

**THE SALTON SEA**

by

Tony Gayton

**FADE IN:**

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

My name is Tom Van Allen ...

(beat)

or Danny Flynne ...

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

DANNY (cont'd)

... I don't know anymore.

(beat)

Maybe I'll let you decide. Maybe you can help me, friend. As you can see, I don't have a hell of a lot of time left.

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

DANNY (cont'd)

Avenging angel ... Judas Iscariot ...

Loving husband ... Prodigal Son ...

The prince of Denmark ...?

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

DANNY (cont'd)

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

(beat)

Speed freak.

(beat)

That's as good a place as any.

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

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN.**

**INT. LABORATORY - DAY**

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

Methedrene was first distilled by a  
Japanese scientist before WWII.  
Hand it to the Japanese, they knew a  
good thing when they saw it.

**INT. JAPANESE ZERO - DAY**

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

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

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

Maybe not.

(beat)

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

**INT. HOUSE - DAY**

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

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

Methedrene ...

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

DANNY (cont'd)

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

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

DANNY (V.O.)

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

Kennedy talking animatedly.

DANNY (cont'd)

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

**EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

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

DANNY (V.O.)

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

**INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER - NIGHT**

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

DANNY (V.O.)

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

**INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT**

A CASHIER scanning container after container of COLD MEDICATION.

**DANNY (V.O.)**

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

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

DANNY (cont'd)

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

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

TRACK DOWN the kitchen counter on various containers.

**DANNY (V.O.)**

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

CONTINUE TRACKING to a series of BURNERS, BEAKERS and TUBING

DANNY (cont'd)

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

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

DANNY (cont'd)

Oh-oh.

**EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT**

As the structure explodes.

**INT. PARTY HOUSE - UNKNOWN**

Thick blankets and tinfoil taped over the windows.

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

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

A GROUP OF TWEAKERS in the middle of a binge.

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

**NANCY**

It ain't right

**TERESA**

You think?

**NANCY**

Something's off.

**TERESA**

We can do better.

They take the socks out and being rearranging them again.

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

Creeper and Jimmy stare straight ahead, clearly bugging.

**KUJO**

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

**CREEPER**

And sometimes y.

**KUJO**

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

And he does.

**KUJO (cont'd)**

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

DANNY is sitting in an armchair. He is the only one who looks tired.

He sits there, taking the scene in.

**ALL SOUNDS FADE OUT**

**DANNY (V.O.)**

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

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

DANNY (cont'd)

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

(beat)

Is it three days or is it four?

BACK ON DANNY. He blinks lethargically.

DANNY (cont'd)

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

(beat)

And keep your eyes open.

(beat)

Nothing is what it seems.

Suddenly ...

**KUJO (O.S.)**

**OH SHIT! WE'RE OUT OF DRUGS!**

**INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Danny and Jimmy the Finn walking towards the front door.

**DANNY**

How the hell did we get this detail?

**JIMMY**

Guess it's our turn.

Danny nods.

**DANNY**

What time is it?

**JIMMY**

Twelve

**DANNY**

Midnight?

**EXT. PARTY HOUSE - DAY**

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

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

Jimmy and Danny slip on sunglasses and brave the light.

**DANNY**

Where to?

**JIMMY**

I know a guy.

**DANNY**

Lead the way.

They slink along like two albino rat vampires with sunglasses.

**JIMMY**

Nice day

**DANNY**

I hadn't noticed.

(beat)

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

**JIMMY**

Jimmy. Everyone calls me Jimmy the Finn.

**DANNY**

Why's that?

**JIMMY**

My features. They're Finnish.

**DANNY**

You don't say.

**JIMMY**

Finland is a country.

**DANNY**

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

**INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

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

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

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

**JIMMY**

Bobby?

**BOBBY**

Shhh.

Bobby never takes his eyes off his arm.

**BOBBY (cont'd)**

(whispering)

They're coming.

**JIMMY**

(likewise whispering)

What?

**BOBBY**

The spiders.

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

**BOBBY (cont'd)**

(sing-song)

I'm ready for you this time.

Bobby lets loose with the spray, dousing his arm.

**BOBBY**

Aha! Yeah!

(super rapid-fire)

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

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

**BOBBY (cont'd)**

With Bobby you thought you could fuck?

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

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

**BOBBY (cont'd)**

Who the fuck are you?

**JIMMY**

It's me ... Jimmy

Bobby squints.

**BOBBY**

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

**JIMMY**

Yeah.

**BOBBY**

What can I do for you?

**JIMMY**

Um, coupla' eight balls oughta do us.

Danny and Jimmy notice something simultaneously.

There is something under the mattress - A HUGE BULGE.

**BOBBY**

Don't pay her no mind.

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

box springs.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Shut the hell up, goddamit!

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

BOBBY (cont'd)  
I got no vocation skills! What the  
fuck you want from me?  
(keeps slapping)  
I got no vocation skills!

**JIMMY**  
Hey man, take it easy.

Bobby immediately stops. Looks at Jimmy with incredulity.

**BOBBY**  
What?

**JIMMY**  
Come on. Ease off the girl.

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

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

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

**BOBBY**  
Did you bring the plastic men?

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

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Did you bring the plastic men?  
(beat)  
Did you bring the plastic men?

Bobby rubs his nose.

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

**DANNY**  
Nah, we didn't bring 'em. That's

just your good crank talking, brother.

Bobby tilts his head.

**DANNY** (cont'd)  
We were hoping to catch a few ourselves  
if you'll hook us up.

**BOBBY**  
(calmer)  
You bring the plastic men?

**DANNY**  
Like I said.

**JIMMY**  
Fuck man. Come on, Bobby.

**BOBBY**  
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby. Rhymes with ...  
(he draws a blank)

**DANNY**  
Hobby?

Bobby twists a smile, revealing speed-blackened teeth.

**BOBBY**  
That's a good man. I like that.

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

Bobby lowers his speargun.

**BOBBY**  
Two eight balls?

Jimmy breaths a sigh of relief.

**EXT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

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

**DANNY**  
Nice dealer you got there, Jimmy.

**JIMMY**

Oh ... that. Ah, he was just juiced.  
He wouldn't have did nothin'

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

They run like hell.

**EXT. SKY - DAY**

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

**INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

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

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

DANNY staring intently at the spilling liquid.

The beer pools up on the floor.

Danny transfixed by the image.

The last few drops of beer **LOUDLY** splashing down.

**EXT PAYPHONE - NIGHT**

Danny on the phone.

**DANNY**

C.I. number 678-43K-107  
(beat)  
Tanner and Garcetti

He hangs up.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Danny waiting in the shadows.

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

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

**INT. CAR - SAME**

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

**DANNY**

(lying on the back seat)  
I've got a hot one.

**TANNER**

You go, boy.

**DANNY**

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

Tanner drives out of the alley.

**TANNER**

Feeling the paranoia tonight, are we?

**DANNY**

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

**EXT. PART - NIGHT**

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

**TANNER**

You got a name?

**DANNY**

Bobby, rhymes with hobby.

**TANNER**

What?

**DANNY**

Never mind. Dude had a backfull of jailhouse tatts.

**QUICK FLASHES OF BOBBY'S TATTOOS.**

**TANNER**

No last name?

**DANNY**

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

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

**GARCETTI**

This the guy?

**DANNY**

It speaks!

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

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

Cut to the fucking chase, Flynn.

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

What's he holding?

**FLASHBACK - INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

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

**DANNY (O.S.)**

Couple of eightballs, maybe more.

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

**DANNY (cont'd)**

Cheap ass techno knockoff in the drawer with extra mags.

ANOTHER QUICK GLIMPSE of the closet. A shotgun butt visable

DANNY (cont'd)  
12 gauge in the closet.

**TANNER (O.S.)**  
Any company?

The WOMAN'S HAND protruding from underneath the mattress.

**DANNY (O.S.)**  
Alas, the lovely Mrs. Bobby was  
playing the bologna in a Posturpedic sandwich  
(beat)  
And there was a kid.

A SILHOUETTE visible through a crack in the BATHROOM DOOR.

**TANNER (O.S.)**  
A kid? Are you sure?

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

**EXT. PARK - NIGHT**

Back on Danny.

**DANNY**  
Yeah. Pretty sure.  
(beat)  
Oh yeah ... he had a spear gun, too.

**TANNER**  
God damn, Flynnne, you are one observant tweaker.

**DANNY**  
Somebody has to help you lazy bastards.

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

DANNY (cont'd)  
Hey Tanner ... you be careful, okay?

**TANNER**  
Danny, I'm touched.

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

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

**DANNY**

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

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

**GARCETTI**

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

**DANNY**

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

Garcetti lets Danny go. Stomps off.

**DANNY**

You're welcome.

**EXT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - GARDENA - NIGHT.**

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

Danny exits the stairwell and approaches his door.

A WOMAN ONE DOOR DOWN FROM DANNY'S ROOM struggles with her groceries.  
When she goes to open the door, one of the bags breaks, spilling its

contents onto the floor.

Danny walks over.

**DANNY**

(approaching)  
Let me help you with those.

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

DANNY (cont'd)  
(loud through the door)  
And to think Miss Manner was  
living down the hall from me and I  
didn't even know it!

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

DANNY (cont'd)  
Hey, you left a can of ...

He looks at the can.

**INSERT - CAN**

The label is in CHINESE.

DANNY (cont'd)  
... some Chinese looking shit out here.

No reaction.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I'll just leave it by the door here.  
(beat)  
I'm going now!

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

DANNY (cont'd)  
You really oughta be more careful.  
This is not a good neighborhood.

The woman smiles. A pretty smile. Sad too.

**WOMAN**

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

**DANNY**

You did the right thing.  
(handing the can over)

What is this stuff anyway?

**WOMAN**

Fermented soybean curd.

**DANNY**

Yummy.

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

**DANNY (cont'd)**

My name is Danny Flynne.

(off her silence)

And you are?

