

# Frame

by

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FADE IN:

INT. PALACE SIZED OFFICE - NIGHT

ALEXANDER NUMEROV, late 40's, donning a six thousand dollar suit with a diamond studded tie clip, sits at his ridiculously massive desk. His manicured fingers fly across the keys of a sleek laptop computer.

An assortment of colored candles adorn his desk top. The flickering reflections of the flames bounce off the shiny surface.

Three men enter the room from a huge doorway. One is PEARSON, a little weasel in his late 30's. He's book-ended by RED and BULL, two Hungarian twins who dress like pro-wrestlers ready for action. One has fiery hair and one is shaved bald, you figure it out.

They toss Pearson into a shiny leather chair and he immediately fingers the tassels of a throw pillow.

PEARSON

So?

Numerov smiles at him devilishly and licks his lips like a jackal about to feast as he leans back. He speaks with a classy, thinned Russian accent.

NUMEROV

If these transfers come out clean  
we do business.

PEARSON

Then the two million deposit  
against eight won't be a problem?

Pearson holds his nervous breath and sweats from his eyeballs as if the sun were two feet from his face.

NUMEROV

Not agreeable.

PEARSON

None of my dozens of interested  
parties would bat an eye at such a  
small fee for a hundred million pay  
out.

NUMEROV

But two million dollars on faith?  
To you, of all people?

(MORE)

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

You could simply disappear and never be found.

PEARSON

Mr. Numerov, are you implying your reputation is... not what it seems?

Numerov weighs the situation with a crooked smile and finally nods in agreement. Pearson stands and offers a handshake over the immense desk but Numerov keeps his hands flat on the desk top.

NUMEROV

Red, Bull, show Mr. Pearson out.

Pearson lets out a stifled grunt.

PEARSON

Red Bull. Like the drink, that's funny.

NUMEROV

Not so funny when they throw you out the window and give you fucking wings.

Pearson's grin fades as he turns to greet their bulging scowls. He scurries past them out of the room.

Numerov sucks air through his teeth, veritabily satisfied.

INT. CHET'S DUMP - DAY

This place is a shithole, an old bar that termites have evacuated at this point.

At one of the remaining tables, sucking on a hand-rolled cigarette is DAVEY THOMPSON. He's 32 and models himself after Andy Garcia in The Godfather 3.

CHET CAMPBELL, mid 30's, a Rhinoceros in human flesh - and not much brighter - enters the room. His clenched fist is covered in blood and matter.

A midget follows at his heel. This is LITTLE DINK, he's buff and wears a muscle top and weight belt to show it all off. He may be small, but he could kick your ass.

CHET

(to Davey)

He'll just hand over that much paper?

Chet paces the room, agitated and adrenaline fueled.

Davey shuffles through a stack of actor's head shots and sets one aside... a picture of a young guy destined to be endlessly cast as drug dealers and their respective customers. In his photo he wears a shirt with his name ironed on - GAVIN MONROE.

DAVEY

From what I've heard, the list is sure to yield much more than that.

CHET

Yield?

DAVEY

It means to pay out, or profit.

CHET

Then just say the guy's gettin' a fuckin' huge pay out on the deal, ya fuckin'... And this whole thing better not trace back to me no way.

DAVEY

Trust me, it won't.

Davey eyes the head shot of Gavin. He grabs it and flips the photo around to see Gavin's resume attached to the back.

Under the SKILLS heading it states FIRE ARMS... SWORD FIGHTING... MARTIAL ARTS... STUNT DRIVING... ACCENTS. An excessively long list.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

From how this kid's agent sounded, he's desperate enough for work to take the job without question.

Chet stops pacing and thumps his fists on the table in front of Davey like an alpha Gorilla. Davey stares at the bloody hand.

CHET

I'm frontin' a lotta money on this little scheme 'cause you swear we can pull it off without Numerov gettin' a scent on us. So remember, if he does come sniffin' round, you'll be the one he fuckin' sees.

Chet slams his fist down and leaves a half squashed human eyeball in front of Davey and walks away with Little Dink.

Davey looks sickened and backs away from the table, Gavin's head shot in his hand.

He scrutinizes Gavin's photo, a lump in his throat as he rubs his eye.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - MORNING

Gavin, 28, burred around the edges with cynicism soaking through almost every pore, stands front and center in the small room, his audition sides in his hand.

A bored looking PRODUCER and DIRECTOR stare at him from behind a table. A WOMAN behind a video camera reads with him.

WOMAN

I said get outta here.

Gavin starts to shake.

GAVIN

I need a fix, man, whatcha got on you?

Gavin itches, almost starts convulsions.

WOMAN

You ain't gettin' no fix from me.

GAVIN

Come on!

Gavin is out of control.

DIRECTOR

Okay, enough, thank you.

Gavin stops, steps back and waits for feedback. The Director looks flustered.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Just one question. Why does your resume not warn us you suffer from bloody fucking epilepsy?

The Director tosses Gavin's head shot aside. Gavin takes the hint and leaves the room.

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - LATER

Gavin grunts under his breath as he approaches his rusted-out 1988 Acadian hatchback. He yanks on the driver's door but it won't budge so he heads around the car, rips open the passenger door and slides across to the driver's seat.

He attempts to gun up the pathetic engine and after numerous coughs and sputters it comes to life in a thunderous, ear-pounding, muffler-less roar.

He peels out of the parking lot in a nice one-eighty, reaches out the window with the audition sides in his hand and lets them fly off down the road.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

A sharp featured brunette captain's the plain, tidy and quite bare desk in the corner of the small office. Meet AGENT CARMEN WINTERS, 33, mostly work, little play, all backbone.

The FBI logo floats across her computer as a screen saver.

She rolls her chair from the computer to file folders then to boxes, then back to the keyboard. She has a file open on her desk, the label reads NUMEROV, ALEXANDER - RUSSIA.

Her CO-AGENT steps up to her and hands her a memo.

CO-AGENT

Picked up some more chatter about that Pearson character shopping some sort of money list around again. He may have a purchaser in the wings.

WINTERS

Thanks.

Winters snatches the memo from the man's fingers. She looks to the Numerov file and taps it with her fingers.

INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A miniature bachelor suite.

The kitchen is smaller than the old torn sofa. The only source of light comes from a small fish tank in the corner where an orange goldfish floats lifelessly inside.

Gavin enters and throws down his keys. He heads to the fish tank.

GAVIN  
Hey Starsky, how's it...

Gavin stops dead when he sees the lifeless fish.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Welcome to my world.

Gavin shuts the tank light off with a heavy hand. He slinks to the fridge and stops, stares at a photo held in place by a HOLLYWOOD SIGN magnet.

The photo is of a younger Gavin with an older man, his arm around Gavin's shoulder, hamming it up. Scribbled marker under the photo reads: "Make sure to thank me in your Oscar speech - Pops." Gavin grunts at the photo.

The phone rings and he checks the caller ID, snatches it up.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Tell me I got the Drugland movie.

A smoker's voice seeps through the receiver.

RUTH  
(through phone)  
You were second choice. But hey, I  
got somethin' else. Somethin' big.  
Get your ass to my office by nine  
and don't be late.

Gavin hangs up and sullenly looks at the photo of his Dad. He sluggishly grabs his keys and slams the door behind him.

INT. ACTING CLASS - NIGHT

An ACTING TEACHER stands before the room of actors. Gavin shuffles some papers into his bag.

ACTING TEACHER  
So wish Gavin luck as he leaves us  
for other opportunities. Gavin,  
your talent will be missed.  
(everyone applauds)  
Until next week, thespians.

A few of the actors shake hands with Gavin. He throws his bag over his shoulder and as he turns to leave a young woman stops him. She's AUTUMN WINSLOW, early 20's, small town innocence barely masking the vice-like glare in her eyes.

AUTUMN  
Hey.

GAVIN

Oh hey. Autumn, right?

AUTUMN

That's me. Listen, if I knew you were leaving I would've asked this sooner, but... I thought we could maybe go for a coffee or something.

GAVIN

Like right now?

AUTUMN

Unless you're busy?

Gavin glances at his watch then back at her beautiful face.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Autumn and Gavin share a booth in the small cafe. Gavin fidgets with his spoon.

AUTUMN

So I decided to move out west to California. Go for the Hollywood dream.

Gavin is amused and she notices.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

I know, give me a few years and I'll be jaded, I've heard it already. But enough dirt about me, what's your story, you one of those Hollywood kids who grew up here?

GAVIN

Not me. I'm Canadian, born and brewed, from a little place called Saskatchewan. Moved down here to pursue the dream after the acting bug bit me in high school. My dad set aside some money for me to make sure I went for it all, so I bus'd it down here and jumped in feet first. Kinda never left.

AUTUMN

Now that's a good story.

GAVIN

Too bad the ending sucks.

Autumn notices Gavin's sour expression and pokes him with her spoon.

AUTUMN

Yeah right, aren't you leaving us to do a big movie or something?

He actually laughs.

GAVIN

Wouldn't that be nice... I'm actually quitting.

AUTUMN

Quitting? But you're so good.

Gavin shoots her a cockeyed eyebrow shrug, surprised.

GAVIN

Yeah, good...

AUTUMN

Seriously. In like, my second week in class, you did that scene from Dead Man Walking, and I couldn't believe there was someone so talented in the class. You actually made me cry, pathetic as that sounds.

GAVIN

It'd be nice if you were a casting director.

Autumn leans back and becomes a little deflated from his comment. He notices.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

No offence... It's just that I've been doing this for ten years now, quite unsuccessfully - outside of fellow actor's praise. Only reason I kept in it this long was for a promise I made to...

Autumn notices his heavy expression. Gavin shrugs his shoulders.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've done my time in dreamland so now I can move on with a clear conscience.

Autumn seems disappointed by the turn in conversation and takes another sip of her coffee, uneasy.

INT. PEARSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pearson taps his knee at hyper speed as he waits, skittish, a phone receiver at his ear.

NUMEROV  
(through phone)  
The two million will be in your  
account tomorrow evening.

PEARSON  
Then I will deliver the list  
Friday, two o'clock.

NUMEROV  
(through phone)  
Yes... you will.

Pearson hangs up the phone. He picks up a red flash drive and sets it into thick foam in a small chrome plated briefcase. He closes the secure case and spins the coded locks.

He leans back and smiles to himself, shaking, unable to control his nervous excitement.

INT. RUTH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gavin sits in front of Ruth's tiny desk in her cramped, dark office.

GAVIN  
I don't even have to audition?

RUTH, late 50's, a badly aging former not-quite-porn-star, stares him down.

RUTH  
Lookin' a gift whore in the mouth?

Gavin grunts at her quip.

GAVIN  
Just seems odd.

RUTH  
You haven't booked a job in over  
eight months so I wouldn't be too  
fuckin' picky if I was you.  
(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

(handing him a large envelope)

It's an independent but it's the lead. They saw you in that Neon Blue episode and you're exactly what they want. You meet 'em for lunch tomorrow, script and info's inside.

Gavin looks down at the thick envelope then back at Ruth. A childlike smile of success paints across his face.

GAVIN

A serious role? A real lead role?

Ruth smiles and winks at him.

Gavin gets up and rushes around her desk. He takes her in his arms and spins her around and around and cheers and hollers the whole time. She doesn't look nearly as excited.

INT. CASUAL RESTAURANT - DAY

Gavin sits across from Davey in a dark booth with a screenplay in his hands. Davey speaks low key.

DAVEY

We've been hoping you'd decide to come onto our project.

Gavin looks up at Davey and smiles.

GAVIN

How could I not? This is exciting, and the script is better than most I've read in this town.

DAVEY

We're very excited too, couldn't be happier. But, we're kinda running behind, so... Shooting starts the day after tomorrow. Think you're up for it?

GAVIN

I was born for this.

Gavin's eyes dance with years of built up excitement.

Little Dink is at a table near the bar. He has a digital camera under his arm pointed at Gavin and Davey. He snaps a picture.

Winters passes by Davey's table, her long brunette hair up in a bun tighter than seems possible. She stops when she sees Davey.

WINTERS  
Davey Thompson...

Davey looks up at her, grunts at the sight of the woman.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Still doing coffee runs for Chet  
Campbell are you?

DAVEY  
Can you not see I'm having a  
business lunch here?

Winters looks away from Davey and eyes Gavin suspiciously. Davey catches Winters' glance at Gavin.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
(to Winters)  
Nobody who'd interest you, Winters,  
he's just a bit player.

Gavin doesn't like the comment. He reaches up and shakes hands with her.

GAVIN  
Gavin Monroe.

Winters hesitantly shakes Gavin's hand and continues on, suspicious of them both.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Bit player, huh?

DAVEY  
Don't worry about it, she's a  
walking vagina. Hit her up for  
some funding for the film and she  
laughed in my face. Fuck her,  
she's a small timer, but nice job  
on the hand shake.

Davey holds up his glass of whiskey.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Here's to makin' millions.

Gavin and Davey clink glasses, all smiles.

EXT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gavin parks his car and steps out to find Autumn seated on the front stoop of his apartment building.

He's happy to see her and his eyes smile. She jumps up when she sees him.

AUTUMN

Hey.

GAVIN

Um, hey. What uh, brings you by?

AUTUMN

Just feeling down, wanted to see a friendly face. Looked you up in the book.

Gavin nods, satisfied with the reasoning.

GAVIN

What's getting you down?

AUTUMN

An agent that I thought might take me on had a certain... Condition of representation I wasn't quite comfortable with.

She looks embarrassed and crosses her arms over her chest. Gavin lets out a short chuckle.

GAVIN

I'd uh, invite you in, but the cleaning lady's been off this week.

She smiles at his cute line.

AUTUMN

We could head over to my place. Ever have a home cooked meal by a small town girl?

GAVIN

Can't say as I have.

Autumn holds her hand out and he grabs it and pulls her to her feet.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Gavin turns, and yanks open the passenger door with a slight bend of the metal. He climbs in and slides over. Autumn follows with a giggle.

