOY ROOM - DAWN

Sunlight pours through the window lighting up two glistening, crystal cut Eucharist cruets sitting on the counter, one filled with water and the other with red wine.

Finn pulls the white altar boy surplice over his head-- it hangs down over his long red cassock. He opens the door and looks down the hall toward the priest's sacristy--

HALLWAY

--Empty and quiet. Finn closes the door.

ALTAR BOY ROOM

Finn crouches down in front of the cabinet with the cruets on the counter above-- he opens the cabinet, takes the communion wine bottle, unscrews it, takes a long swig-- then another--

KNOCKING! on the door--

YOUNG FINN
(startled)
Yes, Father! I'm ready!

Finn quickly replaces the bottle in the cabinet, closes it quietly, grabs the two cruets and opens the door-- he smiles.

FATHER FRANCIS (O.S.)
You are ready but unfortunately
my child, I am not. Put those
down, please.

Young Finn walks to the counter and sets the cruets down-- we hear the SOUND of the door closing. Then locking.

FATHER FRANCIS (O.S.)
My zipper seems to be stuck.
Would you help me with it?
We have a few minutes, child.
Perhaps you can help us relax.

Finn turns and faces Francis-- his smile drops-- he becomes terrified. Frozen. His face turns white as a ghost.

[BACK TO PRESENT - 1977]

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

We hear the IDLING engine of the lawnmower. It's stopped near Finn, who lies trembling on the grass-- he sweats as he stares upward in a catatonic daze at the clouds in the blue sky-- Finn's POV on--

SKY [ANIMATED SEQUENCE]

A large black cloud transforms into a human adult male figure, with an erection, that appears to be fucking a smaller white cloud that morphs into the figure of a child-- the child cloud spurts tiny black clouds resembling tears from its eyes--

BACK YARD

--rain drops fall on trembling Finn lying on the grass near the IDLING lawnmower-- CLOSE ON Finn's face-- he's sobbing--

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO (MOVING) - DAY

Jack drives-- Cole's in the front passenger seat. Hooker hangs his blockhead out the back window with his long pink tongue flapping against his shiny white fangs--

JACK

You puked on the carpet and all over the bathroom. What's fucking wrong with you?

COLE

Yeah. I drank too much.

Jack backhands Cole hard across the face-- Cole turns his face robotically and doesn't make a sound--

JACK

You fucking smart ass. If you can't handle it, don't drink! I already have an alcoholic son.

COLE

Sorry, dad.

JACK

I have plans for you, Cole. I want you to take over in a few years. But a drunk drug addict can't run my show. It's too complicated. No room for error.

COLE

What about Sean? I thought he was going to take it. He thinks he is.

JACK
Sean's lost. Smart kid. No
brains. He's out. You're in.

Jack parks at the curb in front of "Fontana's Restaurant." The nearby parking lot is newly paved. Cardboard "WOLFE PAVING" signs dangle from string on either side of the entrance.

JACK
This fucking deadbeat owes me
thirty-grand. Let's go.

INT. FONTANA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The owner, FONTANA, 50, stands near his office in the back of the restaurant talking to Jack-- Cole stands nearby.

FONTANA
(arrogant)
Look, Jack, I'm temporarily
short. I'll pay you next month.

Jack opens his jacket, pulls out his black pistol, and holds it down by his side. Fontana stares at the pistol--

JACK
Get the fucking check. Make
it out to cash. Do it now.

FONTANA
(angry)
I'm telling you, I'm short.
Don't you fucking listen you
stupid fuckin mick?

Jack SLAMS Fontana to the floor with his forearm--

Cole reaches inside his jacket and watches closely--

Jack jams his pistol hard into the side of Fontana's throat--

JACK
(whispers)
Listen you macaroni fuck, you're
gonna be real short after I chop
your fucking legs off.

FONTANA
You threatening me?

CHEF, 50s, exits the kitchen with a meat cleaver--

JACK

No, cunt breath, I'm predicting
your future. They'll be calling
your new place "The Dwarf's."

Cole pulls his pistol and aims it at Chef-- Jack swings around
and aims his pistol at Chef-- who stops dead in his tracks.

JACK

Back to your stove, Flash or
Fontana's will be serving raw
brains tartare.

Chef hustles back into the kitchen--

JACK (CONT'D)

Get the fucking check before
I burn this shithole down.

FONTANA

I don't- how can I do this?!

Jack yanks Fontana to his feet by his sweat-drenched shirt--

JACK

I don't give a fuck. Get it
or I'll take the keys to that
new Benz parked out front.

Jack shoves Fontana toward his office--

EXT. FONTANA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Cole and Jack walk back to the parked Eldorado--

COLE

I don't know if I can run it.
Too many angles. Too many ass-
holes. Too much work. I'm lazy!

JACK

Don't be stupid, Cole. I made
over a million last year. The
IRS thinks I made a hundred
grand. I get three percent for
laundering the Don's money and
I kick twenty points to him
from my own operations-

COLE

-Too complicated! Too many
people involved- and the mob?
No thank you.

JACK

-You definitely want to run my
show. It's your style.

COLE

Not my style. I don't want it!
Finn and I are building our own
thing. Simple and profitable.
Target, execute, gone. Your show?
Nobody pays! You chase people
down, threaten them, get all
pissed off- beat me and Sean.
It's an ongoing clusterfuck.

JACK

Cole, nobody wants to pay for
anything in this world. I'm just
trying to wake you the fuck up.

Cole stares at Jack-- they open the car doors and get in--
they SLAM their doors shut simultaneously.

INT. THE OLD MILL PUB - DAY

MUSIC CUE: The juke box rocks "Free Bird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd--

Tattooed BIKERS shoot pool in the small dive bar--

Finn, depressed, sits at the end of the bar drinking a glass
of beer-- he leaves his half-full beer and walks to the exit--

TERRY, 30, big, ratty-bearded, muscled, tattooed biker and bar
manager smokes a fat joint outside the front door--

EXT. THE OLD MILL PUB - FRONT STEP - DAY

--Finn steps outside-- Terry passes him the joint--

TERRY

Any better?

FINN

(takes a hit)

No. The cops will be at my door
any day now, even though he was
robbing me. I'm going to jail.

TERRY

Did anything about him stand
out to you? Colors, patches,
insignias? Tats?

FINN

Nothing obvious... seemed to be
a garden variety gangbanger...
When he was holding the knife on
my throat, I did notice a tattoo
on his hand, could've been a hat,
with points, red-

TERRY

-was it a crown? A red crown?
(points to hand)
Between thumb and index finger?

FINN

Yeah. Right there.

TERRY

That's Latin Lords. They're in
the north Loop, where you were
buying the tickets. Heard their
new boss, Salazar, is aggressive,
expanding their territory north.
He's a pretty brutal cat. We
usually steer clear of them.

FINN

Well. Now I'm fucked either way.

TERRY

If you need any help, Finn- I
mean, I still owe your father
ten-large for getting me off
the bomb charges. You let me
know. Okay, Finn? Anytime.

FINN

Sure, yeah... thanks, Terry.

Finn walks slowly toward his parked green Monte Carlo--

TERRY
You'll be okay. Call me.

The sunset lasers golden beams from the horizon at Finn's face
that cause him to put his hand over his eyes--

JIMMY (O.S.)
Heard you might be here... That
you hang here... because Terry
doesn't card football players.

Finn turns his eyes away from the sunlight to reveal former
altar boy, JIMMY, 16. Finn takes a moment to remember him--

FINN
(pleasantly surprised)
Oh, yeah, Jimmy. How ya doing?

JIMMY
(awkward)
A little better. I think.

FINN
Good... that's good. Right?

JIMMY
(embarrassed)
Yeah. I, uh, just got out.

FINN
Out? Of jail?

JIMMY
(desolate)
Nah. Was committed. Against my
will. On a 405? Couple attempts.
After the, Francis, thing. Got
lucky. They said. I don't know.
Things. Like how to tie a rope
knot- or my veins from arteries.
(small smile)
Took a long time to process. I'm
slow, you know? Not like you,
Finn. You're a genius.
(teary)
But... I wanted to thank you.

FINN
(serious)
He had a heart attack, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Yeah...
(small smile)
I guess he did.

Jimmy awkwardly hugs Finn-- immediately separates--

JIMMY
(upbeat; walks away)
Turning my life around, Finn!

Finn stands stunned... he walks to his car and gets in--

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "Pretty Vacant" by the Sex Pistols plays from Finn's stereo-- pot smoke hangs in the air-- Finn's at his desk doing homework--

His phone on the carpet CLICKS-- CLICKS-- CLICKS--

Finn mutes the stereo and picks up the phone--

FINN
Hello?

INT. BROWN UNIVERSITY - FILM ROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

Brown University Head Football Coach, JOHN HENDERSON, 40, sits next to a film projector--

HENDERSON
Hello, is this Finn Kelly? My name is John Henderson, Head Coach of the Brown University football team.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

FINN
(excited)
Yes, this is Finn.

HENDERSON
Hi, Finn. Nice to speak with you. Look, I've been looking at your game film from last season and the stats package that your Coach, John Davis sent to me.

FINN

Davis sent you a stats and film package? I didn't know.

HENDERSON

I'm thankful he did. Finn, I'm very impressed with your skills at quarterback and your academic performance. You have the leadership qualities that Brown values. We're a Division-1 school in the Ivy League and we would love to have you join our program.

FINN

That's great, Coach Henderson. I'm speechless. But excited. And very honored to be invited. That you thought of me. Thank you, Sir.

HENDERSON

Great to hear, Finn. Look, we're doing a recruiting tour in a few weeks and I'd like to meet you and tell you more about our plans for you. We'll send you an information pack soon about the dinner we'll be having with you and our Chicago recruits. I look forward to meeting you, Finn. Take care.

FINN

Yes, Sir. You, too. Thank you!

Finn hangs up. KNOCKING on his door--

SHANNON (O.S.)

Finn, can I come in?

FINN

Yes! Yes!

Shannon enters the room and closes the door.

SHANNON

Finn- god, it stinks in here!
Open the window.

FINN

It is open.

SHANNON

Turn the air conditioner on...
Hey, I got a call, about an hour
ago. From Dean Kourt. Were you
in a fight last night? I thought
you went to the concert?

Finn's massive excitement deflates into despair--

FINN

Yes. Both.

SHANNON

He said the boy you fought with
identified you from your yearbook
picture.

FINN

Randy Strand. He knows who I am.
The guy who, along with his
friends, beat the crap out of me.

SHANNON

Oh. Then he deserved it. How did
it happen?

FINN

He saw me walking to Cole's
house. And said he was going
to put me in the hospital.

SHANNON

He's in Glenbrook hospital.

FINN

Good. Fuck him. Hope he dies.

SHANNON

The police want us to go to
the station tomorrow so they
can arrest you. And then we
can post your bail... Your
father doesn't know... I
got a referral for a good
criminal attorney. His name
is Adler. He called the
police and arranged the, uh,
surrender.

Long pause... Finn stares into space--

FINN

I'm not, quite right. Am I?
 (beat)
 Those bullies from St. Paul's?
 My old classmates. The ones
 that allegedly ran off together?

Shannon puts her hand on his shoulder--

SHANNON

We'll get through this. We
 always do. You'll be alright.