**WOMAN**

Colette Aragon. Thank you, Danny.

She closes the door abruptly.

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

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

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

**DANNY**

My name is Tom Van Allen

(beat)

I play the trumpet.

He slowly opens the trumpet case revealing a GLEAMING HORN inside.  
Runs his fingers along the length of it and up to ...

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

DANNY (cont'd)  
(distant)  
My name is Tom Van Allen. I play the trumpet.

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

DANNY (cont'd)  
My name is Tom Van Allen and I play the trumpet.

He starts to play. "Saeta" again.

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

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

**EXT. SALTON SEA - SUNSET (FLASHBACK)**

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

Danny playing "SAETA" on his trumpet.

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

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

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

Danny finishes playing.

Silence.

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

LIZ  
That's so ...  
(not finishing the word)

**DANNY / TOM**

Melancholy?

**LIZ**

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

**DANNY/TOM**

And the performance?

**LIZ**

(goofing)

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

**DANNY/TOM**

Thank you. Thank you very much.

**LIZ**

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

**DANNY/TOM**

Again, I thank you.

**LIZ**

I was talking about Miles.

Danny playfully tackles her to the ground.

**DANNY/TOM**

You, madam, are a heartless wench.

**LIZ**

And you've got wiener breath.

**DANNY/TOM**

Really?

**LIZ**

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

Danny starts kissing her over and over again.

**LIZ**

(laughing)  
Tom! Gross!

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

**DANNY/TOM**

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

Liz smiles, snuggles closer to Danny.

**LIZ**

Tom, let's spend the night here.

**DANNY/TOM**

There's no motels around here.

**LIZ**

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

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**DANNY**

(at the vanity, whispering)  
Okay, we'll stay. We'll stay.

**NOW THE DANNY IN THE IMAGE ANSWERS ....**

**DANNY/TOM**

(on the beach)  
Come on, Liz. We'll get eaten alive.

**DANNY**

(at the vanity, softly)  
No ... We'll stay.

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

The sun sinks completely below the horizon.

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

The dying fish breaths its last.

Danny (at the vanity) closes his eyes.

**SERIES OF QUICK CUTS**

The trumpet goes back in the case.

The lid is closed.

The case goes back in the box.

The neatly folded clothes are laid on top.

The box goes back to the shelf.

The light in the closet is turned off.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN.**

**EXT. DESERTED PARK - NIGHT**

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

Tanner writing serial numbers down as he counts out SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

Danny watching silently.

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

The envelope lays there between them for the following conversation.

**DANNY**

You think I'm a Judas?

**TANNER**

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

**DANNY**

Garcetti thinks I'm a pile of shit.

**TANNER**

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

Danny smiles.

**TANNER (cont'd)**

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

Tanner shakes his head and smiles.

**DANNY**

Thanks for not judging me.

**TANNER**

It's not my place.

**DANNY**

Don't you wonder why I do it?

**TANNER**

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

**DANNY**

You don't find that repugnant?

**TANNER**

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

**DANNY**

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

**TANNER**

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

(beat)

Now take the money.

Danny stuffs the money into his jacket.

**TANNER (cont'd)**

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

**DANNY**

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

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

DANNY (cont'd)  
Hey, Garcetti ... You ever get  
confused and try to flush yourself?

Garcetti  
(all business)  
You tell him?

**TANNER**  
I was getting to it.

**DANNY**  
(to Tanner)  
Tell me what?

**GARCETTI**  
I'll tell him.

**DANNY**  
(worried)  
Tell me what?

Garcetti sits down next to Danny. Sighs.

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

**DANNY**  
Yeah. What about him?

**GARCETTI**  
Turns out he's connected.

**DANNY**  
To who?

**GARCETTI**  
The Mexicali Boys

**DANNY**  
And what does this have to do with me?

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

**GARCETTI**  
He knows somebody ratted him.

**DANNY**

What?!

**GARCETTI**

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

Garcetti leans in close

GARCETTI (cont'd)

You know that thing where they slit your throat and pull your tongue out of the hole.

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

GARCETTI (cont'd)

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

**DANNY**

Shut up, Garcetti!

Danny turns to Tanner

**DANNY**

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

**TANNER**

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

Danny paces back and forth.

TANNER (cont'd)

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

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

(mock surprise)

You mean that hasn't been cleared up yet?

Garcetti chuckles at Danny's fear

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

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

**TANNER**

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

**DANNY**

When?

**TANNER**

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

**EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT**

Danny sitting cross-legged in front of a gravestone.

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

Danny stands up. Dusts his pants off.

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

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

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

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

**DANNY**

(checking out the painting)

Ride 'em cowboy)

**BUBBA**

(southern twang)  
You like that?

**DANNY**

Who wouldn't?

**BUBBA**

First rate, ain't it?

**DANNY**

It's downright classy is what it is.

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

**DANNY (cont'd)**

You consider my presentation?

**BUBBA**

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

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

... MOVE back over to the gravestone.

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

**EXT. THE CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT**

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

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - SAME**

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

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

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

**DANNY**

Jimmy, you don't look so hot.

Jimmy has dark circles under his eyes.

**JIMMY**

I'm hurting.

**DANNY**

You on a roll?

**JIMMY**

Was. I'm on the fucking ghost train right now, man. You got anything for me?

**DANNY**

Sorry.

**JIMMY**

Why does it have to feel so bad?

**DANNY**

Your brain is in reverse mode ... cutting off your supply of dopamine. Here. Have a beer.

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

**DANNY (cont'd)**

You see the crank bugs?

**JIMMY**

Oh yeah.

(guzzles some beer)

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

Danny chuckles.

**DANNY**

That's a good one.

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

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

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

**DANNY (cont'd)**

You hear about Bobby?

**JIMMY**

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

Danny smiles at Jimmy's choice of words.

**JIMMY (cont'd)**

He was a good supplier.

(gets an idea)

You think maybe there's any drugs left in his room? You know, like hidden?

**DANNY**

I kind of doubt it, Jimmy.

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

**JIMMY**

So, why'd you want to see me?

**DANNY**

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

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

What?

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

Don't get carried away.

**JIMMY**

I find myself in dire need of some cash.

Jimmy shakes his head in wonder.

**DANNY**

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

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

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

Jimmy frowns.

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

A quarter of a million, Jimmy.

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

**JIMMY**

Fuuuuuck

**DANNY**

Can your man handle that?

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

Can you set that up?

**JIMMY**

Sure.

Jimmy sucks what's left of his beer down.

**JIMMY (cont'd)**

What's in it for us?

**DANNY**

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

**JIMMY**

10%. That's ...

Jimmy becomes paralyzed by the math.

**DANNY**

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

just get me in the door.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

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

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

Danny looks over.

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

Danny plays it cool. Keeps walking.

The red car pulls a SLOW U-TURN.

Danny hauls ass.

The red car catching up.

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

The red car follows, slowly prowling the street.

Danny squeezed behind a dumpster, watching.

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

Danny hugging the dumpster tight.

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

Danny walks quickly the other way.

**INT. BARE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

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

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

He looks like Barry White, Jr.

**KID**

Mister, I only deal in high-end

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

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

KID (cont'd)

(rapid fire delivery)

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

(next gun, no pause)

Tangfolio semi-automatic. This a 9mm too - seems to be the weapon of choice - try one and you'll understand why. Rubber grips, adjustable 3 dot sights, 4 and 1/2 inch barrel, 33 ounces. Check out the eye-catching extended beaver tail just above the grip. Got mad-ass double action and a surprising 16 round magazine. Mister, I want to sell you this gun and I can hook you up for the low price of 200 dollars.

(next gun, breakneck pace)

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

Fresh satin chrome, black rubber grip, 3 dot fixed sights, 3 and 1/2 inch barrel, skeletonized hammer with an extended slide release, eight capacity magazine and single action. Mister, I won't lie to you, this gun is not the bomb - it'll do the job,

KID (cont'd)

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

(next one)

Maybe you looking for power, mister.

This gun got mad power, mad kick and mad reputation. That's right, it's the Colt .357 Magnum revolver. Rubber combat-style grip, fixed rear, ramp front sights, 2 inch barrel. Weighs in at a feather-like 21 ounces. 6 shot capacity with double action. Mister, if you're looking for impact, the Magnum will satisfy all of your needs.

(the last gun)

I don't know you, mister, but you look like a man of style so maybe you in the market for a custom piece. Mister, it's your lucky day 'cause this gun got style to burn. You lookin' at the Les Baer Custom Premier Tactical 45. Fresh blue finish, deluxe grips, 5 inch barrel, 37 ounces, guaranteed to shoot 1 1/2 groups at a distance of 50 yards. Aluminum speed trigger, throated barrel, single action with 12 shot capacity magazine. I could see you with this gun, mister. And I can give it to you for the low price of seven hundred and ninety-five dollars. Mister, these are my guns. All sales are final, and all prices are negotiable.

He finishes .... staring at ...

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

**EXT. BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

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

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

**DANNY**

Jimmy, where do you find these people?

**JIMMY**

The Del Ammo Mall mostly.

They walk along.

**JIMMY**

You wanna score some go-fast?

**DANNY**

Not tonight.

They continue on. Jimmy looks at the vest.

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

Personal protection. It's a dangerous world we live in, Jimmy, a very dangerous world.

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT**

A TRASHY LOOKING DUDE banging on Colette's door.

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

**DUDE**

(sees Danny eyeballing him)  
You mad dogging me, Bitch?

**DANNY**

Heavens no. I was just admiring your boots.

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

**DANNY**

Did you purchase them locally?

The dude ignores Danny and keeps pounding on the door.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

Goodbye now. Nice meeting you.

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

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

**EXT. FREEWAY - DAY**

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

**INT. VERA - SAME**

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

**DANNY**

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

**JIMMY**

You mean, like to throw 'em off?

**DANNY**

Yeah, that's what I mean.  
(beat)  
Where the hell does this guy live anyway?

**JIMMY**

Palmdale

**DANNY**

Why do they call him Pooh-Bear?