INT. GAVIN'S CAR - SAME TIME

Gavin starts the car with a struggle. He notices a couple of SHADOWY FIGURES sitting in a large baby blue sedan across the street. They seem to be watching him.

He watches them curiously as he pulls away.

INT. CHET'S DUMP - DAY

Apricot sunlight punches through the large windows. Enormous dust mites float through the air over Davey.

Chet paces across the room. Standing near him are Little Dink and two other thugs: CHAUNCEY, an Indian wall street type who gets his kicks kickin' ass on the weekends and SLICK, a six and a half foot African, with skin so black it shimmers blue in the light.

DAVEY

The kid's primed and ready to go.

CHET

Just remember, if I see anything I don't like tomorrow, I'll make whatever changes need to be made.

DAVEY

Everyone's a professional, it should run just fine.

Chet gets right into Davey's space. He breathes down on him through his nose, tiny hairs flutter from the expulsion.

CHET

I'm a professional, you're a fuckin' bookworm. Just double check everything so there are no screw up's or Dink'll do what he does best, got it?

Davey takes a small swallow, nods his head and looks away.

CHET (CONT'D)

Good.

Chet stomps away and snaps his thick fingers at his entourage to follow.

CHAUNCEY

We gonna get some cuisine, or what?

Davey takes a drag on a hand rolled cigarette and shakes his head at the odd looking crew.

DAVEY

(to himself)

Fuckin' circus.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Autumn tosses dirty dishes into the sink in her older, earthy apartment. The walls are pretty drab. Huge windows frame the walls and show the iron fire escapes at every possible exit.

Gavin checks out the view.

THE BABY BLUE SEDAN

that he saw at his apartment is now parked across the street.

AUTUMN (O.S.)

I still can't believe you got this  
huge part just before you were  
about to quit.

GAVIN (O.S.)

It's not really a huge part...

The car pulls away from the curb and drives down the street.

AUTUMN

appears with their coffee's. Gavin grabs a mug.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Thanks, again.

They look at each other for a long beat. They say nothing. Autumn raises her mug.

AUTUMN

To a new friendship in a really  
lonely town.

Gavin raises his mug and clinks it with hers. He can't seem to take his eyes off her.

## INT. NUMEROV'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Numerov is seated at his large ivory table. The room is exquisitely decorated with candles flickering here and there.

A CHEF sets down an exquisite plate of food in front of Numerov and lays a napkin down on his lap. He bows as he backs away.

Numerov picks up his cutlery and takes in the aroma of the food. He seems pleased. He cuts into a thick, red piece of steak and as he slips it into his mouth he is interrupted by -

YURI THE SWEATY SLOVAK, early 30's, a greasy man; he always looks as if he's just run a five minute mile before each arrival.

YURI  
(a thick Russian accent)  
Mr. Numerov, sir.

Numerov leans back in his chair and softly chews the food. He swallows and looks to Yuri in annoyance.

NUMEROV  
Are you that imbecilic you are  
unable to see I am in the middle of  
my dinner?

YURI  
Yes sir, sorry sir, but you wanted  
to know when Kostlov was strapped  
into downstairs and ready to be  
going.

Numerov sighs.

NUMEROV  
Could it not have... Never mind.  
Just verify everything is a go for  
tomorrow and leave me to eat.

Yuri scurries off. Numerov settles back to his plate and takes a moment to calm himself before he continues to dine.

## INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gavin is in the bathroom. He makes different character faces in the mirror; shocked, depressed, scared, humored, cocky, evil...

He looks across the room to his father's photo on the fridge and walks to it.

He pulls it away from the magnet and stares at his old man, a tear in his eye. He wipes it away and reattaches the photo, and lets out a proud smile.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Gavin stands at the end of a back alley that leads into a slightly busy city street. A tall windowed building towers over him from across the street.

Behind him is a small film crew consisting of Chet, Chauncey, Davey and Slick.

There are a few cheap lights and cords around. A cargo van has stainless steel boxes in the back, the doors open. Davey has a digital video camera and Slick carries a ratty boom mike with a portable recorder.

Gavin looks nervous as he scopes out the busy street. He has an 8x10 photo in his hand, only a blur of the subject visible.

Davey notices how nervous Gavin looks as he gets the camera ready to shoot. He heads over.

Chet stands by within ear shot. Gavin sees Davey approach him and notices Chet's leery glare.

GAVIN

(to Davey)

Hey, how come the street isn't blocked off? Kinda dangerous...

Davey looks over his shoulder at Chet.

DAVEY

Gotta relax a bit, Gavin. This ain't no Hollywood production like you're used to.

GAVIN

Definitely not used to. I just thought I'd at least get a run through with the other actor before we shoot.

Chet shoots Davey a threatening look. Davey nods as if he's got in under control.

DAVEY

He's in demand, only gave us an hour for the scene. Just do it like we went over.

Gavin nervously looks back out at the street.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Winters lays a few Listerine breath strips on her tongue and sucks down a tall glass of water. She grimaces like she just did a shot of Bacardi 151.

Her telephone rings and she nabs it up.

WINTERS  
Agent Winters.

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)  
Broad and fifth in five minutes,  
you won't wanna miss it.

Click.

WINTERS  
What? Who is -- Hello?

The Co-Agent pops his head in the office.

CO-AGENT  
I think we should head over to the  
Jericho thing, you with me.

Winters hangs up the phone and thinks a moment, ignores the Co-Agent. She checks her watch, grabs her coat and flies out the door.

CO-AGENT (CONT'D)  
Hello?

WINTERS  
Following a hot lead.

The Co-Agent rolls his eyes in annoyance.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Chet has an ear piece in and he hears something, puts his finger to his ear and looks at his watch.

CHET  
Okay people, we're behind, let's  
make a picture!

Davey and Gavin head back down the alley. Chet walks along with them. Davey hands Gavin a black Glock 9mm, semi-automatic handgun.

DAVEY

(very quickly)

The blanks are loud, don't let 'em scare you. And make sure it's two shots to the chest. He's blowing the squibs himself from his pocket, so two consecutive shots as fast as you can pull the trigger. We can match it up in post but the closer the better. Then grab the case and wait for cut.

Gavin takes a moment to gauge the weight of the gun. He looks nervous, unsure. Chet notices and steps up to him.

CHET

Look kid, I didn't think I was gettin' a fuckin' amateur for this. I can't afford for you to blow this whole production, and believe me, if that happens and word gets around town, yer fucked. Nobody'll ever work with ya again. Ever. We understood?

Gavin takes a deep breath and stares Chet in the eye.

GAVIN

I won't let you down, Mr. Campbell.

Chet walks to his Director's chair. He nods at Davey, who nods in return and turns his attention back to Gavin.

DAVEY

If the traffic's flyin', take a second to find your path, but do not look back at me or you'll ruin the shot. We wanna nail this in one.

Gavin's caught up in the excitement.

GAVIN

Got it.

CHET

Let's do this, people!

Davey, camera ready, stands in position behind Gavin. Slick sneaks in behind Davey and holds the boom mike overhead.

DAVEY

Rolling.

SLICK  
Sound speed.

CHET  
And, action!

Gavin runs down the alley. Davey and Slick follow close behind.

Gavin reaches the end of the alley and faces the large windowed building across from him.

PEARSON

exits the building, the chrome plated briefcase in his sweaty hand.

GAVIN

weaves through a few cars as he runs across the street. Davey and Slick stay back in the alley, camera rolling.

WHOA. A car almost plows Gavin down, but he keeps his cool.

He gets to the curb and blocks Pearson's way. He pulls out the gun and points it at Pearson's chest.

A look of shock hits Pearson's face.

Gavin pulls the trigger once.

BANG.

The kick jolts Gavin's arm back, unexpected from a blank. It catches Gavin off guard and he doesn't fire the second shot.

Pearson spins from the force of the shot and slams to the ground face down, shot in the chest.

Gavin reaches for the case and pulls it free.

And he waits to hear cut.

And waits...

Nothing.

The word doesn't come. Instead he hears SCREAMS.

He turns to see TWO WOMEN screaming in his direction. They run into a building when he fires his gaze at them.

Gavin looks back to the camera... What the fuck?

It's gone. Everything's gone.

There's no van, no people, nothing.

Gavin turns to see Pearson squirming on the ground in pain with a puddle of dark red blood pooling around him. Gavin looks at the gun in confusion.

BAM. Someone bashes into Gavin and almost knocks him over. It's Slick, a gun in his hand. He grabs for the case.

Gavin sees who it is and rage fills his face... He knows he's been fucked.

Slick tries to wrestle the case out of Gavin's hand. He brings his gun up to Gavin's body but Gavin brings his foot up faster than Slick can realize and kicks the gun out of his hand.

The case slips out of Gavin's hand and his gun GOES OFF. The bullet punches into one of the coded locks of the briefcase and ricochets through Slick's hand.

Slick falls to the ground and wails in pain. Gavin regains his steel grip on the case and looks around in panic. He staggers backwards, disoriented and turns in circles as his world spins out of control.

He momentarily gets his bearings and runs around a building, the stolen case and smoking gun in hand. He looks around in panic and eyes a ratty ten speed leaning against a building.

He jumps on the ten speed and pedals for life. A young kid runs out of the building and tries to chase him down, but Gavin is gone.

BACK ON THE STREET

a sleek black Town Car pulls up to the scene and screeches to a halt.

Agent Winters jumps out of the car in shock at her discovery.

Slick sees Winters' badge on her belt and whips his gun up. He fires and she dives into her car as the windows shatter around her.

Slick manages to stagger backwards down to the corner while firing the odd shot to keep Winters in her car. He disappears around the corner.

Winters grabs her radio and brings it to her mouth, her lips rubbing the metal.

WINTERS

Agent in need of assistance, shots  
fired, broad and fifth.

She rolls onto her back and lets out a long sigh.

INT. CARGO VAN - SAME TIME

Davey drives. Chet rides, his cell phone RINGS and he snaps it up.

CHET

Yeah,  
(pause)  
Fuck ya mean he got away?

Davey looks to Chet, alarmed at his angry tone.

CHET (CONT'D)

How'd he fuckin' shoot you?  
(pause)  
But you got the case right?  
(his face growing red)  
You fuckin' moron! Did you at  
least leave the scene? Good,  
where's he now?

After a moment Chet slams his phone shut, throws it at the dash and punches the dash again and again.

DAVEY

What the hell's going on?

CHET

Your fucking patsy cocksucker shot  
Slick and got away with the case.

Davey's eyes flutter with panic. He bites the inside of his cheek as he thinks.

CHET (CONT'D)

Did you hear what I fuckin' said?  
And the FBI showed up too late,  
plus the fuckin' kid still had a  
bullet in the fucking gun! Good  
plan, dickhead!

Chet fires a fist into Davey's temple. Davey's head smacks hard into the window and bounces off like a pinball. He loses control of the wheel for a moment.

Chet reaches and grabs the wheel then shakes Davey forward to take control.

CHET (CONT'D)

That little fucker's got my case.

Davey is lost in thought. Chet leans towards him.

CHET (CONT'D)

Hear me? The fucker's got my case!  
You're big plan don't seem to be  
playing out as you claimed. Better  
think of a way to clean this shit  
up, smart guy, or your next in line  
for a fuckin' bullet!

Chet is fuming but Davey gets his bearings and remains calm. He looks down at the camera on the seat next to him. He puts his hand on it and pulls it snug to his thigh.

DAVEY

We should still have what we need  
to pull it all off.

CHET

And I'll pull yer fuckin' ball sack  
off if you don't get me that  
goddamn list.

INT. NUMEROV'S OFFICE - DAY

Numerov sits at his desk, agitated, his eyes trained on the clock: 2:52 PM.

Light KNOCKS come from the door and Yuri enters.

YURI

Mr. Numerov, sir, he still has not  
arrived.

NUMEROV

Very attentive of you.

Numerov's eyes wander from his clock to his open LAP TOP SCREEN. A banking site fills the screen and a verification of a two million dollar transfer stares at him.

Yuri leans in.

YURI

What shall I do, boss?

NUMEROV

Find him.

Yuri turns to leave.

## NUMEROV (CONT'D)

If he's alive, remedy that, and  
bring me my list.

Numerov has a beautiful stainless steel walking cane in his hand. The top is fitted with a small chrome sphere marked to look like the earth.

He sets down the cane and flips open a cigar lighter. He leans over and lights two large candles, enjoys the instant aroma and takes a deep breath.

He picks up his cane and uses the head of his cane to close his lap top. With a wild snap of his wrist he propels the cane sideways and flings the computer to the floor. It sparks and slides in shattered pieces across the room.

## INT. BUS - DAY

Gavin sits in the back seat as the bus drives along. He has the case on his lap and tries and tries to pry it open but no go.

The one working combination lock spins just fine but where the bullet hit the other one, the metal is warped and it won't turn at all.

The bus stops and Gavin jumps up, slips off the bus.

## EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The bus pulls away. Gavin treads down the sidewalk, stops at the corner and looks down the next street.

His Acadian sits parked at a curb beside his apartment. He carefully crosses the street and sticks close to the building walls as he heads towards the apartment.

He stops and looks up to his window on the second floor. No lights on. He watches. Suddenly the curtain moves... more movement than air could force.

Gavin's face shows the numerous swear words he's thinking. He paces in a small circle, pulls out his keys and walks to his car.

As he's about to get there, Chauncey and Slick -- his hand bandaged -- exit the building. Gavin darts back behind a bush.

CHAUNCEY

We'll check out that skirt's place  
from the other night.

The thugs jump into the baby blue sedan and pull away up the street.

GAVIN

Autumn...

Gavin looks up at his apartment, then back down the street...  
Decision time.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He runs to his Acadian and unlocks the passenger door, slides in, guns it up and peels into the street. The car paints skids as he drives the opposite way of the baby blue sedan.