FINN

(daze)
 God, I am really... fucked up.

INT. ST. PAUL CHURCH - ALTAR BOY ROOM - DAWN - **FLASHBACK**

Finn, 14, enters quickly carrying his jacket-- he closes the door-- we see he's wearing latex gloves-- he hangs his jacket on the hook, walks quickly to the lower cabinet, opens it, takes out the bottle of wine, unscrews the cap and sets it on the counter-- he takes two clean crystal cruets from the shelf above, fills one with water, replaces the stopper-- he takes the other cruet and fills it with the wine-- he takes a small foil square from his pocket and unfolds it--revealing a powdery substance--that he taps into the wine filled cruet-- he places the stopper in the wine cruet, holds it tight, shakes it and sets it on the counter next to the water cruet.

The door opens-- YOUNG JIMMY, 12, enters and stops, startled by Finn's presence-- Finn slyly removes his gloves--

YOUNG JIMMY

Oh, Finn! Are you serving this
 mass? Thought I was scheduled.
 I'm so stupid. I hate when I-

FINN

(smiles)
 -No, Jimmy, you're on. I haven't
 served in a while. But I forgot
 I left my jacket in here.

Finn takes his jacket off the hook, puts it on.

YOUNG JIMMY

(notices cruets)
 Oh, you filled the cruets?

FINN
(glances at cruets)
Uh... No. I didn't.
(winks)
Looks like someone did us
a favor.

Young Jimmy takes off his coat, hangs it on the hook-- he goes to the closet and takes out a red cassock and puts it on--

FINN (CONT'D)
Father Francis saying mass?

Young Jimmy buttons the numerous cassock buttons--

YOUNG JIMMY
(with foreboding)
Yeah... can you stay in here?
Till we go out? You could-

FINN
-I can't, Jimmy. Sorry...
(slowly)
Hey... Did Francis ever, do anything, you know, like, weird?
Like, did he... ever touch-

YOUNG JIMMY
(looks away)
-No!

FINN
Okay, okay... Because I heard
he did... to some of the boys.

YOUNG JIMMY
(red face; embarrassed)
Not me! Not to me! Never did.

FINN
Yeah, me neither... hey, I'm
going to stay for the mass.
Don't fall asleep!

YOUNGER JIMMY
I never do! I'm a good boy...
Right, Finn?

FINN
You're good, Jim. Remember that.

Finn smiles at Young Jimmy and exits--

INT. ST. PAUL CHURCH - MASS - MORNING (A LITTLE LATER)

Mass is in progress-- Baby-faced FATHER FRANCIS, 35, stands behind the altar consecrating the Holy Eucharist-- Jimmy stands beside him-- Francis raises the golden chalice to his lips, drinks and sets the chalice on the altar-- his face goes white as a ghost-- he clutches the edge of the altar-- his face SLAMS down onto the marble top-- he crumbles to the floor clutching his chest-- he lies still. Eyes open. Dead. Young Jimmy stares down at Francis in shock--

The few Parishioners attending mass express shock and MURMUR--

Finn rises from the rear pew. He stares at Young Jimmy on the altar. He makes eye contact with him, and nods-- Young Jimmy stares at him... nods back. A small furtive smile appears on Young Jimmy's face-- Finn exits through the lobby--

[BACK TO PRESENT - 1977]

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Finn and Shannon are in the same positions as before--

SHANNON

Finn? What are you saying?

FINN

(panic)

What? I was talking? I don't even know what I'm thinking... Did I say he ran off?!

(gets up)

Is dinner ready?

SHANNON

Yes. From the elevator.

(perplexed)

Well... come down, we're having steak.

She exits-- Finn, fearfully confused, watches her leave--

INT. LATIN LORDS CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

The clubhouse is virtually empty... Pepe stands near the window talking to Latin Lords gang leader, JESÚS SALAZAR, 40.

PEPE

An alert's out to all members and affiliates. Two hundred working a downtown grid of five squares. If needed, they'll expand five more. The bounty's twenty thousand.

In the b.g., Héctor enters the clubhouse, spots Pepe and Salazar talking in the corner-- he walks to them--

SALAZAR

Increase it to fifty. Get the word out. What else can we do?

HÉCTOR

Where is everybody?

SALAZAR

On the street... You got hired by Wolfe. Right?

HÉCTOR

Not directly, but yeah. Manny set it up. I'm in. On a shovel.

SALAZAR

Good. Blueprint his operation. I want to know everything. He's our bridge into the North Shore.

HÉCTOR

Will do, Jesús.

He takes a couple steps toward the door, turns back to them--

HÉCTOR

Why is everyone on the street?

PEPE

I guess you didn't hear. Joaquín was murdered. Chicago P.D. let us have it. No interference.

HÉCTOR

(shocked)

Pepe, I'm very sorry. I came in with Joaquín. He was a good man.

(beat)

Who are you looking for?

PEPE
A guy named Finn and a bright
green Camaro- '68 or '69.

Héctor slowly nods his head--

INT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean paces the room while talking on the phone--

SEAN
(desperate)
Look, Barry, I'm in a real
bind here! All you gotta do is
sit in the car... eight o'clock.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Finn's smart and pretty sister, CIARA, 16, sits next to him on his right. Shannon sits between Ciara and Finn's father, CONOR, 50, who sits directly across the table from Finn drunk with a Martini in one hand and a lit Lucky Strike cigarette in the other. The table is full of food platters and bowls.

SHANNON
Ciara aced her AP Physics exam.
She is so brilliant!

Ciara smiles with pride--

CONOR
(drunk)
She's the smart one.

SHANNON
Both of our kids are geniuses.
Finn scored, what-
(looks at Finn)
-over fifteen hundred on your
SAT's? We are blessed.

CONOR
Not our kids.

FINN
What does that mean? Are you
delusional? You make no sense!

SHANNON
(disgusted)
He's drunk! Again.

CONOR
I know who he is.

Finn stares at him--

FINN
(contempt)
What's wrong with you? You're
out of your mind every night.

CIARA
(anxious)
Come on, dad, leave him alone.

CONOR
(slams fork down)
Quit ganging up on me!

Conor drains his Martini-- lights a second cigarette-- blows
the smoke across the table at Finn-- Finn moves his head--

SHANNON
(annoyed)
We're eating dinner here for
chrissakes! Put that out!

CONOR
Shut your mouth! I'll put you
out!
(points at Finn)
You're a lunatic! You'll always
be a loser. Your future is jail
or death!

Angry Conor leans back, sucks the butt of the Lucky Strike--
his face is beet red-- he exhales a cloud of smoke at Finn--

Finn stares in cold rage, ready to explode--

CONOR
(evil smirk)
Sociopathic maniac!

CIARA
(crying)
Cut it out! Stop it now! Stop!

SHANNON
Leave him alone!

CONOR
A real, honest to god, bastard!

FINN
(explodes)
Shut your fucking mouth!

Finn stands-- faces down his father--

Shannon stares at Conor with her steak-knife gripped tightly in her hand--

Conor gets to his feet, comes around the table toward Finn--
Finn immediately SLAMS him hard to the floor--

CONOR
What're you gonna do, boy,
kill me?!

Finn presses his knee on Conor's chest and strangles him--

Ciara sits on the floor in the corner rocking and MOANING--

Conor's eyes are bulging and glassy, his lips are blue, he's strangulating--

FINN
Fuck you! You're dead!

SHANNON
(sobbing)
Please, Finn! Don't! Don't.

Finn instantly stops strangling Conor-- takes his knee off his chest, stands up, and looks down at his father--

FINN
Not worth it. You, are nothing.

Conor coughs and coughs, slowly regains his senses-- he takes a deep ragged breath-- Shannon sets her knife on the table--

Ciara, curled up in the corner, shakes and MOANS in a catatonic trance--

A car horn BLARES from the driveway outside--

FINN
That's Cole.

Finn exits the kitchen--

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Finn bursts out the front door while putting his jacket on-- he walks to the Camaro, opens the door, and gets in.

INT. COLE'S CAMARO (STOPPED/MOVING) - NIGHT

Cole's behind the wheel. Noelle, dressed in a navy-blue mini skirt, red heels, white stockings and expensive jewelry, sits in the back seat. She wears a sparkling diamond tennis bracelet on her left wrist.

COLE
Mr. Kelly. What's up, big guy?

Cole backs out of the driveway--

FINN
(burning anger)
"Captain World War Two" doing
his daily dinner reenactment.
He's still detonating unexploded
bombs at the dinner table.
Almost went all the way tonight.

NOELLE
(big smile)
Hi, Finn.

Finn, surprised by Noelle's voice, turns around to face her--

FINN
(happy)
Hey, Noelle. Sorry, my mind is
on a battlefield... Jesus, you
look stunning. What's up?

COLE
We're dropping her at the club.
And I gotta to talk to my dad.

NOELLE
I have a date tonight.

FINN
(disappointed)
Oh... Who's the lucky guy?

COLE
Whoever pays the most.

NOELLE
Fuck you, Hole. This beaucoup
bucks currencies trader.

FINN
So, a rich crook. Name?

NOELLE
Richie Feldman. He's in the
Deutschmarks pit? Whatever...
We're going to a party on Lake
Shore Drive.

FINN
Noelle, when are we going to go
out? It's been forever.

NOELLE
(uncomfortable)
Oh, you know. I don't know.

COLE
When you make some money. She's
totally spoiled. Between my dad
and these MERC jerks, you don't
have a chance.

NOELLE
So? I like nice things. What's
wrong with that?

FINN
How about next week?

NOELLE
I don't know. I'd like to, I
mean, I've always loved you,
and... but, I don't know, you
know? I've known you forever,
and... I'll think about it!
Call me next week, okay? Maybe
we'll do coffee?

COLE
(laughs)
Oh my god! Shot down in flames.
So brutal. She's an assassin.

FINN
Death. Story of my life.

EXT. THE ULTRA ROOM - NIGHT

Doorman Gino stands behind the red velvet rope promoting the club and dancers to the funky crowd passing on the sidewalk--

Cole drives up and parks the Camaro in front-- Gino trots quickly to the car, opens the passenger door, and grabs Finn by the arm to help him out--

FINN
(smiles)
I got it Gino, thanks.

GINO
(smiling)
How are you tonight, my high-watt friend?

FINN
Flickering, Gino. How're you?

GINO
(assists Noelle)
Never better. Miss Noelle! Oh, what a sight! The most beautiful woman in all of Chicago.
(bows down before her)
I am at your service, Miss.

NOELLE
(smiles)
Hello, Gino. You look very handsome tonight. How's the house?

GINO
About a third, but it's early.
Your father's in the office.

The group moves toward the entrance of the club--

FINN
(walking; to Cole)
She never tells me I look
handsome.

COLE
(walking to door)
You're ugly. You don't work for
my dad. And you have no money.

FINN
We have plenty of cash, close to
forty the last time I looked.

COLE
(enters club)
Not enough. Never enough.

FINN
(enters club)
How much is enough?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLE'S CAMARO - NIGHT

Cole drives. Finn's in the passenger seat loading bullets into
a magazine for the semiautomatic pistol resting in his lap--

They drive by a sign-- "DePaul University, Lincoln Park."

The wealthy city neighborhood is filled with festive people--

COLE
My dad wants me to take over.
I told him I didn't want it.

