

gangsters

Written By

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BLACK.

The lively sounds of a party of teenagers: laughter, 1970's rock 'n roll music, snippets of conversations-

NORTH SHORE, CHICAGO - 1978

Then, rising in volume, the sounds of THUDDING and GRUNTING.

BRIGHT FIERY STARBURSTS on each THUD.

The sound becomes clear. Of fists hitting flesh and bone.

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

FADE IN:

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

SIDEWALK

Where douchebag RANDY, 18, and three of his dirtbag friends punch and kick a muscular kid wearing scuffed motorcycle boots, jeans and a ripped t-shirt, who's down on all fours on the sidewalk.

His body jolts as he absorbs the blows. He remains unmoved in his position. His eyes are swollen, mouth sprays blood in a spatter pattern on the white concrete. He's usually the smartest guy in the room. But not tonight. He *fucked up*. Because he's fucked up. On Quaaludes. He *is* at the wrong fucking party, proving Randy correct. This is 18-year-old-

FINN KELLY.

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

Finn groans. Then slowly rises unsteadily to his feet. He's over six feet tall, weighs about two-hundred pounds, most of it muscle. His face is bloody, one eye swollen shut.

RANDY
All-State quarterback? That can't
fight, worth a shit? Why is that?

FINN

I'm doin 'ludes, man.
 (winks; staggers away)
 See ya, fuckhead. Soon.

INT. BATHROOM SHOWER - KELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bloodstained hands grasp the shower head as water sprays Finn's swollen face. Blood runs down his cut, scuffed and bruised body. He lowers his head under the soothing stream.

EXT. ST. PAUL CATHOLIC GRADE SCHOOL - MORNING

The school bell RINGS.

FOUR YEARS AGO - 1974

Wearing a Catholic school uniform of dark dress pants, a sky-blue button-down shirt and a navy blue tie 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 bikes. Finn parks his bike in the rack, locks it.

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

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

Young Finn tentatively enters, walks quickly past jeering, 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 the slivers out, or
 just chew on them?!

Young Finn, whose front teeth are actually average size, takes a coping breath, and completely shuts off the external world. His personal 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 obliviously 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. Finn anxiously looks at her. And then-

GIOVANETTI

(smiles; to Finn)

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

Young Finn, humiliated further by the only adult in the room, starts to sweat. He grips his desk. Then slowly rises from his seat. In a daze he walks toward the front blackboard-

GIOVANETTI (CONT'D)

(admiring the boards)

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

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

The mocking BEAVER IMAGES close in on Finn. The kids' raucous laughter is LOUD and DISTORTED. He approaches Giovanetti. She vapidly smiles at him, offers him the eraser. He takes it, glares at her. He turns around, looks at his classmates with cold rage. They laugh harder! He calmly raises the eraser. And CRACKS Giovanetti hard across the face--EXPLOSIVELY filling the screen with chalky white dust, that resembles snow flakes.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Finn dressed, hair wet from the shower, walks down the stairs toward the door. His 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 blankly stares at her, exits out the door. He walks to his green Chevy Malibu in the driveway, gets in, drives off.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Same party as before. Loud rock 'n roll music. Kids drink and laugh. Several stand on the blood spattered sidewalk. Randy and his fighter friends are on the sidewalk laughing, drinking beer, talking to girls.

In the b.g., Finn's green Chevy slowly approaches. Then stops.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU

Finn's in the driver's seat, staring. His view of party kids on the bloody sidewalk in front of Randy's house. Randy and his friends flirting with 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 who freaks at the car speeding directly at him.

SIDEWALK

Kids scream, Randy dives away as Finn's car flies past him. Randy looks up at Finn's passing car. Scared, stunned.

EXT. STREET - CHEVY

Finn slams on the brakes, SLIDES to a stop. He turns around, drives slowly back to Randy's house. He stops across the street from the house. Kids scatter up on the lawn in fear.

Finn puts the Chevy in park. Exits the car with his keys.

He glances at Randy as he casually walks to the car's trunk.

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

Finn opens the trunk, removes something from its darkness, conceals it under his jacket, closes the trunk. He walks to the open driver's side window, sets the unseen object inside on the seat. He turns around, leans back against the car door and blankly stares 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 Police Cruiser drives slowly between Finn and Randy. It stops close to Finn, its driver side window is open, revealing POLICE CHIEF GALLAGHER, 50.

CHIEF GALLAGHER
 (weary)
 Your mother called Jack. He called me. So, here I am. Go home, Finn. We're not doing this tonight. Right?

Finn blankly stares at Gallagher.

CHIEF GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
 (on mic; over PA speaker)
 Party's over! Leave the premises now or I'll start writing five hundred dollar tickets for underage alcohol!

Gallagher looks at Finn, nods at Finn's car like- "get in." Resigned, Finn shakes his head, gets in his car, drives off.

PRE-LAP: Melancholy opening saxophone notes of Traffic's song "The Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys" plays. 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 - KELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A WEEK LATER - PRESENT - 1978

Traffic's song continues-

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 room's smoky darkness. Bookshelves holding a set of *The World Book Encyclopedia*. Books: *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, *Breakfast of Champions*, *Siddhartha*, *God Is Dead*, *GOD: A Biography*, *Hell's Angels*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Sybil*. Sports trophies: football, hockey, baseball, swimming.

An expensive turntable spins the vinyl Traffic record 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 walls. Chicago Cubs Ron Santo and Ernie Banks; Chicago 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. Finn, with bruised face and black eye, sets the Graffix bong next to his baggie of green buds on his table, leans back in his chair, exhales a cloud of smoke, opens a pill container, pops a couple pills.

BANGING on the door. Muffled voice of an angry man, Finn's alcoholic, criminal attorney father, CONOR KELLY, 50.

CONOR (O.S.)

Turn that shit down! Fucking goddam
Brit transvestite drug addicts!

Finn stares at his door with the "California" poster of the naked blonde model standing in ocean surf. She smiles at him.

His bare foot rests on a green push-button phone sitting on the shag carpeting. He sits back, motionless. A black and blue zombie vacantly staring 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 CLICK-CLICK-CLICKING sound. Finn leans down and picks up the handset, listens-

FINN

Hey, Cole.

EXT. CITY STREET - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY (1978)

We pass buildings. Chicago is home to over a hundred-thousand gangbangers in sixty major gangs: Gangster Disciples, Vice Lords, Black P. Stones, Latin Kings, etc. whose taggers have spray painted every imaginable surface with their colors and symbols. We see a RED CROWN with LATIN LORDS under it.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

A group of demented 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 (O.S.)
Comes in waves... Silently. Softly.
Wraps me. Holds me, snugly.

INT. CAMARO - CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Sitting behind the wheel is Finn's best friend. The slick, smart, well dressed and very aggressive 18-year-old-

COLE WOLFE.

Finn's in the front passenger seat speaking introspectively, vacantly staring 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. At all.

Finn turns his head, blankly looks at Cole.

COLE
Like inside a satin padded coffin.
Done. Dead. And gone.

FINN
More like "*Silent Snow, Secret Snow.*"
And we know what happened to Paul.

Finn opens the car door, exits the car.

COLE

Wait, what the fuck happened to Paul?!

Finn smirks at Cole, closes the car door.

EXT. STREET - BUILDING - DAY

Finn walks past the homeless men toward the building entrance.

FINN

(to himself)
Try. Cry. Why try. Just a dream.
Just a dream.

INT. CAMARO - DAY

Cole's view of Finn entering the building.

A drunk BUM wobbles to the Camaro, gives it an appreciative look, sits on the hood. He tauntingly smiles at Cole.

Cole rolls down his window.

COLE

(calm)
Fuck off my car, dude.

BUM

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

Three of the Bum's psychotic ASSOCIATES stagger over to the Camaro. One breaks his empty bottle on the street, waves the jagged neck. Another slides a flashing knife from his pocket.

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

COLE

Get the fuck off. I have no time.

The Bum's friends grumble, shuffle away from the car.

BUM

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

Bum staggers back to his associates. They sneer at Cole.

INT. TYSEN TICKET OFFICE - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

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

Finn stands in front of a thick window that separates him from ticket broker, IRA TYSEN, 30s. They stare at each other with "fuck you" looks. Silence. And then-

FINN

Phone hasn't rung. Not one time.

TYSEN

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

Finn pulls a 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 Ozzy rises out of hell, and hits the stage. Ira, you'll take nine. Be happy.

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

TYSEN

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

FINN

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

Tysen and Finn revert to their 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 soft. Nice Catholic suburban goy. What happened, Irish?

Finn walks to the door-

FINN

Everything. Nothing. Who cares?
Fuck off till next time.

Tysen flips Finn the finger as he exits, enters the hallway.

INT. ELEVATOR - HALLWAY

Finn presses the elevator button, then walks to the hall window. He looks out the window, downward at-

Cole's Camaro illegally parked in front of the building. A Chicago Police Cruiser slides up next to it and stops. Moments pass... The police cruiser drives off. Finn looks back at the elevator. It DINGS, elevator doors open, Finn walks to it, boards. The doors begin to close-

INT. ELEVATOR CAR

As JOAQUÍN, 25-year-old Latin Lord gangbanger, enters. The doors slide closed. He fake smiles at Finn. Finn steps back into the corner, watching him. Joaquín whips out a knife, lunges at Finn, presses the shiny blade against the side of his neck. They're eye-to-eye.

JOAQUÍN

Shitting your pants? Let's do this quiet.

FINN

(calm)
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.

FINN (CONT'D)

Do it or get the fuck off me.

Joaquín quickly pats Finn's pants, coat pockets, takes the banded tickets from Finn's inner-coat pocket.

JOAQUÍN

(grunts)
Where's the roll?!

A hollow--POP! ECHOES... Hazy blue smoke slowly wafts up around their faces. They stare at each other, eye-to-eye.

Joaquín steps back, drops the ticket bundle on the floor. He stares at Finn. He drops the knife. Then he smiles, amazed. Joaquín collapses to the floor. Blood pumps out of the hole in his gut. He places his hands over the bloody hole, his top hand has a small tattoo of a RED CROWN between his thumb and index finger. He looks up at Finn, smiling in amazement.

Finn slides his pistol into the back of his waistband.

JOAQUÍN

This... it's fuckin' real, man.

Joaquín's life fades, body becomes still, eyes open. Dead.

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

EXT. CAMARO - STREET - DAY

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

INT. CAMARO

Finn opens the passenger door, slides into the seat. Cole's in the driver's seat. Finn stares calmly out the windshield. Cole glides away from the curb, smoothly merges into traffic.

COLE

You get a good price? I bet the Jew wanted over a grand. Am I 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 touches the dried blood spot on his neck.

FINN

-Must've scratched off a mole.

COLE

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

FINN

Yeah? Perhaps then... a *manicure*?

They look at each other, start laughing, hard. At the preposterous idea. Tears fill their eyes.

Finn takes a 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 snowstorm?

FINN

Yeah... Paul went insane.

He looks out the side window as they pass endless buildings covered with endless graffiti. And the image of a Red Crown.

FINN (CONT'D)

(closes his eyes)
And he was okay with it.

EXT. POND - GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

FOUR YEARS AGO - 1974

Sprinklers shoot arcs of misting water over rolling green fairways. Yellow weeping willow branches dangle over lily pads and cattails. Moonbeams shimmer off the water. Dirty white golf balls lay on the grass around the pond.

YOUNG FINN, 14, and YOUNG COLE, 14, hunch over in the pond, moving slowly, their chins just above the water--

--They troll the pond's mucky bottom with their fingers, grasp submerged golf balls and toss them out onto the grass.

FINN

They were at it again. Screaming.
Slapping... They hate each other.

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

FINN (CONT'D)

Some weird party, 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 gym 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

Tar. Worked at my Dad's truck yard
since six this morning. 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. Speaking
of abuse. What's up with your holy
Catholic classmates, bully 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 can thin out the herd.