**JIMMY**

I think on account of his nose.

**DANNY**

You're going to have to explain that  
one.

**JIMMY**

He doesn't have one.

**DANNY**

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

**JIMMY**

Well, you know how Winnie the Pooh  
always got his nose stuck in the honey jar?  
Well, Pooh-Bear snorted so much  
crank, they had to cut his nose off.  
He's got a plastic one though.

Danny wonders what he's getting himself into.

JIMMY (cont'd)

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

DANNY

You ever see Queen Elizabeth sleep?

JIMMY

No

(beat)

You think she's a tweaker?

**EXT. POOH-BEAR'S COMPOUND - DAY**

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

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

A PILE OF DEAD PIGEONS near the driveway.

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

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

POOH-BEAR

Okay, here we go gentlemen ...

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

Pooh-Bear working the remote control device.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Zapruder?

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

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

ZAPRUDER

Ready.

**POOH-BEAR**

Oswald?

ANOTHER GUY sighting a scoped pellet gun.

**OSWALD**

Roger that.

**POOH-BEAR**

Grassy knoll?

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

**GRASSY KNOLL**

Ready

**POOH-BEAR**

Third shooter?

THE THIRD SHOOTER is also armed with a pellet gun

**THIRD SHOOTER**

It's a go.

Pooh-Bear watches anxiously.

**POOH-BEAR**

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

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

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Stand by, gentlemen. Stand by ...

(beat, eyes widening)

Steady .... steady ... FIRE!

The three men open up simultaneously.

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

Pooh-Bear pumps his fist.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Yes! Yes!

(beat)

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

The car continues rolling past the feet of ...

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

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)  
(to Danny and Jimmy)  
So? What do you think?

**DANNY/JIMMY**  
(ad-libbing)  
- Cool.  
- Yeah. Interesting.

Pooh-Bear takes the camera from "Zapruder".

**POOH-BEAR**  
(holding up the camera)  
I'm gonna get this developed and send it to the Warren Commission.

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

**POOH-BEAR**  
No shit?  
(thinking)  
Fuck it. I'll send it to Oliver Stone then.  
He'll get them to reopen the bastard.

**OSWALD (O.S.)**  
Pooh-Bear! We got a problem.

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

OSWALD (cont'd)  
J.F.K.'s still alive.  
(beat)  
Should I finish him off?

**INT. POOH-BEARS HOUSE - DAY**

Pooh-Bear and Danny alone in the kitchen.

**POOH-BEAR**  
So, Danny, Jimmy tells me you have a proposition for me.

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

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

Crank or glass?

**DANNY**

The good stuff. Can you handle that?

Pooh-Bear chews his food and nods.

**POOH-BEAR**

I'm sorry. Would you like a taste?

**DANNY**

No, I'm good.

**POOH-BEAR**

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

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

**DANNY**

Not bad.

**POOH-BEAR**

Secret recipe.

Pooh-Bear winks and shovels some more down.

**DANNY**

Can we talk price?

**POOH-BEAR**

Make me an offer.

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

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

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

(enthusiastic)

Hey, okay.

Danny looks surprised. It was too easy.

**DANNY**

You're serious?

**POOH-BEAR**

Anything for a dear friend.

**DANNY**

But I just met you.

**POOH-BEAR**

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

Pooh-Bear takes another bite of eggs.

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

If you say so.

**DANNY**

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

Pooh-Bear puts the plate down.

**POOH-BEAR**

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

**DANNY**

Why do you say that?

**POOH-BEAR**

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

**DANNY**

Hey, I was just trying to ...

**POOH-BEAR**

(never losing his smile)  
I want to tell you about the last guy who tried to jam me up on a deal.

**DANNY**

Hey, I don't play that.

**POOH-BEAR**

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

Pooh-Bear leans back, grinning broadly

**POOH-BEAR (cont'd)**

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

(beat)

You know what I did?

(beat)

I clamped his head in a vice.

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

**POOH-BEAR (V.O.)**

You should have heard him howling.

BACK TO PRESENT: Pooh-Bear lights a cigarette

**POOH-BEAR**

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

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

**POOH-BEAR (V.O.)**

(calmly)

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

BACK TO PRESENT: Danny getting nervous.

**DANNY**

Look, you don't have to ...

**POOH-BEAR (cont'd)**

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

doesn't really use their brain to  
begin with. You know what I'm  
saying?

(beat, dead serious)  
So I took it.

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

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

BACK TO PRESENT: Danny listens somberly.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)  
Hell, I make better use out of it  
than he ever did. Got it up in my  
freezer. I take it out from time-to-  
time, mix a little of it up in my  
dinner ....  
(looks at the plate of eggs)  
... of breakfast.

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

Pooh-Bear smiles knowingly. Danny turns pale.

**POOH-BEAR**

10,000 a pound

Danny decides to nerve it out

**DANNY**

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

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

**POOH-BEAR**

9,000. Take it or leave it.

Danny stops.

**DANNY**

I'll leave it. Eight is as high as  
I'll go. See ya'.

Danny goes to leave again.

**POOH-BEAR**

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

Pooh-Bear stands up.

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

You got a deal.

They shake hands.

**POOH-BEAR**

God damn, Danny, you got some nerve.  
Pooh-Bear respects that.

(beat)

Oh, by the way ...

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

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

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

**POOH-BEAR**

(in the grocery store)

Hmm. Good price.

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

**BACK TO PRESENT:**

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

You want to stay for lunch?

Danny has been had. Pooh-Bear laughs uproariously.

**INT. VEGA - DAY**

Danny slouched in the passenger's seat.

Jimmy holds out a bullet dispenser of crank.

**JIMMY**

You want a hit?

**DANNY**

No. I'm good.

Jimmy pockets the drugs.

**JIMMY**

Can I ask you something?

**DANNY**

Sure, Jimmy.

**JIMMY**

What does J.F.K. stand for?

**DANNY**

John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

**JIMMY**

Was he the president?

**DANNY**

Yes, Jimmy

Jimmy drives for a while, then ...

**JIMMY**

Danny?

**DANNY**

Yes, Jimmy.

**JIMMY**

Thanks for not laughing at me.

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT**

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

**OLD MAN**

(softly, a la Perry Como)  
Sugar Plum Fairy never once gave it away.  
Everybody had to pay and pay ...

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

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

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

... Colette AND HER TRASHY DUDE BOYFRIEND

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

**KUJO**

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

**JIMMY**

What is it, drugs?

**KUJO**

Better than drugs.

Kujo leans in and lowers his voice

**KUJO**

Bob Hope's stool specimen  
(beat)  
We're gonna boost it.

**DANNY**

Why in God's name would we want  
to do that?

**KUJO**

So we can sell it.

**DANNY**

To who?

**KUJO**

I don't know. A collector. Fuck  
Danny, it's Bob Hope.

**CREEPER**

He is a national treasure.

Danny shakes his head in amazement, then looks back at Colette again.  
She sneaks another look at him.

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

**KUJO**

Check it out. This is the lab.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)**

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

**A TITLE APPEARS - "KUJO'S BIG HEIST"**

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT**

Creeper points at the glass.

**CREEPER**

What is that?

**KUJO**

It's the lab.

**CREEPER**

I mean what kind of drink?

**KUJO**

Cuba Libre

**JIMMY**

What is that? Rum and coke?

**KUJO**

Don't worry about it.

**JIMMY**

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

**KUJO**

No, you can't taste it. It's the fucking lab! Now shut up.

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

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

Danny watching intently.

**KUJO (cont'd)**

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

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

KUJO (cont'd)  
This is the courier

**CREEPER**

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

Kujo rolls his eyes. He uses a peanut instead.

**OLD MAN (O.S.)**

And the colored girls sing doot-de-doot ....

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)**

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

**KUJO (O.S.)**

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

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

**KUJO (cont'd)**

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

The elevator door closes on the dosing Creeper.

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT**

He slides over two peanuts behind the courier peanut.

**KUJO (cont'd)**

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

Kujo slides over two more peanuts.

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

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)**

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

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

KUJO (cont'd)

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

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

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT**

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

KUJO (cont'd)

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

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)**

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

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT**

Jimmy listening intently, takes some of the peanuts.

**KUJO**

Jesus Jimmy, you at the alpha team.

**JIMMY**

I thought you were done.

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

**OLD MAN**

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

KUJO (cont'd)

Now here's the beautiful part. The getaway. Both teams will rappel right down the center of the stairwell, change clothes and walk right out the front door like nothing happened.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)**

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

The kit has sprung open, sending shit samples everywhere.

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

**EXT. CEDARS SINAI - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)**

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

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

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT**

Danny watches as the trashy dude exits the bathroom.

**KUJO**

So what's it gonna be, Danny boy?  
You in or out?

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

**KUJO (cont'd)**

Danny!

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

**DANNY**

(watching Colette)  
I'm afraid I'm gonna have to pass on  
this one, boys.

Danny watches her exit.

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)**

Danny approaches his door. Stops.

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

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

**DANNY**

You okay?  
She nods.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Well...good night then.

Danny starts to enter again. Stops again.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Why are you out here?

**COLETTE**

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

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

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

I understand. Thanks anyway.

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

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT**

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

A LONE WAITRESS AND COOK mull behind the counter.

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

**COLETTE**

Thanks.

She dabs at her eyes.

COLETTE (cont'd)  
I'm so embarrassed.

**DANNY**

Don't be.

She looks at herself in a compact mirror.

**COLETTE**

Jesus, I look like a raccoon.

**DANNY**

I was thinking Alice Cooper.

She puts her head in her hands. Sighs.

**COLETTE**

Oh God.

**DANNY**

Come on, cheer up. It could be worse.

She looks up.

**COLETTE**

How?

**DANNY**

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

She laughs

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

**COLETTE**

What about the guy on the very bottom?

**DANNY**

Leave me out of this.

**COLETTE**

That bad, huh?

Danny holds up his water glass.