INT. CHET'S DUMP - SAME TIME

Davey fiddles with the video camera and a laptop. Little Dink peels an orange with precise concentration. Chet walks in, his cell phone to his ear.

CHET

(into the phone)

... under every rock in every  
corner of the city. The kid's got  
no family down here, but check out  
that ass candy you seen him with  
the other ni --

(pause)

Good work, let me know if you find  
him there.

Chet snaps his phone shut. He stops beside Davey and breathes down on him.

DAVEY

Sounds like you found out more  
history on Gavin than I did.

CHET

I make it my business to know all I  
can. For insurance purposes. In  
case some sort of screw up happens  
in my dealings.

Chet looks at Little Dink.

CHET (CONT'D)

What the fuck's so interesting?

Dink holds up the orange peel, all one piece, the form of an elephant. He smiles like a kid on his seventh birthday.

CHET (CONT'D)

You're fuckin' creepier every day.

Davey fiddles with some cords, hooks up the camera to the laptop.

CHET (CONT'D)

I know I can't put much... whatever in your word any more, but I need to know if you can get me that list back without Numerov sniffin' up my fuckin' ass.

Davey dons a pair of thin gloves. He slides a blank disc into the laptop and records a short scene.

DAVEY

Well...

ON THE MONITOR Gavin stands in front of Pearson. He shoots him and Pearson flies to the ground. Gavin stands there awkwardly then grabs the case.

The video is shaky, like a very amateur bystander shot it.

DAVEY burns the clip and ejects the disc. He puts it in a jewel case and slides it into a large, padded manila envelope.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I like to have insurance too.

He uses a Sharpie and writes: AGENT CARMEN WINTERS, FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION on the front of the envelope.

Davey smiles at Chet. Chet doesn't get it, doesn't smile.

CHET

Just clean it up fast and get me my money's worth.

He points threateningly at Davey as he walks away. Little Dink keeps his eye on Davey as he sucks on his orange slices.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME TIME

Gavin's car speeds down the freeway. The thug's car is not too far ahead of him.

Gavin pulls the wheel to the right, bolts onto an exit ramp. Other cars blare their horns. Gavin's piece of shit car backfires.

At the bottom of the ramp he banks a sharp left and pins it down the road. His tires squeal from the pressure.

Gavin looks out his driver's side window and up to the freeway. The baby blue sedan take the next off ramp.

Gavin takes another right, now in the lead.

INT. ROMAN BATH - SAME TIME

Numerov sits back, very relaxed in a huge roman bath. A BLONDE WOMAN sucks him off under the water.

Yuri enters, with Red and Bull behind him. He walks to Numerov and squats down on the ledge beside him.

NUMEROV  
(assuming)  
You found my list.

Yuri sweats nervously.

YURI  
No, Mr. Numerov. Um,  
nonfortunately it seems Pearson was  
shot and there is no trace or no  
word of the product.

Numerov yanks the Woman's head up from under the water. She takes a few deep breaths and sits calmly next to him.

NUMEROV  
It is unfortunately, Yuri, not  
nonfortunately. If you want to  
live in a civilized country, you  
must learn to properly speak the  
language. Now... find me the  
fucker who has interceded with  
balls big enough to face my  
basement.

Yuri stares at the blonde woman's tits and gets an instant hard on. Numerov yanks him by the arm.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)  
 Earn your fucking rubles and get me  
 an answer or two. Go!

Yuri scrambles away and Red and Bull stomp after him.  
 Numerov grabs the woman by the back of her head and pushes  
 her back under the water to her previous position.

Any look of pleasure is overpowered by the severe anger on  
 Numerov's face.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Gavin slides the car into the lot behind the apartment and  
 stops the car parallel to the wall. He jumps out his  
 driver's side, leaves the case on the floor and the door  
 open.

The car is running but as he rushes off it sputters out.  
 Gavin runs around to the

FRONT OF THE BUILDING

and jumps the steps to the buzzer panel. He looks up the  
 street.

THE BABY BLUE SEDAN

takes a corner to face the apartment head on. Slick sees  
 Gavin. He points at the building.

GAVIN

sees it happen and pushes the assigned buzzer repeatedly.

GAVIN  
 Come on, come on.

AUTUMN  
 (through speaker)  
 Hello?

GAVIN  
 It's Gavin, let me in.

A pause.

THE BABY BLUE SEDAN

gets closer.

THE DOOR BUZZES

Gavin yanks the door open. The sedan is there and skids to a stop. Slick and Chauncey step out, guns drawn.

CAUNCEY

Slippery little shit stain, ain't he?

They walk to the entrance with menace.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Autumn stands before her door. She smooths her dress and checks her teeth for lipstick in a small wall mirror.

BANG BANG BANG. The door tremors on its frame.

Autumn furrows her brow at the force. She reaches for the knob and pulls the door open. Gavin pushes his way in, slams the door and locks it.

He grabs Autumn by the hand and pulls her down the hallway.

AUTUMN

Whoa! What's going --

GAVIN

We gotta get outta here!

Autumn pulls her hand back and slips from Gavin's grip.

AUTUMN

What is wrong with you!?

BOOM. The door quakes from the force. Autumn spins to the door in shock. BOOM. The old door won't take much more.

GAVIN

Trust me, we have to go, now!

Autumn is in shock. She stares at him like a deer facing a Mack truck.

BAM. The door erupts off the frame and falls to the side.

Gavin grabs her hand tight. She squeezes back and he pulls her across the room.

FLIT FLIT FLIT. Silenced bullets fly from down the hallway. One punches into the couch near Autumn, barely misses her, fabric and cotton erupt through the air.

Gavin and Autumn duck behind the wall. They have momentary protection. Gavin tries to unlock the large window, their possible escape on the other side. But the lock won't turn.

AUTUMN

The caretaker was coming to fix that.

Gavin grabs a small wrought iron table and heaves it up through the window. CRASH. Glass rains onto the fire escape. Autumn screams. The iron table rolls down the steps.

Gavin pulls her through the frame with him. Bullets ping off the metal of the fire escape. Autumn screams some more. Gavin jumps the one flight down, Autumn along with him.

They land and Gavin has both feet down but Autumn lands on the table and falls. Gavin grabs the table and hurls it back up the steps with all his strength.

As Chauncey reaches through the window frame, the table hits his arm. He drops his gun. It clangs, rolls and falls to the ground below.

CHAUNCEY

Wanker fuck-stick!

Gavin rushes down the steps with Autumn limping behind him. They reach the security ladder at the bottom.

GAVIN

I'll go first, you follow fast,  
I'll catch you.

Autumn nods hysterically.

More bullets ping off the metal. Gavin jumps the last feet down the ladder to the street below. He looks up, Autumn right above him.

ZING. A bullet grazes Gavin's shoulder. He spins and recoils to see blood, but it just grazed him.

He looks back up to Autumn at the last possible moment before she lets go. She falls and Gavin catches her, sets her down.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

My car's out back.

Autumn makes her way. Gavin steps to the side and grabs Chauncey's dropped gun. He turns and follows Autumn.

She limps as she runs, Gavin ahead of her. They take the corner of the building to his car.

Gavin slides right into the driver's seat, his door still open. Autumn limp-runs around to the passenger side and gets in. Gavin sets the gun between the seats and tries to turn the engine over. Shit! It won't start.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Come on!

He slams his hand down on the dash, tries the ignition again. It struggles, won't turn over. Gavin looks ahead to the corner of the building where the thugs should appear any second.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Push on the tape deck as hard as you can!

Autumn, hands shaking, does as he commands. Her face grimaces as she pushes with all her energy. Gavin turns the key again and this time it starts.

AUTUMN

Go, go, go, go, go!

Gavin looks up. Chauncey is there, right in front of the car. No gun in hand, just a look to kill.

Gavin punches the pedal to the floor and accelerates so fast Chauncey hasn't the time to react. He rolls onto the hood as Gavin plows into him, goes right over the small car and smashes to the ground behind them.

Chauncey is down, but not out for the count.

Gavin takes the corner and speeds across the grass. Slick steps out, sees the car and jumps back.

Gavin speeds by and bounces down the curb to the street. Slick grunts at himself and runs to the sedan.

INT. GAVIN'S CAR - SAME TIME

The passenger door SHAKES and RATTLES like a tornado's fighting to get in.

Autumn holds on tight to the seat belt like the door's about to fall off. She leans towards Gavin to get away from the rattling door.

GAVIN  
Doesn't open from the inside, don't  
worry.

AUTUMN  
What the heck is happening?

Gavin keeps his eyes on the road. The case is set tightly  
between his foot and the floorboards.

GAVIN  
Remember the big movie role I got?

Autumn stares at him, confused. She waits for more.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
The movie wasn't real. It was some  
kind of set up to make me shoot a  
guy and steal this briefcase. I  
wasn't supposed to get away with it  
and they obviously want it back.

Autumn looks down at the case tucked next to Gavin.

AUTUMN  
I don't understand.

GAVIN  
I wish I could tell you more.

AUTUMN  
No, I don't understand why they  
came to my house -- why you came  
there, lead them to... my... my...

Autumn starts to hyperventilate.

GAVIN  
Calm down, take a breath. I went  
home and those guys were at my  
place. I heard them say they were  
coming here to look for me. They  
were watching... saw me with you  
before.

Autumn slows her breath and looks at him in wonderment.

AUTUMN  
You came... to make sure I was  
okay? To save me?

Gavin keeps his eyes on the road.

GAVIN

Looks that way.

Autumn's face fills with admiration. The tiniest of smiles peeks through her shock filled expression.

AUTUMN

What's in the case?

The door rattles louder. Autumn cuddles close to Gavin for safety. She's still stricken with shock, fear and confusion.

Gavin looks in the rear view mirror. The baby blue sedan speeds up behind them.

GAVIN

Shit!

Autumn turns around and sees the car gaining on them.

Gavin grips the steering wheel hard. He takes a sharp left and meets mild traffic.

EXT. STREET

Gavin maneuvers through lane after lane, almost collides head on with another car, swerves back to safety.

Slick stays with them even though his car is much bigger.

INT. GAVIN'S CAR

Gavin passes a back alley. He does a double take and checks the rear view mirror.

GAVIN

Hang on to something.

EXT. STREET

Gavin yanks the wheel down to his left and pops the emergency brake. The car slides in a nice one-eighty to face the opposite direction.

Slick now faces him.

INT. GAVIN'S CAR

AUTUMN

What are you doing!?

EXT. STREET

Gavin pins the pedal down and flies forward. At the alley entrance, just before Slick's boat reaches him, Gavin pulls off another hair pin turn. A hubcap flies as Gavin slips into the alley.

Slick does the same maneuver into the alley, but much slower.

The alley is very narrow, not much room. Gavin slows down.

Slick gains on him, now only about five feet behind. He pulls up his gun, holds his arm out the window and aims at Gavin's car.

INT. GAVIN'S CAR

Gavin sees Slick's position. He picks up the gun and hands it to Autumn.

GAVIN

Take this. If he starts shooting,  
shoot back.

Autumn doesn't touch the gun.

AUTUMN

I can't --

GAVIN

I have to drive, just take it.

He thrusts it into her hands. She takes it.

She rotates her shoulders slightly and has an awkward grip on the gun. She bends her wrists to the left so the gun points out back. It looks plain silly.

EXT. ALLEY

Gavin accelerates through two large dumpsters that face each other from either side of the alley. His car barely squeaks through -- his side mirror sparks as it scrapes the bin.

Slick sees what's about to happen, but not soon enough. He slides in between the dumpster's but the sedan is too large and crashes between the containers.

The baby blue paint melds with the red and green of the dumpsters. Slick doesn't pull his arm back in time and it catches on the edge of the metal and pulls his body part way out.

The force almost splits him in two and most definitely ends his life.

INT. GAVIN'S CAR

Gavin and Autumn see the wreckage behind them. Gavin takes a turn onto a peaceful street, slows to the legal speed and sweats.

AUTUMN

Where'd you learn to drive like that?

GAVIN

Ten years waiting for your big break leaves a lot of time on your hands.

Autumn is bewildered. The adrenaline fades.

INT. WINTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Winters, at her desk, lets out a long yawn. She shakes her brains to life as a MAIL CLERK stops at her office.

The Clerk nonchalantly hands her an envelope. It's the one sent by Davey.

WINTERS

Thanks.

The Clerk heads on and Winters shakes out the contents of the envelope. A single unmarked jewel case slides onto the desk.

She picks it up and slides it into the CD drive of her computer. She pushes her chair back and watches. After a moment the screen comes to life.

ON SCREEN

the scene of Gavin shooting Pearson plays out.

WINTERS

looks confused. She rewinds a slight bit, pauses on a shot of Gavin's face and scrutinizes it.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

The bit player...

Winters' little brain erupts in full force. Her eyes race wildly around the room.

She reaches into her drawer, pulls out another pack of breath strips and lays some on her tongue. She sucks in some cool air as she stares at the paused image of Gavin.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Bit player... Davey Thompson...  
Chet Campbell?

INT. CHET'S DUMP - NIGHT

Chet plays an unfair game of shuffleboard against himself. He fires each rock way too hard and knocks the next one right off the board to the floor.

CHET

And there was no case in his car?

Chet tosses another rock.

Behind him stands Chauncey, bruised and broken. Next to him at a table is Davey, his head down, he rubs his temples.

CAUNCEY

The little punk out drove him I guess. Quite surprised me with his tenacity --

CHET

He kills my number one guy in a fuckin' car chase!? Who are we dealin' with here, the Goddamn spawn of Chuck Norris?

Chauncey lets out a slight snort at the comment. Chet throws a shuffleboard rock at the wall. It makes a huge hole in the decrepit wood.

CHET (CONT'D)

Fuckin' little cockeater!  
(making his way to Davey)  
You had to pick this fuckin' kid, huh? Of all the dumb models and actors you pick the one fuckin' punk who's got some fuckin' skills?