They smile at each other, finish loading the golf balls. They put on their sneakers and t-shirts 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 a *Catholic* school. If she only knew how inferior it is. And all that-
(suppressed rage)
church... *bullshit!*
(clears mind)
Only a month till graduation! Then summer. And girls. In the pool. I can't wait, man.

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, Finn. I can feel it.

Finn's lost in a trance. Cole notices his oblivion.

COLE (CONT'D)

You said something about bullshit, at your church?

FINN

(snaps alert)
Nothing... just altar boy shit.

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (1974)

The house is large and landscaped. A blue Cadillac Coupe DeVille and a new black Eldorado are parked in the driveway.

INT. BATHROOM

The mirror and glass shower door are steamed.

LARGE SHOWER

Water sprays, the floor is covered with dirty pond golf balls. Cole and Finn, wearing the same gym shorts from the pond, scrub 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 flaccid angry mess. I could, Cole, you know?

COLE

Kill him?

FINN

Yeah. I don't know... I get close sometimes.

COLE

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

FINN

Shit! The whole pack?

COLE

(smiles)

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

(MORE)

FINN (CONT'D)

(to Cole)

Because, as you're well aware,
Coley. I now have a history. Of
violence. That's been imprinted
into my permanent record.

COLE

(smiles)

That bitch teacher deserved it.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - EARLY MORNING (NEXT DAY - 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 still swollen, purple.

A small group of wealthy, well-attired GOLFERS hover around
them. They've been selling their pond golf balls from egg
cartons to the golfers. Finn passes a carton of shiny white
balls to Golfer, 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

From selling their pond balls back
to them. What fools.

They watch a Foursome walk up to a nearby tee box.

FINN (CONT'D)

Ever hear about the "jam boys?"

COLE

Sounds gay, Finn. You coming out?

FINN

Not gay. British. When the Brits
played golf in India, they had a
caddy and a *boy*, smeared with jam.

(MORE)

FINN (CONT'D)

To attract the *flies*. The flies would stick to the jam boy allowing the imperial white Brits to have a bug-free round. That, is empire.

COLE

That, is fucked up.

FINN

No! The Brits would let the boy keep the jam. As a tip. On his body. To take home to his family, so they could scrape it off him for dinner. Now *that*, Cole, is fucked up.

COLE

Why don't you just read comic books like everybody else?

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

COLE

FORE!

Golfer swings--buries the driver's head into the turf--mud and grass spatter Golfer and his Partners. They're startled, then pissed off. His ball is still on the tee. Golfer glares at them.

FINN

(chuckles)

Oh, shit. Run.

Cole and Finn laugh and sprint for the hole in the fence.

Golfer drops his club and runs after them.

Cole and Finn duck through the fence hole out to the road.

Golfer runs up to the fence, slips, falls, gets up.

GOLFER

Little fuckers! You'll get yours!

FINN

Does your husband golf?!

Finn and Cole walk down the street laughing.

COLE

Golfers are such pussies. There's never any *fights* in golf, you know? All polite and shit. I'd love to see Trevino whack Nicklaus with his three iron. Just once. It's so fucking boring. I could never be like them. I'd rather be in a coma.

FINN

(laughing)

Me too. We're one of kind, Cole.

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

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 bare-foot to the patio table with a plate loaded with sandwiches.

FINN

Hi Mrs. Wolfe.

JULIE

Hi Finn. How's your Mom and Dad? Any wild parties lately?

FINN

Uh, okay, I guess. No more parties.

JULIE

They had some crazy nights! Coley, take a break. Have some lunch.

COLE

Thanks, Mom. Aren't you going to the club soon?

JULIE

Yep. Going to change, then going.

Cole and Finn climb out of the pool, pick up sandwiches, eat.

Cole's 40-year-old criminal father, wearing navy blue work clothes and black work boots, exits the patio door of the house, walks toward the group in the pool area. This is-

JACK WOLFE.

As Jack passes we see "WOLFE PAVING, INC." stitched in gold cursive thread across the back of his navy blue work shirt.

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

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

JACK
Same bullshit. How's your Mom?

FINN
She's good.

JACK
Tell her I said hello... Cole, take care of the paperwork, *today*.

COLE
Yes, sir.

JACK
(gruff)
You were off by forty-eight grand last week. Accounts didn't reconcile. It's simple fucking math, Cole. Do I need to get you a tutor?

Jack coldly ignores Julie as he walks past her to the house-

JACK (CONT'D)
Books better be accurate!

COLE
Yes, sir.
(whispers to Finn)
Both sets.

JULIE
(sad; to Jack)
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
 I'll be back in a few hours.

Julie exits the pool area, enters the house.

The girls lay towels on lounge chairs, smile at the boys, dip their toes in the water 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 to clean his money. He hates the IRS... Pretty much hates everything. Even my Mom.

FINN
 Oh... Can we go there some time, to the club?

COLE
 Finnster, our babes are right here.

The boys jam last bites into their mouths and dive into the pool. They slowly circle Katrina and Noelle. The girls giggle as the boys circle closer. Noelle laughs, lunges at Finn, Katrina lunges at Cole. They have a flirtatious splash battle.

EXT. THE ULTRA ROOM - DAY (SAME AFTERNOON - 1974)

An upscale strip 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. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - THE ULTRA ROOM - DAY

We hear the muted Nazareth song, "Love Hurts" as we peep downward through a two-way mirror onto a neon-lit stage featuring two naked women twirling around glowing poles.

The office is spacious and luxuriously furnished. We hear the fast rhythmic sound of- PHIT-PHIT-PHIT-PHIT--

A tall muscular Security Guard wears a shoulder holster and pistol while standing near the office's steel door.

Jack stands at a side table feeding stacks of cash into the electronic money counter that's 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? 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)

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 fucking time?!

Moments pass...

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 Guard at the door stiffens, stares at them.

Jack looks at Julie. They glare at each other with contempt.

The money counter processes Jack's cash- phit-phit-phit.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS GAME ROOM - WOLFE'S HOUSE - 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, each filled with a pair of jostling teenagers.

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

KATRINA

I'm so hot!

COLE (O.S.)

(inside Katrina's bag)

And wet!

Finn pops his head out of the other sleeping bag, leans over, slides his finger along Katrina's wet shoulder, and licks it.

FINN

You're salty. I like sweet.

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

NOELLE

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. Take one. For you, no charge.

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

NOELLE
 (scolding)
 You're selling pot?

COLE
 Yeah. We sell it all. Pot, coke,
 speed, ludes, valium, tickets. You
 want it, we got it. We're 7-11.

NOELLE
 (disgusted)
 You're going to be just like Dad.

Finn passes the joint to Noelle. She hesitates. Then takes it, 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 above the game room shatters the moment. They freeze.

COLE (CONT'D)
 Fuck! Mom's home!

Noelle stubs out the joint, puts it into the drawer.

TRACK WITH THEM scrambling out of the sleeping bags in their swimsuits, running up the stairs, out the patio door--SLAM-

EXT. POOL - WOLFE'S BACKYARD - DAY

They scamper through the pool 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, wishing she was young and fun again.

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

A Mediterranean style house in an upscale suburban Chicago neighborhood. Cole's lime green Camaro pulls into the driveway and parks next to Finn's green Chevy. (This is their return from Chicago where they purchased the Black Sabbath tickets.)

1978 - PRESENT

INT. CAMARO - KELLY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Cole, 18, in the driver's seat and Finn, 18, sleeping in the front passenger seat (same as before) with his head resting against the side window; spot of dried blood on his neck.

COLE

(shakes Finn's arm)

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

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, did they come from?

FINN

The elevator. At Tysen's. Guy tried to jack me. Some crazy banger.

COLE

No shit?

Finn looks out the side window at his house.

COLE (CONT'D)

What happened to the guy?

FINN

He went to never-never land.

COLE

You're okay?

FINN

(faces Cole)

It comes and goes. The snow blows. Starting to accumulate.

Finn opens door.

COLE

(worried)

I mean, did he hurt you?

FINN

Just the tiny hole in my neck. I
lied about the mole.

(sincere)

I'm okay. Don't worry.

COLE

Shit, man. How did it feel?

Finn smiles weakly, exits the car.

FINN

I don't know. I'll tell you if I
ever feel it.

COLE

He's really dead?

FINN

(looks in at Cole)
He's done, Cole.

He closes the door, walks past his green Chevy to the door.

Cole is stunned as he watches Finn approach 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 view of Finn entering his house, closing the door.

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

1974

A basket of folded clothes sits on Noelle's bed. Noelle, 16, sits at her desk doing homework. Julie stands next to her.

NOELLE

(annoyed)

Mom, really? I'm doing homework. I
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. So, try-

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

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

JULIE

(harsh)

Noelle. Do not fuck that boy! Do you hear me? Find someone else. You listen to me!

NOELLE

(stands; faces her)

Oh my god! Why?! Why you crazy bitch?! Tell me!

Moments pass...

JULIE

(tears & sniffles)

You really want to know?

Noelle reacts to Julie's tears, softens a little.

NOELLE

(worried)

I don't know, do I?

JULIE

You cannot, tell, anyone.

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (1978 - PRESENT)

Finn, 18, exhales a cloud of smoke. He rolls his baggie of weed tight, slides it into the inside pocket of his jacket, exits the room, closes the door. Moments later...

His phone on the shag carpet makes a repetitive hollow CLICKING sound-- CLICK-CLICK-CLICK, CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-

INT. TYSEN'S TICKET OFFICE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Tyzen stands shaking, sweating, his phone in one hand and a pistol in the other. He throws down the phone, aims his pistol with two shaking hands at the thick bullet proof window-

TYSEN

(scared to death)

I called the cops. Just go! You
can't get in! It's a vault door!
And, and, a bullet proof window!

OUTER OFFICE - OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDOW

Calmly standing on the other side of the window, holding a big-ass .45 Glock pistol, is stocky, soft-spoken 50-year-old Hispanic hitman for the Latin Lords, PEPE GUZMÁN.

PEPE

(touches window)

This window here? No. Not quite.
Bullet *resistant*. Not bullet *proof*.
Only level-one protection. You know-
for gas stations, stores, pharmacies.
Businesses like that.

(shakes his head)

This only has a few thin layers.

TYSEN

It came with the office! The guy
said it was fucking bullet proof!
Get out! The cops are coming! 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 firepower from a larger caliber
weapon. Like my Glock 21 here.

(admires his pistol)

This is a fourteen shot, forty-five
caliber, motherfucking cannon.

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

PEPE (CONT'D)

And it is magnificent.

Pepe fires--BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!--the window SHATTERS with glass shards BLASTING into Tysen's office--

INNER OFFICE

-Tysen, barraged with a million sharp chips of level-one glass, screams, dives down behind his desk.

Pepe climbs up onto the window ledge, jumps into the office.

Pepe walks to Tysen. Snatches the pistol from his hand.

PEPE
Sales book?

TYSEN
(shaking)
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, 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 that afternoon.

TYSEN
Here. God, I just sell tickets!
(ledger to Pepe)
The police, they're on their way!

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

Pepe folds the sales page and slides it into his pocket. He places his pistol muzzle on Tysen's forehead.

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

Tysen piss-soaks his trousers.

Pepe's hand grips his pistol. There is a tattoo of a RED CROWN between his thumb and index finger.

EXT. FINN & COLE'S SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (1978)

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

He looks up at the clear night sky-

Sparkling stars ENLARGE, GLOW and SPIN like the SHIMMERING PINWHEELS of Van Gogh's "The Starry Night." He touches his left ear, scoffs, continues walking. He comes upon a park-

EXT. SAME SUBURBAN PARK - LATE AFTERNOON - (1974 - FLASHBACK)

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 through the park. They're miserable. They look at each other filled with the broken heartache of losing their first true love-

And slowly release their held 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)
Noelle!

Noelle stops, her back to Finn... Then continues walking.