**DANNY**

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

He takes a sip.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

He pulls a face. Sets the glass down.

**COLETTE**

Could be worse.  
(beat)

Oh sorry, forgot who I was talking to.

**DANNY**

Ouch.

Colette sips her coffee. Danny looks around nervously.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

Hey, did I mention that I was a coward?

Colette frowns, not sure what he means.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

This man sounds like a real catch.

**COLETTE**

Oh, he's a keeper all right.

**DANNY**

Colette ...

He stops.

**COLETTE**

What?

**DANNY**

Nothing.

**COLETTE**

Go ahead.

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

It's not that easy.

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

Who the fuck are you, Dr. Joyce  
Brothers?

(beat)

I hate the son-of-a-bitch.

**DANNY**

Then leave.

**COLETTE**

I can't.

**DANNY**

Why not?

**COLETTE**

You don't understand.

**DANNY**

There's nothing to understand.  
The guy is a pig.

**COLETTE**

I can't leave.

**DANNY**

You get off on abuse or  
something?

**COLETTE**

Fuck you.

**DANNY**

Then why don't you leave?

(beat)

Just give me one good reason.

**COLETTE**

Because he'll kill me.

The waitress and cook look up.

**COLETTE (cont'd)**

Is that simple enough for you?

**DANNY**

Why don't you call the cops?

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

That's long enough to get out of town.

**COLETTE**

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

Danny chews it over for a second then ...

**DANNY**

Then make sure he gets put away for longer.

**COLETTE**

How?

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

**COLETTE (cont'd)**

Tell me how.

**DANNY**

I don't know.

(beat)

Let me think about it.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Urban blight abounds

**INT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - NIGHT**

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

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

**BUBBA**

(Texas drawl)

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

**DANNY**

Why? The guys is ready to deal now.

**BUBBA**

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

**DANNY**

Now that's down-right insulting.

**BUBBA**

I'll have to live with that. My money  
my risk, my rules.

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

**EXT. ALLEY - SAME**

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

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

**DANNY (O.S.)**

(filtered, broken)

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

**BUBBA (O.S.)**

(filtered)

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

Garcetti removes his earpiece and turns to Tanner.

**GARCETTI**

You thinking what I'm thinking?

**TANNER**

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

**EXT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - SAME**

Bubba exits the building and disappears around the corner.

**INT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - SAME**

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

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

**TANNER**

Hold it right there, Flynnne.

Danny stops.

**DANNY**

Jesus, you almost gave me a heart attack!

Danny secretly pockets the bundle of cash.

**DANNY**

What the hell are you doing here?

**TANNER**

Question is, what are you doing here?

**DANNY**

I was trying to score some dope.

**TANNER**

Cut the shit, Flynn.

**DANNY**

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

**TANNER**

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

Tanner takes out a pair of black leather gloves.

**DANNY**

(serious)

What did I do?!

Tanner approaches him. Danny backs into a corner.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

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

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

Tanner starts swinging but SOMETHING UNEXPECTED ...

**TANNER HITS LIKE A WIMP.**

The punches have absolutely no effect.

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

Garcetti shakes his head with shame.

**TANNER**

(shrieking, failing)  
You think this is funny motherfucker?

**DANNY**

(still laughing and covering up)  
I can't help it, Tanner, you hit like  
a fucking girl.

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

**DANNY**

Garcetti, do something.

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

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

Garcetti squats down next to Danny.

**GARCETTI**

We know what's going on.

**DANNY**

(in pain)  
I still don't know what you're  
talking about.

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

**GARCETTI**

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

Garcetti holds up a tap.

**GARCETTI (cont'd)**

We just listened to the whole thing.

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

**GARCETTI (cont'd)**

Somebody tipped up, dipshit.

**DANNY**

Jimmy?

**GARCETTI**

Who the hell is Jimmy?

**DANNY**

He's the only one I told.

**GARCETTI**

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

**INT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - NIGHT (LATER)**

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

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

**DANNY**

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

**TANNER**

This chink have a name?

**DANNY**

Bubba.

Tanner rolls his eyes.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

**TANNER**

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

**DANNY**

After that ass-whipping you gave me?

Garcetti suppresses a smile.

**GARCETTI**

(finishing up with the bundle)  
What's on the other end of this thing?

**DANNY**

Now that I can help you with. Nasty  
boy ... goes by the name of Pooh-Bear.  
He's a chef.  
Check with Palmdale P.D. I'm sure  
they're keeping box scores on the guy.

**GARCETTI**

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

**DANNY**

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

**TANNER**

What're your taking down?

**DANNY**

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

Tanner looks at Danny quizzically.

**TANNER**

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

**DANNY**

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

Danny holds his hands up

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

**GARCETTI**

Wrong.

He tosses the bundle of cash to Danny.

**DANNY**

You mean you want me to roll on these guys?

Their silence is answer enough.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

**TANNER**

You've got no choice.

**DANNY**

Whata you mean I've got no choice?

**TANNER**

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

**DANNY**

For that old possession charge?  
Gimme a break.

**TANNER**

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

**GARCETTI**

Dime, minimum.

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

... OUT OF A VENT in another room.

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

**TANNER (O.S.)**

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

**GARCETTI (O.S.)**

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

Bubba listens intently.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

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

**GARCETTI**

What's that smell?

**DANNY**

That would be me.

**GARCETTI**

What'd you do, piss your pants?

**DANNY**

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

Garcetti looks back at Danny with a twisted smile.

**GARCETTI**

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

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

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

**TANNER**

Bullshit. He's a liar.

**DANNY**

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

**TANNER**

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

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

**TANNER (cont'd)**

Well, you played the wrong mark this

time, asshole.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT**

Danny approaching the building, we hear shots ...

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

The red car cruises slowly past.

Danny squinting, trying to make out ...

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

Danny frowns, not sure that to make of it.

**INT. COLETTE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - SAME**

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

**INT. COLETTE'S ROOM - SAME**

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

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - SAME**

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

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - THE HIGH DESERT (FLASHBACK)**

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

**INT. CAR - SAME**

Danny driving. Liz in the passenger seat looking pissed.

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

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

**LIZ**

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

**DANNY/TOM**

Come on, where's your pioneer spirit?

**LIZ**

You mean like the Donner Party?

**DANNY/TOM**

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

**LIZ**

Tom, quit fucking around.

**DANNY/TOM**

Okay, okay.  
(peering through the windshield)  
There's a house up there. I'll go ask for directions.

**EXT. ROAD - SAME**

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

**INT. CAR - SAME**

Liz sees the run-down old house.

**LIZ**

You think that's a good idea?

**DANNY/TOM**

What do you mean?

**LIZ**

Look at that place. It's creepy.

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

**DANNY/TOM**

First you want me to ask for directions, then you don't. Which is it?

**LIZ**

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

**DANNY/TOM**

Just no pleasing you, is there?

**LIZ**

Just admit you're wrong.

**DANNY/TOM**

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

**LIZ**

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

**DANNY/TOM**

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

**LIZ**

Here it comes, poor Tom.

**DANNY/TOM**

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

**LIZ**

That is so unfair.

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

**DANNY/TOM**

My sentiments exactly.

**LIZ**

Why are you doing this?

Danny doesn't answer.

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

Danny continues to ignore her.

LIZ  
... Tom ... screw it. Tell me when you're  
ready to apologize.

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

DANNY  
(on the bed, whispering)  
I'm sorry, Liz. I love you and I'm sorry.

But the DANNY IN THE IMAGE never answers.

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

It is raining buckets outside. Danny sleeping soundly.

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

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

ALL OTHER SOUND FADES OUT AS THE WATER PATTERS AND PUDDLE ON THE  
FLOOR.  
IT IS UNNATURALLY LOUD.

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - NIGHT**

The bar is almost empty.

Danny quietly playing chords on a beat-up old upright piano in the  
back  
of the room - the through-line of Davis' "All Blues."

COLETTE (O.S.)  
This seat taken?

Danny looks up.

**DANNY**

Oh. Hi.

**COLETTE**

What happened to your eye?

**DANNY**

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

(beat)

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

(off her puzzled look)

Where's Quincey?

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

How far out of town?

**COLETTE**

Trust me. We're safe.

Colette sits down on the piano bench next to Danny.

**COLETTE (cont'd)**

Please keep playing.

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

**COLETTE (cont'd)**

That's nice. What is it?

**DANNY**

Miles Davis. "All Blues."

**COLETTE**

Never heard of him.

**DANNY**

Just a fucked-up guy who played beautiful music.

**COLETTE**

Like you?

**DANNY**

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

Danny continues to play.

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

And you admire that?

**DANNY**

It's the only way to play.

Colette slides closer.

**COLETTE**

Is that how you play?

**DANNY**

I try.

**COLETTE**

No false notes?

She pulls even closer.

**COLETTE**

No deep dark secrets?

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

**DANNY**

(cold and abrupt):  
What are you up to?

**COLETTE**

Nothing.

**DANNY**

What do you want from me, Colette?

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

It gets me through the day.

**COLETTE**

You really need to lighten up.

She puts her hand on his leg.

COLETTE (cont'd)

Just relax.

He moves his leg away.

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

This has nothing to do with him.

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

How much time do you have?

**COLETTE**

What is wrong with you?

**DANNY**

How much time do you have?

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

Who the fuck are you? Dr. Joyce Brothers?

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

What are you hiding, Danny?

**DANNY**

Therapy session is over.

He closes the keyboard cover.

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

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

(beat)

And that's how it's gonna stay.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Still raining. Tanner negotiates the slow traffic.

Danny looking at a MUG SHOT OF POOH-BEAR.

Garcetti

Harlan Dale Monty a.k.a. Pooh-Bear. Did five years manslaughter for beating a pimp to death with an electric wheelchair.

**DANNY**

Excuse me?

**GARCETTI**

Several possession charges, but nothing major.

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

They have. But they never found a lab.

**TANNER**

That's because he doesn't have one.