Chet grabs Davey by the ear and lifts him off his chair. Davey fights his way out of Chet's grip.

DAVEY

Whoa, whoa! Hold on a minute.

Davey reaches for a photo of Gavin shaking Winters' hand in the restaurant.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Contingency plan!

Chet snatches the photo out of Davey's fingers and takes a good long look at it.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
I picked that place to meet with Gavin in case we needed a back up plan. Winters eats lunch there everyday like clockwork.

CHET  
And?

DAVEY  
And Winters has had a hard on for Numerov for years. And Numerov knows that one fact, if nothing else.

Chet stares blankly at Davey. Davey talks to him as if he were a middle school student.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
We send this picture to Numerov, along with the tape of Gavin taking the case. It makes Numerov think Winters is the one who actually stole the list in order to screw him over.

Chet flicks the picture a few times with his middle finger, hits Winters' head as he does so. He enjoys the idea.

CHET  
I'm startin' to like the way you think.

Chet pokes Chauncey hard in the chest.

CHET (CONT'D)  
'Bout time everyone else around here thinks on the same level.

Chet leaves and Chauncey turns to Davey.

CHAUNCEY  
Wanna wipe that shit off your nose?  
It's right there.

He reaches to Davey and flicks his nostril. Davey swipes his hand away.

DAVEY

Fuck off.

CHAUNCEY

Ask me, it's a flawed plan and  
won't work. Numerov'll see right  
through it. Got any penicillin?

Davey walks away.

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)

Too much to ask that people have  
manners around this place.

INT. WINTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The only light comes from Winters' desk lamp.

Winters has a new file on her desk flagged CAMPBELL, CHET - CALIFORNIA. A JANITOR approaches Winters' office. He's the only other person in the darkened building.

JANITOR

Thought the oil's s'pose to burn  
out by midnight?

Winters keeps her eyes buried in the dozens of papers around her desk.

WINTERS

Not when it runs through your  
veins.

The Janitor lets out a grunting laugh.

JANITOR

Must be of some importance.

Winters looks around to make sure nobody's there to hear. She looks to the Janitor like she's about to tell him where Jimmy Hoffa's bones lie.

WINTERS

I'm cross-checking two coasters.  
That's what I call guys who fly  
under the radar. A two-bit named  
Campbell and a sadistic bastard  
named Numerov. Trying to find a  
link between the two.

The Janitor feigns excitement.

JANITOR  
Sounds intriguing.

WINTERS  
Trust me, it's not. Mostly reading  
hundreds of lines of numerical  
sequences just to find nothing you  
can use... The proverbial pin in a  
haystack. Don't worry though, I'll  
find it yet.

The Janitor, not worried in the slightest, shakes his head at Winters.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Deep night. The only light comes from Gavin's headlights. Gavin paces in front of his car, parked next to the building. Autumn sits on the hood.

AUTUMN  
Maybe you should go to the police?

GAVIN  
I can't.

Gavin steps to the case, next to Autumn on the hood.

AUTUMN  
Why not?

GAVIN  
I shot some guy I don't know, stole  
his briefcase, and fled the scene!

AUTUMN  
But you were set up.

GAVIN  
And there's no trace of who fucked  
me. They won't believe it. I  
hardly believe it. Would you?

Autumn has no reply. They are both silent for a moment.

AUTUMN  
Then what are you gonna do?

GAVIN  
Like you said, get inside. Find  
the reason behind this shit.

Gavin turns, case in hand and heads into the old building.

AUTUMN  
Where are you going?

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin is on top of the building. He has the case held above his head.

GAVIN  
Heads up!

Gavin, with full effort, throws the case down from the top. He watches. There's a THUD. He turns back to the stairs.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin stands over the case, Autumn beside him. He picks it up, examines the seams.

GAVIN  
The thing's fuckin' indestructible!

He bangs it again and again on the ground, insane with frustration. Autumn backs away, taken aback.

Gavin looks around. Searches for something. His eyes spark as he looks at his car.

INT. GAVIN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin revs the engine. It sounds a little worse for wear. He grips the steering wheel at ten and two o'clock, wrings the wheel in his grip and takes a deep breath.

Two feet ahead of Gavin, wedged between the fender of the car and the wall, sitting flat on a stack of bricks, is the case. It's weighed down in place with dozens of huge mortar bricks and scrap metal.

Autumn stands off to the side.

AUTUMN  
Careful.

Gavin inches the car forward until the case begins to take the force. He suddenly guns it. The tires spin in the gravel and the case begins to buckle.

His car is no Hummer, but the force is too much and the case pushes the bricks up and flies against the wall.

Gavin stops and backs away. Everything crumbles.

He jumps out of the car, squats to the rubble and sifts through rock, metal and plastic. He finds the case and it's cracked open.

He pulls it out and steps back, stumbles on the rock and falls into Autumn. He turns his head and their lips almost meet.

They hold there, inches apart. A long beat.

GAVIN

I think I got it...

Gavin gets his footing, grabs her hand and pulls her to the front of the car. He squats down in the beam of the headlight and sets the case on the ground.

It's not completely open, but it's cracked. Gavin pulls with all his might until there is enough of an opening. The red flash drive falls to the gravel. Gavin picks it up.

AUTUMN

That's it? Kinda small.

He looks at it like it's a five carat diamond.

GAVIN

I need to find a computer.

INT. WINTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Winters stares at the frozen image of Gavin on the monitor. The Co-Agent enters the office.

CO-AGENT

Somethin' juicy?

Winters rewinds the scene and pauses it on Pearson's face, scrutinizes the frame.

WINTERS

Pearson... Son of a biscuit box.

Winters turns to see the Co-Agent, his jacket over his shoulder. She laughs to herself - kind of a cocky laugh.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Buzz a while back had an underground money man named Pearson somehow producing a list of financial information and selling it to the highest bidder.

CO-AGENT

I remember that.

WINTERS

No you don't. I remember due to the fact Alexander Numerov's name came up as the most interested purchaser. The rumors have begun again.

The Co-Agent turns away, annoyed with Winters.

CO-AGENT

Think it's about time you get the taste of Numerov's ass outta your mouth.

Winters waves the air as if erasing the man's comment from existence.

WINTERS

Finally have you where I want you, old man. Think it's about time for a face to face.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Gavin and Autumn sit side by side at a discreet computer terminal near the back of the meagerly occupied cafe. Autumn looks around nervously as she sips on a huge take-out coffee.

Gavin plugs the flash drive into the computer and the drive blinks rapidly. After a moment -

AN EXCEL SPREADSHEET FILLS THE SCREEN

Each row has long strings of data. A header bar lists each column: Transit Number, Bank Identifier, Account Number, Password.

AUTUMN

Bank accounts?

Gavin looks closer at the list. He scrolls to the bottom of the spreadsheet and reads the last line.

GAVIN  
Offshore bank accounts.

AUTUMN  
Offshore? Like those Swiss things?

GAVIN  
Exactly.

AUTUMN  
How do you know?

Gavin points to the notation on the last line. She eyeballs it. Her eyes almost bulge out of her head and her breathing speeds up.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
Average balance. Thr... three and  
a half million dollars...

Gavin runs his finger along the number of rows on the list.

GAVIN  
Twenty-eight accounts. Average of  
three point five million in each  
account means...

AUTUMN  
One hundred million... dollars.

They look at each other like you would if you were suddenly holding a hundred million in your hands.

INT. CHET'S DUMP - NIGHT

Chet sits at a table eating a huge pulled pork sandwich, the barbecue sauce drips all over the place.

Little Dink has a handful of throwing knives. A MAN's nailed to the wall through the edges of his clothes to hold him tight, tape across his mouth.

Chet wipes his saucy hand on a napkin and reaches into his pocket, pulls out a huge wad of cash.

CHET  
Betcha two hundred you can't toss  
all five below the jewels.

The man whines from the wall.

Dink grunts at Chet and gets up.

He stands about twenty feet from the man. He throws the first knife and it hits the wall about two inches below the man's crotch. The man whimpers from the stress.

Dink loosens up his arm and throws two consecutive knives. One hits right where the previous one did, but the other grazes the man's thigh and rips his pants. Blood trickles down.

The man screams through his taped mouth.

Dink throws the fourth and it lands perfectly above the others, right below the man's privates.

Chet watches Dink carefully. Dink lets out a deep breath and focuses. He brings his arm back and as he is about to let go Chet lets out a huge cough and Dink stifles his throw.

The knife misses its target and flies into the man's hand. It severs his index and ring finger. The man lets out a carnal scream.

Chet and Dink don't seem to notice the scream.

LITTLE DINK

It's not even fair when you do that.

Chet laughs as Dink heads over and pulls the knives out like the man isn't even there.

CHET

Don't make a bet if you can't follow through.

LITTLE DINK

Speakin' of that, whatcha gonna do about Thompson's screw up?

CHET

If I kill him now I won't get anything outta the deal. He's got a few more days and then we'll use him to let everyone know how not to do business with me.

Chet takes another huge bite of his sandwich.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

The room is furnished with a mixture of thrift shop and garage sale crap, all about to fall apart.

At the end of each double bed sit Autumn and Gavin. They stare ahead at the flash drive on the ancient desk, mesmerized.

They look like neither of them has slept a wink all night.

AUTUMN

What I don't get is how someone got all of that information. Aren't accounts with that much money in them supposed to be like, harder to steal from?

GAVIN

You'd think.

Gavin walks to a side table, grabs a beer can out of an ice bucket. Two cans remain in the melting ice.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What the hell am I gonna do?

Autumn bites her bottom lip. She looks afraid to speak, cuts her own words off.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What?

AUTUMN

I might just be saying this because I haven't slept, and it may sound completely shallow, but maybe there's a way for you to get yourself some money off that list.

GAVIN

How many beer have you had?

AUTUMN

Seriously. I've been racking my little brain all night and I don't see too many choices for you here.

GAVIN

Maybe I should go to the police.

AUTUMN

From what I've seen on T.V., the Los Angeles police don't seem like the most understanding group of people.

Gavin takes a painfully long swallow of beer.

GAVIN

If there's one thing I know right now it's that I'm not in any fucking movie. I can't just steal the money and disappear. Real life doesn't work that way.

AUTUMN

People probably do it all the time.

GAVIN

But...

Gavin seems to lose his breath... Tears come to his guilt ridden eyes.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I killed a man.

Autumn stares at him deeply.

AUTUMN

It wasn't your fault. You didn't know --

Gavin throws the half empty can against the wall.

GAVIN

Fuck!

He is spent, leans against the wall.

Autumn waits a moment and stands up. She walks to him and puts her hands on his.

AUTUMN

You don't want to pay for it for the rest of your life... I don't want you to either.

Gavin turns around and looks her in the eyes, their lips are inches apart.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

You deserve to get this money. At least some of it. Enough to start a new life. We just need to find a way to transfer these account balances into a numbered account of your own.

GAVIN

We?

Autumn smiles at him coyly and checks her watch.

AUTUMN

You're the one who got me into this mess.

(beat)

We should get a couple hours sleep, head over once thing's open up.

GAVIN

Head where?

AUTUMN

What's the biggest bank you know of?

INT. NUMEROV'S OFFICE - MORNING

Numerov holds the picture of Gavin and Winters shaking hands. He also has the video of Gavin shooting Pearson paused on a new laptop screen.

An envelope sits opened on his desk, just like the one Winters received.

Yuri stands nervously nearby.

NUMEROV

You say a courier dropped this off?

YURI

Yes.

Numerov tosses the picture on his desk and stands up. He twirls his walking cane in his hand as he paces around his giant throw rug.

NUMEROV

I don't like it.

YURI

You want I take care of the courier?

Numerov, annoyed, bites his lip at a response.

NUMEROV

I don't like the fact that someone would send me this little clip with a photograph to compliment.

YURI

Maybe they want you know who is involved so you can care take of them.

Numerov pauses at Yuri's bumbling of the language. He looks closely at the head of his cane as if looking at which continents he's conquered.

NUMEROV

Exactly. Too neat. Tied up with a little bow. Whoever sent me this wants me to believe Agent Winters is responsible for this theft against me... as if the little cunt has the ingenuity or creativity to play games with me.

A knock comes from the door. A moment later an enormous man, B.W., AKA: BERLIN WALL, slips into the room.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

What is it?

B.W.

(in Russian)

Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Numerov, but an Agent Winters from the FBI is here to see you.

Numerov lets a smile pull at the edge of his mouth.

NUMEROV

(in Russian)

See him to the parlor, I will entertain him presently.

Numerov winks at Yuri as B.W. slips away.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

(to Yuri)

As I said, tied up with a little bow.

Yuri smiles and nods but just looks confused.

INT. NUMEROV'S PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Winters takes in her surroundings. She raises an eyebrow at the numerous scented and colored candles around the room. She leans over one and takes in the scent.

She sits on a large white sofa and leans back on the cushions to get comfortable. She leans back more and more until she almost slips right off of it.

As she slides off to regain her balance, she turns to see Numerov standing next to her. Staring. Entertained.

B.W. and Yuri stand near the entrance to the room. Their eyes burn holes through Winters.

NUMEROV

Carmen, so good to see you.

WINTERS

I have repeatedly asked you to refer to me as Agent Winters.

NUMEROV

And I have asked you in the past to stop ensconcing your nose in my affairs. I suppose we have an equilibrium.

Numerov takes a seat in a large chair. Winters sits back down on the sofa but stays on the edge to keep a steady position.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

I tend to be quite engaged with my business dealings, I apologize, I do not remember us having an appointment this afternoon.

Numerov picks some stray fuzz off of his shirt cuff.

WINTERS

Nope, no appointment. With the recent hullabaloo taking place, I thought it only prudent we have a pow wow.

NUMEROV

Hullaba... What was the term you used?

Winters keeps a cocky look on her face. Inside she's shaking.

WINTERS

American term. Means bedlam, racket, disturbance.