EXT. SAME PARK - FINN & COLE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (1978)

Finn shifts his sad gaze from the park, continues walking. A car passes him. Then stops. It reverses--

--Until it stops next to him. Finn keeps walking. The driver rolls down his window and drives forward slowly next to Finn. It's douchebag Randy from the first fight scene.

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, flicks joint, stares at Randy. Randy exits the car smiling, confidently approaches Finn. Finn instantly grabs Randy's hair, pulls his head down and pummels his face ferociously with his other fist. Randy drops to the street. Finn kicks the shit out of him. Randy's out cold, bloody, broken. Finn drags him to his car, shoves him into the driver seat, sets Randy's foot on the gas pedal, puts the car in drive, it rolls forward, picks up speed, SMASHES into a parked car. Finn smiles, trots away.

INT. GAME ROOM - WOLFE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

1970's rock music plays from the stereo. The room is filled with about twenty of Cole and Finn's friends and girlfriends. They drink wine and beer from red plastic solo 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
- They shoot pool, drink, flirt and laugh with the girls
- They play foosball, pass around joints

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

FINN

Sean- whoa! Spillage, dude.

SEAN

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

FINN

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

SEAN

Downtown, in the Viagra Triangle.
Hunting "MERC Jerk" millionaires.

Finn hands Sean a hundred dollar bill.

FINN

Viagra Triangle? Rush and State?

SEAN

Gold Coast. The place you ain't.

Finn looks glum. He enters a room with a sign on the door-
"KEEP OUT!" Sean follows him into the-

GUN ROOM

Sean watches Cole snort a line of coke off the top of a steel safe. He's surrounded by beautiful oak-and-glass gun cases filled with rifles, shotguns, semiautomatic pistols, machine-guns, revolvers and a set of sharp 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 are out front.

COLE

(sniffing)
Got any bets down?

SEAN

Big on the Knicks. It's a lock.

COLE

Still bookin' with Sally?

SEAN

Yep. Fucking Dago Sal. Tonight's my night, Cole. It's a fucking lock!

COLE

You are, a true degenerate loser.
I'd say gambler, but you never win.
(notices Finn's hand)
Dude, your hand?

FINN

Had a surprise date with my boy,
Randy. His head gave me great fist.

Cole and Sean smile.

EXT. FRONT OF WOLFE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The swaggering staggering rowdy crew of concert Kids wobble down the sidewalk in the darkness toward the street where Four stretch limousines idle quietly in line at the curb. The Drivers stand at the open rear doors greeting their festive fares as they pile into the cars.

Finn and Cole walk toward the first limo.

COLE

Sabbath Rules!
(distorted voice)
I am Iron Man!

FINN

I am, Killing Myself to Live!

They laugh, climb in, Driver closes their door. The four limos drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LATIN LORDS CLUBHOUSE - CHICAGO BUILDING - DAWN (1978)

The exterior of the unassuming building is pristine. No graffiti. Just a small "RED CROWN" logo on the front door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATIN LORDS CLUBHOUSE - DAWN

Sparsely furnished. Long table, twenty chairs and a phone. A big RED CROWN logo on the wall behind the head chair.

Pepe sits alone at the table looking at the page he tore out of Tysen's ticket sales ledger-

CLOSE on the columns across the top of the page under the heading- "Tysen Ticket Brokers -- All Chicago Events"-

Columns: NAME- PHONE NUMBER- EVENT- #TICKETS SOLD- FINAL PRICE PAID- TIME OF DAY

Rows: NAMES, PHONE NUMBERS, EVENTS

CLOSE on the last row: Finn- 312-174-7140- Sabbath- 25- \$900 cash- 5:00 PM.

Pepe slides the phone in front of him and presses Finn's digits. He waits on several rings... hangs up.

He thinks... then presses digits of another phone number.

EXT. WOLFE'S HOUSE - DAWN (1978)

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

5:15 AM

PAPERBOY, 12, rides his bike with a basket of newspapers. He throws papers onto neighbors' driveways, approaches Wolfe's house, rides up the driveway, kick-stands the bike, carefully lays a paper on the hood of Jack's black Eldorado. He gets on his bike, rides down the driveway, continues tossing papers.

The electric garage door slides open. Jack's ferocious German Shepherd, HOOKER, its thick neck bound tightly in a black leather & steel spiked collar, stalks out of the garage and sits obediently at the Eldorado's driver's door.

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

Sean wipes his eyes, 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 hood and opens the door. Hooker lunges inside onto the rear seat. Jack gets in.

Sean opens the passenger door. "WOLFE PAVING, INC." stitched in gold cursive lettering on the back of his shirt. A chrome pistol tucked into the back of his navy blue work pants.

Jack backs the Eldorado out of the driveway, speeds away.

Moments later a stretch limousine (same as night before) pulls into the driveway. Driver exits, opens rear door, awkwardly pulls groggy Cole out and helps him to the front door--

--Driver uses Cole's keys, opens the door. He gives Cole a gentle nudge into the foyer, tosses the keys inside, watches him for a moment, then turns, trots back to the limo.

INT. FOYER

Cole sways drunkenly in the foyer with his eyes closed.

EXT. FRONT OF WOLFE'S HOUSE - DAWN

The limo backs out onto the street, speeds away.

The sound of a muted THUMP radiates out of the foyer.

A Ferrari pulls into the driveway, stops abruptly with a brief SQUEAL. Passenger door swings open...a pair of four-inch heels and long legs swing out onto the driveway...angle up on her tight red mini skirt, her silky blouse with plunging neckline, a diamond solitaire pendant around her neck, silky blonde hair...she turns her face toward us revealing the stunningly hot Noelle, now 20.

She rises out of the Ferrari, pulls a thong out of her purse, tosses it to the MERC Jerk, winks, swaggers to front door.

Merc Jerk sniffs her thong, smiles... reverses the Ferrari out of the driveway, rolls forward, then ROARS away.

Noelle enters the foyer-

NOELLE (O.S.)

Get up you stupid boozer! You're puking on Mom's new carpet!

The front door SLAMS! shut.

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - MORNING

The lawn and bushes at the house are overgrown.

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM

The alarm clock BEEPS continuously, showing- 8:15 AM. Text-books, notebooks, half-read novels scattered around the darkened room. Clothes strewn about. The air conditioner blows icy cold foggy air. Finn sleeps in bed, covers up to his neck.

KNOCK on the door. Shannon enters.

SHANNON

I made you a B-L-T on toast. It'll smooth out your hangover... Get up.

FINN

(half-dead groggy)
What, ugh... what time is it?

SHANNON

Time to get your ass out of bed. It's like the Arctic in here. Finn!

FINN

(eyes closed)
I'm freezing my brain where the thoughts get in, to stop my mind from wandering.

(sings)
Where it will go, oh-oh-oh-

SHANNON

It will go to school! Move it!

FINN

It's Friday. Right? Can't I take the day off? I'm really, not well.

SHANNON

Don't drink so much! It leads to a bullshit life. Clouds judgment. And you make stupid, permanent mistakes.

(tears)
And you end up, in a crap marriage!

FINN

I'm sorry, Mom. You deserve better.

Shannon exits. Finn sits up, slowly pulls the covers off. He's wearing his jacket. He slides his feet out, sets them on the carpet. He looks down. He's wearing his jeans and boots.

FINN

Christ. This, is not good.

He gets up, opens a desk drawer, takes out a pill bottle, pops a couple pills. He gathers notebooks, textbooks, shoves them into his backpack. He takes off his jacket, boots and clothes, goes to his dresser, pulls out fresh folded clothes. Stares at them... they're covered with a light dusting of snow. His mind spirals.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET CORNER - EARLY MORNING

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

INT. UNMARKED DETECTIVE CAR

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

PEPE

The address. What is it?

MICK

No.

PEPE

No? Why the fuck not?

MICK

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

PEPE

I need the guy's address, Mick. He killed my nephew.

(agitated)

The fuck we pay you for?!

MICK

(slow & clear)

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

PEPE

(smoldering)

You are fucking useless.

MICK

This time. I do have a 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? Plate number?

MICK

Nope.

PEPE

You give me a needle? In a fucking haystack?! Fuck off, Mick!

Pepe angrily exits the car, SLAMS the door.

MICK

Go back to Sinaloa, Pee-pee.

EXT. WOLFE PAVING VAN (MOVING FAST) - EARLY MORNING

The navy blue van has "WOLFE PAVING INC." painted in gold cursive lettering on its side above the rear side window. It's moving way too fast through a quiet North Shore suburban hood.

INT. WOLFE PAVING VAN

Sean drives recklessly fast. He's desperate. Jack's Crew Chief, African American MANNY, 40, coolly sits in the front passenger seat with a white-knuckle grip on the crash handle.

Sitting in back are three large tattooed men on Manny's crew: Two African American Men and One Hispanic Man; they're all in their late-20s. The van swerves wildly--Hispanic HÉCTOR grabs a crash handle--he has a RED CROWN tattoo on his hand between his thumb and index finger.

SEAN

I am so fucked! Knicks didn't cover!
By two fucking points! Two! Supposed
to be a fucking lock! God-dammit!

MANNY

Slow down, Sean. Or we're going to
roll. How much?

SEAN

Ten! I was in to Sal for twelve. Now
he wants twenty-two by ten o'clock.
What do you got, Manny? You gotta-

MANNY

-Sorry. I got kids and wives.

SEAN
 (slams fist on wheel)
 Fuck, Manny! Where can I get it?!

Manny looks at him thinking- rich white kid degenerate loser.

Sean parks the van in front of the Wolfe house, presses a fob that opens the garage door.

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

Héctor's view from the rear seating area through the van's rear side window on Sean trotting past Cole's lime green Camaro on the driveway, then entering the garage.

INT. CLASSROOM - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (1978 - PRESENT)

The class is full of smart nerdy Students, 16- 18-years-old.

We find hungover Finn, 18, at a desk in the last row in the corner, his backpack on his desktop. He stares at-

His hot, 30-year-old AP Physics TEACHER talking in a soothing voice as she describes an $F_{net}(x)=dp_x/dt$ diagram on the board.

TEACHER
 (smiles)
 To help us prepare for the final, we're gonna talk this morning about collisions. Yes, collisions, in two dimensions. And how we handle that. So let's look at this if this is Newton's second law, but it's just saying that the Net Force in the X direction is equal to the Rate at which the Momentum changes in the X direction-

Finn's eyes slowly close. He rests his head on his backpack.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 -you could get from here to F Net equals MA pretty quickly by just making the P equal to mV. And then pulling the M out. And then you got m times dv/dt which is-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. PAUL CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAWN

SIX YEARS EARLIER, 1972 - 6:00 AM

INT. ALTAR BOY ROOM

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

Finn, 12, pulls the white altar boy surplice over his head. It hangs over his red cassock. He opens the door, looks down the-

HALLWAY

Toward the priest's sacristy. It's empty and quiet. Finn closes the door.

ALTAR BOY ROOM

Finn crouches in front of the cabinet with the cruets on the counter above. He opens the cabinet, takes out the Communion wine bottle, unscrews it, takes a long swig. Then another.

KNOCKING! on the door.

YOUNG FINN

(startled)

Yes, Father Francis! 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 them down.

Finn walks back to the counter. We hear the sound of the door CLOSING. And LOCKING. Finn sets the cruets down.

YOUNG FINN

What is it, Father Francis?

FATHER FRANCIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My zipper seems to be stuck. Would you help me with it? We have a few minutes, child. Perhaps you can help us to relax a little bit before mass.

Finn turns and faces Francis. He becomes terrified. Frozen.