**DANNY**

Whata you mean? He told me -

**TANNER**

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

**DANNY**

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

**TANNER**

That's probably what he would have done if we hadn't found out about

your get-rich-quick scheme.

**GARCETTI**

You're lucky, Flynne.

**DANNY**

Funny, I don't feel lucky.

**GARCETTI**

We're coordinating with Palmdale P.D..  
We'll have your sorry ass covered.

**DANNY**

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

**TANNER**

Golly, I hadn't thought of that.

**GARCETTI**

Don't we always take good care of you?

Danny doesn't look reassured.

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

You mean the menacing red car?

Garcetti and Tanner exchange a smile.

**DANNY**

What? Is it bad?

**TANNER**

I'm afraid so, Danny.

**DANNY**

Who is it?

**GARCETTI**

Brace yourself.

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

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

Worse. Much worse.

(beat)  
A teacher.

Garcetti and Tanner break out laughing.

**TANNER**

Car is registered to a Mrs. Nancy Plummer.

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

**GARCETTI**

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

**TANNER**

Now that's scary!

Danny lost in thought.

**GARCETTI**

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

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Danny waiting on the corner.

**GARCETTI (V.O.)**

When is the deal going down?

**DANNY (V.O.)**

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

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

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

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

**JIMMY**

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

Danny burns rubber.

**EXT. POOH-BEAR'S COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Danny being led towards a trailer by TWO OF POOH-BEAR'S MEN. LITTLE BILL AND BIG BILL. Little Bill is big and Big Bill is little.

**INT. HOUSE - SAME**

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

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

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

**DANNY**

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

Pooh-Bear doesn't respond. Continues brushing.

**LITTLE BILL**

He's blue.

**BIG BILL**

Comin' down from a 10 day ride.

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

**DANNY**

You want to do this some other time?

**POOH-BEAR**

(gloomy and tired)  
Pull your pants down.

**DANNY**

I'm sorry?

**POOH-BEAR**

Pull your motherfucking pants down.

Danny looks to the two Bills for help.

**DANNY**

(laughing nervously)  
Come on, guys ...

**POOH-BEAR**

Big Bill.

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

**BIG BILL**

Argh, matie. I'm a pirate.

**POOH-BEAR**

Little Bill

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

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

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

**POOH-BEAR (cont'd)**

Introduce him to Captain Steubing.

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

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

The cage is divided by a large piece of Plexiglas.

**POOH-BEAR (cont'd)**

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

The weasel is foaming at the mouth.

**POOH-BEAR (cont'd)**

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

**DANNY**

(trying to stay calm)  
Pooh-Bear. come on, man. What is this?

(off Pooh-Bear's silence)  
It's me, Danny. I thought we had a deal.

**POOH-BEAR**

Big Bill

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

**POOH-BEAR**

Captain Steubing thinks you might  
work for the police.

**DANNY**

What?!

Pooh-Bear holds up his hand.

**POOH-BEAR**

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

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

Uh-uh-uh ...

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

**DANNY**

Jesus Christ.  
(to the weasel)  
Um ... I'm not .. Captain Steubing.  
I'm not working for the cops.

The weasel continues to gnaw.

**POOH-BEAR**

He don't believe you. Big Bill.

**BIG BILL**

Drop your package in the cage.

**DANNY**

My what?

**BIG BILL**

Put your pee-pee through the hole.

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

**DANNY**

This is fucking crazy!

Big Bill pulls back the hammer on the gun.

**BIG BILL**

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.

**DANNY**

Oh fuck ... oh Jesus ...

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

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

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

**POOH-BEAR**

Shoot him.

**DANNY**

Okay! Okay!

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

**DANNY (cont'd)**

(eyeing the wild rodent)

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

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

**POOH-BEAR**

Now get talkin'

**DANNY**

I didn't fucking do anything! I swear to God!

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

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

**POOH-BEAR**

You got something to tell Captain Steubing, you'd better do it now.

The weasel squirms and squeals and bangs against the Plexiglas.

Danny uses the diversion. He quickly TAKES SOMETHING from his own jacket pocket and SLIPS IT IN THE HOLE IN LITTLE BILL'S JACKET between the coat and the lining.

No one notices.

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

**DANNY**

(rapid-fire)

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

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

DANNY (cont'd)

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

**LITTLE BILL**

That's a pack of discharge.

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

**DANNY**

It's true. Jimmy saw him flashing a  
pimp role at a bar the other night ...  
said he was dissin' your ass in front  
of one of your customers.

Pooh-Bear rises slowly. Approaches the triumvirate.

Danny keeps one eye on ...

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

**POOH-BEAR**

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

**LITTLE BILL**

Damn straight.

**POOH-BEAR**

Least I can do is check it out though.

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

**DANNY**

Can I pull my dick out now?

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

POOH-BEAR (cont'd)

Big Bill

Big Bill pats Little Bill down.

**LITTLE BILL**

(holding up his arms)

Go ahead. I got nothing to hide.

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

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

**DANNY**

Can I pull my dick out?

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

**BIG BILL**

He's clean.

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

Pooh-Bear and Big Bill see it immediately.

**LITTLE BILL**

What?

He follows their gaze to the cash.

**DANNY**

**CAN I PULL MY FUCKING DICK OUT?!**

**POOH-BEAR**

(eyes on Little Bill)

Yeah.

Danny extracts himself from the cage just as ...

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

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

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

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

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

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

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

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

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

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

Pooh-Bear nudges the baggie towards Danny.

**POOH-BEAR (cont'd)**

Take it easy. You passed.

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

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

I'll keep that in mind.

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

**EXT. DESERTED PARK - NIGHT**

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

**TANNER**

We're in business.

**GARCETTI**

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

**DANNY**

That's real sweet, Garcetti. Thanks.

**TANNER**

We got the 411 on your good old boy.

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

**TANNER (cont'd)**

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

**DANNY**

Murder. Beautiful.

**TANNER**

Pumped fifty-seven bullets into a police informant.

Danny heaves a sign and plops down on a bench.

**DANNY**

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

**GARCETTI**

Didn't you hear? Domingo's dead.

Danny looks up.

**TANNER**

Took a pig-slicker to the heart.

**DANNY**

Jesus.

**TANNER**

I thought you'd be happy.

**DANNY**

Yeah.

He doesn't look happy.

**INT. PRISON - NIGHT**

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

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

**EXT. PALOS VERDES - NIGHT**

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

**INT. PALSO VERDES - NIGHT**

NANCY AND VERNE PLUMMER watching TV.

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

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

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

**NANCY**

Who is it?

**DANNY (O.S.)**

It's Tom.

Nancy and Verne look at one another.

**INT. PALOS VERDES HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

**DANNY**

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

**NANCY**

Billy Sutcliffe said he saw you at a

bar down in Gardena a few weeks ago.  
Said you looked so bad, he barely  
recognized you.

Nancy pours the coffee.

NANCY (cont'd)  
Billy's a cop now, you know.

**VERNE**  
Highway Patrol.

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

**VERNE**  
Said you were a drug addict.

**DANNY**  
Maybe I should just go.

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

**NANCY**  
No. We want to help you, Tom.

Danny stays put.

NANCY (cont'd)  
I know everyone deals with grief in  
their own way. I know how hard it is  
to find closure.

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

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

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

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

hiding.

**DANNY**

Maybe I am dealing with it.

**NANCY**

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

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

**DANNY**

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

**VERNE**

That was my idea.

**DANNY**

You never did like me much, did you  
Verne?

(beat)

And you can't stand it that I walked  
out of there alive and Liz didn't.  
You think I'm a coward,  
don't you?

Verne's silence is answer enough.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

(back to Nancy)

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

**NANCY**

Love your enemies, bless them that  
curse you, do good to them that hate  
you, and pray for them which  
despitefully use you, a persecute  
you.

Danny touches Nancy's hand tenderly.

**DANNY**

I'm genuinely happy that you found

some peace, Nancy. But you can't forgive for Liz. No one can. And you can't forgive for me.

**NANCY**

Your hatred makes them stronger and you weaker.

**DANNY**

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

(beat)

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

**NANCY**

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

**DANNY**

How?

Verne slams his hand down on the table.

**VERNE**

By not disgracing her memory!

**DANNY**

What does that mean?

**VERNE**

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

Verne glares at Danny. No forgiveness in his heart.

**VERNE (cont'd)**

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

**DANNY**

You don't understand.

**VERNE**

Understand what?

Danny starts to say something. Stops.

**DANNY**

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

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

**A KNOCK AT THE DOOR**

**DANNY**

Who is it?

**COLETTE (O.S.)**

It's me.

**DANNY**

I'm kind of busy.

**COLETTE (O.S.)**

Please open the door, Danny.

He pockets the check and the license, closes the lockbox and goes over to the door.

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

**DANNY**

Oh Jesus.

He lets her come in. Colette looks away.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

Colette ... You've gotta leave.

**COLETTE**

We been through that.

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

I need my paycheck.

**DANNY**

You can still work.

**COLETTE**

He knows where I work.

**DANNY**

Find a new job.

**COLETTE**

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

**DANNY**

You always been this stubborn?

Colette cracks a crooked smile.

**COLETTE**

From day one.

(beat)

I was a breach birth. They tried for hours to turn my little butt around. But I wouldn't let 'em.

**DANNY**

Ass first into the world.

**COLETTE**

I been that way ever since.

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

**COLETTE (cont'd)**

Look at us. What a pair.

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

**COLETTE/DANNY**

Ouch.

They laugh.

**COLETTE**

Can we try that again?

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

**DANNY**

I can't.

Colette goes to touch him. He pulls away.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I can't.

**COLETTE**  
Why not?

**DANNY**  
I just can't. Okay?

Danny paces uncomfortably.

**COLETTE**  
What's wrong, Danny?

**DANNY**  
Look, maybe you oughta' leave.

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

**DANNY**  
I can't tell you.

Colette comes to a slow realization.

**COLETTE**  
There's someone else, isn't there?

THE FLASHBACK IMAGERY suddenly FLICKERS TO LIFE on the wall behind  
Danny - THE MOONLIGHT SALTON SEA.