Winters stares at Numerov. Gauges his reactions. Numerov keeps a twenty-thousand dollar a hand poker face.

NUMEROV

Was it something I should know about?

WINTERS

The murder of Arthur Pearson, yesterday afternoon.

Numerov plays offended.

NUMEROV

Are you implying I killed a man?

Numerov leans forward, his elbows on his knees, his eyes solid and cold.

Winters counters Numerov's move. She leans forward as well but with her tiny frame she's not the slight bit menacing.

WINTERS

The name Arthur Pearson rings no bells?

NUMEROV

I feel you will soon inform me of a reason it should.

Numerov seems bored. He takes quick interest in his manicured nails.

WINTERS

A few months back he was shopping around a list of pretty sensitive financial information, trolling for high bidders.

Numerov keeps his eyes on his fingernails at all times.

NUMEROV

I wish I would have heard of this list.

Winters inches closer along the edge of the sofa.

WINTERS

Funny thing is, your name circulated around the top of those rumors.

Numerov furrows his eyebrow.

NUMEROV

Carmen, you tell me this as if I should know what in the hell you are blubbering about.

WINTERS

I believe you do know. I believe you bought that list but somebody swooped in before you could collect your prize.

Numerov picks away a small sliver of skin on one finger. He holds out his hand for a better view.

NUMEROV

You have been badgering me for years, Carmen. Do you know me as a man who wastes time cavorting with the underbelly of society, simply to find ways of collecting even more indispensable wealth?

WINTERS

No, you do not.  
(pausing for dramatic effect)  
But Chet Campbell does.

This slips Numerov up. It was the move Winters was waiting for. Numerov looks up at Winters, suddenly very curious.

NUMEROV

Chet Campbell. It... rings no bells, as you say.

WINTERS

Wouldn't think so. Just a small time, drug dealing, book making low life. Trying to climb up to the big time. Decided to make his move I guess.  
(beat)  
Anyways, I won't waste any more of your time.

Winters gets up and heads to the door.

NUMEROV

(a smirk on his face)  
Give my regards to your mother.

Winters stops cold, waits, then passes by Yuri and B.W. and exits the room. The huge house doors close with a slam.

Yuri is suddenly at Numerov's side.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)  
Sharpen my blade and find me this  
Chet Campbell. He shall soon find  
his way into my collection.

Numerov stares ahead as Yuri scurries out of the room.

INT. BANK OFFICE - MORNING

Gavin and Autumn sit in front of a huge desk in the large office. They wait alone.

Autumn dons sunglasses. Gavin has on a ball cap and large sunglasses and a new shirt hides his bloodied shoulder.

GAVIN  
I still don't know about this.  
Maybe it's not such a good idea.

Gavin stands up to leave. Just then a BANKER appears and quickly shakes Gavin's hand.

BANKER  
Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr.  
Wallace.

Gavin speaks in a Scottish accent.

GAVIN  
Not a problem, brother.

He apprehensively sits back down.

The Banker sits across the desk from them, his hands steepled.

BANKER  
So what exactly can we do for you  
today?

Gavin starts to chew his gum wildy.

GAVIN  
How does a newly rich young man set  
up an offshore bank account?

BANKER  
Very interesting question, Mr.  
Wallace. Exactly how much money  
are we talking about?

Gavin speaks as if this is everyday conversation.

GAVIN

Mmm, five, maybe six million.

The Banker nods his head, impressed.

BANKER

Our institution may be able to act as a conduit between you and an offshore bank of choice. For that much money an offshore account would definitely be a fine option, what with all of the various tax breaks one can achieve.

Gavin tugs at a button on his tattered button down shirt. He blows a bubble with his gum and winks at Autumn.

The Banker looks down his crooked nose at Gavin.

BANKER (CONT'D)

May I inquire as to how you came upon this small fortune?

AUTUMN

This is the third bank we've been to today and that's the third time he's been asked that question.

She leans forward, a bit put off.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

It's not a question you ask the guys who come in dressed to the nines in their five thousand dollar suits, is it?

The Banker looks uncomfortable.

BANKER

Well... I was only... that's not what --

Gavin reaches out and smacks the Banker hard in the shoulder.

GAVIN

We're just fuckin' with ya, brother. Actually, I love tellin' this story, it's a cracker.

The Banker smiles at Autumn and nods, touche.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

For the last ten years I been busting my ass in this town as a screenwriter. Ten years, man, and nothin'. No options, sales, nada. Finally I win one of these big contests and I get a hundred knocks on my door. It's one year later, I sign a seven figure, three picture deal. Can you fuckin' believe it, brother?

Gavin blows another bubble and leans back in his chair. He acts impressed beyond belief with his little story and reaches over to hold Autumn's hand.

BANKER

I'd say that's very admirable.

GAVIN

Why thank you, kind sir.

Gavin shoots the guy a big old cheesy smile like he's in a toothpaste commercial.

BANKER

Let's see if we can't get you that information you need.

Gavin winks at the Banker. When the Banker turns to his computer Gavin's smile fades from view.

INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

BANG BANG BANG!

Davey jumps up from under his sheets, his face creased from the blankets, his eyes still fuzzy from dreamland, drool down his cheek.

BANG BANG BANG!

Davey reaches to his night-stand and grabs a small pistol.

He jumps out of bed and struts across the room, wearing only his boxers. When he gets to the door he looks through the peephole.

He grunts and shakes his head in disgust as he sets down his gun and opens the door to reveal Chet, more steamed than usual.

He pushes his way past Davey.

CHET  
Alexander fucking Numerov!

DAVEY  
Excuse me?

Davey pushes the door closed but it pushes back and Little Dink slips in, a hand vice squeezed tight in his grip.

CHET  
That's the fucker I just got off  
the phone with?

Davey shakes his head to wake himself up a bit.

DAVEY  
Slow down, you just got off the  
phone with Numerov?

Chet slams Davey against the wall.

CHET  
You want me repeatin' myself?

Chet pushes off Davey and walks to the kitchen. He opens cupboard doors left and right.

DAVEY  
What are you looking for?

CHET  
He says to me, Mr. Campbell, I  
would very much like to get  
together to spin a yarn or two.  
(beat)  
Whatever the fuck that means.

Chet sweeps through the cupboards and knocks things all over the place. He heads for the fridge.

DAVEY  
If you tell me what you're looking  
for I probably know where --

LITTLE DINK  
Fuckin' shut yer yapper already,  
you're givin' me a headache.

Davey looks to the little guy with contempt and Dink fires intimidation at him with his hand vice.

CHET

Then he says he'll be by my place around noon, and I should be ready for a serious discussion about the future.

Davey no longer cares what Chet does in his kitchen. He spins around to the wall clock to see it's 11:10 a.m.

Chet finally finds what he's looking for in the freezer. He pulls out a bottle of Vodka and spins the cap off. He takes a very long pull off the bottle.

DAVEY

That's less than an hour away, why didn't you call me sooner?

Chet looks at him like he's a pile of steaming shit.

CHET

You forget you work for me?

Davey almost rolls his eyes. Chet slams the bottle on the table.

CHET (CONT'D)

I'm the one who asks you questions, not the other way around.

Chet grabs the bottle and takes another healthy swig. He moves to within millimeters of being nose to nose with Davey. As Chet speaks, vodka laced spittle lands on Davey's face.

CHET (CONT'D)

You promised me Numerov wouldn't have a fuckin' clue I was involved. So you be there in fifteen minutes with some fuckin' idea how to keep it as promised, got it?

DAVEY

Or I could just disappear and let you try to clean the mess up yourself.

Chet takes the words in. He snaps his huge forehead hard into Davey's nose and breaks it to pieces. Davey swears like a motherfucker, slumps to the floor and almost cries.

CHET

I'd find you. You know I'd fuckin' find you. Now clean up this fuckin' mess!

Chet throws the bottle against the wall. The glass explodes in a broken splash and vodka slides to the floor.

Chet walks away without looking back, Little Dink at his heels, Davey trying to catch his balance on the floor.

EXT. BANK - MORNING

Autumn and Gavin walk along the quiet Los Angeles sidewalk.

AUTUMN  
(almost shouting)  
Fifty thousand dollars!

Gavin looks around to see how much attention she attracted.

GAVIN  
Hey, shhh, Jesus.

AUTUMN  
Sorry, but fifty thousand to open  
an account?

GAVIN  
I know.

AUTUMN  
Well hell. Why so much?

Gavin stops walking and stares into a store window. He's absolutely entranced with what he sees.

Autumn stops and takes the few steps back to him. She looks at what's caught his attention: an art gallery, large paintings hanging in the window.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
Maybe we can just run away, I don't  
know, get jobs in my home town or  
something.

Gavin takes a long deep breath, rubs his eyes hard enough to damage them.

GAVIN  
You shouldn't have been involved in  
this at all. I thought I could  
control it, but... too deep to turn  
back.

He keeps staring at the paintings.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

It's time for some improvisation.

Autumn looks back and forth from him to the art in the window.

AUTUMN

But wouldn't we still need fifty thousand dollars cash?

GAVIN

I can get it.

INT. CHET'S DUMP - AFTERNOON

Chauncey scurries around the bar. He shuffles tables and straightens chairs. Chet paces the floor.

Davey sucks on his hand rolled cigarette. The movement of his face causes his ridiculously amateur nose bandage to shift. Pain sears through him.

CHET

You better put on a good fuckin' show.

DAVEY

Just let me do the talking and we'll be fine.

The front door CREAKS open and sunlight floods the room.

Red and Bull enter, their hands on their huge handguns. They seem satisfied and shift to let Numerov enter. He wears a long white trench coat, shiny black shoes and his cane is in hand. Yuri is at his back.

Numerov lets his coat slide off his shoulders. It falls into the waiting hands of Yuri. He hands it off to Bull who stands with Red off to the side, their hands never leaving their weapons.

Numerov looks at the dirty place with a curled up nose. He looks around for a clean spot to sit but there are none in sight.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Please, have a seat.

Davey points to a small table framed by four chairs.

Yuri removes his handkerchief from his pocket and wipes the dust from the back and seat of the chair, then lays his handkerchief out over the seat like a tablecloth.

Numerov sits down in the clean chair, crosses his leg and stares at Davey.

NUMEROV

I don't believe I know of you.

DAVEY

No need, really.

Numerov smiles cunningly.

CHET

Just get to the point of this meeting, I'm a busy man.

Numerov keeps his eyes on Davey as he speaks to Chet.

NUMEROV

So I've heard. What with all of your prostitutes, drug dealers, and small time car thieves you have in your employ, I'm surprised at how you find the time to keep this establishment in such tip top shape.

Davey holds Numerov's stare and let's the air clear. Chet sits down next to Davey.

CHET

Say what you came to say.

Yuri sits next to Numerov. Red and Bull keep a sharp eye on Chauncey. Chauncey blows them each a kiss.

Numerov notices Little Dink sitting on a small chair in the corner, his hand under a jacket on his lap, a bulge underneath.

NUMEROV

Seems our interests have somehow... intersected each other over the last couple of days.

DAVEY

How so?

NUMEROV

Word on the street, as you people tend to say, is that someone in your employ managed to get their hands on a piece of my property. I would simply appreciate it back in my possession.

Chet pushes himself back from the table and kicks his chair to the floor behind him.

CHET

No fuckin' idea what you're talkin' about, Rusky.

Numerov tilts his head and raises an eyebrow at the comment. Chet grabs a bottle from the bar and pours himself a drink.

NUMEROV

The price tag of this property was two million dollars, Yankee.

CHET

You can go f --

DAVEY

From what I can see, the people who passed this information on to you, Mr. Numerov, fed you a line of bull. I hope you didn't pay the same price for that piece of information.

Numerov sizes Davey up.

NUMEROV

I see... it is you who are really in charge here.

Davey's eyes lose their intensity. Chet barrels back over.

CHET

I'm in charge here, motherfucker, and I say I had enough of this commie bullshit, this conversation is over. Get the fuck outta my joint!

Numerov remains seated. He stares a hole through Davey, never once looks over at Chet's blood filled face.

Numerov stands up, keeps his eyes on Davey as he backs into his coat, Bull holding it at the ready.

Numerov removes the disc and photo of Gavin from his inside coat pocket and tosses it on the table.

CHET (CONT'D)

I thought I would set a friendly example and return your property first.

Chet's face gives the game away as he stares nervously at the tape.

NUMEROV

I would watch out for this young man, Mr. Campbell. I think he just may be after your job.

Numerov smiles an evil smile at Davey and turns back into the sunny exterior of the bar. The door slams behind them.

EXT. CHET'S DUMP - SAME TIME

Numerov ducks into the back seat of his Mercedes. Red and Bull get into a large SUV parked behind it. Numerov waves Yuri close and he complies.

NUMEROV

Stick around and see where they lead you. And it may be prudent for us to have the prominent banks in town covered as well. These yokels seem imbecilic enough to use local banks.

CRASHES and the sound of BREAKING GLASS erupts from inside the old bar. Numerov smiles at the sound and disappears behind the dark windows of the car.

EXT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gavin and Autumn pull up to the corner in his shit-heap. Gavin jumps out and looks up at the window of his suite. He has Chauncey's silenced gun in his grip.

GAVIN

There may be guys inside so just stay here and watch the street. See anyone who looks out of place... drive.

Gavin jumps out and runs down the sidewalk. Autumn slides over to the driver's side and steels herself with the look of a girl you don't want to mess with.

INT. GAVIN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Gavin stands outside of his suite door, the silenced gun in his hand.

He reaches out and uses his key to unlock the door but the door eases open when the key pushes on the handle.

Gavin enters the suite softly and soon realizes there is no longer anyone inside. His place has been completely trashed, every little thing has been turned over and tossed.

Gavin doesn't stop to check it out or mourn the loss. He slides the silenced gun into his waistband and makes a beeline to the

BATHROOM

He stands on the toilet and reaches above his head to the ceiling tiles, pushes one up and moves it to the side. He reaches around in the space above and pulls out a black leather folder, about two by three feet.