EXT. BACK YARD - KELLY'S HOUSE - DAY (TWO YEARS LATER - 1974)

We hear the IDLING ENGINE of a lawnmower. It's stopped near Finn, 14, who lays on his back on the grass, anxiously trembling, like he's having a fit. He stares upward at the clouds in the blue-

SKY

ANIMATED SEQUENCE: A large black cloud transforms into a human adult male figure, with a huge erection, that appears to be fucking a small white cloud, that morphs into the figure of a child. The child cloud spews small black clouds resembling tears from its eyes, that fall as raindrops, down into the-

BACK YARD

Onto trembling Finn, laying on the grass near the IDLING lawnmower.

CLOSE on Finn's face. The raindrops mix with his tears-

PRE-LAP: The LOUD sound of an ALARM RINGING!

INT. CLASSROOM - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (1978 - BACK TO PRESENT)

ALARM RINGING!

Same classroom as before--now it's empty, except for-

Hungover Finn, 18, at his desk in the last row in the corner, same as before. He's deep-sleep drooling, head down on his backpack on his desktop. His hand rests inside the backpack.

GUNSHOTS--BANG! BANG! BANG! Students SCREAMING! COMMOTION in the hallway, BANG! BANG! SLAMMING DOORS, SCREAMS, FIRE ALARM-

At his desk, Finn opens his eyes, slowly lifts his head, scans the empty classroom, then, bewildered, looks toward the-

CLASSROOM DOORWAY

Where 18-year-old psychopath, LITTLETON, dressed in black clothes and a black trench coat, appears with a 9mm Hi-Point 995 carbine rifle. He spots Finn in the back corner-

LITTLETON

(calm)

Hey Finn. It's okay. You're cool.

Finn becomes alert-

FINN

Littleton? What, are you doing?

LITTLETON

You know. What you've always done.
The fucking snow is gay, Finn. And
it's starting to drift.

FINN

Snow? But it's the end of May?

Finn stares at Littleton, his brain spiraling like a pinwheel.

LITTLETON

(raises rifle)

It'll be our secret, Finn. Sorry,
but I have to do what I have to do.
You should've run.

Littleton aims the rifle at Finn-

Finn slides his pistol out of his backpack--FIRES-BANG! BANG!-
BANG!-BANG!-BANG!

SLOW MOTION on Finn's SLUGS HITTING Littleton in his chest,
shoulder, spinning him around backward--final SLUG HITS him in
the back of his head--knocking him down, out into the hallway.

Finn stands up, grabs his backpack and runs to the doorway,
looks down at dead Littleton on the floor, bleeding out.

Finn slides the pistol into his backpack, zips it, slings it
over his shoulder--walks quickly--then runs through the soft
white snowflakes gently falling in the hallway.

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO - DAY (1978 - PRESENT)

Jack drives. Cole's in the front passenger seat. Hooker hangs
his furry blockhead out the window.

JACK

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

COLE

I drank too much.

Jack backhand SLAPS Cole hard across the face. Cole turns his head mechanically, 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. Can I go to school now? They're doing reviews for finals.

JACK

Not today. 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 complex. There's 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 parking lot is newly paved. Cardboard "WOLFE PAVING" signs dangle from a string across the entrance.

JACK

This fucking deadbeat owes me thirty-grand.

INT. FONTANA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The owner, FONTANA, 50, stands near his office in the back of the restaurant with Jack. Cole stands nearby. Jack opens his jacket, pulls out his pistol, 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

I told you, I'm short. Don't you fucking listen you stupid fuckin' mick?

Jack PUNCHES Fontana in the chest, knocking him to the floor.
 Cole reaches inside his jacket, watches closely-
 Jack jams his pistol hard into the side of Fontana's throat.

JACK
 (whispers)
 Listen you fucking Chef Boy-Ar-Dee,
 you're gonna be real short after I
 chop your fucking legs off and stuff
 'em into your meat grinder.

FONTANA
 You threatening me?!

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

JACK
 No, cunt breath, I'm predicting
 your future. They'll be calling
 this dump the "Dwarf di Fontana."

Cole pulls his pistol, 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 you'll
 be serving raw brains, tartare.

Chef moves back into the kitchen.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Get the fucking check before I burn
 you and this shithole down.

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

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

JACK
 I don't give a fuck. Get it or I'll
 take the keys to your new Benz out
 front. You could afford that, right?

EXT. FONTANA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Cole and Jack walk to the parked Eldorado.

COLE

I don't know if I can run it. Too many angles. Too many assholes. Too much fucking work. I'm too 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 cash but I also kick twenty points to him from my own operations for his protection-

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.

COLE

Not my style, Dad. I don't want it! Finn and me, we're building our own thing. Simple and profitable. Target, execute, gone. Your show? Nobody pays! You chase people down, threaten 'em, get all pissed off. Beat me and Sean. It's a rolling 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. Hooker BARKS.

INT. THE OLD MILL PUB - DAY (1978 - PRESENT)

The juke box in the dive bar rocks "Toys In the Attic" by Aerosmith.

Tattooed Bikers shoot pool, start whacking each other with their cues, throw punches, wrestle... then smiles and peace.

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.

The large, ratty-bearded tattooed biker and bar manager smokes a fat joint outside the front door. This is- TERRY, 35.

EXT. FRONT STEP - THE OLD MILL PUB - DAY

Finn steps outside. Terry passes him the joint, he hits it.

TERRY

Shit going down, Brother Finn.

FINN

The cops're going to be at my door.

TERRY

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

FINN

(suddenly confused)

Wait... Terry. What are we talking about? The gangbanger? Or the...

TERRY

(curious)

Or the, what?

FINN

Fuck.

TERRY

What?

FINN

(anxious)

Shit.

TERRY

No biggie. The other thing?

FINN

(worried)

I, uh, fuck. I shot a kid, at school-
(quick justification)
that was, or did, murder students.

Terry looks at him, stunned and curious-

TERRY

There was a shooter today? At the high school?

FINN

Yeah. He came into my room... aimed his rifle at me, and, I shot him. A lot. Four or five times. Then I ran my ass outta there.

Terry takes a hit on the joint.

TERRY

At the high school. Today?

FINN

Yeah. In my classroom! It had to be on the news. Right? You didn't hear about the shooter? At Glenbrook?

TERRY

(passes joint)

No. But I'm not really a news guy.

FINN

(regroups)

Okay, whatever. The thing with the banger then. What we were talking about, before... About *him*. There was nothing obvious. Seemed to be a garden variety crook... But, when he was holding the knife against my neck, see, right here-

Finn touch-points to where the small dried scab is on his neck. He rubs it with his finger, it falls off.

FINN (CONT'D)

Well, he stuck me in the neck. And that's when I saw a small tattoo, on his hand. Could've been a hat? With points on top? It was red.

TERRY

Was it a crown? A red *crown*?

(points to hand)

Between his thumb and index finger?

FINN

Yeah. Right there.

TERRY

That's the Latin Lords.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

They're in the north Loop, near Tysen's. Heard their boss, Salazar, is very aggressive, expanding their territory north. He's a brutal cat. We steer clear of them.

FINN

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? Anytime.

FINN

Sure, yeah... thanks Terry.

Finn slowly walks toward his parked green Chevy Malibu.

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 the 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. Fellow altar boy, at St. Paul's. Yeah, 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 code? I made a few attempts.
After the, Father Francis, thing.
Couldn't get through it. I got lucky.
They said. I don't know, things. Like
how to tie a rope knot. Or my veins
from my arteries.

(small smile)

Took a long time to process what he
did, to us. I'm slow, you know? Not
like you, Finn. You're smart. You
did it. So, I wanted to, thank you.

FINN

(serious)

Francis had a heart attack, Jim.

JIMMY

Yeah. I guess he did. From the-

(smiles)

potassium cyanide in the wine cruet.
I had time. I looked it up. You took
care of him, Finn, for all of us.

Jimmy awkwardly hugs Finn, immediately separates.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(upbeat; walks away)

Turning my life around, Finn!

Finn stands stunned... he walks to his car. Gets in.

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (1978 - PRESENT)

The song "Pretty Vacant" by the Sex Pistols plays from Finn's
stereo. Pot smoke hangs in the air. Finn's at his desk doing
AP Physics homework.

His phone on the carpet CLICK-CLICK-CLICKS.

Finn mutes the stereo. Picks up the phone.

FINN

Hello?

INT. SPORTS FILM ROOM - BROWN UNIVERSITY - NIGHT (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 me.

FINN

Davis sent you a stats and film package? Wow. 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.

(MORE)

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

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 now.

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, 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. He turns the air conditioner unit on, turns the dial to "Cold."

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. He's the guy who, along with his friends, beat the crap out of me last week.

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 is in Glenbrook Hospital.

FINN

Good. Fuck him. I hope he dies.

SHANNON

Chief Gallagher wants us to go in to the station tomorrow, to arrest you, then we'll post bail. Jack arranged it with Gallagher. Your father doesn't know about it.

Many moments pass as Finn stares into space.

SHANNON

Are you okay?

FINN

No. I'm not, quite right. Am I, Mom? Remember those bullies, the two kids from St. Paul's? My old classmates? Kylie and Mitch, who supposedly ran off together? Well, they didn't.

Shannon puts her hand on his shoulder.

SHANNON

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

FINN

(high anxiety)
God, I am really fucked up! Didn't Kurt say anything about the school shooting?! I haven't seen the news.

SHANNON

(alarmed)
What? No. What school shooting?!

FINN
 (spiraling)
 Um... God, I don't know.

INT. LATIN LORDS CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT (1978 - PRESENT)

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

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

Héctor enters the clubhouse, spots Pepe and Salazar talking in the corner. He walks over to them.

SALAZAR
 Increase it to fifty. Get the word out. What else?

HÉCTOR
 Where is everybody?

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

HÉCTOR
 Not directly, but yeah. Manny got me on his crew. Working a shovel.

SALAZAR
 Good. Blueprint his operation. I want to know everything. He's our bridge into the big money on 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 take 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-

HÉCTOR

I saw it.

INT. KITCHEN - KELLY'S HOUSE - 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 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 Calculus exam.
She is a math wizard!

Ciara smiles with pride.

CONOR

(drunk)

She's the smart one.

SHANNON

Both of our kids are geniuses, Con. Finn scored, what, over fifteen hundred on your SAT's? We are blessed.

Finn nods. Stares at Conor, awaiting his response.

CONOR

Not our kids.

FINN
(disgusted)
What does that even mean? You make
no sense.

SHANNON
(angry)
He's drunk. Again. Right, Con?

CONOR
I know who he is.

Finn stares at him.

FINN
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, he turns his head.

SHANNON
(annoyed)
We're eating dinner here. Put that
out. You already have one going.

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)
You are a sociopathic maniac. You
are shit, and will always be shit.

CIARA
(crying)
Cut it out, Dad. Stop it! Stop!

SHANNON
Leave him alone, Conor!

CONOR
A real bastard.

FINN
(explodes)
Shut your fucking mouth!

Finn stands. Faces Conor.

Shannon stares at Conor with her steak knife gripped tightly in her hand. She stands up with the knife-

Conor gets to his feet, comes around the table toward Finn. Finn SHOVES him down hard to the floor. Shannon moves in-

CONOR
(on floor)
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 bulge, his lips are blue, he's dying-

FINN
Fuck you! You're dead!

SHANNON
(scared now)
Please, Finn! Don't do it! Stop.

Finn abruptly jerks his hands off Conor's throat, takes his knee off his chest and stands up. He looks down at Conor.

FINN
You, are nothing.

Conor coughs, coughs... regains his senses, takes a deep ragged breath. Shannon sets her knife on the table. Ciara, curled up in the corner, trembles and MOANS.

A car horn BLARES from the driveway.

Finn exits the kitchen.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - KELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Finn bursts out the front door while putting on his jacket. He walks to the lime green Camaro, opens the door, gets in.

INT. COLE'S CAMARO - 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 the Camaro out of the driveway.

FINN

(smoldering anger)

Captain World War Two, doing his nightly dinner show. Detonating bombs at the table, as usual. I almost went all the way.

NOELLE

(big smile)

Hi, Finn.