Danny freezes. Looks up at Colette.

**DANNY**  
Yes.

Colette waits a beat, then turns to leave.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Don't go.  
(beat)  
Please, Colette.  
(she stops)  
Stay and talk to me, please.

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

**DANNY (O.S.)**

I'm so tired of lying.

**CUT TO:**

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

Danny's car parked out front.

**INT. CREEPY HOUSE - SALTON SEA - NIGHT**

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

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

**BO**

What you want to do is go back the way you came and make a left at the bottom. It'll take you right to the highway.

**DANNY/TOM**

That's it?

**BO**

Are you Australian?

**DANNY/TOM**

No.

**BO**

Good. I fucking hate Australians.

Danny and Liz share a look.

**DANNY/TOM**

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

**BO**

Yeah? First door on the right. It ain't that dirty. Just kinda' filthy is all.

**DANNY/TOM**

(to Liz)

You mind?

**BO**

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

**DANNY/TOM**

I was talking to my wife.

**LIZ**

Try to make it fast.

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

LIZ (cont'd)

(trying to make small talk)

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

**BO**

You know. This and that.

**ON THE SHELVES, SUNDRY ITEMS USED TO DISTILL METH.**

Bo scratching his arms.

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

**BO**

Skeeters. They're bad up here.

**INT. BATHROOM - SAME**

Danny peeing WHEN HE HEARS ANOTHER CAR PULL UP OUTSIDE. CAR DOORS OPEN

**AND CLOSE. HUSHED VOICES OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM WINDOW.**

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

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

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

**VOICES SHOUTING.**

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

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

**MORE SHOTS. SEMI-AUTOMATIC FIRE.**

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

He slumps to the floor.

THE PANDEMONIUM continues in the front room.

There is a BULLET HOLE about the size of a fifty cent piece in the wall

next to Danny's head. He puts his eye to the hole and looks out.

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

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

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

Danny adjusts his gaze through the hole.

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

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

The curtain rings are pulled to the breaking point.

**INTRUDER ONE**

Let's go!

INTRUDER TWO emerges from the back carrying a small nylon bag. They start to head out the front door when ...

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

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

**SILENCE.**

Listening.

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

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

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

He looks through the hole again.

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

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

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

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

And with that it is all over.

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

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

**INT RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT (LATER)**

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

**DANNY**

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

**COLLETTE**

There was nothing you could have done.

She is inches closer to him.

**DANNY**

No, you're wrong, I tried to tell myself the same thing but I could have gotten up. I could have done something.

**COLETTE**

They would have killed you too.

**DANNY**

(finally looks her in the eye)  
Nothing could be worse than this

slow death I'm living now.

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

CLOSE ON DANNY-holding Colette.

**DANNY**

(looking up)  
Colette...I want to help  
you, with Quincey.

Colette pulls back.

**COLETTE**

No Danny, Don't-

**DANNY (cont'd)**

But you gotta be serious about it.

**COLETTE**

Really, I don't want to.

**DANNY**

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

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

**DANNY (cont'd)**

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

**COLETTE**

What is it?

**DANNY**

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

**COLETTE**

I don't want to.

Danny stalks her.

**DANNY**

I'm offering you the chance to take  
care of your problems. Take it.  
(she still hesitates)

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

(beat)

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

(firm)

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

DANNY (cont'd)

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

**DANNY**

Will you do that?

(off her nod)

Then I want you to get out of the room.

**COLETTE**

Why?

**DANNY**

Don't worry about it. Just go across  
the street and watch. You'll know  
when it's safe to go back.

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

**DANNY**

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

**INT. CINDER BLOCK BAR - DAY**

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

**JIMMY**

What's this?

**DANNY**

Tem thousand dollars. Everything I could spare.

(beat)

It's for you.

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

You aren't coming with me.

Jimmy looks hurt.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

I need you to do me a favor instead.

**JIMMY**

Okay

**DANNY**

Wait till I tell you what it is.

**JIMMY**

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

Jimmy slides the money back over.

**DANNY**

Why?

**JIMMY**

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

Danny smiles, genuinely touched.

**DANNY**

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

**JIMMY**

Hey, check it out...

Jimmy rolls his sleeve up, revealing a tattoo.

**DANNY**

What the hell is that?

**ON THE TATTOO: CRUDLEY DRAWN FACE.**

**JIMMY**

(Proudly)

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

Jimmy sits there, admiring the tattoo.

Danny stares at Jimmy with pity.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I really have to tell you something.  
It's important.

**JIMMY**  
What?

**DANNY**  
I'm not a tweaker.  
(beat)  
I don't use drugs. I never had.

Danny is deadpan. Jimmy starts laughing

DANNY (cont'd)  
I'm not joking.

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

**JIMMY**  
But...I've seen you.

**DANNY**  
When? When did you ever see me use?

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

**DANNY**  
You ever notice how I always showed up, in the middle of a binge? Left before it was over? How I sneak away for cap-naps? How when the crank came around to me, I always said I'd just done one?

Jimmy slack-jawed.

DANNY (cont'd)  
You asked me how I always keep my shit together. Well, that's how.

**JIMMY**  
No one ever noticed?

**DANNY**

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

Jimmy is agitated and confused.

**JIMMY**

But... why? Why would you pretend?

**DANNY**

I can't tell you.

**JIMMY**

You don't trust me?

**DANNY**

I don't trust anybody.

**JIMMY**

And you want me to do you some big favor?

**DANNY** (cont'd)

It's cool. I understand  
Danny gets up to leave.

**JIMMY**

Wait

(beat)

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

**DANNY**

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

(beat)

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

**EXT. BACK OF CINDERBLOCK BAR- DAY (LATER)**

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

**DANNY**

You mad at me, Jimmy?

Jimmy shrugs.

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

I'm sorry. I couldn't.

Danny taps Jimmy's arm.

**DANNY**

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

Jimmy rubs his arm where the tattoo is.

**JIMMY**

Nah... I want to keep it.

(beat)

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

**DANNY**

Good for you Jimmy.

Danny takes the envelope from his pocket.

**DANNY**

I really want you to take this.

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

**JIMMY**

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

**DANNY**

You're a good man. Jimmy the Finn.

**EXT. PARK-DAY**

Tanner and Garcetti's car parked on the periphery.

**INT. CAR-SAME**

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

Tanner and Garcetti listening through earpieces.

**INT. UNKNOWN-SAME**

BUBBA answers a cell phone on the other end.

**BUBBA**

Yeah.

**CONVERSATION WILL INTERCUT BETWEEN TWO LOCATIONS**

**DANNY**

Everything go?

**BUBBA**

Yeah.

**DANNY**

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

**BUBBA**

I ain't a idiot, asshole.

**DANNY**

I'll see you tonight.

Bubba hangs up.

Danny turns the phone off.

**TANNER**

Man of few words.

Danny hands the phone back to Garcetti

**GARCETTI**

Nervous?

**DANNY**

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

Danny opens the back door.

**GARCETTI**

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

**TANNER**

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

Danny gets out of the car. Shuts the door.

**EXT. CAR-SAME**

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

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

**INT. PLUMBER'S TRUCK-SAME**

AN HISPANIC GUY behind the wheel.

**HISPANIC GUY**

He's coming in.

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

**VOICES (O.S.)**

How'd it go?

**DANNY**

You tell me.

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

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

**BUBBA**

You ready to go meet the team?

**EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - WESTWOOD - DAY**

The PLUMBER'S TRUCK enters the underground parking lot.

**INT. F.B.I. OFFICES-DAY**

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

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

And he really does have a SOUTHERN ACCENT.

**TRAHN**

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

Danny looks self-conscious.

**TRAHN (cont'd)**

About a year and half ago, Mr. Van Allen's wife was murdered at a meth lab out near the Salton Sea. No one was ever apprehended for the crime but local authorities have always assumed it was a hit and grab perpetrated by rival drug dealers.

That is, until Tom here took it upon himself to conduct a one-man undercover operation at great risk to his own personal safety.

One of the agents pipes up...

**AGENT ONE**

He's a civilian?

(off Trahn's nod)

How the hell did you pull this off?

Trahn turns to Danny.

**DANNY**

I played the long shot. Just got lucky.

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

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

**BOOKMAN**

How about the car? The model?

Danny shakes his head.

BOOKMAN (cont'd)

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

**DANNY**

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

**BOOKMAN**

Not even a guess?

**DANNY**

(pissed off)

How many times do we have to go through this?

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

BOOKMAN (cont'd)

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

**DANNY**

Yeah, but he was in silhouette.

**BOOKMAN**

How about in the house?

**DANNY**

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

**BOOKMAN**

Did you see his hair color?

**DANNY**

No, Why?

Bookman holds up a small plastic evidence baggie.

**BOOKMAN**

Forensics found this on your wife.

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

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

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

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

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

**RUNNING THROUGH IT.**

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

His arm and hands resting on top of the pump.

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

**INT. SALTON SEA SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY**

Danny staring absently at the red hair in the baggie.

**BOOKMAN**

What is it?

**DANNY**

Nothing, I'm trying to remember...

Danny feigns frustration.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'm sorry... I didn't see his hair

color... I'm sure of it.

**INT. F.B.I. OFFICES-NIGHT**

**AGENT ONE**

Why didn't you tell him?

Danny looks up.

**DANNY**

Because I wanted to find them myself  
(beat)  
I wanted to kill them.

**INT. EL CAMINO COLLEGE LIBRARY-DAY**

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

VARIOUS SHOTS OF REDHEADS along with their majors.

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

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

Danny staring intently.

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

**INT. EL CAMINO COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY (LATER)**

Danny at a library computer.

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

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

**EXT. GARDENA POLICE DEPARTMENT-DAY**

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

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

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

I swear to God I would have done 'em  
right then and there...but I had to

be positive. And even if Tanner was involved, I had to be sure about Garcetti

**EXT. D.M.V-DAY**

Danny talking to a MEXICAN DUDE on the corner.