He tucks it under his arm and quickly heads back to the

LIVING AREA

where looks out the window for Autumn.

She seems safe inside the car. Gavin is satisfied. As he turns he abruptly stops.

On the floor, bent and cracked, is the picture of him with his father. He squats down, picks it up and stares at it for a moment.

He puts the picture in his back pocket and looks back out the window. Shit!

Chauncey and UNI-BROW - enough said - approach Gavin's car from behind. Uni-Brow tries to rip the driver's door open.

Autumn spins in fear and jumps across the seat, tries to open her passenger door. It won't open and she bangs and bangs on it.

Uni-Brow smashes the window with his gun, reaches in and pulls her towards him and out of the car. He sticks a gun in her back.

He whispers something to her. She stiffens, turns and walks with the him to a black SUV. Chauncey looks up at Gavin's window and they make eye contact. Chauncey rushes to the building entrance.

GAVIN  
Shit, shit, shit, shit!

Gavin, the leather case in hand, runs to the front door and out to the

HALLWAY

and bolts down the hall to the back of the building.

As he jumps down the staircase, Chauncey is almost at the top of the stairs, other end of the hall.

CHAUNCEY  
Not this time, wanker!

Gavin hits the ground floor and pushes the glass exit door open. He stops and grabs the door. He reaches up and unhooks the spring cable from its hook then pulls the door open to the end of the hinge's axis.

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)  
No need to play hard to get,  
sweetheart!

Chauncey takes the stairs as fast as he can and as he gets to the bottom of the stairs he takes a huge step to the open exit.

Just as he crosses the frame Gavin slams the glass door hard into his propelling body.

SMASH.

The glass of the door explodes into pieces as Chauncey goes through it. The push bar almost cuts him in two at the waist as he goes.

He falls headfirst over the push bar and slumps to the ground in a bloody, cut up, heap of a mess.

Gavin puts his feet in gear and runs around the building.

He stops before entering the SUV's field of view and looks through the expanse of trees. He can see the SUV through the foliage.

Uni-Brow forces Autumn into the back hatch behind the seats and slams the door. A Plexiglass wall blocks access to the other end of the car. She's locked inside and struggles to get out.

Gavin sets down the leather case and pulls the gun out from behind him.

He spins the gun in his grip so that he holds the barrel in his fingers and the butt protrudes out.

Gavin looks back to the SUV. Uni-Brow makes his way back to the building.

Gavin slinks his frame over to the side of the adjacent building. He watches the ground for the Uni-Brow's shadow. It comes closer and closer.

At the last moment, Gavin swings his arm around with force to meet Uni-Brow's face. But the thug sees it coming and puts his hands up.

He blocks the blow and throws Gavin's arm out of the way. Gavin falters. Uni-Brow punches Gavin hard on the side of the head and Gavin drops the gun and goes down.

Uni-Brow pounds his huge boot into Gavin's torso and it propels him a foot in the air before he falls on his back.

Uni-Brow sees the folder. He grabs it and opens it up. A piece of art falls out.

It is an original Vargas Pin-Up Girl watercolor painting; "First Love", a woman sprawled out in sheer, black full body stockings. It's encased in hard plastic.

Uni-Brow ignores it and picks Gavin up by the scruff of the neck.

UNI-BROW  
Where's the list?

Gavin tries to punch the guy but the position isn't right. Uni-Brow tosses him in the air and punches him hard in the face, driving him down into the pavement.

Gavin passes out.

Uni-Brow sees Chauncey's bleeding body at the back of the building. He picks Gavin's silenced gun up and throws Gavin over his shoulder in a fireman's carry.

He heads back to the SUV and as he gets to the vehicle he pulls out his gun and points it in the back at Autumn.

She immediately stops kicking the door and backs away into a ball.

Uni-Brow sets Gavin down on his back on the asphalt and unlocks the hatch.

Gavin's eyes open; alert and ready. He stealthily shimmies his body so that his right shoulder is free to move. He takes a deep breath and cocks his arm and balled up fist.

Simultaneously Gavin lets out a powerful "HYAH" and fires his fist up square into Uni-Brow's nut sack with damaging fierceness.

Uni-Brow's body jerks. He's stunned, reaches for his crotch.

Gavin jumps up and grabs the thug by the back of his head and uses all of his remaining strength to smash the asshole's face and head into the metal of the vehicle.

Over and over and over.

Uni-Brow finally slips out of Gavin's grip and hits the pavement like a felled tree.

GAVIN  
(to Autumn)  
You okay?

Autumn frantically nods her head in shock.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Get in the front.

Gavin grabs the thug's keys and Autumn slips out. He slams the hatch shut and grabs his silenced gun back, as well as Uni-Brow's.

He runs to the building and grabs his Vargas painting, shoves it in the folder, runs back to the SUV and spins out into the street.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

The Vargas pin-up girl painting is laid out on a large glass table. An ART DEALER looks down on it with a magnifier and a powerful light.

ART DEALER  
I have only seen original Vargas  
paintings at the San Francisco Art  
Exchange. This is quite  
impressive.

Gavin stands beside him, his face bruised, arm in arm with Autumn.

GAVIN

I've been hanging onto it for ten years. Don't really want to let it go, but the fiance's family is intensely on the conservative side, so...

The Dealer puts down his magnifier. He looks at Gavin seriously.

ART DEALER

So...

GAVIN

Close to my heart is all. I would let it go for the right price, though.

The Dealer understands. He strokes his chin as he looks back down at the painting. He looks to Autumn and she smiles sweetly.

ART DEALER

Let me make a phone call.

GAVIN

Definitely.

The Dealer slips away. Gavin looks down at the picture, runs his fingers along the edges.

AUTUMN

I've seen these around, gas station calendars and such. An original must be pretty old.

GAVIN

It's from nineteen forty, called 'First Love'. It was the first one they published in Esquire magazine when they started to print his work. It's the only thing I ever got from my father.

Autumn puts her hand softly on his back.

INT. ART DEALER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The Dealer has the phone to his ear, his pen cocked at a small pad of paper.

ART DEALER  
Yes, the original 'First Love'.  
(pause)  
Yes, I understand.

The Dealer writes a figure on the pad: \$112,000.00

INT. ART GALLERY - SAME TIME

Autumn's hand is still on Gavin's back. She reaches forward and rubs his forearm for comfort.

GAVIN  
Left it for me in his will, with a note. Said Gavin, this was the one thing in life that made me feel worth something. I knew you'd appreciate it the most.  
(picks up the picture)  
Hold on to it. Enjoy it.

Gavin shakes his head and sets down the picture.

AUTUMN  
Maybe you should hold on to it, we could get the money another way.

GAVIN  
It's either this or jail. Either way I'll never see it again.

The Dealer scurries back to the table, a look of genuine excitement on his face.

ART DEALER  
We would be willing to go as high as fifty-nine thousand.

Autumn lets out a cough of surprise. Gavin skips past it without a beat.

GAVIN  
I've had it appraised for just under a hundred.

He stares hard at the dealer.

ART DEALER  
Oh, did I say fifty-nine, I meant to say ninety-five, sorry.

Gavin seems to do math in his head, then looks to Autumn.

GAVIN  
Does that sound fair?

AUTUMN  
(a long pause)  
I just want that smut out of my  
house.

GAVIN  
I believe you got yourself a deal.

ART DEALER  
Splendid.

The Dealer excitedly shakes Gavin's hand.

GAVIN  
Now how 'bout we do this in cash.

The Dealer breaks the handshake, pulls back, reluctant.

ART DEALER  
Cash? Well, that's not possible  
right here, right now.

GAVIN  
What other option do we have?

ART DEALER  
Certified check?

Gavin winks at the Dealer, suave as can be.

GAVIN  
Make it out to cash.

They both smile. Done deal.

INT. NUMEROV'S OFFICE - DAY

Numerov sits at his desk. On his computer screen, his off  
shore bank account information fills the screen. His lip  
twitches. His eyes squint.

YURI (O.S.)  
Boss?

Numerov looks up to see Yuri at his doorway with a cell phone  
at his ear.

NUMEROV  
What is it?

YURI

You're idea to watch the banks has paid off. The kid from photo show up a few hours ago at a Barston Financial. Vasili reports he sat down with a suit.

Numerov waves him over.

NUMEROV

Tell Vasili to sit tight and if the boy comes back to not let him leave.

YURI

(in Russian)

Stay put, do not let him leave again no matter what.

Yuri shuts off his phone. Within seconds it rings and he answers it.

YURI (CONT'D)

Hello?

(pause)

Not now baby-cakes, I am with Mr. Numerov.

(he blushes)

Yes, you too baby-cakes.

Yuri shuts off the phone.

YURI (CONT'D)

Sorry, she's ovulating. Starting to call me fifteen fucking time a day.

Numerov stands up and saunters to Yuri, puts his arm around his shoulder.

NUMEROV

My loyal friend.

Yuri looks confused. He looks around the room for someone else.

NUMEROV

I would say we are friends, no?

Yuri smiles. Enjoys the moment.

YURI

I had always hoping, Mr. Numerov -- I mean... Alex.

Numerov looks at him. Closes his eyes. Shakes his head.  
Yuri holds up his index finger and thumb about an inch apart.

YURI (CONT'D)

Too much?

Numerov nods his head.

NUMEROV

Now since I truly value your  
friendship I have decided to leave  
your head on your shoulders... for  
now.

Numerov never raises his voice. He remains composed and calm  
at all times as he grabs Yuri's throat hard in his fist and  
squeezes.

Yuri stands as if frozen; although he may piss his pants at  
any moment.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

If you fail to deliver the thief  
and my property, you will be the  
one to take his place in the  
basement, directly following...  
Baby-cakes.

Yuri tries to mumble something but he can barely breathe.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Do. You. Understand?

Yuri grunts in understanding. Numerov lets him go. Pats him  
lovingly on the back.

Numerov walks back to his desk and sits down, stares a hole  
through the computer screen. Yuri stands still like a dog  
who's been spanked and doesn't understand why.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

You may go.

Yuri scurries away, his tail between his legs.

Numerov, his face red, rubs at a vein on his forehead.

INT. CHET'S DUMP - BACK ROOM - DAY

The room is behind the main area. It's cluttered and grossly  
littered. A junk room.

Chet has a large baseball bat in his hand. He practices home run slugs on anything he can find. The walls, garbage cans, garbage bags, boxes.

Chauncey stands almost at attention. He bends slightly at his midsection, holding his stomach. His face is littered with small lacerations, bandages here and there.

He watches Chet in anticipation of something.

Davey leans on the wall beside the doorway. A cigarette dangles from his lip.

BAM. BAM. Chet hits a few more things. He then re-grips his hands on the bat.

CHET

(to Chauncey)

I'm startin' to forget what it is  
I'm payin' you for.

CHAUNCEY

Well I --

CHET

I mean, you've taken out more'n a dozen guys over your time, and not just little punks, but seriously dangerous mother fuckers.

CHAUNCEY

He's a slick little fucker, I'll give him that much.

CHET

This fuckin' little bastard isn't even in our game, yet he manages to take out two'a my guys and almost splits you in half by slammin' a door in your fuckin' face! He's a fuckin' actor for Christ's sake, so what's the fuckin' problem here?

Chauncey winces from the pain in his entire skeleton.

CHAUNCEY

I could really use a Tylenol or some --

CHET

Fuckin' useless!

Chet winds up and swings the bat hard and fast across Chauncey's bloody face. Chauncey utters a quick GRUNT and falls to the ground.

Chet continues to pummel him. Brings the bat down over Chauncey's body and face repeatedly, shouting as he does so.

Davey looks away from the violent display, recoils at the sound of breaking bones and smashed cartilage.

Chet finally stops. He breathes heavily and spits down on Chauncey's most likely dead body. He kicks him one more time for good measure.

Chet walks over to Davey, who looks at him with true fear in his eyes.

CHET (CONT'D)

See what happens when people fail  
me? When they can't follow through  
on what they're paid for?

Davey nods his head, keeps eye contact with Chet the whole time.

CHET (CONT'D)

Good.

Chet turns away. Davey lets out a sigh of relief.

Without warning Chet spins back around and like a fuel powered sucker punch, fires the bat with speed into Davey's unsuspecting ribs.

Davey keels over. Fights to breathe. He holds his ribs.

Chet lets out a little snicker of joy.

DAVEY

(through grunting breath)  
I think you broke my fucking ribs.

CHET

You're fuckin' lucky that's not all  
I break. I have one more idiot  
come back here with bad news,  
you're next to be bleedin' in my  
back yard.

Chet throws the bat on the concrete and heads out.

CHET (CONT'D)

And get that piece'a shit outta  
here.

Davey tries to get a few more solid breaths.

INT./EXT. SUV - DAY

Gavin drives. Autumn's eyes are trained on her lap. She fidgets with her fingernails.

Gavin takes a corner turn. The bank is just up ahead.

GAVIN

Maybe I don't need to set up this account?

AUTUMN

But you said --

GAVIN

I just got almost a hundred thousand dollars handed to me. Maybe that's enough for the two of us to get away and --

AUTUMN

The two of us?

Autumn looks to him with endearment.

POW. POW.

Both the front and rear driver side tires blow out.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

What was that?

Gavin comes to a stop by the curb. He opens his door and leans out, sees the two blown tires.

He slams the door closed.

GAVIN

Two blown out tires.

AUTUMN

Two, at the same time? Does that even happen?

GAVIN

Exactly.

Gavin looks out his window, alert. That's when he sees

YURI

cross the street towards him, Yuri's hand held under his jacket. The air flips his coat open for a split second to reveal his hand holding a silenced pistol.

GAVIN

sees the gun.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Lock you door.

Autumn does what he says.