FINN
Whoa, just the response he
wanted to hear. My dad wants
me to kill him. Suicide by son.

COLE
What do we want?

FINN
(looks at Cole)
To get out alive.

Cole pulls the car over in front of a three-story brownstone
townhouse and parks.

Finn slides the loaded mag into his pistol, pulls the slide back to load the chamber and cock the hammer-- he switches the safety on and slides the gun into his inside jacket pocket.

Cole pulls out a thick banded stack of cash--

COLE
Thirty.

He puts the stack into his jacket, takes out his pistol, pulls the slide back and puts it inside his jacket.

FINN
(watching)
Put the safety on.

COLE
No safety tonight.

Finn looks at Cole a moment-- then reaches behind and pulls an aluminum briefcase from the back seat into the front-- he POPS the two locks, opens the case, reaches inside briefly, then shuts the case and SNAPS the locks closed--

They exit the Camaro--

EXT. CHICAGO - LINCOLN PARK TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

--Finn and Cole, carrying the briefcase, walk up the front steps to the townhouse door--

The street is very noisy behind them with passing groups of students, chatty intellectuals and yuppies--

Sirens BLARE from a gang of blue and white Chicago police cars speeding east down Fullerton toward Lake Michigan--

Finn presses the door buzzer-- BIZZZZZZ...

EXT. THE ULTRA ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Noelle struts out of the club with flashy date, FELDMAN, 30, the Deutschemark trader-- they talk and laugh as they walk to his car, a new red Porsche, parked in front-- Feldman passes a folded bill as a tip into Gino's hand--

Gino holds the passenger door open for Noelle as she slides into the front seat-- her tight blue miniskirt hikes up her thighs as she smiles warmly at Gino-- who closes the door.

Feldman gets in the driver's seat with a big smile, starts the car and jerks the powerful Porsche into traffic--

Gino watches the red car speed away-- he looks at Feldman's tip in his hand-- his POV on a one-dollar bill.

INT. SEAN'S BMW (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Sean drives his BMW to a house, pulls into the driveway, taps his horn lightly and waits-- Sean's friend BARRY, 25, comes out, walks to the car and gets in--

SEAN

Hang tight. This'll be over
in twenty minutes.

BARRY

The sooner the better.

Sean backs the BMW out of the driveway-- they drive off--

INT. LINCOLN PARK TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

The interior is gaudy but expensively furnished.

MUSIC CUE: Tony Bennet croons "The Good Life."

Six men, brash Italian GANGSTERS, late-20s, in suits and ties sit around a large oak table in the dining room. They laugh, talk, toast loudly and drink-- three pistols are on the table.

Very tall and very heavy JASON, 28, gets up from the dining table and walks to the front door--

FOYER

He opens the thick wooden door and greets Finn and Cole-- they shake hands-- Jason towers over them.

JASON

You're late.

Finn and Cole hesitate.

COLE

We're on the button, Jason.

JASON
(nods at the case)
What, now you're moving in?
Like I need roommates?

FINN
Business files, client lists and
shit. Didn't want to leave it in
the car.

JASON
(nods)
You guys packed?

COLE
Of course.

JASON
Every time. I tell you. No guns.

FINN
(motions toward
dining room)
No offense, Jason but those guys
look exactly like the type of
shit-dripping assholes that would
fuck us. Am I right? You take
their guns, we'll give you ours.

DINING ROOM

Their POV on the dining room just as GANGSTER #1 leans over the table, knocks over a glass, grabs a pistol from the table top and points it at GANGSTER #2's face-- who laughs at him-- Gangster #1 is totally pissed-off-- his pistol is pointed and steady an inch away from GANGSTER #2's nose-- Gangster #2 stops laughing-- he looks grim--

JASON
Okay. I see your point.

They watch the action in the dining room--

Gangster #1 starts laughing and flops back in his chair-- Gangster #2 slowly smiles-- Gangsters laugh and swig their drinks-- Gangster #2 isn't laughing.

JASON
They're mostly harmless. Come in
and say hello to my associates.

Jason walks to the dining room--

 FINN
 (deadpan)
So excited to meet them.

They follow behind Jason--

 COLE
 (whispers to Finn)
Travel to strange lands, meet
strange people.

 FINN
And eat them.

Jason, Cole and Finn enter the dining room--

DINING ROOM

The Gangsters stare smugly at Finn and Cole--

 JASON
This is Cole and Finn. We've
been doing business for a year
now. They service the playground
set on the North Shore. They're
packed so don't fuck with them.

 GANGSTER #1
 (stunned)
These kids? Are fucking kids!
The school bus drop you off?

 GANGSTER #2
Save up all your lunch money
in your Star Wars lunch box?

 GANGSTER #3
You tots should be home in your
jammies studying your A-B-Cs with
mommy.

The Gangsters all laugh at their brilliant jokes--

Finn and Cole look at each other with flat expressions--

COLE

(stares coldly)

Listen to these limp dick homo
fucks farting out pearls of shit.
Boy, I wanna grow up and be just
like you dimwit dago assholes.

(to Finn)

They're so, gangster.

The Gangsters stop laughing.

FINN

(cold)

Could we get started? I gotta
get home to watch "Lassie."
Timmy might have fallen into the
fucking well again. And my mommy
gets mad at me when I'm out after
dark. She says there's boogeymen
in the dark. Are you fuckers the
boogers that live in the dark?

Pause... The Gangsters stare at them, confused-- then--

GANGSTER #1

(cold)

If you weren't halfway amusing.
We'd murder you. Where you stand.
In your shoes. You'd never see
your mommies again.

Pause... then-- they all start laughing again-- Cole casually
slides the briefcase under the table--

JASON

So guys. Let's do it.

INT. CHICAGO LAKEFRONT - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

MUSIC CUE: Funky "Brick House" by the Commodores cranks--

Stunning 360° city and lake views surround the throbbing party
that jams with about twenty hipster people-- wealthy grifter
types in their thirties, naïve women in their mid- to late-
teens-- drinking, talking, smoking, snorting blow, dancing--

Noelle has a glass of champagne in her hand. She talks to
Feldman near the floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the
shimmering lakefront--

NOELLE

I'd love to go to Paris! The couture houses are amazing-

FELDMAN

-We could leave Thursday, spend the night in New York and leave the next morning.

NOELLE

(smiling)

Sounds dreamy. But, I don't think so. I don't know you.

FELDMAN

You can trust me. I'm harmless.

NOELLE

I doubt it. But let me think about it. Hold my drink, I have to use the little girl's room.

Noelle smiles at him and struts off to the bathroom-- Feldman smiles at her and watches her walk away.

EXT. OLD ORCHARD SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Closing time-- Shoppers stream out of the mall to their cars--

We see the elegant C.D. Peacock Jewelry Store-- Sean's BMW drives to the store and parks near the front door.

INT. SEAN'S BMW (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Sean behind the wheel and Barry in the front seat face C.D. Peacock Jewelry Store. A COUPLE in their thirties exit the store admiring a new engagement ring on the lady's finger--

SEAN

(exits car)

Honk if you see anything.

Barry nods--

Sean walks quickly to the jewelry store's entrance while pulling a ski mask down over his face-- he opens the door--

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

--Sean trots to a jewelry case while pulling his gun from his waistband under his shirt-- the store is empty, except for--

--JEWELER, 50, who stands behind the case stunned-- he ducks down quickly behind the case-- Sean leans over the case and points his gun down fiercely at the cowering Jeweler--

SEAN

Leave the gun! I'll blow your
fucking brains out! Get up!
Stand up! Now!

Jeweler trembles as he squats looking up at Sean's pistol muzzle an inch from his eye--

JEWELER

I'll shoot you! Get out!

CLOSE ON Jeweler's shaky hand gripping a pistol with his finger on the trigger directly under the case that Sean leans on above-- he points the barrel upward toward Sean's torso--

SEAN

Get up! Stand up! The safe! I
want the wallet, with the loose
stones! The wallet! Move it!

Sean jabs the pistol muzzle hard into the Jeweler's eyelid--

EXT. OLD ORCHARD SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

A Cook County Sheriff squad car cruises through the parking lot with three Deputies inside-- the squad car drives past the jewelry store-- slows-- then stops--

INT. SEAN'S BMW - NIGHT

Barry's POV on the Sheriff's stopped squad car-- that parks a few spots away from the BMW-- he stares in terror and slides down low in his seat--

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

The Sheriff's Deputies park and exit the squad car--

DEPUTY #1's POV through the glass windows of what's going down inside the jewelry store--

DEPUTY #1
(into shoulder mic)
Two-Eleven in progress! Peacock
Jewelers- Old Orchard Mall! Send
back-up!
(runs to store)
White male- suspect armed!

DEPUTY #2 enters the store cautiously, gun out, aimed at Sean leaning over the case-- Deputy #1, gun out, follows Deputy #2 inside and crouches behind a case-- SERGEANT enters low and takes up position behind another case-- Sean has no exit.

INT. SEAN'S BMW - NIGHT

Barry slides quickly into the driver's seat, puts the car in reverse, then pulls forward, and slithers away--

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Sean darts a look at the three Sheriff Deputies coming in fast and ducking behind the cases-- he reaches down and rips the Jeweler's gun out of his shaking hand--

The crouching Deputies aim their weapons at Sean--

SERGEANT
(steady)
Freeze motherfucker! Drop the
weapons! Drop 'em now!

DEPUTY #1
(nervous)
Drop the fucking guns!

Sean slowly turns from the counter-- he points his two guns at the Sergeant and Deputy #1; his arms and hands shake--

DEPUTY #2
(hysterical)
Drop 'em! Just drop the fucking
guns!

Tension builds-- Sean and the Deputies aim at each other--

SEAN
(to himself)
Fuck this. I'm out.

Sean FIRES! rapidly at the Deputies-- misses with all shots--

All three Deputies FIRE! at Sean-- hitting his torso, head and legs with multiple shots that rip him apart--

Jeweler peeks out from behind the case--

Sirens BLARE-- Sean's mutilated body bleeds out on the floor-- the Deputies approach him cautiously, kick his guns clear-- Sergeant crouches and pulls off Sean's ski mask--

SERGEANT
Jack Wolfe's kid.

The other two Deputies stare down at bloody Sean--

DEPUTY #1
(distressed)
Why? Why?! They're fucking rich!

SERGEANT
Get the Coroner... I gotta make
a call.

Sergeant exits the store--

INT. LAKEFRONT PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

The room's lit with candles. Tied to the brass rail at the head of the bed is a ripped white stocking--tied to a girl's right wrist-- her fingers, with red painted nails, are squeezed tightly into a fist-- her left wrist with the diamond tennis bracelet is tied to the rail with another shred of white stocking--

A male's hand shoves her head face down into the pillow-- muffled ragged MOANING is heard--

She is naked, spread eagle on her belly-- her ankles are tied with ripped blue stockings to the corner brass rails at the foot of the bed--

Feldman is on her back, sweating like a pig as he rapes her-- he climaxes and groans-- the girl SCREAMS in pain into the pillow-- Feldman rolls off of her, and laughs-- he grabs his clothes and dresses--

The girl trembles on the bed-- blood pools on the sheet between her legs--

Filming with a lit video camera is ticket broker, Ira Tysen.