Danny slips the guy some money.

**DANNY (V.O.)**

So I became Danny Flynne.

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

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

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

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

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

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

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

**EXT. STREET-NIGHT (LATER)**

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

I dropped myself right in their laps.

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

**EXT. DESERTED PARK-NIGHT**

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

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

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT**

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

**DANNY (V.O.)**

But they did everything by the book.

**F.B.I. OFFICES-DAY**

**DANNY**

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

**TRAHN**

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

**DANNY**

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

**EXT. ROOFTOP-NIGHT**

Tanner and Garcetti watching Battle enter the building.

**TRAHN (V.O.)**

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

**TANNER**

(the line takes on a whole new meaning)  
This could be the one we're looking for.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Garcetti scanning the print he took from the plastic wrapper.

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

**BATTLE (V.O.)**

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

**INT. F.B.I. OFFICES-DAY**

Another agent kicks in.

**AGENT TWO**

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

**TRAHN**

Not anymore. We tapped these guys' phones and computers at Gardena P.D. Tanner and Garcetti didn't report on this deal. Not a peep. They haven't coordinated with Palmdale P.D. They're keeping it off the books. It looks like we've got the right guys.

(beat)

We'll find out for sure tonight.

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

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

**TRAHN**

How you holding up?

**DANNY**

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

**TRAHN**

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

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

**DANNY**

Oh shit

**TRAHN**

What?

**DANNY**

Can you do me a favor? This girl I

know, her boyfriend's a real piece of  
shit-dude's really jamming her up.  
I promised her I'd try to help.

Danny pockets the pager.

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

**TRAHN**

I'll see what I can do.

**INT. BANK-DAY**

Danny at the counter with a big gym bag.

A TELLER COUNTS out stacks of money.

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

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT**

Colette standing across the street, looking at...

...TWO COPS exiting a patrol car.

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

The cops enter the building just as...

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

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

**INT. JIMMY'S CAR-NIGHT**

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

**DANNY**

Hey guys...

**INT. F.B.I. CAR-SAME**

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

**DANNY (O.S.)**

(filtered)  
I need to stop for some cigarettes.

**EXT. MINI-MARKET-SAME**

Danny pulls into the market.

The agents pull over to the curb, watching.

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

**EXT. REMOTE LOCATION-SAME**

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

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

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

**INT. POOH-BEAR'S COMPOUND - NIGHT**

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

**INT. TRAHN'S CAR-SAME**

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

**EXT. BLUFF-NIGHT**

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

**EXT. DESERT MOTEL - NIGHT**

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

**INT. F.B.I. CAR - SAME**

The car passes the motel.

**AGENT ONE**

(into min-mike)  
All right people, heads up. Blue team?

**EXT. DESERT MOTEL - SAME**

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

Danny in the motel office, checking in.

**MAID ONE**

I've got a visual.

**AGENT ONE**

(filtered)

Red team?

TWO WORKMEN, repairing the motel sign out front.

**WORKMAN ONE**

He's heading to his room.

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

**AGENT ONE**

(filtered)

Black team?

**INT. ADJACENT ROOM - SAME**

TWO AGENTS on the other side of the wall from Danny's room.

MONITORING

**WITH A FIBER-OPTIC CAMERA.**

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

**INT. F.B.I. CAR - SAME**

They continue down the road, away from the motel.

**AGENT ONE**

Okay. It's all yours.

**EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT**

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

**INT. CAR - SAME**

Tanner kills the engine. Garcetti checks his watch.

**GARCETTI**

Half an hour to kickoff.

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

**EXT. DESERT MOTEL - NIGHT**

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

Trahn checks his watch, then KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

**DANNY (O.S.)**

It's open.

**INT. DESERT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Trahn enters. Danny sitting with his back to Trahn.

**ON THE BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE MONITOR NEXT DOOR.**

**TRAHN**

You alone?

Danny nods.

TRAHN (cont'd)

Any word from Pooh-Bear?

Danny shakes his head.

TRAHN (cont'd)

You okay, hoss?

**BACK INSIDE THE ROOM**

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

**IT IS JIMMY.**

TRAHN (cont'd)

What the hell?

**JIMMY**

Danny told me to tell you that he was sorry.

(beat)

He said he had to take care of this himself.

**EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT**

Tanner scanning with the night vision glasses.

**TANNER**

Here he comes.

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

Danny pulls up in a rental car.

**INT. DANNY'S CAR - SAME**

Danny's hand is shaking uncontrollably.

**DANNY**

Easy, boy.

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

**TANNER'S P.O.V.**

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

Tanner watching.

**TANNER**

Where's Bubba?

**GARCETTI**

Maybe he isn't showing.

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

**TANNER**

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

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

**INT. POOH-BEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

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

Pooh-Bear along with THREE OTHER MEN. The men eye Danny silently. They look like ex-cons.

**DANNY**

What the hell is this?

**POOH-BEAR**

Just some buddies.

**DANNY**

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

**POOH-BEAR**

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

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

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

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

**DANNY**

Come on, man, let's deal.

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

**POOH-BEAR**

Cool it. We got business.

**DANNY**

Yeah, dickhead.

Danny moves over and plops down in the guys seat.

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

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

**POOH-BEAR**

Oh my, oh my.

(beat)

Big Bill, come take a look at this.

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

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

...

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

The other men ease back from the table a little.

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

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

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

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

Big Bill FIRES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pooh-Bear gets to his feet.

**POOH-BEAR**

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

He's in shock. He grabs the duffle bag from the table and staggers

down the hallway, into the living room.

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

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

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

Bodies everywhere.

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

Danny lying in a heap, next to Big Bill.

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

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

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

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

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

ON DANNY as he creeps down the hall.

**INT. CREEPY HOUSE - SALTON SEA - NIGHT**

Exiting the bathroom and creeping towards the front room.

**DANNY**

Anybody there?

**ONLY THE SPLATTERING LIQUID SOUND.**

Danny continues.

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

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

Liz is still in her hiding place behind the end of the couch. Her head

is resting comfortably on the arm of the couch. She looks fine.  
There  
is even a slight smile on her lips.

DANNY (cont'd)

Liz?

Then he notices it ...

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

Danny staggers towards her.

Her eyes flutter slightly.

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

Liz tries to speak. Can't.

**DANNY**

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

She squeezes his hand. Then goes limp.

**INT. POOH-BEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Danny continues down the hall, remembering.

**INT. CREEPY HOUSE - SALTON SEA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Danny sitting there with Liz in a pool of blood. He notices something on the floor ...

... LIZ'S PURSE, the contents spilled on the floor. A GREETING CAR with a teddy bear and the word "CONGRATUALTIONS" on the front.

Danny goes over and picks up the card.

**INSERT - CARD**

He opens it ... "YOU'RE A DADDY!" A home pregnancy test taped inside,  
the reading is POSITIVE.

Danny drops the card. Stares down at it as ...

... the blood from the floor pools out and engulfs the card.

**EXT. SALTON SEA - NIGHT**

On the placid sea as DANNY'S HORRIFIC SCREAM resounds from the house in the distance.

**INT. POOH-BEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

ON DANNY standing in the hallway, staring, his face a blank.

ON POOH-BEAR - cooking up a huge dose of meth with a lighted hundred dollar bill.

He draws the meth into a syringe then turns on the stereo with a remote.

**A YODELING INSTRUCTION TAPE BLASTS FROM THE SPEAKERS.**

Pooh-Bear prepares to dose, looking for a vein in his neck, never noticing ...

... Garcetti's gun moving to the back of Pooh-Bear's head.

Pooh-Bear about to plunge the drugs when GARCETTI FIRES.

Pooh-Bear pitches forward, dead. The syringe falls to the floor.

Tanner and Garcetti standing over him. They pull their ski masks off.

**GARCETTI**

Get the bag.

Garcetti holsters his weapon and picks up the bag of money from the floor.

GARCETTI (cont'd)

Let's get out of here.

A GUNSHOT. Garcetti goes down where he stands. He lays there twitching like a rabbit.

Tanner staring down the sucker's end of Danny's gun.

**TANNER**

Danny?

**DANNY**

My name is Tom.

Tanner frowns.

DANNY (cont'd)

Tom Van Allen

Danny raises his gun.

**TANNER**

Whatever you say, man. Look ... can we talk about this?

**DANNY**

Yeah. Okay. Listen carefully ...  
(beat)

You're in the bathroom. You've been shot in the shoulder ...

Danny shoots Tanner in the shoulder. He collapses to the floor.

ON GARCETTI - his eyes flutter and open.

Danny walks over to Tanner and stands above him.

DANNY (cont'd)

... there's two guys with masks and guns in the other room about to kill your wife.

Tanner looks at Danny, confused.

DANNY (cont'd)

But you know if you go out there, they'll kill you, too. You'll both die. What do you do?

Tanner realizes what Danny is talking about.

DANNY (cont'd)

Do you go out there and die like a man or do you live to fight another day?

Tanner doesn't answer.

Danny (cont'd)

What do you do?

Still no answer.

DANNY (cont'd)

Answer the question!

Tanner is ghost white, loosing blood quickly.

Danny (cont'd)

What do you do!

**TANNER**

Please ... don't do this ...

**DANNY**

Answer the fucking question!

When Danny goes to shoot Tanner again ...

... Tanner pulls a K-BAR KNIFE from the back of his belt and plunges it into the back of Danny's gun hand. The gun discharges, missing Tanner.

Danny drops the gun. Tanner snatches it up.

Tanner immediately has the gun inches from Danny's head. Danny freezes

...

**TANNER**

Does that answer your question?

(beat)

I fight.

I fight and I die like a man.

(beat)

You're a fucking coward, Flynn. You lived like one and now you're gonna die like one.

Danny looks up at the gun, his face a blank.

**DANNY**

(mumbling)

Glock semi-automatic 9 mm ...