As Gavin looks to Autumn's side he sees a huge man approach, more muscle than his clothes can hold, with a bony, scarred face. This is VASILII and he has a bulge bigger than his muscles coming from his side.

Vasili makes his way to Autumn's passenger side of the SUV.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Get down on the floor and don't  
come up until I tell you.

She looks to see Vasili stomping towards her. She quickly scurries down onto the large floor of the vehicle, spins her back to the dash and curls into a ball.

Gavin puts his hand on the door latch. He pulls out his silenced gun and flips off the safety.

Yuri has crossed the street. He is only a few steps from the vehicle.

Vasili is now at the passenger door.

Gavin unlocks his door and pops the handle to release the latch. Gavin puts his foot on the panel of the door. As Yuri is about to grab the handle Gavin kicks the door open as fast as he can at Yuri.

Yuri sees the door coming and dodges.

Gavin takes the moment of surprise to roll out onto the pavement. He pushes the door locked as he goes.

Yuri has still not recovered.

Gavin slams his locked door and rolls under the SUV. He moves quickly to aim his gun across the vehicle at Vasili's huge feet. He aims and pulls the trigger.

The bullet flies and punches into Vasili's ankle just above his right foot.

Vasili shouts, falters, but does not fall. He pulls his gun and ducks down to aim under the SUV.

Gavin moves closer. Vasili swings his gun under at Gavin. Gavin shoots at Vasili's gun and Vasili drops it.

Gavin grabs the gun and rolls to Yuri's side.

No feet.

Gavin rolls back. This time Yuri looks at him under the passenger side of the vehicle. Yuri pulls the trigger. BANG BANG BANG.

Gavin rolls out onto the street.

One bullet hits the pavement. Two hit the undercarriage of the vehicle. Liquids flow from the new holes.

Gavin is up on his feet and he steps behind the tire, a shield for his feet and body.

People on the street, now aware of what is happening, run and hide in stores and doorways.

SMASH. Gavin jolts from the loud noise.

Autumn SCREAMS. Gavin looks up to see through his window. As his eyes clear the edge, SMASH. The driver's side window erupts in a million pieces.

Gavin ducks away from the explosion of glass.

Autumn SCREAMS some more.

Gavin looks to the traffic. Cars and trucks come and go.

Gavin, guns in hand, bolts out across the first lane of traffic. He dodges a car, stands in the vacant second lane and turns back to face the SUV.

He brings up his guns and fires away at Yuri and Vasili.

Vasili is in the process of dragging Autumn from the vehicle. When the bullets come, Vasili drops her and along with Yuri, hits the pavement.

A LARGE TRUCK pulls by in the first lane. It blocks Gavin's shot.

Gavin, shielded, runs along side the vehicle up the street.

When Gavin's blanket of bullets stops, Vasili and Yuri jump up with guns aimed.

Gavin is gone. Yuri and Vasili look around as to where he could be.

YURI  
Fuck! Grab the girl!

Yuri runs off.

Vasili reaches in to grab Autumn. She is across the vehicle to the driver's side. She pulls at the door handle.

Vasili reaches forward and grabs her feet.

UP THE STREET

Gavin runs around a parked car and ducks next to it on the sidewalk. He looks down the street to the SUV.

AUTUMN

She screams. Vasili pulls her to him. She reaches into her purse and pulls out a small can of pepper spray. She spins around like a cat and unloads a stream of spray into Vasili's eyes.

He sneezes, brings one hand to his eyes but keeps the other on Autumn's leg.

She tries to get free. He wipes at his eyes, grunting, and continues to pull at her.

She reaches for whatever she can find. She can't find a thing. She sits up and leans forward, very flexible, and bites with force into his fleshy hand.

GAVIN

runs down the sidewalk. His face possessed by adrenaline. His legs and arms pump like pistons.

VASILIS HAND

stays put on Autumn's leg. She continues to swipe at his eyes.

Autumn falls back, looks around again. Her eyes light up. She grabs the keys out of the ignition and palms them with one sharp key protruding out of her fingers.

She makes a fist, sits up and with all the power she can draw in she slams the fistful key down into the top of Vasili's hand.

Vasili wails in pain as the key stabs two full inches into the top of his huge hand. He lets go of her and falls back.

Gavin suddenly flies into Vasili with a football tackle and propels his huge frame onto the concrete. Vasili's head cracks on the pavement.

Autumn quickly opens the driver's door. She scurries out onto the street and falls to the ground.

A black BMW screeches to a stop beside her.

Yuri jumps out and grabs her by the hair. With propulsion he tosses her into his car and over the seat to the back.

He gets back in, slams the door shut and peels away down the street.

GAVIN

No!

Gavin runs out onto the street after the BMW. He stares after the car, exasperated.

SLAM. Gavin falls forward onto the ground, hit by something hard. He drops both guns.

He slowly rolls around to see Vasili above him, blood dripping down his huge forehead, the keys dangling from the top of his hand.

He points his gun at Gavin.

Just as Vasili's about to pull the trigger, BAM. A car smacks right into him and sends him flying off the side of the hood into a broken mess on the ground.

The car that hit him streaks to a stop. Out jumps Winters like she's a hero from the wild west.

She gets to Gavin and reaches for his arm. With Gavin's full effort, she pulls him to a standing position.

Gavin looks at her, confused to hell.

WINTERS

Let's get out of here before the  
police arrive.

Gavin resists but then lets Winters pull him along to her car. Winters opens the passenger door and leads Gavin into the car.

GAVIN  
The walking vagina?

WINTERS  
Excuse you?

GAVIN  
You're the investor.

WINTERS  
No idea what you're saying kid, but  
I may be the only friend you got  
right now.

Gavin falls into the seat, his hand on the back of his head where Vasili hit him.

Winters closes the door, runs around the car and jumps in. She backs into traffic, finds a lane and is gone.

INT. WINTERS' CAR - SAME TIME

Gavin looks at Winters suspiciously as he rubs the back of his head.

WINTERS  
You called me investor.

GAVIN  
That's what I was told you were.  
An investor who wouldn't fund the  
movie. I have a funny feeling it's  
not true.

Winters looks as confused as Gavin looks suspicious.

WINTERS  
Movie?

GAVIN  
Where are we going?

Winters looks in the rear view mirror. She's quite on edge.

WINTERS  
Somewhere safe. Not sure where  
that is, but we'll get there when I  
figure it out.

Gavin's not reassured in the slightest.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Winters takes a corner and continues down the road.

Back at the corner, another car slows down. The driver looks at the oncoming traffic as he takes the turn. It's Davey. He follows Winters down the long road.

INT. NUMEROV'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Autumn paces around the large, almost empty room. Her face is soaked with tears, she's a mess.

In the middle of the room is a large, ancient guillotine, built to scale 1:5. The blade is sharp and ready for duty. Autumn looks up at it in anxiety.

A door across the room opens.

Numerov enters the room, his cane in hand. Yuri stumbles in behind him. Numerov circles the room. Autumn fearfully watches him.

Numerov runs his hand along his guillotine. Pays attention to the grain in the wood, the bascule and lunette.

NUMEROV

Very intriguing piece of equipment.

AUTUMN

You can't keep me here!

Numerov looks at Autumn in contempt at the interruption.

NUMEROV

For thousands of years, a blade of steel was the most preferred way to end a life. Perfect. Natural. It was used for public executions up until Nineteen Seventy-Seven.

Numerov turns to Autumn. She is most definitely unimpressed.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Nothing today even comes close to providing the kind of quality to detail from long ago. Nobody truly takes the time anymore. Quite melancholic actually.

AUTUMN

Do you have a point, Mister?

Numerov steps to within inches of Autumn.

NUMEROV

Respect.

(pause)

People respected the blade, for its ability to do its function without question, without complaint. It simply did the job.

Numerov turns away from Autumn, continues to circle the room as he admires the globe on the end of his cane.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Now, young lady, I wish for you to explain to me exactly what your part is in all of this.

AUTUMN

My part?

NUMEROV

Your job. Your function, assignment, undertaking. What it is you were hired to do to screw me.

AUTUMN

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

Numerov whips his cane out. It connects hard against Autumn's ear. She yelps in pain and backs away in defense.

NUMEROV

You failed to catch my lesson on respect.

Autumn regains her composure, rubs the pain away from her ear.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Once again, what is it you were hired to do?

AUTUMN

Does this have something to do with that list?

Numerov smiles to himself, nods his head a few times.

Numerov taps his cane on the floor three times. Yuri grabs Autumn by the back of her head and drags her toward the guillotine.

Autumn tries to release his hold on her.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
 (scared)  
 What are you doing?

Yuri uses his brute strength to force Autumn onto her knees. He pushes her head into the bascule to rest in the guillotine's curved lunette.

Autumn screams as she tries to wriggle free of Yuri. But to no avail. She is just not strong enough.

Yuri forces her neck down into the lunette and reaches up to lock it into place, her neck tightly in the hole.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)  
 No, stop, please, no! I know something!

Numerov steps softly to the guillotine. He reaches up to the trigger mechanism. Autumn continues to scream.

NUMEROV  
 Why should I believe you now?

AUTUMN  
 Please don't do this!

NUMEROV  
 So sad.

AUTUMN  
 (shouting)  
 There's a list!

Numerov releases the trigger. The blade swiftly drops towards Autumn's neck.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
 No!

Numerov inserts his cane into the blade's path to stop it inches from Autumn's decapitation.

Autumn continues to scream. Numerov walks away from the machine.

NUMEROV  
 You were saying?

AUTUMN

(hysterically)

We have a list, in a motel room,  
the key's in my pocket, please, let  
me out of here!

Numerov smiles sadistically. He turns and walks back to the guillotine, squats down and runs his fingers through Autumn's hair.

She cries as he does so. He stands up and leans into Yuri as he exits.

NUMEROV

Learn the location and get me the  
goddamn list.

Numerov leaves the room. Yuri raises the blade and lets Autumn out of the lunette. She slithers down to the floor, curls up in a ball and cries.

Yuri looks down on her. Slight sorrow flickers in his eyes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gavin paces in front of Winters' parked car.

WINTERS

Let me get this straight. It was  
all a farce so you could shoot  
Pearson and steal a list?

Gavin rolls his eyes.

GAVIN

For the tenth time, yes!

WINTERS

But I don't get it. Why would they  
not just shoot him and steal the  
list themselves?

GAVIN

Look, you're askin' the wrong guy.

WINTERS

And again, you have no idea who  
Alexander Numerov is?

GAVIN

For chrissake, are you gonna help  
me out here, or --

WINTERS

I'm trying to get the facts straight.

GAVIN

But they have Autumn. I need to get to her, so are ya gonna help me out or not?

Winters stutters. She has no answer. Gavin huffs, tries to get into the driver's side of Winters' car. Winters tries to block the way.

WINTERS

What are you doing?

GAVIN

Not standing around here listening to the non-plan you have, move.

Winters stays with her back to the door.

WINTERS

Wait, just listen for a moment.

Gavin stops and stares at Winters. Intimidation seeps from every pore.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Exactly what was on the list?

Gavin backs away for a moment.

GAVIN

Why?

WINTERS

If I know, I can figure out a plan on how to get you out of this.

Gavin thinks for a moment, looks Winters up and down.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

The longer you wait, the longer they can torture the girl.

GAVIN

A list of numbered bank accounts and passwords.

WINTERS

How many on the list?

GAVIN  
About thirty.

Winters' face loses color.

WINTERS  
Where is it?

GAVIN  
In our motel room --

Gavin's eyes go wide.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Autumn has a key to the room.

Winters looks confused.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Get in the car.

Gavin pushes Winters out of the way. He jumps into the driver's seat. Winters realizes the situation.

WINTERS  
Shit!

Winters runs around the hood of the car and jumps in.

Gavin spins the car around one hundred and eighty degrees and flies out of the parking lot, leaving a slick black tread like a slug.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Gavin slips the key into the door and opens it up. He and Winters quickly slip inside and the door closes behind fast them.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gavin and Winters jump in shock.

Across the room, his hands deep in a pillowcase, is Yuri. Gavin has no weapon. Winters moves to pull her gun.

Yuri whips up his gun before Winters has a chance. Gavin's arms go up. Winters hides behind him.

GAVIN  
Don't shoot.

YURI  
Where is it?

GAVIN  
Where's what?

Yuri takes one step closer to Gavin. His face grows red with anger and sweat floods from his hairy pores.

YURI  
The fucking list! Where is it?

GAVIN  
I don't know --

Yuri takes another step towards Gavin. He cocks the hammer of his gun.

YURI  
You help me find now, or I find  
anyway after you're dead.

Gavin lowers his arms. Points to the television.

GAVIN  
Under the TV.

Yuri looks to his side at the TV. He looks back to Gavin and backs up to move the TV.

Gavin glances at the table beside him, moves his hand close to the ice bucket. The ice has turned to water, two full beer cans sit inside.

Yuri, his gun and eyes trained on Gavin, uses his free hand to push the television backwards.

Under the television is the flash drive. Yuri turns slightly to pick it up. His cell phone rings loudly. Yuri flinches and his gun moves off Gavin.

Gavin uses the moment of distraction to swipe the ice bucket off the table. It flies at Yuri. He deflects the bucket but the water splashes him and a beer can smashes him hard in the face.

Gavin lunges at him. He's on top of Yuri before Yuri can think straight. They both go down.

Winters pulls her gun and tries to get a bead on Yuri, but Gavin is in the way.

The cell phone continues to ring.

Gavin wrestles for the gun. Yuri still has control. They both try to get a tighter grasp on it than the other guy.

BANG. It goes off, BANG BANG. The bullets fly over Gavin's shoulder and almost through Winters.

Winters dives behind the bed.

Yuri manages to get momentum and pulls the gun up so the barrel pushes into Gavin's arm.

BANG. The gun goes off. Gavin's arm explodes in blood.

He falters back but recoils, pissed off all to hell. He grabs the gun with his good arm and rips it out of Yuri's hand.