FELDMAN

I told you I'd find the hottest
young cunt on the North Shore.

(high-fives Ira)

She's all yours.

TYSEN

What an incredible body. Where
did you get it?

FELDMAN

(smiles)

It's a secret.

Two slick mobsters in their early thirties, RICKY SESSO and Sean's bookie, SAL COMETA, enter the room--

The girl shakes her head-- blonde hair falls from her blood and lipstick smeared face revealing Noelle, with a cut eye and broken nose-- tears fill her eyes-- she struggles to breathe--

NOELLE

(barely audible)

Stop, please. Please. Daddy.
Help me.

INT. LINCOLN PARK TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Jason and Cole stand next to a table with scales, an open briefcase filled with plastic bags of cocaine, a black duffel bag filled with bags of cocaine and an Uzi machinegun.

Jason walks around the table, crouches and tosses Cole's banded stack of thirty thousand cash into the open safe.

JASON

(smiles)

Always a pleasure, Cole.

COLE

Likewise. We're moving up a level after this deal.

JASON

I look forward to increasing the size of our transactions.

Cole grabs the black duffel bag, shakes Jason's hand and exits the room-- Jason hesitates, then exits the room--

DINING ROOM

Finn and the Gangsters sit around the table talking, drinking, smoking cigars and laughing-- Cole and Jason enter the room-- Jason sits down at the table-- Cole stands nearby--

JASON

Let's have a drink! To business!

COLE

Yeah, hold it a sec, I gotta take a leak. I always get a woody when I make a big deal.

JASON

Are ya gonna spank it or drain it?

COLE

(smiles; walks to hall)
Both, in the proper sequence.

The Gangsters at the table laugh--

Cole enters the hall-- walks O.S.--

Finn gets to his feet-- he looks toward the front room that faces the street--

FINN

(panic)

Fuck! That a flashing yellow light? Shit, we had to double-park. They're towing our car?!

Finn walks quickly to the front room bay window--

JASON

You're being paranoid!

(to others)

These kids are a little jumpy.
They do good business, though.
And consistently more volume!

Jason pours a glass of champagne-- raises glass-- drinks--

BATHROOM

Cole pulls a small metal box from his jacket pocket that has a toggle switch, a button, and a small light that flashes red-- he flips the toggle switch-- the flashing red light changes to flashing green--

FRONT ROOM

Finn looks out the large bay window-- the street has become crowded with adults, students, partiers-- he shakes his head and ducks behind a large padded chair in the corner--

DINING ROOM

Jason and the Gangsters drink and joke-- then become silent--

GANGSTER #4
(serious)
Where the fuck are they?

GANGSTER #5
(realization)
It's wrong. Fucking wrong!
(pause)
Where's that fucking case?!

They dart looks around the room-- grab wildly for their pistols on the table and in their jackets--

Gangster #1 looks under the table-- his POV on the aluminum case-- he reaches for it--

BATHROOM

Cole grins in the mirror as he holds the small green-light flashing box-- he crouches down, and presses the button--

DINING ROOM

Gangster #1 grabs the case as it detonates with a tremendous CONCUSSIVE EXPLOSION!

The dining table is BLOWN to splinters-- glass, wood, fire, and smoke fly everywhere-- Jason and the Gangsters are blown to pieces-- body parts and blood splatter the walls-- a gruesome pink mist hangs in the smokey air-- fire burns where the table was--

FRONT ROOM

The BLAST slams the chair and Finn against the front wall and BLOWS out the large bay window overlooking the street--

FINN
(on floor)
Fuck!

POV from the blown-out bay window of the street below as people scream and scatter--

Finn pulls his pistol-- runs into the demolished, blazing dining room-- his POV on bloody mangled body parts-- arms, legs, half a head, a hand gripped on a pistol, an empty shoe--

COLE (O.S.)
Finn! Bedroom!

TRACK WITH-

-Finn exits dining room, trots down the hall to the back bedroom--

BEDROOM

The room is chaos-- everything in shambles--

Cole crouches at the open safe-- he pulls out banded stacks of cash and stuffs them into the black duffel bag-- Finn enters the room with his pistol--

FINN
Cole?!

COLE
Grab the shit!

Finn grabs the overturned briefcase off the floor-- he fills it with the bags of coke, SNAPS it shut-- he stands with the case in one hand, his pistol in the other--

Cole finishes cleaning out the safe and stands--

COLE
Let's go.

They run through the burning rooms and exit the front door--

EXT. LINCOLN PARK TOWNHOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

--Cole and Finn run down the steps of the townhouse with the duffel bag and briefcase and get into the green Camaro--

The street and sidewalk are deserted. Sirens WAIL LOUDER and LOUDER-- closing in on the townhouse--

The green Camaro PEELS away from the curb, and speeds off--

--the townhouse EXPLODES! completely engulfed in raging flames--

Fire trucks and squad cars pull up fast and skid to a stop in front of the fire-- the townhouse blazes out of control--

EXT. THE ULTRA ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The street and sidewalks are dead quiet. Gino stands behind the red velvet rope near the entrance smoking a cigarette--

A black Lincoln Town Car swerves near the front of the club-- slows down for a moment-- the back door swings open and Noelle's battered naked body is shoved out onto the street--

Her corpse bounces and rolls like a limp doll-- she comes to rest-- her neck is broken-- her head is turned the wrong way.

Gino runs to her-- frantically takes off his coat-- gently lays it over her-- crouches next to her-- looks at her bloody face and staring eyes-- closes her eyes and sobs-- hugs Noelle's empty body tightly-- rises with her and carries her to the club's private back stairway--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Finn's former bully bitch classmate, Kylie, now 16, searches the bushes and yard for her dog, Teddy--

KYLIE

Teddy! Teddy, come out! I have
a treat! Come on now, Teddy!
I'll give you peanut butter!
Teddy, c'mon it's getting late!

Teddy's BARK is heard-- Kylie turns toward it-- Teddy BARKS again-- Kylie looks toward Teddy's location-- the shed--

SHED

Kylie walks quickly to the shed-- the door is closed--

KYLIE

Did you get stuck in there?
Poor baby, how did you get in
there? I'm here, baby! Hold on!

Kylie approaches the shed-- puts her hand on the knob-- she opens the door-- Teddy exits fast past her-- she turns toward Teddy-- is grabbed from behind-- a wet cloth pressed against her mouth and nose by a PERSON wearing black latex gloves-- she loses consciousness-- she is picked up and slung over the Person's shoulder-- and carried O.S.--

EXT. CAR - CAR TRUNK - NIGHT

Kylie's mother's muted voice is heard--

KYLIE'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Kylie! Teddy's here! Kylie!
I found her! Come back!

The green car's trunk opens by a hand wearing a black glove-- unconscious Kylie is laid inside next to her former prick classmate, Mitch, 16, who also lies unconscious-- they lay together, side-by-side-- the green trunk lid closes gently.

KYLIE'S MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I found him! Come in, Honey!
Kylie?!

[BACK TO PRESENT - 1977]

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cole's green Camaro is parked in the driveway near Finn's green Monte Carlo.

INT. COLE'S CAMARO (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Cole's behind the wheel. Finn's in the front passenger seat.

FINN
(admonishing)
Too much C-4, Cole. We almost
fucked ourselves to kingdom
come. I'm still shaking.

COLE
Just wanted to be sure.

FINN
I'd say the shredded body parts
prove my point. Too big, too
loud, too much!

COLE

We got them all. We're rich
now. We have our freedom.

FINN

(exits car)

That's not what this feels like.
We just invited the mob to hunt
us down. We went too far!

COLE

We just got started. We're in
control. We're the fucking new
boss! We can do anything.

FINN

Not if we're dead.

COLE

We're partners, Finn. Always
were, always will be.

FINN

Maybe it was our grand finale?

Finn closes the car door-- walks to front door, enters--

Cole drives--

--his lime green Camaro past a parked brown contractor's van
with "O'HARA'S PLUMBING" painted on its side--

--we pass the van--

INT. BROWN VAN (STOPPED/MOVING) - NIGHT

Héctor sits in the driver's seat. Pepe sits in the front seat.

PEPE

Which one is Finn?

HÉCTOR

He went into the house. Cole is
Jack's kid. He drives the Camaro.

PEPE

They're young.

HÉCTOR

They're stone cold.

Pepe nods... Héctor puts the van in gear and drives--

HÉCTOR

I'll drop you at the house.
Then I gotta check in with Manny.
He left me a message to meet him
at the Ultra Room on Broadway.

EXT. GLENBROOK HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The sign in front of the well-lit and landscaped sprawling white building-- "Glenbrook Hospital."

INT. GLENBROOK HOSPITAL - MORGUE - NIGHT

Jack stands still. He stares at the sheet covered body lying on the open drawer slab. Glenbrook Police CAPTAIN GALLAGHER, 40, stands next to him. Morgue pathologist, DR. O'CONNOR, 60, stands across from Jack. Jack nods to O'Connor-- he pulls back the sheet revealing Sean's bullet-riddled body.

O'CONNOR

He-

JACK

-Shut up!

O'Connor recoils in silence. Jack stares at Sean's bullet-riddled face... he pulls the sheet over his face. He turns and walks toward the exit--

JACK

(cold rage)

Your men! Mutilated him?!

GALLAGHER

(sadly)

He gave them no choice... Jack!

Jack is gone.

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - GAS LAMP POST - NIGHT

Two small, white mesh mantles, figurative souls, glow bright white with lit gas inside the glass crown atop the gas lamp post planted in the front yard. They flicker-- and burn out.

INT. THE ULTRA ROOM - OFFICE - NIGHT

One low hanging light shines down on Noelle's body, completely enshrouded in a bloody white linen tablecloth on the oak desk.

Gino, Manny, two of Manny's big black co-workers, RICO, 35, and RAY, 35, along with Héctor stand near the desk in silence staring at her corpse.

Jack and Cole enter the office-- Cole walks near the desk and stops in shock.

Jack walks to the desk-- he stares at Noelle's body--

He slides the shroud from her head-- he stares at her mangled face. He touches it softly with his fingers. He bends down and kisses her forehead. He straightens up-- continues staring at her face--

JACK

Cole, you and Gino take Noelle to Fitzgerald's in Skokie...
Talk to Kevin. He'll take care of her.

(several moments)

Who?

GINO

Richie Feldman, Sir.

INT. CHICAGO LUXURY HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Chicago lakeshore cityscape sparkles silently beyond the floor to ceiling windows.

The door CRASHES! off its hinges to the floor--

The exterior hallway light shines into the apartment illuminating five large gunmen--Manny, Rico, Ray, BUMP and Jack--wearing black balaclavas storming toward another room--

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

--The door SLAMS! open-- the hooded gunmen quickly circle the bed with their pistols aimed at a man lying in it-- he wakes-- revealing Feldman, who sits up abruptly--

FELDMAN

(terrified)

Who-

Jack CRACKS him hard across the face with his pistol-- he hits the pillow, unconscious.