Finn, startled by Noelle's voice, turns around to face her.

FINN

(softens; happy)

Hey, Noelle. Sorry, my mind is, who knows. Have you seen it? 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.

FINN

(disappointed)

Oh... Who's the lucky guy?

COLE

Whoever pays the most.

NOELLE

Fuck you, Hole. This beaucoup bucks
currency trader.

FINN

Oh, a rich crook. Name?

NOELLE

Richie Feldman. He's in a Deutsche-
mark 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

(awkward)

Oh, you know. I don't know.

COLE

When you make some money. She's
totally spoiled. Between my Dad and
the 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, Finn, and,
but, I don't know, you know? I've
known you forever, and, I'll think
about it, okay! Call me next week.
Maybe we'll do a coffee? It would
be fun!

COLE

(laughs)

Oh my god! So brutal! Shot down
dead. She's an assassin, Finn.

NOELLE

What?

FINN

Death. The 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, parks the Camaro in front. Gino quickly trots to the car, opens the passenger door, 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 humbly at your service.

NOELLE

(smiles)

Hello, Gino. You look very handsome tonight.

The group walks to the entrance of the club-

FINN

She never tells me I look handsome.

COLE

You smell like a goat. You don't work for my Dad. And you have no money.

FINN

We have plenty of cash, close to
fifty grand the last time I looked.

COLE

(enters club)
Not enough. Never enough.

FINN

(enters club)
How much is enough?

INT. COLE'S CAMARO - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

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 of this 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, racks a round.

Cole takes out his pistol, pulls the slide back, puts it
inside his jacket.

FINN

(watching)
Put the safety on.

COLE

Not tonight.

Finn looks at Cole a moment, 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.

FINN

Seems like too much?

COLE

It's perfect. Let's go.

They exit, walk to a stately townhouse, then up the steps.

INT. DINING ROOM - TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The interior is gaudy but expensively furnished. Frank Sinatra's song "My Kind of Town" croons from the stereo.

Six men, brash Italian GANGSTERS, early-30s, in suits and ties sit around a large table. They laugh, talk, toast loudly, rag on each other and drink. Three pistols lay on the table.

Very tall and very heavy, JASON, 33, gets up from the dining room table and walks to the front door.

FOYER

Jason opens the front door, Finn and Cole nod to Jason, enter. Jason towers over them.

JASON

Hello boys. Come in, and meet my monkeys. This is *my* circus.

COLE

Are you the organ grinder, Jason?

Jason smirks at Cole, walks to the dining room.

JASON

I'm the MC Ringmaster.

FINN

Did you all drive here in one car?

Jason scoffs at Finn. They all enter the dining room.

DINING ROOM

The Six Gangsters arrogantly stare 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 my development team.

GANGSTER-1

(stunned)

Jason, these kids? Are fucking *kids*! The school bus drop you off?

GANGSTER-2

You save up all your lunch money in your Star Wars lunch box to buy a half-gram of blow?

GANGSTER-3

You tots should be home in your jammies studying A-B-Cs with Mommy.

The Gangsters laugh at their lame 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. They stare at them, puzzled.

FINN

(coldly)

Could we get started? My Mommy gets mad at me when I'm out after dark. She says there's boogeymen in the dark. Are you fuckers the greasy boogers that live in the dark?

Moments pass... The Gangsters stare death at them. Then-

GANGSTER-1

(deadly cold)

If you weren't halfway amusing. We would murder you. Where you stand. Blow you two twerps right outta your fucking shoes. And you'd never see your cocksucking Mommies again.

Moments... the Gangsters laugh. Cole and Finn sit, relieved.

COLE

Good one. I almost wet my diaper.

Cole casually slides the briefcase under the table.

JASON

Let's do it, boys.

INT. PENTHOUSE - CHICAGO LAKEFRONT BUILDING - NIGHT

Funky song "Brick House" by the Commodores THUMPS the house. Stunning 360° city and Lake Michigan views wrap around the throbbing party jamming with wealthy Grifters in their thirties and naïve Girls in their mid- to late-teens drinking, talking, smoking, snorting blow, dancing.

Noelle has a glass of champagne. She talks to RICHIE FELDMAN, slick scumbag 33-year-old Deutsche Marks Trader, near the windows overlooking the shimmering lakefront.

NOELLE

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

FELDMAN

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

NOELLE

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

FELDMAN

You can trust me. I'm harmless.

NOELLE

I doubt it. The girls here, Richie? Are way too young. Like high school. What kind of a party is this?

FELDMAN

(smiling; protesting)
I didn't invite them. It's not my
party. We can leave if you want.

NOELLE

I'll think about it. Hold my drink,
I have to use the little girl's room.

Noelle smiles, struts off to the bathroom. Feldman smiles at her, watches her walk away. Then drops a pill into her glass.

EXT. SUBURBAN JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

A Sheriff's car parks in front, Three Deputies casually exit.

DEPUTY-1's sudden view through the store's glass windows of what's going down inside the jewelry store, where an-

Armed ROBBER, in a black knit ski mask, leans over a jewelry case threatening the JEWELER, 60, who crouches down behind it.

DEPUTY-1

(into shoulder mic)
We have Two-Eleven in progress now!
Peacock Jewelers- Old Orchard Mall.
Send backup!
(runs to store door)
Male suspect is armed!

DEPUTIES-1&-2 and SERGEANT pull their pistols, quickly move to the front door.

DEPUTY-2 enters cautiously, gun aimed at Robber, who leans over a jewelry case with his pistol aimed down at Jeweler.

Deputy-1, gun out, follows Deputy-2 inside, crouches behind a case. SERGEANT enters low, takes a position behind a case.

Robber darts a look at the Three Deputies coming in fast, ducking behind separate jewelry cases.

Robber reaches down, rips Jeweler's gun out of his shaky hand.

The crouching Deputies aim their weapons at Robber.

SERGEANT

Freeze motherfucker! Drop your
weapons! Drop 'em now! Drop 'em!

DEPUTY-1
 (scared; nervous)
 Drop the fucking guns goddammit!

Robber straightens, slowly turns from the case. He calmly points his two guns at Sergeant and Deputy-1.

DEPUTY-2
 (hysterical)
 Just drop the fucking guns! C'mon!

Tension builds... Robber and Deputies aim at each other... it's a standoff...

ROBBER
 (calmly; to himself)
 Fuck this. I'm out.

Robber FIRES--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG! at the Deputies--all his shots miss-

Deputies OPEN FIRE--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG! hit Robber's chest, head, arms--SLUGS tear his body apart-- blood sprays on Jeweler, across the jewelry cases, the walls.

Blood spattered Jeweler peeks out from behind the case.

Sirens BLARE.

Robber's mutilated body bleeds out on the floor. Deputies approach cautiously, kick his two guns clear. Sergeant crouches down, pulls off Robber's ski mask-

SERGEANT
 Fuck. It's Jack Wolfe's kid, Sean.
 Fuck! Fuck!

The two Deputies stare down at bloody dead Sean.

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

SERGEANT
 (worried; to Deputy-2)
 Get the Coroner. I gotta make a call.

Sergeant exits the store.

INT. BEDROOM - LAKEFRONT PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The room is lit with candles. Tied to a brass bar at the head of a bed is a ripped white stocking, that's tied to a girl's right wrist. Her left wrist, with a diamond tennis bracelet, is tied to the front brass bar with a shred of white stocking.

A Man's hand shoves her head face down into a pillow. Muffled ragged MOANING.

She's naked, spread eagle on her belly, ankles tied with ripped stockings to the brass bars at the foot of the bed.

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

The girl trembles. Blood pools on the sheet between her legs.

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

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 away from her blood- and lipstick-smearred face, revealing Noelle, with a cut above her eye and a broken nose. She struggles to breathe.

NOELLE

(barely audible)

Stop, please. Please. Daddy. Daddy,
help me.

INT. BEDROOM - JASON'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Jason and Cole stand next to a table with scales, an Uzi sub-machine gun, a briefcase filled with kilo packages of cocaine, and a small black gym bag filled with smaller bags of cocaine.

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

JASON

Always a pleasure, Cole.

COLE

Likewise. We're moving up a level after this deal, Jason. You, are our primary trusted partner.

Cole leans into Jason, gives him a quick, sincere bro-hug.

JASON

(awkward)

Well, yes. Okay, Cole. I'm looking forward to increasing the size of our transactions. Let's move weight.

Cole takes the black gym bag, exits. Jason hangs back, quickly scans the table and the room. Exits.

DINING ROOM

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

JASON

Let's have a drink! To business!

COLE

Yeah, if you could just 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!

Jason and Gangsters at the table chuckle. Finn watches Cole.

Cole enters the hall, walks O.S.

Finn rises from the table, 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. Fuck, man!

Finn quickly walks to the front room bay window.

JASON

You're being paranoid! They don't tow for that here. We pay them off!

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

(to Gangsters)

These kids are a little jumpy. They do good business, though. And they consistently do more volume! More than I can say for some of you at this table!

GANGSTER-1

Uh yeah, I doubt that. Did the kid suck your cock back there? You look too, satisfied.

Jason and the Gangsters laugh. He pours a glass of champagne, raises it, drinks. They all drink.

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 GREEN.

FRONT ROOM

Finn's view out the large bay window. The street has become crowded with adults, students, partiers. He takes a breath, then crouches 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. It's fucking wrong!

(pause)

Where's that fucking briefcase?!

They dart looks around the room--wildly grab their pistols off the table.

Gangster-1 looks under the table-

His view of the aluminum briefcase--he reaches for it-

BATHROOM

Cole grins in the mirror holding the small, GREEN LIT box. He crouches down, presses the BUTTON-

DINING ROOM

Gangster-1 grabs the case--it DETONATES with a tremendous CONCUSSIVE EXPLOSION!

The dining table is BLOWN to splinters--glass, wood, fire, smoke everywhere-

Jason and Gangsters--BLOWN to pieces--body parts and blood spatter the walls.

FRONT ROOM

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

FINN
(on floor)
Fuck!

View down from the blown-out bay window onto the street below as people SCREAM and hysterically scatter-

Finn pulls his pistol, runs back into the demolished, blazing dining room.

A gruesome bloody PINK MIST hangs in the air.

A fire burns where the table had been.

Finn scans the many bloody mangled body parts--arms, legs, half a head, a hand gripped on a pistol, an ankle in a shoe.

COLE (O.S.)
Finn! Bedroom!

TRACK WITH Finn exiting dining room, trotting down the hall to the back bedroom.

BEDROOM

The room is chaos, everything in shambles. Cole crouches at the open safe, pulling out banded stacks of cash, stuffing them into the black gym bag. Finn enters the room with his pistol.

FINN

Cole!

COLE

Grab the shit!

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

Cole finishes cleaning out the safe, stands.

COLE

Over six hundred grand. Let's go.

They run through the burning rooms, exit out the front door.

EXT. STREET - JASON'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Cole and Finn hurry down the steps of the townhouse with the gym bag and briefcase, get into Cole's 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, speeds off.

The townhouse EXPLODES!--completely engulfed in raging flames. Fire trucks and squad cars pull up fast, 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, briefly slows down, the rear door swings open-

Noelle's naked body is shoved out the open door onto the street, bouncing and rolling like a twisted broken doll. Her body comes to rest. Her neck is broken.

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, cries. He hugs Noelle's body tightly, rises with her in his arms, carries her to the club's private rear stairway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - HOUSE - NIGHT (1976 - FLASHBACK)

Finn's former St. Paul Catholic school classmate, bully cunt Kylie, now 16, searches the yard for her dog, Teddy-

KYLIE

Teddy! Teddy, come out! I have a treat! Come on now, Teddy! I'll give you peanut butter!

(searches bushes)

Teddy, c'mon, it's getting late!

Teddy BARKS! Kylie turns toward it. Teddy BARKS again. Kylie looks toward Teddy's location...the shed.

SHED

Kylie quickly walks to the closed door of the shed.