**CLOSE ON THE BARREL OF THE GUN. ALL SOUND FADES OUT.**

**MOVE INTO THE BARREL OF THE GUN. THE BLACK KID'S FACE APPEARS INSIDE.**

**KID**

Tenifer matte finish, Polymer grip,  
fixed sights, 4 and 1/2 inch barrel,  
22 ounces, double action and a ...

QUICK FLASHES of all the shots Danny fired with the Glock.

- TWO at Big Bill
- FOUR at the guys at the table
- ONE at Garcetti
- THREE at Tanner

**THE KID AGAIN.**

**KID**

... and a TEN ROUND magazine ...

ON DANNY. Still staring at the gun. He knows the gun is empty. He notices something on the floor ...

... **THE LOADED SYRINGE.**

KID (cont'd)

Or did I say ELEVEN?

Danny trying to remember.

KID (cont'd)

Which was it, mister? Was it ten or was it eleven?

(beat)

Pretty big fucking difference if you ask me.

DANNY starts chuckling. Looks up at Tanner.

**DANNY**

It doesn't matter.

Danny looks down at the syringe again. Tanner sees it too.

**TANNER**

Too late to be a hero.

Danny picks up the syringe.

Tanner pulls the trigger.

INSIDE THE GUN - MOVING SLOWLY towards the firing pin as it springs forward toward CAMERA with a LOUD CLICK.

**THE GUN IS EMPTY.**

**DANNY**

Ten it is.

Danny jams the SYRINGE INTO TANNER'S THROAT all the way down to the plunger, dosing him with the meth.

Tanner goes down, blood bubbling from his throat around the syringe. His eyes roll back as he convulses from the drugs.

Danny struggles to his feet.

Tanner quivers from head to toe like some freaked-out Pentecostal in the throws of a holy possession.

Danny pulls the syringe from Tanner's throat. A LONG WET WEEZE

**ESCAPES.**

Suddenly, A NOISE BEHIND DANNY.

Garcetti standing there pointing his gun at Danny, rocking slightly back and forth, a bullet hole in his cheekbone. He looks brain dead.

Danny doesn't move. TANNER STILL WHEEZING.

Garcetti looks like he wants to shoot his gun, but can't. He keeps looking down at his hand, trying to get it to obey.

Danny calmly walks over and takes the gun from Garcetti.

Garcetti puts his hand to his nose and blows out a clot of blood. He looks down at his hand.

He has hacked up the bullet he was shot with.

Garcetti smiles an embarrassed smile at Danny. TANNER'S WHEEZING **CONTINUES.**

**DANNY**

(softly)

You're dead.

Garcetti nods slightly. He goes to a kneeling position, then curls up on the floor like he is taking a nap and dies.

Danny goes over to the couch and sits down.

Danny with his head in his hands, emotionally and physically exhausted.

**TANNER WHEEZING LOUDER AND LOUDER.**

CLOSE ON DANNY'S FACE. Blank. Devoid of anything. He stuffs Garcetti's gun into his own mouth, hand shaking.

He takes the gun out.

Stuffs it back in again, shoving it way down, almost gagging on it. The barrel clatters against his teeth. He takes it out again. **THE WHEEZING CONTINUES.**

Danny starts crying. Lifts the gun halfway again, then drops it.

He jumps up. Goes over to the still-wheezing Tanner and empties his clip into him. When the clip is spent, Danny keeps pulling the trigger  
... over and over again.

He stands there pulling the trigger again and again and again and

again.

**FADE OUT.**  
**FADE IN:**

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Danny dressed in his "Tom" clothes. He limps over to the bed and picks up the trumpet case. Carries it over to the mirror.

Danny staring at his reflection. He lights a cigarette.

**DANNY**

My name is Tom Van Allen. I'm a trumpet player.

Danny smiles.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Nah, you're Danny Flynne.

He turns.

COLETTE and QUINCEY standing there. Quincey holds a nine millimeter with a muzzle suppressor.

**QUINCEY**

You're a motherfucking rat.

He shoots Danny in the stomach. Danny slumps to the floor. His cigarette falls out of his mouth and rolls under the bed.

Colette freaks.

**COLETTE**

You said you wouldn't kill him!

She tries to go to Danny but Quincey stops her.

**COLETTE**

You lied to me!

**QUINCEY**

Oops. My bad.

Danny looks at them, confused, a blood stain blossoming on his white shirt.

**DANNY**

Colette, what happened? Didn't the cops ...

**QUINCEY**

The cops came. But they didn't find nothing. Turns out their C.I. game 'em some bad information.

Quincey holds up the baggie of drugs.

Danny looks from Quincey to Colette. Colette looks away.

QUINCEY (cont'd)

You fuck with the Mexicali Boys, this is what you get, homes.

UNDER THE BED - the cigarette smoldering on the carpet.

QUINCEY (cont'd)

Domingo thought you might be the one who went rat on him.

Quincey looks at Colette

QUINCEY (cont'd)

So I brought in a rat of my own.

Danny looks at Colette, dumbfounded.

**DANNY**

You set me up?

**QUINCEY**

Bitch played you like a squeezebox, Romeo.

Danny can't help from laughing at the irony. Beads of sweat are forming on his blanched face. He looks at Colette with a wry smile.

**DANNY**

You're good, princess. I'll give you that.

**COLETTE**

Danny, it's not what you think.

Danny looks down at his bloody stomach.

**COLETTE**

I owed them money ... a lot of money ... they didn't give me a choice. You know how it works. When I got to know you, I tried to back out ... that's when they did this ...  
(she indicates the bruises)

But I told them I wouldn't do it .. I didn't want to see you get hurt.

Danny stares at her, not sure what to believe. He looks over at Quincey.

**DANNY**

She selling me a bill, home boy?

Quincey shakes his head.

**QUINCEY**

Nah, she ain't lying. She took a pretty good beating from you, ace. I seen grown men crack after a lot less. But not this bitch.

(beat)

It was very touching.

**DANNY**

Then why are we here?

**COLETTE**

They threatened to kill my daughter.

(beat)

I had no choice.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Danny.

Danny looks at Colette, imagining the awful beating she must have taken.

**DANNY**

It's okay. It's okay.

(Danny touches her face.)

(beat)

God damn, you're beautiful.

UNDER THE BED - THE CARPET IGNITES. The fire spreads quickly.

**QUINCEY**

Jesus.

Quincey grabs her arm.

QUINCEY (cont'd)

Let's go.

**COLETTE**

No!

The drapes go up in flames. Quincey puts the gun to the back of her head.

**QUINCEY**

You wanna die here with him or come with me?

**DANNY**

Colette, go.

**COLETTE**

I don't want to leave you.

**DANNY**

Your daughter needs you. Go.

The fire continues to spread. Colette kisses Danny on the lips. Quincey pulls her away.

Collette looks back one last time just as the flames reach the door, cutting off any escape.

Danny breathing hard. He gets up. Staggeres over to the mirror where his trumpet is.

He opens the case and takes the trumpet out.

He plops down on the bed and BLOWS A FEW NOTES. He stops for a second, a smile on his lips.

He starts to play SAETA.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BURNING ROOM - NIGHT**

Back to the opening scene. The whole room ablaze. Danny lying on the bed, playing the horn.

**DANNY (V.O.)**

So what is it? Who am I after it's all said and done?

Pieces of the roof start falling in.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

Tom Van Allen or Danny Flynnne?

(beat)

Avenging angel or plain old Judas?

He stops playing.

**DANNY (cont'd)**

(weakly)

You decide, friend. You decide.

He closes his eyes.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I'm too tired ... so you decide.

He drops his trumpet and lays his head back.

**CUT TO:**

**BLACK SCREEN**

THEN BLURRY, VAGUE SLOW MOTION - moving through the flames.

CLOSE ON DANNY'S HEAD - seemingly floating through the fiery room.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Oh shit. What is this?

Emerging from the flames into a dark hallway.

Danny's eyes flutter as he seemingly continues to float.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Am I dead?

A linoleum floor rushes underneath.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Linoleum. This must be hell.

Danny head sags, finds himself staring at ...

... A TATTOED LIKENESS OF HIMSELF. The tattoo smiles and speaks.

**TATTO**  
(warped, distorted)  
Hang in there buddy.

Stairs rush by underneath. Then another hallway.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - a bright white light at the end of the hall.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Oh no. What a fucking cliché.

On Danny's face, floating through the hall. His eyes fluttering.

MOVING TOWARDS the light. Closer. Closer.

Danny's eyes close, his head droops.

**FADE TO**

**WHITE:**

CLOSE ON DANNY as his eyes flutter and open.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - an image slowly coming into focus ...

... JIMMY staring down at him with concern.

Danny blinks his eyes again. Looks up at ...

... A PARAMEDIC working on him.

Danny smiles a weak smile at Jimmy.

Jimmy just sits there, nodding his head, a big shit-eating grin on his face.

The paramedic continues to work on Danny. His eyes slowly close.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. THE CITY - DAY**

Danny exits a cab and heads towards a coffee shop. He looks like a new man.

**DANNY (V.O.)**

Well, I've had some time to think about it and it's pretty simple after all. I guess it's like the man said - "Man is the measure of all things." I should know. I ran the gamut. Avenging Angel, Judas, loving husband, prodigal son, prince of Denmark. I was all of those things.

(beat)

Tom Van Allen got his revenge. Good for Tom. And Danny Flynnne? He got gut-shot for being the low-life rat that he was. Sucks for him.

(beat)

But as far as I'm concerned, they're both dead.

Danny looks through the window of the shop.

Colette inside, working the counter, pouring coffee.

DANNY (cont'd)

But what about this guy? Who is he?

Danny enters the shop.

DANNY (cont'd)  
To tell you the truth, I don't know yet.

**INT. COFFE SHOP - SAME**

Danny takes a seat at the counter. Colette turns and sees him.

DANNY (cont'd)  
But I like his chances.

They stare at one another for a beat, then smile. Colette pours him some coffee.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I really like his chances.

They strike up a conversation as we ...

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**