The YOUNG WOMAN in bed with Feldman sits up and screams--

Black-gloved Manny aims and POP! shoots her point blank in the forehead-- her body CRASHES back against the brass bed frame, blood and brains splatter the wall--

Bump pulls a black hood over Feldman's head-- Ray cuffs his wrists in front--

Rico wraps Feldman's hand around the gun grip, points it at the dead woman's head, pulls the trigger POP! then throws the gun on the bed--

Feldman is ripped out of bed-- thrown over Ray's shoulder-- carried silently out of the room-- the others follow--

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - BEAM TRAWLER - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

The trawler cruises slowly parallel to the lakefront several hundred yards off shore-- the cityscape shimmers in silence.

Attached to the beam, hanging from a chain out over the water beyond the rear of the boat, Feldman dangles naked upside down from his ankles-- his head bounces in and out of the lake water-- he screams and whimpers while slowly being drowned--

Manny, Rico, Bump and Ray, watch Feldman hanging, bouncing and choking on lake water-- Hooker prowls the deck near them--

Jack stands at the helm above on the trawler's bridge. He cuts the engines and nods to Manny--

Manny operates the beam's controls-- raises Feldman above the water and slowly swings him above the stern to the aft--

Jack walks to the others on the aft deck--

With his legs spread, Feldman hangs upside down in front of Jack and the others-- Manny lowers Feldman-- his head hangs three feet above the deck. He's wet, shaking uncontrollably--

Jack steps close to Feldman--

JACK
(whispers calmly)
You slaughtered my daughter.

Jack pulls out a large Buck knife-- grabs one of Feldman's ears-- slashes it off-- Feldman screams and blubbers-- Jack feeds the ear to Hooker--

JACK
Without thinking she was
loved by her family.

Jack grabs Feldman's other ear-- slashes it off-- feeds it to Hooker--

FELDMAN
(hysterical)
I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I didn't
know! Thought she- fuck sorry!

Feldman cries-- blood runs from his ear-less ear holes--

JACK
That she loved us.

FELDMAN
(shrieks)
Names?! I got names! It wasn't
only me. Please don't kill me!

JACK
She was beautiful, intelligent,
and mostly very happy.

FELDMAN
Tysen! Tysen! It was Ira! And
Ricky! Ricky Sesso! And, and,
oh shit! Sally Cometa!

JACK
She had her whole life ahead
of her. Marriage. Kids. Family.
And friends. A very good life...
She was my only daughter...
Manny.

Manny hands Jack a curved, razor sharp Samurai sword--

FELDMAN
Don't! Don't do it! I told you
names! Don't kill me! Please!
Please! I'll give you money!
I'll give you a million dollars!
Five million! Wire transfer,
today! This morning! Right now!

Jack slowly raises the long flashing sword above his head--

JACK
(enraged)
And you fucked her. To death!

--he SLAMS the sword point-first downward through Feldman's perineum--Feldman screams horrifically, blubbers--

Jack RIPS the long blade forward and down through Feldman's crotch, belly-- splits his rib cage-- carves it open-- blood and entrails pour and slide out of him onto the aft deck--

Feldman chokes violently. Dies. Dead.

Hooker pounces on the carnage-- chomps out Feldman's eyes, tears off the lips, laps at the blood with his long tongue and gluttonously gobbles up the guts--

Rico stands nearby holding a chainsaw--

JACK
(to Rico)
Small pieces. Don't want the
dog to choke. Hose it all down
after he's done.

The gentle radiance of the Chicago skyline shimmers off the lake. A beautiful, serene, spring evening-- TORN apart by the high pitch WHINE and HACKING BUZZ of the chainsaw RIPPING through the silence of the post card scene of the city.

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - MORNING

PAPERBOY, 12, rides his bike up Kelly's driveway and throws the rolled-up newspaper at the front door-- the news HITS the door and lands on the front step--

The newspaper unfolds displaying the front-page headline-- "BODIES OF MISSING GLENBROOK TEENS BELIEVED FOUND."

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The alarm clock BUZZES in the dark room-- it's 8:30 AM. Finn, awake, sits at his desk in the dark, fully dressed, staring at his books on the bookshelves--

Soft KNOCKING on the door--

SHANNON
(opens door)
Finn? Are you up?

FINN
(turns off alarm)
Yes.

SHANNON
(enters)
I'll make some breakfast, but we have to talk. The Dean called after you left with Cole and, it's not good, Finn. He said, that, in light of your fight with that Randy kid, he has to suspend you from school.

FINN
(stares ahead)
Suspended? Who cares? I'm still going to graduate.

SHANNON
He said it could affect your scholarship offers. Your father is really upset. He-

FINN
-Fuck him! I'm the one in trouble. I'm fucking in it!

SHANNON
I know, but we'll get through-

FINN
-I killed the guy. Downtown. In the elevator. I shot him. He tried to rob me, and we fought... and he's dead. Gone. And-

SHANNON
(stunned)
-Oh my god. But then it was self-defense, right? Did anyone see you, do it?

FINN
No.

SHANNON

(relief)

Okay, good. Let's try not to jump ahead. First, we'll straighten out this fight situation-

FINN

(looks at her)

-I'm psychopathic.

SHANNON

(hugs him)

Finn, you're okay. You're a smart, beautiful kid. You make mistakes, sure, but you're not, psychopathic? No, darling. No.

FINN

I killed those guys, Ma. Maybe others? And I don't feel sorry.

(cold)

I don't feel anything. What do I do?

SHANNON

Nothing. We'll do nothing. And nothing will ever come of it. There are no "those guys" or "maybe others." Never happened. This is our secret. We won't say anything about it. Ever. Okay?

She starts to cry-- rises-- turns her back to Finn--

FINN

What's wrong?

SHANNON

(sad)

The cancer, of a festering lie... Permeating our home and family. Your father and I... did some things. Immoral things. That we've never rectified. We're deeply ashamed... and I-

FINN

(dread)

-What did you do?

SHANNON

Finn, your father loves you so much! He really does. He spent so much time with you. Always so proud of you. But he can't live with it. The vision, of it. The sight, of you. It's driven him crazy.

FINN

Alcoholism is driving him crazy.

SHANNON

We used to go to these parties. Key parties. They were-

FINN

(disgusted)

-They're called orgies.

SHANNON

We stopped. When I realized I was pregnant. With you... but not by... your dad. And that's-

FINN

-Who is it, mom?

SHANNON

I'm so, sorry, and ashamed about this.

FINN

Who?

SHANNON

Jack. Jack Wolfe.

Finn is speechless--

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Your father loves you, Finn. He's a good man. We made a mistake. And it's killing him. We're killing him.

FINN

Yeah. I should've killed him.

(stunned)

Cole and I are brothers.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator door opens and Tysen exits into the hallway--

Tysen carries a briefcase-- opens the door to his office--

INT. TYSEN TICKET OFFICE - DAY

--Tysen enters, closes the door, flips on the light, notices the repaired bullet resistant glass (level-two), and stares at-- one-by-one-- Rico, Bump, Manny, Ray and Cole standing inside his office. They wear black latex gloves.

Manny slides quickly behind Tysen and locks the door-- he lowers the shade covering the bullet resistant window.

TYSEN

Cole? Cole, what are- what's-

Bump clears Tysen's desk with a sweep of his thick arm--

Rico and Ray grab Tysen's arms, lift him off his feet and SLAM him face first on top of his desk-- Bump jams a wad of paper in Tysen's mouth and duct-tapes it closed--

Rico easily holds struggling Tysen down while Manny, Ray, and Bump tie his wrists and ankles down to the legs of the desk with thin wire that cuts into his flesh-- blood runs--

Tysen lies spread-eagle on his belly-- confused-- terrified--

TYSEN

Whhaaa... Aaahh...

Bump RIPS Tysen's pants off him-- he SHREDS his shirt off-- Tysen screams uselessly through the paper wad in his mouth--

Cole opens Tysen's briefcase and looks through it casually--

COLE

Got any cash in here, jew boy?
What's this? A beautiful diamond
bracelet?

(holds it up; it sparkles)
I've seen it before. Somewhere.

Cole puts it in his pocket-- his POV on a plain black VHS video tape-- he picks it up-- walks to Tysen--

COLE

Ira? You make movies now? Big
Hollywood producer. Porn actor?
Do you star in this film?

Cole walks to the VCR player sitting on a mobile shelf unit below a large screen TV-- promotional videos of touring rock bands and theatrical events are stacked on and around the TV.

Manny, Bump, Rico and Ray stand silently around Tysen.

Cole slides Tysen's VHS tape into the VCR and presses "Play."

COLE

Let's take a peek.

Cole rolls the shelf unit holding the TV and VCR right in front of Tysen's red sweaty face-- he struggles against the wires-- his wrists and ankles bleed profusely--

COLE (CONT'D)

Hit the light.

Manny turns out the lights.

Rico, Ray, Bump and Cole sit on the edge of the desk around Tysen's naked wired-down body. They stare at the TV screen--

The video plays-- Feldman finishes his brutal rape of a face-down blonde girl tied to a brass bed--

COLE

Feldman, rest in hell, had to tie the cunt, as he calls her, down. Looks to me like she wasn't enjoying herself at all. You can see how she's struggling here.

(points to screen)

See this, Ira? Right here.

Tysen struggles, sweats and bleeds-- Bump SLAMS his fist down hard on Tysen's back-- Tysen SQUEAKS like a mouse--

The video shows Sal Cometa paying Tysen, Ricky Sesso and Feldman five-hundred bucks each to take the next turn--

COLE

So Ira, Feldman raped her first.
Then let's see--
(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)
(points to screen)
-this looks like our bookie,
Sal Cometa. Yes. It is Sal. He
pays fifteen to you three so he
can go next, right? Yeah, that
is Sal. Ramming the champagne
bottle in and out of the young
girl's ass while he slaps her
head. Boy, Ira, she looks like
she's almost gone at this point.
Let's fast-forward.

Cole presses the "FF" button--

COLE (CONT'D)
Okay, Ira. Is this your big
scene? Will she live through it?!

Cole hits the "Play" button--

The video shows Tysen on Noelle-- he's extremely rough-- he
pounces on her and hits her repeatedly-- he goes nuts--
totally sadistic--

COLE
Jesus, Ira. Not subtle.

The video plays-- Tysen finishes and high-fives Sesso--
Noelle is still. Bloody and dead. Sesso climbs on top of her--
Cole presses the "Freeze-Frame" button--

COLE
And that's our Ricky Sesso. Yes,
it is. Heard he likes his women
cold and stiff.

Cole hits the "Play" button--

The video camera moves in close on Noelle's face as Sesso
roughly rapes her lifeless body--

A hand reaches out in front of the camera's lens and smooths
Noelle's shiny blonde hair away from her bloody broken face--

Noelle's face in CLOSE-UP... her mouth is frozen open and
buried in the blood and lipstick smeared satin pillow case--
her tortured blue eyes are wide open. Dead. Gone.

Manny, Bump, Rico, and Ray stare enraged at the TV screen--

Cole presses "Pause" on her mangled face and cloudy blue eyes.

COLE

Ira. Let me introduce you.
To this once very beautiful,
vibrant, gentle and now very
dead young girl. I present,
my sister. Noelle.

Tysen's eyes widen in horror-- he THRASHES on the desktop--

Cole takes out a folded hunting knife and flicks it open-- he sticks it under Tysen's crotch--

Tysen's SHRIEKING--

Cole slides his other gloved hand under Tysen's crotch-- and swiftly jerks his wrist--

Tysen WAILS in agony--

Cole pulls out Tysen's bloody penis-- he walks around the desk with it, stands near Tysen's head--

COLE

Your snuff film days are over.