KYLIE

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

Kylie puts her hand on the knob, turns it, opens the door. Teddy exits fast past her. Surprised, she turns toward Teddy, is grabbed from behind, a wet cloth pressed against her mouth and nose by a MAN wearing black latex gloves. She loses consciousness, is picked up, slung over the Man's shoulder, and carried out of the shed O.S.

EXT. GREEN CAR TRUNK - STREET - NIGHT

Kylie's mother's muted VOICE is heard in the distance-

KYLIE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Kylie! Teddy's here! Kylie! I found her! Come back!

A hand wearing the black glove inserts a key into the trunk's lock, turns, the trunk lid opens. Unconscious bully cunt Kylie is laid inside next to vagina bitch, Mitch, now 16, who's also unconscious. The two silenced bullies lay together quietly, side-by-side. The green trunk lid gently closes.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - KELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (1978 - PRESENT)

Cole's green Camaro is parked in the driveway near Finn's green Chevy Malibu.

INT. COLE'S CAMARO - NIGHT

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

FINN

Too much C-4, Cole. We almost
fucked ourselves into kingdom come.

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,
Finn. Over six hundred grand. We
have our freedom.

FINN

(exits car)

That's not what this feels like.
We just invited the mob to hunt
us down like dogs.

COLE

We're just getting started. We're
in control now. We're the new boss!
We can do anything we want.

FINN

Not if we're dead.

COLE

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

FINN

Until they kill us.

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

Cole reverses out of the driveway, drives forward, passes a-

Parked brown contractor's VAN with "O'HARA'S PLUMBING" painted
on its side.

The Camaro drives off.

INT. BROWN VAN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

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

Yeah. But they're cold.

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

HÉCTOR (CONT'D)

I'll drop you at the house. I gotta check in with Manny at the Ultra Room on Broadway.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A sign in front of the lit, landscaped, sprawling white building indicates- "Glenbrook Hospital."

INT. MORGUE - GLENBROOK HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jack stands still. He stares at the covered body lying on the open drawer slab. Glenbrook Police Chief Gallagher 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, silenced. Jack stares at Sean's bullet-riddled face... he pulls the sheet over, covers his face.

JACK

(rage at Gallagher)
They mutilated him?!

Jack turns, walks toward the exit.

GALLAGHER
 (sadness & worry)
 He gave them no choice. Jack!

Jack is gone.

INT. OFFICE - THE ULTRA ROOM - NIGHT

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

Gino, Manny, three of Manny's big African American Crew, RICO, 35, RAY, 35, BUMP, 35, along with Héctor, stand near the desk in silence staring at Noelle's corpse.

Cole enters, followed by Jack. Cole walks to the desk, stops.

Jack walks to the desk. He stares at Noelle's body. He slides the shroud from her head, stares at her mangled face. He touches it gently with his finger tips. The cut, her broken nose, her cheek. He bends down, kisses his dead daughter's forehead. Straightens up. Continues staring at Noelle's face.

JACK
 (softly; teary)
 Cole, you and Gino take Noelle to Fitzgerald's, in Skokie. Talk to Kevin. He'll... take care of her.

Several silent moments pass...

JACK (CONT'D)
 (barely audible)
 Who?

GINO
 (crying)
 Richie Feldman.

INT. APARTMENT - CHICAGO LUXURY HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

The Chicago lakeshore cityscape sparkles silently beyond the apartment living room's floor-to-ceiling windows.

Front door--CRASHES!--off its hinges--SLAPS the floor. The hallway light shines into the foyer, lighting five large men--

--Manny, Rico, Ray, Bump and Jack- all carrying pistols, all wearing black knit balaclavas, storming toward the-

BEDROOM

Door--SLAMS!--open, the masked Gunmen quickly encircle the bed, pistols aimed at a man laying in it with a sleeping Young Girl, 15, laying next to him--the man wakes--revealing it's Richie Feldman--he sits up abruptly-

FELDMAN

(terrified)

Who, are-

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

Bump shoves a black hood over Feldman's head. Ray cuffs his wrists in front.

The Young Girl laying next to Feldman wakes in fear, SCREAMS-

Jack bends down near her wet fifteen-year-old frightened face-

JACK

Never again!

He SLAPS her hard across the face with his hand--knocking her unconscious--he scoops her up in his arms--carries her out.

Rico rips Feldman out of bed, throws him over his shoulder--carries him--they all quickly exit following Jack.

INT. LOBBY - FELDMAN'S HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARD, 60, sits behind the desk, sleeping.

Jack appears at the desk wearing the black balaclava with unconscious Young Girl in his arms. He gently sets her down on the desk. He slaps Security Guard--he abruptly wakes--stares in fear at Jack-

JACK

Get the police here. Get her home.
If I ever hear about minor girls
trafficked in this building again,
you're dead. Your family is dead.

Security Guard fearfully nods, picks up the phone, presses in numbers, glances at unconscious Young Girl. Jack exits.

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

The trawler slowly cruises 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 by his ankles. His head bounces in and out of the lake water. He choke-screams while slowly being drowned.

Manny, Rico, Bump and Ray stand watching Feldman hanging, his head bouncing in and out of the water, slowly choking to death. Jack's dog, Hooker prowls the deck near them.

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

Manny operates the beam's controls, raises Feldman above the water, slowly swings him in above the stern. He dangles naked, upside down with his legs spread.

Jack walks to the others on the aft deck. Manny lowers Feldman. His head hangs three feet above the deck. He's wet, shaking uncontrollably, scared shitless. Jack goes to him.

JACK
(calmly whispers)
You slaughtered my daughter.

Jack pulls out a large Buck knife. Grabs one of Feldman's ears, slashes it off. Feldman screams, blubbers. Jack feeds the ear to Hooker.

JACK (CONT'D)
Without thinking she was loved by
her family. Loved by me.

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 was- so fucking sorry!

Feldman cries. Blood runs from his ear holes, dripping on the deck. Hooker laps the blood.

JACK
And 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, 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, Richie.

Jack nods, Manny hands Jack a razor sharp Samurai sword.

FELDMAN

Don't! Oh God! 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 downward through Feldman's perineum. Feldman screams horrifically, blubbers uncontrollably-

Jack pulls the long slicing blade down through Feldman's groin, belly--splits his rib cage, carves it open--blood, heart, lungs, entrails slide out of him onto the deck.

Feldman chokes violently... Dead.

Hooker pounces on the carnage, devours Feldman's heart and lungs--he gluttonously gobbles the guts, laps up the blood.

Rico stands nearby holding a chainsaw.

JACK
 (to Rico)
 Small pieces. I don't want the dog
 to choke. Then hose it down.

The gentle radiance of the Chicago skyline shimmers on the lake. A beautiful, serene, May evening-

TORN open by the WHINE and HACKING 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, throws the rolled-up newspaper at the front door.

The news HITS the door, lands on the front step--unfolding to reveal the front-page HEADLINE-

"BODIES OF TWO MISSING GLENBROOK TEENS BELIEVED FOUND AFTER TWO YEARS."

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The alarm clock BUZZES in the dark room--8:30 AM.

Finn, awake, sits at his desk in the dark, fully dressed, staring at his books on the bookshelves above.

Soft KNOCKING on the door.

SHANNON
 (opens door)
 Finn? You up?

FINN
 (turns off alarm)
 Yes.

SHANNON
 (enters)
 I'll make 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

(despondent)

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, am fucking *in* it!

SHANNON

I know, but we will persevere-

FINN

-I killed a guy. Downtown. In the elevator. I shot him. He tried to rob me, and we fought... and he's dead. 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 am psy-cho-path-ic.

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 will do nothing. And nothing will ever come of it. There are no, "those guys" or, "maybe others." Never happened. None of it. 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... Metastasizing. Killing our family. Finn, your father and I, did some things. Immoral, evil things. That we've never rectified. We're both deeply sorry, and ashamed, and I-

FINN

(dread)

-What did you do?

SHANNON

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

FINN

Alcoholism has driven him crazy.

SHANNON

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

FINN

(disgusted)

-Jesus, Mom! Orgies? *You*, did that? That's so fucking gross!

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 disgusted.

FINN

Who?

Moments pass...

SHANNON

Jack. Jack Wolfe.

Finn is shocked senseless.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

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

FINN

Yeah. I should've killed him.

(stunned)

Cole and I, are brothers?

INT. DARK INNER OFFICE - TYSEN TICKET OFFICE - MORNING

Tysen enters carrying his briefcase, closes door, flips on the light, notices the repaired bullet resistant glass, then turns and stares at one-by-one- Bump, Manny, Ray, Héctor and Cole standing inside his office. They wear black latex gloves.

Manny slides quickly behind Tysen, locks the door. He lowers the shade covering the bullet resistant window.

TYSEN

Cole?

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

TYSEN (CONT'D)

(fearful)

Cole, what- what's going-

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

Héctor 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-eagled on his belly, confused, terrified-

TYSEN
(gagged)
Whhaa... Aaahh...

Bump TEARS Tysen's pants off, he SHREDS his shirt off. Tysen screams uselessly through the taped paper wad in his mouth.

Cole opens Tysen's briefcase, casually looks through it.

COLE
Got any cash in here, jew boy?
(discovery)
What's this? A beautiful diamond
bracelet? Tennis, I think?
(holds it up; it sparkles)
I've seen it before... Somewhere.

Cole puts it in his pocket.

Cole's view down into the briefcase on a plain black VHS video cassette tape. He picks it up.

Walks to Tysen with it-

COLE
Ira? You make movies now? Bigtime
Hollywood producer? Porn actor? Do
you maybe play a role 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, Héctor and Ray stand silently around Tysen.

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

COLE
Let's watch a few frames.

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.

Héctor, 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 didn't enjoy
herself at all.
(to Manny, etc.)
Boys, what do you think?

Silent Manny, Héctor, Ray and Bump are frozen with rage.

COLE (CONT'D)
Yeah. It's a no, Ira.
(back to video)
You can see 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 squeezable toy rat.

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-
(points to screen)
-this looks like our bookie, Sal
Cometa. Yes. It is Sal. He pays
fifteen hundred to you three so he
can go next, right? That's what it
looks like.
(suppressed rage)
Yeah, that's Sal alright.
(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

Ramming the champagne bottle in and out, while he slaps her head. Boy, Ira, she looks like she's almost gone at this point. What is with you sadistic fuckers?

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 Men stare at the screen.

The video shows Tysen on Noelle. He's extremely rough, hits her repeatedly, goes nuts. Disgustingly sadistic. Evil.

COLE (CONT'D)

You are fucking depraved, man.

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

COLE (CONT'D)

And that's our Ricky Sesso. Yes, it is. Heard he likes his women cold and stiff. Fucking necro.

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 moves 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.

Enraged, Manny, Bump, Héctor and Ray stare 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 but now, dead, young girl. I present to you, my sister. This was Noelle.

Tysen's eyes widen in horror. He THRASHES on the desktop.

Cole takes out a folded hunting knife. He flicks open the FLASHING blade. He slides it under Tysen's crotch.

Tysen SHRIEKS-

Cole slides his other gloved hand under Tysen's crotch--
swiftly jerks his hands-

Tysen WAILS in agony-

Cole pulls out Tysen's bloody penis, moves to Tysen's head-

COLE

Your snuff film days are over, you
evil child fucker.

Cole tears the duct tape off Tysen's mouth, pulls out the paper wad, jams his bloody penis into his mouth. Tysen violently gags, Cole holds his mouth closed, he chokes on it, can't breathe, struggles, asphyxiates. Dead.

Cole pulls out his pistol-

COLE

You'll appreciate this, Ira. It's
called-

Walks behind Tysen, jams the pistol muzzle in his ass-

COLE (CONT'D)

-rough anal.

Manny, Ray, Héctor, and Bump scatter away from the desk.

Cole pulls the trigger--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!--BANG!