Cole tears the duct tape off Tysen's mouth, pulls out the paper, and jams the bloody penis into his mouth-- Tysen gags-- Cole holds his mouth closed-- he chokes on it-- asphyxiates--

Cole pulls out his pistol--

COLE

This is called-

--he walks behind Tysen-- jams the pistol muzzle in his ass--

COLE (CONT'D)

-rough anal.

Manny, Ray, Rico, and Bump scatter from the desk--

--Cole pulls the trigger-- POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

Tysen's bloody body flops around on the desk--

Blood splatters on Cole's face-- he is stone cold.

Tysen's body jerks-- goes limp. Dead. Blood runs off the desktop--

Cole wipes the pistol muzzle on Tysen's back-- he wipes his face with Tysen's shredded shirt--

He stares coldly at Noelle's face in freeze-frame on the TV screen-- he presses "Eject"-- the tape pops out of the VCR-- he puts the tape in his jacket.

Cole sticks his gun on Tysen's forehead-- POP! POP! POP!

Pause.

COLE
Rico, the jackets. Eight.

Rico picks up the empty bullet casings-- Cole stares coldly at Tysen's body-- he peels off his gloves-- he reaches out and touches the blood on the desk-- he rubs his bloody fingers together--

COLE
Wow. I don't feel it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO (MOVING) - DAY

Jack's POV behind the wheel-- as we pass rag wearing Mexican, black, and white children clinging desperately to homeless men and women as they push carts along the trash-laden street.

Hooker's head juts out the open window-- he licks his shiny wet chops as he stares hungrily at the street people--

Jack talks on his CB radio mic while he drives through the decayed inner-city neighborhood--

JACK
Your brother's dead...
(beat)
Ricky Sesso and who? Sal Cometa?
Sal Cometa, Sean's book? Okay,
Cole... Going there now...
Good work, son.

7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT

Jack slides the mic into its holder as he pulls into the 7-Eleven parking lot-- he parks-- exits the Eldorado--

EXT. 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT - DAY

--Jack walks to a nearby phone booth--

PHONE BOOTH

Jack enters-- inserts change-- presses digits and speaks--

JACK

Jack Wolfe for Don Giuseppe...
Don Joey, how are you my
friend?... Yes, nephew Gino
is doing very well...

In the b.g., the brown "O'HARA'S PLUMBING" van pulls into the lot and parks with a line of sight on Jack in the phone booth.

INT. BROWN VAN - DAY

Pepe's behind the wheel. Salazar sits in the passenger seat.

PEPE

Wolfe, too?

Salazar stares out the window-- his POV on Jack in the booth.

SALAZAR

No. He has a plan. Let's watch
it unfold. We're going to learn
how he manages a crisis.

INT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD POOL - DAY

Cole swims in the pool-- Hooker swims along with him and snaps viciously at the splashing water--

Finn walks around the corner of the house and over to the pool gate-- he watches Cole swim with the big dog-- enters the pool area-- walks to the side of the pool that Cole swims toward-- he reaches over and taps Cole gently on the head--

Cole flinches, spins in the water, stands and puts his fists up-- he sees that it's Finn and drops his fists--

COLE

Fuck man! Don't do that!

FINN

Shit, sorry!

COLE

What the fuck, Finn? Jesus.
(moves toward him)
Sorry, man.

Cole extends his hand up to Finn-- Finn grabs it and pulls Cole out of the water-- they stand next to each other on the deck. Cole grabs his towel--

FINN

I just got back from the cop shop. For the fight with Randy.
(excited)
I gotta tell you something.
About us!

COLE

Finn, there's no easy way, so...
Noelle's dead. Last night. They raped her. Real bad. She died...
And fuck. Sean was killed, robbing Peacock's jewelers in Old Orchard.
They're both, fucking gone, man.

Julie's shrill SCREECHING scream of agony peals from inside the house and cuts across the pool like a scythe-- Finn's mouth drops open, his eyes fade out, body goes slack, he crumbles, and falls into the pool-- SPLASH-- he floats stiffly under the clear water like a drowned corpse-- his eyes are fixed, wide open. His face contorted in agony-- he looks dead.

EXT. GATED MANSION - JACK'S ELDORADO (MOVING) - DAY

Jack drives to the formidable iron and stone gate at the entrance of the sprawling wooded estate-- he stops.

GATE - ELDORADO (STOPPED)

Jack slides his window down-- two large, clean cut gangsters MARIO and STEVIE, 30s, stand inside the gate wearing stylish suits. Mario speaks into a walkie-talkie, nods to Stevie who presses a button-- the gate opens-- Mario walks out to Jack--

JACK

Hello Mario.

MARIO

Good to see you, Mr. Wolfe.
Don Giuseppe is expecting you.

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO (MOVING) - DAY

Jack drives along the tree lined driveway to a magnificent mansion that overlooks expansive, icy blue, Lake Michigan.

EXT. JACK'S ELDORADO (MOVING/STOPPED) - DAY

Jack arrives at the mansion's motor court where a gleaming cream-colored Rolls Royce Corniche and black Lotus limousine are parked near the entrance to the mansion.

EXT. MANSION ENTRANCE - DAY

Five BODYGUARDS stand at the entrance of the house smoking cigarettes. Some hold walkie-talkies. Five AK-47 machineguns hang in a steel rack by the front door.

Jack parks behind the creamy Corniche-- its Illinois license tag reads-- "MANGIA."

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD TERRACE - DAY

The manicured lawn stretches downward from the terrace to the secluded sandy beach below. Pockets of colorful blooming gardens enhance the classic statuary of Roman gods that keep sentry over the property.

Glittering sailboats speckle the cold blue lake.

A group of CHILDREN run around playing games in the grass--

Jack sits at a wooden table on the terrace with DON GIUSEPPE GIANCARDO, the elegant sixty-year-old Chicago mob leader.

In the b.g., a TV with a blank screen sits on a mobile cart near the table.

The plain black VHS video tape sits on the table between Jack and Don Giuseppe.

Three BODYGUARDS, 30s, stand nearby.

DON GIUSEPPE

This is an abomination. My blood boils! They are barbarians!

JACK

My proposal, Don Giuseppe, with humility and respect, is this:

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
One-hundred each for Cometa and Sesso. Using my people, with your assurance of no retaliation from their associates by your direct order.

DON GIUSEPPE
(waves hand)
This is not a market, Jack. You cannot buy death. I will make you a gift of these two freaks! I am disgraced that I should be somehow associated with these two stronzos- Sesso and Cometa. Take them out! With my blessing!

JACK
Le sono molto obbligato, Don.

DON GIUSEPPE
Prega, non ne parli. E'un peccato.
(tears fill his eyes)
Children, the children are so, precious...

Dancing on the velvety green lawn, the children laugh joyously while they hold hands playing "Ring Around the Rosie"--

CHILDREN
(singing)
Ashes to ashes, we all fall down!

They fall down in the grass laughing and giggling--

INT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

A fierce fire flashes in the flagstone fireplace-- Cole and Finn sit in overstuffed chairs near the fire. Finn, with wet hair, wears a robe.

Julie sits in a stupor across from them wrapped in a blanket on the love seat. She's distraught, drugged and exhausted. In a daze, Finn stares at the fire--

COLE
(agitated; to Julie)
How come you never told me about this fucking nightmare?

JULIE

I didn't know, words. I couldn't do... nothing, about it.

(weeps)

Now I have nothing. I'm nothing.

COLE

Stop already. Quit taking the fucking Xanax! You're turning into a goddamned mess.

FINN

C'mon, Cole, take it easy.

COLE

(angry)

She's my mother. Fucking bitch liar.

(stands and points)

You're a fucking party slut!

FINN

Cut it out!

COLE

(at Julie)

How many dicks, bitch?!

Finn launches out of the chair at Cole-- knocks him down and gets him in a headlock on the rug-- they struggle--

Julie stares at them and rocks on the love seat--

Finn gets on Cole's chest and pins his arms down-- Cole thrashes his head from side to side--

COLE

Goddammit! Let me up! I'm going to kill all of you! All of you!

(cries; stops fighting)

Every one of you fucking perverts.

It's not over yet! God, you fucking bastard!

(sobs)

Why did you kill her?

FINN

(releases his wrists)

We'll get through it, Coley.

You and me, and Jack.

Finn slides off Cole and stands up-- he reaches his hand down to Cole, who wipes his eyes with his sleeve and grabs Finn's hand-- Finn pulls Cole to his feet-- they look at each other for a moment in a new way-- wrap their arms around each other and hug tightly--

COLE
(whispers)
Brother. Two dirtbags left.

Julie moans and rocks on the love seat--

EXT. CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE - DAY

Two massive, two-ton 85-year-old bronze African lions sit on pedestals on both sides of the stairs leading to the entrance.

Afternoon art buffs stream in and out of the front doors--

INT. ART INSTITUTE - ARMS AND ARMOR GALLERY - DAY

The large tranquil room displays the centuries-old historical progress of savage murderous weaponry and body armor.

Gangsters Sal Cometa, impeccably dressed, and street slick Ricky Sesso, talk in front of the extensive hatchet, ax and pole arm exhibit--

SAL
(whispers loudly)
Che cosa c'è? Are you insane?
That little girl last night was
Jack Wolfe's daughter?! Fuck!
Feldman said she was a stripper!

RICKY
My guy told me that Wolfe met
earlier today with Don Giuseppe.
The Don, that crusty old fuck,
cut us loose, Sally. He gave us
to Wolfe, with no interference.
We're totally fucked!

SAL
(mocking)
Don Giuseppe approved a contract
on us? Oh, what do we do, Ricky?

RICKY
(panicking)
I don't know, Sal! Everybody's
looking for us and nobody'll
help! All we did was have a
little fun-

-Sal SLAPS Ricky across the face-- Ricky regains composure.

SAL
(quietly)
We're going whack Wolfe before
he hits us. BAM! BAM! Morto!

A couple ART LOVERS smile, misinterpreting their theatrics--

SAL (CONT'D)
Contract canceled. I'll smooth
it over with the Don, and we're
back in business. Capisce? I
make too much money for him to
hit me.

RICKY
Okay... but there's more bad
news. Your brother Jason, got
hit. They bombed his house.

SAL
Santa madre di Dio. Did you
recover anything? Cash? Coke?
Anything?

RICKY
Nothing. Too much plastique, it
burned to the ground, in nine
minutes. They were bagging our
guys' teeth... Jason's teeth.

SAL
You mean I just lost another
fucking three hundred? What the
fuck is going on! Who the fuck
hit 'em? Gangster D's?

RICKY
A couple of fucking kids. I've
got a lead-
(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)
(looks past Sal)
Sal, we got two big mean lookin'
spooks starin' right at us. This
looks like it.

Ricky reaches into his jacket--

SAL
(turns around)
Hey! Manny! How's it going, bro?
Thanks for coming.

Manny and Ray, their hands in their coat pockets, stare warily
at Sal and Ricky-- Manny aims his coat pocket at Sal--

MANNY
You're dead, you Guinea prick.