Tysen's bloody body flops around on the desk-

Blood spatters Cole's frozen face. He is stone cold.

Blood runs off the desktop, dripping onto the floor.

Cole wipes the pistol muzzle on Tysen's back. He wipes the blood from 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 pistol muzzle on Tysen's forehead--BANG!

Pause.

COLE

Bump, the jackets. Six.

Bump picks up the empty bullet casings.

Cole stares coldly at Tysen's body. He peels off his gloves, reaches out, touches the blood on the desk with his fingers. He slowly rubs his bloody fingertips together.

COLE

Wow. I don't feel anything.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO (MOVING) - MORNING

Jack's view out the windshield from behind the wheel as we pass very poor, 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 furry head juts out the open window. He licks his shiny wet fangs, hungrily staring at the street people.

Jack talks on his CB radio mic as he drives through the decrepit inner-city neighborhood.

JACK

Your brother's dead...

(pause)

Ricky Sesso and who? Sal, Cometa?

Sal Cometa, Sean's book? Okay,

Cole... Good work, son.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT - MORNING

Jack slides the mic into its holder as he drives the Eldorado into the 7-Eleven parking lot. He parks, exits the car.

He walks to a-

PHONE BOOTH

He enters, inserts change, presses digits... speaks-

JACK

Jack Wolfe for Don Giuseppe... Don
Joey, how are you my friend?... Yes,
your nephew Gino is doing very well...

In the b.g., the brown "O'HARA'S PLUMBING" van pulls into the lot, parks with a line of sight on Jack in the phone booth.

INT. BROWN VAN - MORNING

Pepe's behind the wheel. Salazar sits in the passenger seat.

PEPE

Hit Wolfe, here?

Salazar stares out the window-

-his view of Jack in the booth talking to Don Giuseppe.

SALAZAR (O.S.)

No. He has a plan. Let's watch it
unfold. We're going to learn how he
manages an epic crisis.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - WOLFE'S HOUSE - DAY

Cole swims in the pool. Hooker swims along with him, viciously snapping at the splashing water.

Finn walks around the corner of the house, over to the pool gate, watches Cole swim with the big dog, enters the pool area, walks to the side of the pool that Cole swims toward- he reaches down and gently taps Cole on the head-

Cole flinches, spins in the water, stands, fists up- He sees that it's Finn, drops his fists-

COLE

Fuck man! Don't fucking do that!

FINN

(startled)
Shit, sorry!

COLE

What the fuck, Finn? Jesus Christ.
(moves toward him)
Fuck... Sorry, man.

Cole extends his hand up to Finn, he grabs it, pulls Cole out of the water. They stand next to each other on the deck. Cole grabs his towel off a lounge chair.

FINN

Just got back from the cop shop.
For the fight with Randy. They're
dropping the charges. Money talks.
(excited)
Gotta tell you something. About us!

COLE

Finn, 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, cuts across the pool like a scythe, hitting Finn. His mouth drops open, eyes fade, body goes slack, he crumbles, falls into the pool--SPLASH-

UNDERWATER - POOL

Finn stiffly sinks like a drowned corpse, wide open eyes fixed, face contorted in frozen agony. He looks dead.

EXT. JACK'S ELDORADO - GATED MANSION - DAY

Jack drives up to the formidable iron and stone gate at the entrance of a sprawling wooded estate, he stops-

GATE - ELDORADO

Jack slides down his window. 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 gate button, gate opens. Mario walks out to Jack-

JACK

Hello Mario.

MARIO

Good to see you, Mr. Wolfe. The Don
is expecting you. Come in, please.

Jack rolls the Eldorado forward...

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO - DAY

Jack drives along the tree lined driveway to a magnificent estate that overlooks expansive, icy blue Lake Michigan.

EXT. JACK'S ELDORADO - DAY

Jack arrives at the 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 near the front door.

Jack parks behind the creamy Corniche.

Its Illinois license plate reads "MANGIA."

EXT. BACKYARD TERRACE - MANSION - DAY

The manicured lawn stretches down 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 with DON GIUSEPPE GIANCARDO, the former hitman, now elegant sixty-year-old Chicago mob leader. Three BODYGUARDS, 30s, stand nearby.

In the b.g., a TV with a blank screen sits on a mobile cart near the table.

A plain black VHS video tape sits on the table between Jack and Don Giuseppe.

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)

I will pay one-hundred each, for Cometa and Sesso. Using my people, with your assurance, there will be no retaliation by their associates, from your direct order.

DON GIUSEPPE

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

Sono molto grato, Don. Sarò sempre il tuo fedele servitore.

DON GIUSEPPE

Per favore, non parlarne più. È un peccato così triste.

(tears fill his eyes)

Children, our children, are so, precious.

Dancing on the velvety green lawn, the Children laugh joyously while they hold hands dancing in a circle playing "Ring Around the Rosie."

CHILDREN

(singing)

Ashes to ashes, we all fall down!

They fall down in the grass, innocently laughing and giggling.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - WOLFE'S HOUSE - DAY

A fierce fire flashes in the flagstone fireplace. Cole and Finn sit in chairs near the fire. Finn wears a robe. Julie sits in a stupor across from them wrapped in a blanket on the loveseat. She's destroyed, 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 am nothing.

COLE

Stop it already. Quit taking the fucking Xanax! You're a goddamned mess.

FINN

C'mon, Cole, take it easy.

COLE

(angry)

She's *my* mother. Fucking bitch liar.

(stands)

You fucking party slut!

FINN

Cut it out!

COLE

(at Julie)

How many dicks you suck, bitch?!

Finn launches out of the chair at Cole--knocks him down, gets him in a headlock on the rug--they struggle--

Julie stares at them, rocks on the loveseat.

Finn gets on Cole's chest, pins his arms down. Cole hysterically thrashes his head from side-to-side--

COLE

Goddammit! Let me up! I'm going to fucking 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, stands up. He reaches his hand down to Cole, who wipes his eyes with his sleeve. He grabs Finn's hand. Finn pulls Cole up 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. There's two left.

Julie, her soul blown apart, moans and rocks on the loveseat.

EXT. CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE - DAY

Two massive two-ton 85-year-old bronze African lions sit on pedestals on both sides of the steps leading to the entrance.

Afternoon Art Buffs stream in and out of the front doors.

INT. ARMS AND ARMOR GALLERY - ART INSTITUTE - 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 said 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
(mocks)
Don Giuseppe approved a contract on us? Oh, what do we do, Ricky?

RICKY
I don't know! Everybody's looking for us, and nobody will help! All we did was have some fun-

Sal SLAPS Ricky across the face. Ricky regains his composure.

SAL
 (quietly)
 We're going to 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. I make too much money
 for the Don to hit me.

RICKY
 Okay... more bad news. Your brother
 Jason, he got hit last night. 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 like nine
 minutes! They were bagging teeth...
 Jason's *teeth*, Sal. Your brother!

SAL
 What the fuck is going on! Who the
 fuck hit 'em? Gangster D's?

RICKY
 No... A couple of fucking kids!
 I've got a lead-
 (looks past Sal)
 Sal, we got two big mean lookin'
 spooks starin' right at us. This
 could be it.

Ricky reaches into his jacket.

SAL
 (turns around)
 Hey! Here he is. Manny! How's it
 going, bro? Thanks for coming.

Manny and Ray, hands in their coat pockets, stare warily at Sal and Ricky. Manny subtly aims his coat pocket toward 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-
(finger gun)
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. His telephone CLICK-CLICK-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 pick you up in a half hour... Yeah, Terry's in.

He hangs up.

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. OFFICE - THE ULTRA ROOM - NIGHT

We hear the muted Van Halen song "Runnin' With the Devil."

The carpet's been ripped-up, exposing old cracked tile.

Manny, Bump, Rico, Ray, Cole and Finn are gathered around Jack's large 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 Bidy Mulligan's 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
above the bar.

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 on
Rush, Little Italy, Taylor.

JACK

Yeah? Okay... Hey, I'd like to
introduce everybody- to my son.
(points; smiles)
Finn. He's Cole's half brother. But
he's a full-on Wolfe!

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--POPS!
Manny right between the eyes--blood splatters on Rico and
Bump. Manny flops back in his chair. Eyes open. Dead.

Finn and Cole leap out of their chairs.

Gunsmoke 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 dead Manny)
This fucking nigger had the balls
to set me up. I admire his ambition.
But 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, trembles, he side-glances at Manny's
corpse flopped in the chair next to him. He closes his eyes.

Rico and Bump slowly step away from Ray.

Cole and Finn move to the wall, eyes glued on Jack.

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

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? Okay, I'll take it!

Jack squeezes the trigger--firing pin HITS the primer--CLICK!
Misfire. Ray grunts hard. Jack chuckles. Ray starts crying.

JACK

(smiling)
Cheap fucking Italian pistols. 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. His head flops forward on his chest, blood pulses down his chest as he bleeds out. Bloody dead traitors, Ray and Manny, sit next to each other. Blood dripping on the cash.

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 the 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. A lot of bleach. Get the carpet guy in here. I want the new carpet down by midnight. Move.

Everybody quickly disperse with their marching orders.

EXT. WHITE ELDORADO - WELLS STREET - CHICAGO - NIGHT

The Eldorado cruises Wells 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 the "Second City" theater at North Avenue. People line up under the marquee-- "Starring James Belushi."

INT. WHITE ELDORADO - 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 to pull it-

SAL

-It's his best move. His lucky break to take over Jack's show. He sets up Jack, we hit him. Contract canceled. We hit Manny, and take the whole fucking calzone.

RICKY

But, Don Giuseppe-

SAL

-Fuck him! Maybe it's time for me
to make my move.

Sal pulls the Eldorado over to the curb in front of the thrash, mohawk, leather and spikes punk rock club-- "Exit."

SAL

We'll whack Jack tomorrow morning
before daybreak... This schmuck in
here owes me fifteen. Stick with me,
Ricky, I got big plans. Let's go.

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 near them. The lead biker, Terry, stares at them.

TERRY

(nonchalant)

Sal. Ricky. Jack says- hey.

Sal and Ricky are confused by Terry and the four badass BIKERS staring at them-

Terry and the Bikers whip out small MAC-10 submachine guns from under their jackets--SPRAY Sal and Ricky with quick BURSTS of burning lead--their dancing bodies are RIPPED apart by the continuous bullet spray--the lead shower stops. Sal and Ricky hit the street, shredded flesh, draining blood.

Terry and his gang ROAR off down Wells Street, disappearing into the parting of the red sea of traffic tail lights.

Skinny studded-leather, PUNK ROCK GUY, 25, with a spiky pink mohawk quickly runs to Sal's body, reaches down into Sal's bloody jacket, pulls out a roll of bloody cash--darts across Wells, glances to his right--shoulda looked left--SLAM!--a Chicago CTA bus CRUSHES Punk Rock Guy--steamrolls over him. The bus SKIDS to a stop amid a whirlwind of bloody green fluttering bills and blue bus brake smoke.

INT. BAR - LATIN LORDS CLUB HOUSE - DAY

Héctor enters, walks to Pepe and Salazar at the club's bar.

Other Latin Lords Members shoot pool, smoke and drink. Pepe and Salazar look at Héctor-

HÉCTOR

Jack cleaned house. Inside and out. Manny, Ray, Sesso and Cometa. Plus the two jews that raped and 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 been 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 the takeover of Jack's operation.

PEPE

(frustrated)

So we wait? What about Joaquín? Jesús, with due respect- people, our families- are very angry about how long it's taking to-

SALAZAR

-Pepe. We wait. Be patient. He will be avenged. His death, may he rest in peace, will bring our club more power and profits than ever before.

Salazar exits. Pepe stares at him, thoroughly pissed off. He looks at Héctor.

EXT. NEW PARKING LOT - JOB SITE - BUILDING - 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 spiraling auger blades below snag his shirt sleeve and slowly pull him into the auger-

COLE

(panic)

Fuck! Stop the machine! Bump! Cut
the fucking power! Cut it! Bump!