SAL
Hold on, Manny! Hold on a sec.
I know I'm dead. Just hear me
out. You don't like what I say-
Pop, Pop. Right here in the
killers room. Poetic justice, eh?

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Finn lies on his bed smoking a joint staring at the ceiling--

CIARA
(sticks head in)
Dinner's ready.

FINN
Hey, you got a date tonight?

CIARA
(smiles)
Me? No. I'm studying. Have an
AP calc exam. Proving convergence
divergence of improper integrals
and series. It's like a blind man,
in a dark room, looking for a
black cat that isn't there. Fun.

FINN
(sits up)
You are the smartest person I
know. You're blowing the curve
for all the Asian kids, right?

CIARA
I wish. Come on down. Mom made
grilled venison.

Ciara exits-- Finn's telephone CLICKS-- he picks it up--

FINN
Yeah?... Hey Terry... Cool.
Jack's downtown at his club now,
the East Bank. You know it?...
Yeah... Catch you later... Yeah.

Finn hangs up-- then punches in another number--

FINN
I'll get you in a half hour...
Okay... Yeah, Terry's in.

He hangs up.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Dinner's ready!

EXT. THE ULTRA ROOM - NIGHT

The crowd is lined up on the sidewalk behind the red velvet
ropes waiting to enter-- Gino somberly greets the customers--

INT. THE ULTRA ROOM - OFFICE - NIGHT

The carpeting's been ripped-up, exposing cheap old tile--

Manny, Bump, Rico, Ray, Cole and Finn are gathered around
Jack's large oak desk. Manny and Ray sit in chairs next to
Cole and Finn in front of the desk. Rico and Bump stand.

Jack's behind the desk wearing a shoulder holster and pistol.

MANNY
Sesso and Cometa are in Rogers
Park. Above Biddy Mulligan's
club on Sheridan.

JACK

Yeah? Where'd you hear that?

MANNY

I put word out this morning. My cousin works there. He spotted them going up to the apartment.

JACK

Manny, you get the bonus...

Jack tosses two banded stacks of hundreds to Manny--

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, where were you this afternoon? You didn't call me back.

MANNY

Searching the usual dago dives up and down the lakefront- Rush, Little Italy, Taylor, Oakley-

JACK

Yeah? Okay... Hey, I'd like to introduce everybody to my son. Finn. Cole's step brother.

Finn and Cole look at each other--

Manny, Ray, Bump, and Rico are surprised--

JACK

The only two people I trust.

Jack whips his gun from his holster-- pulls the trigger and POPS! Manny right between the eyes-- blood splatters on Rico and Bump-- Manny flops back in his chair. Eyes open. Dead.

Finn and Cole hop out of their chairs--

Gun smoke hangs motionless in the air-- the room is dead silent. Jack aims his gun at Ray--

Ray

Boss, I was just there, with him, but not with him, just- I didn't agree with it, any of it, at all! I wouldn't go against you, Boss! Please! He made me go with him!

JACK
(points at Manny)
This fucking nigger had the balls to set me up. I admire his ambition even though he didn't have the brains to pull it off. You think I wouldn't find out, Ray? You think I'm some kind of fucking amateur? I have eyes everywhere.

Jack climbs over the desk and sticks his gun right on Ray's forehead-- Ray sweats and closes his eyes-- Manny's corpse is flopped back in the chair next to him.

Rico and Bump step slowly away from Ray--

Cole and Finn move to the wall-- they watch Jack in fear--

JACK
What do you take me for? A fucking moron? What do you think, Ray. What am I, Ray? Who the fuck am I?! What the fuck am I to you, motherfucker?!

Ray
(whimpers)
You took me out of Cabrini-Green.
And gave me a life, Boss. I owe it to you.

JACK
Is that what you think, Ray? I saved you from poverty, jail, and early death? You want to pay me back with your worthless fucking life? I'll take it!

Jack pulls the trigger-- the firing pin hits the primer-- CLICK! Ray grunts hard-- Jack laughs-- Ray starts crying--

JACK
(smiling)
These cheap fucking Italian pistolas. Hey, Ray, don't ever buy a Beretta!

Jack turns, tosses the pistol on his desk-- spins around in a fluid movement with a flashing knife-- slashes Ray's throat--

Ray's eyes go wide-- blood sprays from the gash beneath his chin-- Ray's head flops forward on his chest-- blood pulses down his torso as he bleeds out-- Bloody dead traitors, Ray and Manny, sit next to each other--

Jack sits on the edge of the desk with blood on his shirt and the blade in his hand-- he stares at Manny and Ray--

JACK

Rico, Bump- wrap these assholes in plastic and take them to the grater at the yard. Pull their teeth, grind 'em up and keep it clean. Feed 'em to the dogs. Cole, Finn- burn the chairs in the furnace and clean up this blood. Use a lot of bleach. Get the carpet guy in here. I want new carpet down by midnight.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - WHITE ELDORADO (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Eldorado cruises down Wells Street directly under the elevated CTA train tracks--

Multicolored neon lights and bright glowing signs reflect off the shiny sheen of the bright white car--

The Eldorado passes "Second City" on Wells at North Avenue-- People wait in line to see the improvisational comedy show.

INT. WHITE ELDORADO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sal drives. Ricky sits in the passenger seat.

RICKY

You think we got that spook, Manny, in our pocket, Sal? I don't trust the niggers. I don't trust Wolfe. He's always a step ahead. Manny isn't smart enough-

SAL

-It's the best move for him. His lucky break to take over. He sets up Jack, we hit him. Contract canceled. We hit Manny, and take the whole enchilada.

RICKY
But Don Giuseppe-

SAL
-Fuck him! Maybe it's time for
me to make my move.

Sal pulls over to the curb in front of the thrash, mohawk and leather punk rock club-- "Exit."

SAL
We'll whack Jack tomorrow
morning before daybreak... This
schmuck in here owes me fifteen.
Stick with me, Sesso, I got big
plans.

Sal and Ricky open their car doors-- step out--

Three chopped Harley-Davidsons ROAR up next to Sal-- two chopped Harleys ROAR up on the sidewalk near Ricky-- they skid to a stop a couple feet from them-- the lead biker, Terry, stares at them--

TERRY
(nonchalant)
Sal. Ricky. Jack says, hey.

Sal and Ricky are confused by Terry and the other four badass BIKERS staring at them--

--Terry and the Bikers whip out small MAC-10 machineguns from under their jackets and SPRAY Sal and Ricky with quick BURSTS of burning lead-- their dancing bodies are RIPPED apart by the continuous bullet spray-- the bullets stop.

Sal and Ricky hit the street-- shredded flesh pulsing blood--

Terry and his gang ROAR off down Wells Street-- they disappear into a narrow parting of the red sea of traffic tail lights--

Skinny studded leather PUNK ROCK GUY, 25, with a spiky pink mohawk runs to Sal's body-- reaches down into Sal's bloody jacket-- and pulls out a roll of bloody cash--

He darts across the street-- glances back at Sal's body-- SLAM! a Chicago CTA bus JAMS on its brakes but CRUSHES Punk Rock Guy head-on-- the massive bus steamrolls right over him-- the bus SKIDS to a stop amid a cloud of bloody green fluttering bills and blue bus brake smoke--

INT. LATIN LORDS CLUB HOUSE - DAY

Héctor enters and walks to Pepe and Salazar sitting at the club's bar-- other Latin Lords MEMBERS play pool, smoke and drink-- Pepe and Salazar look at Héctor as he approaches--

HÉCTOR

Jack cleaned house. Inside and out. Manny, Ray, Sesso and Cometa. Plus the two jews that killed his daughter...

PEPE

Impressive. Decisive. And fast. Unlike us, avenging Joaquín!

HÉCTOR

Clean work. Like a special ops hit. His son, Cole was involved. Plus, there's talk that Cole and Finn were the guys that hit Sal's brother, Jason Cometa, in Lincoln Park.

SALAZAR

(stunned)

How did you hear this?

HÉCTOR

A guy on Manny's crew.

SALAZAR

Get tight with Cole. He's young. We'll flip him. And work him to accelerate our takeover strategy.

PEPE

(frustrated)

So we wait? What about Joaquín? Jésus, with due respect- people, our families- are very angry-

SALAZAR

-Pepe. We wait. Be patient. He will be avenged. His death, may he rest in peace, will bring our club greater power and profits.

Héctor exits-- Pepe is pissed.

EXT. BUILDING - JOB SITE - NEW PARKING LOT - DAY

Several "Wolfe Paving" dump trucks filled with hot, tarp-covered asphalt are lined up waiting at the job site.

A dump truck driven by Rico completes dumping its load of hot asphalt into the hopper of the Sumitomo Asphalt Paver Machine operated by Bump that processes and presses the raw asphalt into the first hot mix layer--

--a five-ton Tandem Roller follows behind the Paver Machine compacting the asphalt into the finished parking lot surface--

The empty bed of Rico's truck lowers as he drives past Cole and Héctor-- who work across from each other shoveling loose asphalt into the Paver Machine's hopper and auger--

Cole, with a shovelful of asphalt, trips, stumbles and falls halfway into the hopper-- the auger blades below snag his shirt sleeve and begin pulling him into the auger--

COLE

Fuck! Stop the machine! Bump!
Cut the fucking power! Cut it!

Cole is pulled closer-- down toward the auger blades within the hopper-- his shirt shreds and tangles within the churning blades as he fights to keep from being pulled into a horrific bloody death--

COLE (CONT'D)
(petrified)
Bump! Hit the fuckin shut-off!
Stop! Someone help me! Help!

Héctor drops his shovel-- rushes to Cole-- rips Cole's shirt off-- wraps Cole in a bear hug and tries to pull Cole out of the hopper-- there's shirt material wrapped around Cole's arm that pulls him down into the auger--

Héctor finally muscles Cole away-- as the last bit of shirt material is augered to shreds within the churning blades--

Bump finally becomes aware of the crisis below him and cuts the power to the hopper/auger-- Cole and Héctor fall backward to the ground breathing hard--

COLE
(rises)
Motherfucker! Fuck this job!
Fuck this business! Fuck it!

HÉCTOR
You okay, Cole?

COLE
Do I look okay?! Fuck no!
I'm out of this fucking
bullshit!

Shirtless Cole stalks away--

EXT. GLENBROOK GOLF COURSE - DAY

Yellow weeping willows dangle over a pond's lily pads.

Their golf cart parked nearby, Cole and Finn, wearing bad golf attire, hold golf clubs while standing near the pond--

SUPER: A MONTH LATER - JUNE 1977

COLE
My ball's in the fucking pond?

FINN
It is. Let me go in, and sell
your ball back to you.
(smiles)
Told you to go with your seven
and lay up.

Cole drops a ball at the edge of the pond-- practice swings-- swings again and lofts his ball up onto the green.

COLE
I thought you hated golf.

Finn practice swings next to his ball-- swings again and chips his ball onto the green-- it rolls within inches of the pin.

FINN
I hate golfers... But I'm also
a two-handicap. So I face the
conundrum of who I am, vs. who
I hate. I guess I hate myself.

They walk to their cart-- get their putters-- walk to the green--

COLE
(stunned)
When do you play?

FINN

At night. When nobody's around.
I do a lot of things at night.

COLE

Yeah, me too. Speaking of night
work. When are we getting back
to our business?

FINN

How much cash do we have?