Cole is pulled closer--down toward the auger blades within the hopper--his shirt shreds, tangles within the churning blades--he helplessly struggles to keep the spiraling blades from slicing and dicing him into literal ribbons-

COLE (CONT'D)

(petrified)

Bump! Hit the fuckin shut-off! Stop!
Someone help me! Help!

Héctor drops his shovel--rushes to Cole--rips his shirt off--wraps him in a bear hug--tries to pull him out of the hopper--shirt material tightly wrapped around Cole's arm pulls him down deeper--inches from the blades-

Héctor finally muscles Cole out--as the last bit of shirt material is augered to shreds within the churning blades.

Bump becomes aware of the crisis below him, 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 fucking business! Fuck it all!

HÉCTOR

You okay, Cole?

COLE

Do I look okay?! I'm out of this
fucking bullshit!

Shirtless Cole stalks away.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Yellow weeping willows dangle over a pond's lily pads, the
same pond Cole and Finn had previously retrieved golf balls.

A MONTH LATER

A golf cart is near Cole and Finn, who wear shockingly tacky
golf attire, as they stand next to the pond with golf clubs.

COLE

My ball's in the fucking pond?

FINN

It is. Let me go in, and then sell
it 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, hits, and lofts his ball up onto the green.

COLE

I thought you hated golf.

Finn practice swings next to his ball, swings again, chips his
ball onto the green, it rolls within inches of the pin.

FINN

I hate golfers... But in the mean-
time I've become a two-handicap. So
I face the daily enigma, who I am,
versus who I hate. It's a battle.

They walk to their cart, get their putters, walk to the green.

GREEN

COLE

(stunned)

When do you play?

FINN

At night. When nobody's around. I do a lot of secret stuff at night. I play games when I'm in the snow.

COLE

Snow? It's June? 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 is what we do. And six hundred isn't enough.

FINN

It's enough for me, Cole.

(sincere)

I'm leaving for Brown soon. To play football. And learn stuff. I have to go to a summer training program.

COLE

(shocked)

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, focus on reality. Before it gets me locked up forever in the "secret snow." No more weed or booze or pills. I quit a week ago. I'm kind of shaky, but reborn.

COLE

No. No you're not. You are crazy. We all know, but we let it slide. Because you're smart. They'll find out about you, Finn. It'll be bad.

FINN

(serious)

They might. But I'm going to try and act normal. The snow will melt, and I'll be okay. I'm doing this.

COLE

What?! What the fuck am I going to do? You're my partner! You're my brother! Goddammit, Finn! We have a fucking business to run, here, on the North Shore. And it's fucking booming! We gotta get after it! I don't care if you're crazy! It works for me and for our business! You're like... Crazy Joey Gallo!

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, Brother!

Cole is furious, speechless, eyes ablaze. He SLAMS his putter down into the pristine green, over and over, destroying it-

COLE

How could you do this?! I fucking hate you! I hope your fucking head explodes with insanity! And you become a drooling quivering mess!

Cole gets in the golf cart, drives it toward the pond--

--he jumps out right before the cart plunges into the water. The cart sinks. He flips Finn the bird, storms off toward the hole in the fence.

FINN

(sad; to himself)

I love you, Brother. Be well. Go forth and prosper.

Finn sets his ball on the now snow-covered green, inches from the hole. He easily putts the ball through the fluffy snow into the cup. He rises, looks through a snowy blizzard toward-

Cole storming toward the hole in the fence that leads to the road. Cole goes through the hole, disappears into the storm.

INT. FINN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Finn sits on his bed, a football in his hands. He anxiously passes it back and forth, hand-to-hand, staring at the empty shelves and walls-

Posters gone. Books gone. Trophies gone. Barren room.

Two suitcases by the door.

Shannon enters, teary eyes, she stands near Finn.

SHANNON

Hi... this is, so hard.

FINN

Parents Day is in a couple months. You'll love Providence, Mom.

SHANNON

I know, but, I don't know how I'm-
(hugs him)

I love you so much, Finn.

(cries)

I'm so sorry, you're leaving. But it's for the best. For you.

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 here.

SHANNON

You'll be great. Your future is going to get, better. So bright...
(smiles)
You'll have to wear shades.

FINN

Ugh, bad Mom joke!

Car HORN.

FINN (CONT'D)

I gotta go. I love you, Mom.

He hugs her tight, with love. Picks up his two suitcases and exits. Shannon follows him out dabbing her eyes.

EXT. JACK'S ELDORADO - KELLY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Finn exits with a suitcase. His sister Ciara follows him with the other suitcase. They go to the Eldorado where Jack stands near the open trunk. Jack takes Finn's suitcase, loads it. He smiles warmly at Ciara, takes the suitcase, loads it. Ciara gives Finn a big hug. She has tears in her eyes-

CIARA

I'm going to miss you so much. I love you, Finn. You'll get...

FINN

(warm hug)
I love you, too, Ciara. You gotta come out and visit me. Soon. You all gotta come out for a game! Wow, I really wish Cole was here.

JACK

Focus on the training program, Son.

Finn smiles, nods. Jack closes the trunk. Finn slides into the front passenger seat. Jack goes to Shannon standing by Finn's open passenger window.

JACK

Come with us, Shan.

FINN

Come on, Mom. It's a short drive. Ciara, you come, too. There's room!

SHANNON
 (teary eyes)
 I'm too sad.

CIARA
 I can't do, long good-byes.

JACK
 (smiles; to Shannon)
 Get in, you're coming. Finn, jump
 in back.

FINN
 (smiles)
 With Hooker? What if he eats me?

Finn climbs in back. Hooker sniffs him, licks his face.

SHANNON
 (smiles; wipes eyes)
 Okay, you convinced me.

Shannon slides into the front passenger seat.

Jack sadly smiles at Ciara, closes Shannon's door, walks
 around the car, slides into the driver's seat, closes door.

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO - DAY

Jack's in the driver's seat. Shannon sits in front. Finn's in
 the back seat with Hooker.

JACK
 How about we come visit you in a
 couple weeks? I want to see how
 your training program is going.
 I might learn a few things.

FINN
 Of course! That would be great.
 I'll introduce you to my teammates.

JACK
 (into rearview mirror)
 You're going to lead that team, Big
 Guy. Quarterback your own show.

SHANNON
 (happy)
 I'll be going too, of course!

Shannon leans over and kisses Jack.

Jack puts the car in reverse, backs out of the driveway.

FINN

Can you put the radio on? 93.1?

JACK

Sure can.

Jack tunes the radio to WXRT, 93.1 FM. They drive off.

FINN

I love you guys.

Shannon turns, smiles at Finn who's humming along to the radio. Jack looks at him in the rearview mirror, smiles.

JACK

(whispers to Shannon)
He'll have his own private room.

SHANNON

(whispers to Jack)
Yeah... It is the best hospital.
(teary)
It's just, so sad.

FINN

Hey, what're you two lovebirds
whispering about?

JACK

How proud of you we are! You are
legend, Finn!

Finn smiles, looks out the side window at the heavy snow falling. The snow is swirling like a funnel cloud.

Melancholy saxophone sounds of "Low Spark of High Heeled Boys" by Traffic plays from the radio. 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

EXT. JACK'S ELDORADO - DAY

The Eldorado drives down the sunny quiet neighborhood street-

The Traffic song continues with Winwood singing-

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

A plain white van approaches the Eldorado--swerves fast sideways--cuts off the 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 on three sides.

The side doors of all three vans open--revealing three black-clad, two-man teams of LATIN LORDS ASSASSINS armed with AK-47 machineguns--they OPEN FIRE! on the Eldorado--its windows EXPLODE to bits--its black body is RIDDLED with hundreds of bullets--it SMOKES--catches FIRE--machinegun fire stops.

FRONT WHITE VAN

Pepe hands his AK-47 to Héctor, he cautiously approaches the Eldorado with his Glock 21, looks inside the car-

INT. JACK'S ELDORADO - DAY

Pepe's view of Shannon ripped up, bloody. Dead. Hooker, a furry bloody mess. Dead. Finn, bullet-riddled, bleeding.

Jack, multiple bleeding holes, GROANS, looks up at Pepe, pistol in his bloody hand--he FIRES!--a BULLET up into Pepe's throat, Pepe drops his Glock, clutches his throat, drops to his knees, hemorrhages profusely, falls over, bleeds out. Dead. A bullet HITS Jack in the head, knocks him back. Dead.

Héctor grabs Pepe by the shoulders, drags his body into the front van, doors slide closed, all three vans speed away.

EXT. WOLFE PAVING YARD - NIGHT

Securely enclosed with a high fence topped with barbed wire, the one-acre yard is covered with white rocks. The navy blue 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 sits in the middle of the yard.

A Man approaches the trailer. The dogs quickly encircle him, GROWL, but don't bark. They seem to know him. He enters-

INT. OFFICE TRAILER - WOLFE PAVING YARD - 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, Cole... Jack. Finn.
(deadly serious)
We're taking it. The whole show.
You can work with us. Or not.

Cole calmly stares at Héctor, then smiles-

COLE

Who the fuck are you, really?

HÉCTOR

I represent your new owner. Jesús
Salazar. Leader of the Latin Lords.

COLE

(smiling)
Is that right?

Héctor's SLOW MOTION view of a shotgun slug BLASTING through the modesty panel below the front of Cole's desk--propelling toward him--EXPLOSIVELY HITTING him in the gut--SLAMMING!--him back against the door. He slides down to the floor, guts and blood pour out of his belly.

Cole rises from behind the desk with the sawed-off double barrel shotgun. He slowly walks to Héctor-

Cole sets the muzzle of the shotgun on Héctor's forehead. Héctor, dying, looks up at Cole-

HÉCTOR

(choking on blood)
Stone cold.

Cole pulls the trigger--BOOM!

Cole drops the shotgun, steps over Héctor's body, exits.

EXT. WOLFE PAVING YARD

The German Shepherds sit motionless in a pack, silently watching Cole.

He glances at them, walks to the front gate, swings it open, turns, and faces the silent dogs.

COLE
Go. Get outta here.

The dogs do not move. They watch him.

COLE (CONT'D)
The show's over.

The dogs sit and stare at Cole. Many moments pass...

The biggest dog, the Pack Leader, rises to his feet. He slowly walks to Cole, stops, looks up at him... then walks toward the yard entry. The other dogs rise and slowly follow him. The Pack Leader stops at the open entry, looks back at Cole, then exits the yard. The other dogs follow him out. They disappear.

Cole takes out his pistol, aims it at the yard's large onsite fueling tank--FIRES--it EXPLODES!

Wind blows the fuel tank flames toward the trucks, they catch fire and burn. The office trailer catches fire, burns.

Cole exits the yard, gets in his Camaro, slowly drives off.

The trucks and trailer are ABLAZE.

EXT. HOLE IN THE FENCE - GOLF COURSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Cole's parked Camaro. Beyond it, the golf course pond shimmers in the moonlight.

Fairway sprinklers shoot arcs of misting water over rolling green fairways.

POND

Moonbeams shimmer on the water. Yellow weeping willow branches dangle down over lily pads and cattails. Frogs CROAK.

Cole sits under a weeping willow tree with his back against its trunk. An owl HOOTS.

A shiny pistol rests in Cole's hand, that lays on the grass next to his thigh. He stares at the water, as if in a trance-

INSERT

POND - NIGHT (1974)

Cole and Finn, age 14, in the pond trolling for golf balls, laughing, throwing the balls at each other, splashing, best friends forever having fun. Their whole lives ahead of them.

Back to-

THE POND & THE WILLOW TREE - PRESENT

Cole sits under the tree staring at the shimmering water.

Pull back from Cole, the glittering pond...the image of him sitting under the tree disintegrates, blends with darkness... We leave the golf course through the hole in the fence.

FADE OUT.