COLE

Six hundred twelve thousand.

FINN

Why go back to work?

They walk to their respective balls-- Finn marks his--

COLE

Because that's what we do. And
six hundred isn't enough.

FINN

It's enough for me, Cole.

(pause)

I'm going to Brown in August.
I'm going to play football.

COLE

You're leaving me? For school?

FINN

I am. Made up my mind yesterday.
I'm sorry, buddy. I'll be back-

COLE

(angry)

-Why would you do that to me?

FINN

I'm not doing it to you. I'm
doing it for me. Gotta get my
mind right. Clean it up and
focus on reality. Before it
gets me locked up forever in
the "secret snow." No more
weed or booze. I quit a week
ago. I am reborn.

COLE

What the fuck am I going to do?
You're my partner! You're my
brother! Goddammit! We have a
fucking business to run, here,
on the North Shore. And it's
booming! We gotta get to it!

FINN

I know, Cole. I know. But I'm
out. You'll do fine without me.
Héctor will help you out.

COLE

Fuck Héctor! I want you!

Cole is furious-- speechless-- his eyes blaze-- he SLAMS his putter down into the pristine green over and over--

COLE

I fucking hate you!

Finn's POV on Cole as he trots to the golf cart-- gets in and drives it toward the pond-- he jumps out right before the cart plunges into the water-- the cart sinks-- he flips Finn the bird-- and storms off toward the fence--

FINN

(sad; to himself)
I love you, brother.

Finn sets his ball on the green where he marked it-- inches from the cup-- and easily puttts it in. His POV on Cole storming toward the hole in the fence that leads to the road--

EXT. WOLFE PAVING YARD - DAY

Securely enclosed with a high fence topped with barbed wire, the one-acre yard is covered with white rocks. The dump trucks parked inside are patrolled by a roaming pack of large German Shepherds that chew and grind their teeth on the rocks. The office trailer is situated in the middle of the yard.

SUPER: JULY 1977

INT. WOLFE PAVING YARD - TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits behind his desk talking to Cole and Héctor who stand in front of him--

JACK
Go over Manny's job with Héctor.
Get him up to speed on crew
recruiting and management duties.

Miserable Cole nods to Jack--

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Héctor)
Héctor, you've proven that
you're smarter than a typical
spic- how'd you get smart?

HÉCTOR
I have a degree in psychology
from the University of Chicago.

JACK
(suspicious)
Why?

HÉCTOR
I like how the brain works.

JACK
No. Why are you here? In my
business? You're a smart city
kid with an education. Why
here? Why now?

HÉCTOR
I like to work outside, in the
sun. With my hands. On a crew
with the guys. You know, real
work. The camaraderie.

COLE
Bullshit. You may have saved my
life but I can tell you hate
this fucking job as much as me.

HÉCTOR
Gotta start somewhere. Right?

JACK
Doesn't make sense. Where did
Manny find you?

HÉCTOR

Drinking at a bar. Manny came in. We started talking. More drinks. We got loud. A little rowdy. We were asked to leave. We disagreed with their request. Rumbled with the bouncers. Got arrested, drunk and disorderly, and ended up in the Cook County cage until you bailed us out.

COLE

Which bar?

HÉCTOR

Kasey's. On Dearborn.

JACK

(skeptical)

Manny hated that dump.

HÉCTOR

It is a dump. Drinks are short and overpriced. The women are whores. It smells.

COLE

Then why go there?

HÉCTOR

(smiles)

My Uncle Jésus owns it. Won't let me go anywhere else.

JACK

He had you arrested? Family?

HÉCTOR

I don't always listen to what I'm told... I'm working on it.

COLE

Bullshit.

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Finn sits on his bed with a football in his hands-- he anxiously passes it back and forth from hand to hand--

SUPER: AUGUST 1977

Posters gone. Books gone. Trophies gone. Barren room.

Two suitcases by the door.

Shannon enters-- teary eyes-- she stops near Finn--

SHANNON

Hi... this is, so hard.

FINN

Parents Day is in a couple
months. You'll love Providence.

SHANNON

I know, but, I don't know how-
(hugs him)

I love you so much.

(cries)

I'm sorry... you'll love Brown.
It's a great school.

FINN

(hugs her)

I'm so excited! I could actually
start as a Freshman. Ivy League
football... We've gone through
a lot together to finally get
to this day.

SHANNON

You'll be great. Your future
is going to be, so bright...

(smiles)

You better wear shades.

FINN

Ugh, mom. So, cheesy.

Car horn is HEARD--

FINN

I gotta go, Mom. I love you.

He hugs her tight, with love-- picks up his suitcases and
exits-- Shannon follows him out dabbing her eyes--

EXT. KELLY'S DRIVEWAY - JACK'S ELDORADO - DAY

Finn walks out the front door, suitcase in each hand, toward the car-- Jack exits the driver's seat, the trunk opens automatically-- Jack walks to the trunk, takes one of the suitcases from Finn and loads it-- Finn loads the other one--

JACK

You're always welcome to join me and Cole... If not, make the most of your time there. And win the fucking Championship.

Finn nods--

Jack closes the trunk, walks around to the passenger side and opens the door-- Shannon stands at the passenger door--

JACK

(to Shannon)
Come with us, Shann.

FINN

Come on, mom. A short drive.

SHANNON

I hadn't planned on it. Too sad.

JACK

(smiles)
Get in, you're coming. Finn, hop in back.

FINN

(smiles)
With Hooker? What if he eats me?

Finn gets into the back seat-- Hooker sniffs his face and licks it--

SHANNON

(smiles)
Okay, you convinced me. Haven't been to O'Hare in a while.
(enters front seat)
Jack, can we go on a trip? Like a tropical island maybe? In the Caribbean?

Jack closes her door-- walks around the car-- slides into the driver's seat-- closes his door.

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Jack's in the driver's seat. Shannon sits in front. Finn's in the back seat with Hooker.

JACK

(happy)

I thought about it. How about St. Bart's? I'll get us a villa.

FINN

Can I skip my first semester and tag along? I'll sleep on the beach?

JACK

(into rear view mirror)
You have a team to lead, big guy. Ivy League Championship game is on your horizon.

SHANNON

(joyous)

That would be the trip of my dreams.

Shannon leans over and kisses Jack. They smile. In love.

Jack puts the car in reverse and backs out of the driveway--

FINN

Can you put on the radio? 93.1?

JACK

Sure can.

Jack drives forward-- tunes the radio to WXRT-- 93.1 FM.

FINN

I love you guys.

Shannon and Jack turn and smile at Finn.

MUSIC CUE: "Low Spark of High Heeled Boys" by Traffic plays from the radio-- Traffic's Steve Winwood sings--

WINWOOD (V.O.)

*If you had just a minute to
breathe / And they granted you
one final wish*

EXT. JACK'S ELDORADO (MOVING/STOPPED) - DAY

The Eldorado drives along the quiet neighborhood street--

WINWOOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Would you ask for something,
like another chance?*

A plain white van approaches the Eldorado-- swerves fast sideways and cuts the Eldorado off-- Eldorado brakes hard-- stops. Another plain white van drives up fast behind it-- stops hard. A third plain white van pulls up fast alongside the Eldorado-- stops hard. The Eldorado is blocked.

The side doors of all three vans open-- revealing three black-clad, three-man teams of LATIN LORDS ASSASSINS with AK-47 machineguns --they OPEN FIRE! on the Eldorado-- its windows EXPLODE to bits-- its body RIDDLED with hundreds of bullets-- the car smokes-- catches fire-- the machinegun fire stops--

FRONT WHITE VAN

Pepe hands his AK-47 to LATIN LORDS ASSASSIN #1-- he walks to the Eldorado with his Glock 21-- he looks inside the car--

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO (STOPPED) - DAY

--Shannon is ripped up, bloody. Dead. Hooker, furry bloody mess. Dead. Finn, ripped apart, bloody-- Done. Dead. Gone.

Jack, multiple bleeding holes-- GROANS-- looks up at Pepe-- pistol in his bloody hand-- he FIRES! a shot up into Pepe's throat-- Pepe drops his Glock, clutches his throat-- drops to his knees-- hemorrhages profusely-- falls over. Dead. A bullet from Latin Lords Assassin #1 hits Jack in the head-- Dead.

Assassin #1 grabs Pepe by the shoulders and drags him into the front van-- the doors close-- all three vans speed away--

SIRENS are heard in the distance--

INT. WOLFE PAVING YARD - TRAILER OFFICE - NIGHT

Cole sits behind the desk looking at paperwork-- Héctor enters, pistol in hand, held down at his side--

Cole looks at him--

HÉCTOR

They're dead... Finn. Jack.
 (deadly serious)
 We're taking it. The whole show.
 You can work with us... Or not.

Cole stares at Héctor-- enraged--

COLE

Who the fuck are you?

HÉCTOR

I represent your new owner.
 Jésus Salazar. Leader of the
 Latin Lords.

COLE

Yeah? Is that right?

Héctor's POV-- a shotgun slug BLASTS! through the modesty panel below the front of Cole's desk-- hits Héctor hard in the gut-- SLAMS! him back against the door-- he crumples to the floor, guts and blood pour out of his abdomen--

Cole rises from behind the desk with the sawed-off double barrel shotgun-- he walks to Héctor--

Héctor, dying, looks up at Cole-- Cole sets the muzzle of the shotgun on Héctor's forehead--

HÉCTOR

(choking)
 Stone cold.

Cole pulls the trigger-- BOOM!

Cole drops the shotgun-- steps over Héctor's body and exits--

EXT. WOLFE PAVING YARD - NIGHT

--the German Shepherds sit quietly in a pack watching Cole--

Cole glances at them-- walks to the front gate-- swings it open-- turns and faces the quiet dogs--

COLE

Go. Get outta here.

The dogs sit still. Watching him--

COLE (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out!

The dogs sit and stare at Cole-- they slowly rise and walk past Cole-- they exit the yard through the open gate--

Cole takes out his pistol-- aims it at the truck refueling tank-- FIRES! a round into the tank-- it EXPLODES!

Wind blows the flames toward the trucks-- the trucks catch fire and burn-- the trailer catches fire--

Cole exits the yard-- gets in his Camaro and drives off-- the trucks and trailer blazing behind him--

EXT. GLENBROOK GOLF COURSE - HOLE IN THE FENCE - NIGHT

Cole's Camaro parked near the hole in the fence.

We see the golf course pond shimmering in the distance--

GOLF COURSE POND

--WE MOVE CLOSER-- toward the fairway sprinklers shooting arcs of misting water over rolling green grass-- to the yellow weeping willows dangling over the pond's lily pads and cattails. Moonbeams shimmer on the water.

WE SEE Cole sitting under a weeping willow tree near the edge of the pond. Leaning back against the trunk. An owl HOOTS--

--WE MOVE CLOSER ON Cole-- his eyes are open, as if in a trance, staring at the water-- his pistol in his hand, resting on the grass--

--WE SLOWLY PULL BACK from Cole and the glittering pond--

--the image of Cole sitting under the weeping willow tree slowly blends into darkness--

--WE SEE a tiny orange flash in the darkness near the pond--

--and hear the hollow quiet REPORT of an echoing gunshot...

Done. Dead. Gone.

FADE OUT.

THE END