Gavin flips the gun around and it goes off, into the cell phone. The ringing fades to a stop.

Another bullet hits Yuri in the upper left side of his chest. Yuri falls back and groans in pain. He goes limp and silent.

Winters looks up over the bed.

WINTERS

You okay?

Not looking to Winters, Gavin throws down the gun. He grabs his arm, stumbles over to the television and grabs the flash drive.

GAVIN

I am now.

DAVEY (O.S.)

I'll take that.

Gavin and Winters simultaneously spin to the door.

Davey smirks at them, impressed with himself. He aims a powerful handgun at them. Gavin moves for Yuri's gun.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You're smarter than that.

Gavin doesn't stop. Davey shoots. The bullet hits the wall just ahead of Gavin. Gavin stops.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

At least I thought you were. Bring me the list.

Gavin looks to Winters for help. Winters looks like a scared little girl.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Don't think the jelly fish'll be  
much help. Gimme the gun.

Winters hands Davey her gun.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
And you give me the list.

Gavin steps to Davey, holds the flash drive out for him. He winces at his injured arm.

Davey takes the flash and stuffs it into his pocket.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
(to Winters)  
Grab a pillowcase and tie up his  
arm, we're taking a little trip. I  
don't want bloodstains in my car.

WINTERS  
Where are we going?

Davey smacks Winters in the side of his head with the gun.

DAVEY  
Time to see the boss man.

They turn and leave.

After a moment Yuri opens his eyes, rolls over and checks his wound. He looks to the door with vengeance in his eyes.

INT. NUMEROV'S PARLOR - NIGHT

A chess board.

Numerov's hand moves his black knight into position near the white King.

NUMEROV  
Check mate.

Autumn is seated in a chair. Her legs and one arm are secured to the chair with zip ties. Tears have streaked her face with lines of black mascara.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)  
You need to stop making it so easy  
for me.

Numerov puffs on a nice cigar. Autumn's expression doesn't change.

A RUCKUS comes from the front entrance. Numerov turns to see.

Yuri catapults into the room. He slams to the floor. Blood smears the white marble.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

What the...?

Yuri GRUNTS from the floor.

Numerov rushes to him, alarmed.

Autumn immediately shifts back and forth. Tests her restraints.

Numerov kneels to Yuri.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened to you?

YURI

That muff diver agent, she show up  
with the kid --

Yuri has a coughing fit and coughs up blood. Numerov backs away out of the bloody spatter.

NUMEROV

Did you acquire the list?

YURI

(through bloody coughs and  
rasps)  
Baby-cakes...

NUMEROV

Forget the bitch. What about the  
list?

Yuri coughs some more, rolls onto his side. The bloody mess grows around him.

YURI

No, Baby-cakes called me. On cell.  
Caught me off guard. Kid jumped  
me...

Yuri lets out a few gurgles of blood.

NUMEROV

Fucking women! Where is the list now?

YURI

To Campbell. Went to Campbell...

Numerov stands up and flips open his cell, speed dials. He reaches and grabs a gun out of a drawer.

NUMEROV

I am coming by, be ready.

He shuts his phone and looks to Yuri.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Watch the girl.

Yuri looks to him with a look to say, "You've got to be fucking kidding me!".

Numerov returns for a split second, throws a large towel into Yuri's curled up hands, then leaves.

Autumn uses her free hand to pull at the zip ties around her arm and legs.

INT./EXT. DAVEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gavin drives. Winters is in the passenger seat. Davey plays back seat driver, his gun at the ready.

WINTERS

I'm serious, the jail term of kidnaping can be just as long as a murder term, especially if it's an FBI agent.

DAVEY

You can stop talking any time.

WINTERS

You should rethink your entire plan and see if you can't come to a different way of --

DAVEY

Stop the car!

Gavin slams on the brakes.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Get out.

Winters quickly releases her seat belt and exits the car. Davey does the same but stops half way out when Gavin stays inside.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You too.

Gavin puts the car in park and exits. He walks to Winters, the makeshift tourniquet on his arm soaked in blood.

They stand under an overpass blanketed by the darkness.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Backs against the wall.

Gavin and Winters do as he commands.

Davey looks them up and down. Checks his watch. He pulls his gun up to aim at Winters right between her eyes.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Turn around.

WINTERS

This is not what I meant --

DAVEY

You're the only official who knows that we're behind this whole thing, so turn the fuck around!

Winters does so. Davey looks very unsure of himself.

WINTERS

Look, just let me go. I won't say anything, I'll close the file, nobody knows anything.

DAVEY

You'll come after me.

WINTERS

I swear I won't.

DAVEY

You never stopped going after Numerov.

WINTERS

That's different, he had my father killed.

Davey's grip on the gun is uneasy. He cocks the hammer.

Gavin looks at Winters and sees the utter fear on her face. Winters whispers prayers to herself with her eyes closed.

GAVIN  
Don't do this. Just knock her out or something, she's just doing her job, you can't kill her.

Davey keeps the shaky gun aimed, looks at Gavin.

DAVEY  
Why should I listen to you?

Gavin isn't ready to answer. He stammers. Nothing comes.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Exactly.

GAVIN  
I'll pay you.

Davey laughs.

DAVEY  
You'll pay me?

GAVIN  
Yes.

DAVEY  
Good try.

GAVIN  
Ninety-five thousand.

Davey takes pause. He moves his glance back to Gavin.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
I have a certified check in my pocket made out to cash for ninety-five thousand dollars.

Winters stops her futile praying, opens her eyes at Gavin in surprise.

DAVEY  
You'd hand me that check to spare this pathetic bitch?

Gavin slowly reaches into his pocket and pulls out the check. He carefully hands it to Davey.

GAVIN  
Yes.

Davey looks at the check. He gives it a good once over.

DAVEY  
Very generous of you.

Davey pulls the trigger and fires two shots into Winters' chest. Winters flies back against the wall and slides to the ground, dead.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Get in the car, Chet's waiting.

Gavin looks down at Winters in shock.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Get in the fucking car!

Gavin slowly gets back into the driver's seat and Davey slides in beside him.

INT. CHET'S DUMP - LATER

Chet pours himself an excessively large glass of whiskey as he shakes his head. He looks at his watch and downs the dripping glass.

The door bangs open as Gavin flies through. He slides across the floor and into a chair. He lands on his wounded arm and shouts at the damaging pain. Davey slams the door behind him.

CHET  
About fucking time.

DAVEY  
Yeah, yeah, I had to get rid of Agent Winters.

CHET  
You killed the cunt licker, right?

DAVEY  
I always follow the rules, boss.

Davey pulls Gavin up and smacks him down in a chair.

CHET  
Better tell me you got the goddamn list.

Davey pulls the flash drive from his pocket and tosses it at Chet. Chet catches it and smiles for the first time in years. He looks at the drive.

CHET (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this?

DAVEY  
A flash drive. The list is on it  
in a computer file.

CHET  
And how are we supposed to know  
it's the real thing?

DAVEY  
We go online to check accounts,  
like I explained to you.

CHET  
And where's the fuckin' computer?

DAVEY  
There's a lap top in the back.

CHET  
Then fetch it ya fuckin' idiot.

Chet looks to Davey like a dog to a cat. Davey heads to the back room.

Chet moves to Gavin and socks him a solid sucker punch to his bullet wound. Gavin falls off the chair.

GAVIN  
Frickin' hell!

Chet circles Gavin like he's a wounded animal about to be ravaged. He fires his foot into Gavin's kidney.

Davey comes running out to see what's happened. He sees Gavin squirming on the floor. Chet walks away to the bar and pours himself another drink.

CHET  
Load it up, see if it's for real.

Gavin stays on the floor. Davey opens the lap top. He inserts the flash drive but it doesn't load. The lap top makes a strange sound.

CHET (CONT'D)  
What's wrong now?

DAVEY  
I don't really know.

Chet throws his glass at the dart board in rage.

CHET

I've fuckin' had it with your  
fuckin' screw ups.

Chet jumps at Davey and starts to beat the hell out of him. Gavin watches, sees his chance, starts to crawl to the door.

Davey tries to fight back but he's much too worn already. Chet pummels him again and again into the floor.

Chet lifts his huge foot to stomp on Davey's head, when BANG. Chet takes a bullet and falls to the floor.

Everyone looks to the source of the bullet. The front door. There stands Red and Bull on either side of Numerov, who has a smoking gun in his hand and a sick smile of satisfaction on his face.

NUMEROV

Good evening, thieving mother  
fuckers.

Chet is hurt but alive. He reaches for his gun in his waistband. Bull has his gun out and BANG, another bullet shatters Chet's elbow into pieces.

THWAP THWAP. Two sleek throwing knives fly into Red and Bull, in each of their throats. Blood shoots out as they both grab their necks and hit the floor face down.

Numerov stares in awe at what just happens. He looks to see Little Dink peeking around the bar. Before Dink can throw another knife, Numerov unloads a string of bullets at him.

Dink hides behind the bar but the wood is so old the bullets punch through it and then him.

Numerov heads around to make sure he's dead and he stares down on the dead little guy.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Never killed a child before...

Chet wails in pain and cries like a little baby. Numerov turns back and sees Gavin slowly crawling towards the door.

Davey has almost passed out from his beating.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Don't you all look a fright.

Numerov walks to the lap top and grabs the flash drive.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Looks like somebody's a liar.

He slides the drive into his inside jacket pocket. He squats down next to the whimpering Chet.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

The girl told me quite a tale involving a little charade, Mr. Campbell. Of which surely you are the head pin. I was quite impressed with the creativity and balls to try something new, but it was very, very stupid. I would let you sleep here and bleed to death all alone, but, I have a much better end in store for you in my cellar.

Numerov stands up and walks to Gavin.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

From what I understand, you are simply a pawn, so I have decided to let you live. At least for the moment.

Numerov kicks Davey softly with his foot.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Are you coherent?

DAVEY

(through broken teeth)

Yes.

NUMEROV

Good, I have a job for you. Help the pawn drag Mr. Campbell to the vehicle outside. Perdition awaits him lickety split.

Numerov smiles to himself at his witty line. Gavin and Davey lift Chet with great strain and drag him along to the door.

Numerov stops and looks down on the dead Red and Bull.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

So hard to find good help.

INT. NUMEROV'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Autumn is still secured to the chair but on her back on the floor, her arms and legs cut and bleeding from rubbing on the zip ties. She softly cries, conquered.

Yuri lies lifeless in the same spot he was left in.

A door SLAMS. After a moment Davey and Gavin enter, each taking a shoulder of Chet as they drag him in. Numerov is right behind them, a little spring in his step, his gun in hand.

Gavin sees Autumn and drops his side of Chet. Davey almost drops Chet himself but manages to keep him up.

Gavin drops to Autumn.

GAVIN

You okay?

Autumn doesn't register that Gavin is there. Gavin shakes her head to make her look at him. She focuses in on him.

AUTUMN

Gavin!

NUMEROV

What is it with you fucking slaves  
to the pussy?

Numerov picks Gavin up by the scruff of the neck and pushes him back to Chet.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Down the stairs.

INT. NUMEROV'S OFFICE - LATER

Chet lies on the cold marble, a bloody mess, spit bubbles spouting from his mouth, a huge puddle of blood around him. At Chet's feet is a huge rolled up area rug.

On Numerov's desk lies the flash drive, next to his humming lap top and unlit candles.

SCRAPING noises come from outside the door. After a moment Davey and Gavin enter, dragging the large guillotine into the room.

Numerov backs them up, a regular slave driver.

NUMEROV

Just above his head, please.

Gavin and Davey drag the machine and set it right where he ordered, about two feet from the door, right next to Chet's head.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Let me think, is there any other  
furniture I wish to have moved  
while I have you men here?

Numerov chortles to himself; he enjoys himself way too much. Gavin and Davey fail to see the humor.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Oh yes, place this pile of  
excrement into his nice, cozy bed.

Gavin and Davey don't know exactly how to do it. They grab his body and drag him to the machine. They fiddle until they finally get it right.

Chet's neck rests tightly in the frame. He grunts and coughs as it tightens around his huge neck.

Numerov, large gun in hand, spins the two chairs in front of his desk around to face Chet and the guillotine in the center of the room.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Please, do have a seat, rest.

Gavin, a bloody, weakened mess, flops down in one chair. Davey, bruised and broken, flops down in the other. They look completely spent.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

I do want you to enjoy the show.  
Let me assure you, it's quite a  
thing to see.

Numerov steps to his desk and uses his lighter to ignite two candles. He cups his hand and sweeps the aroma towards him. He takes a deep breath.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

How I detest the smell of blood.

Numerov moves to Chet.

He circles the guillotine. He enjoys every angle, every grimace Chet makes, every drop of blood that falls to his floor.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

Mr. Thompson, is there anything you would like to say to your boss before his time is cut short?

Numerov smirks at his own little pun. Davey coughs a couple times, spits out a large gob of blood soaked phlegm.

DAVEY

Actually, I would truly, genuinely enjoy it if I could be the one to pull the lever.

Numerov bites his lip. He takes in a deep breath through clenched teeth.

NUMEROV

Oh but I so rarely get to indulge myself in this manner.

Davey shrugs his shoulders.

DAVEY

Then go to it.

NUMEROV

Actually, why not? I can always pull the next one this evening.

Davey and Gavin look at each other in disappointment.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

By all means, enjoy.

Numerov holds out his hand in offering of the machine.

Davey sluggishly stands up and takes long, harrowed steps to the guillotine. He stops next to the guillotine's drop switch.

Numerov has his gun down, cocky, a man in charge of his universe.

DAVEY

Any specific... Execution?

Numerov lets out a chuckle at the pun. He points a few times at Davey.

NUMEROV

My kind of man. Maybe I should keep you around after all.

Davey looks at Gavin. Gavin stares back, his eyes suddenly focused. Davey winks at him.

Gavin abruptly topples forward out of his chair. Numerov's attention is drawn to Gavin.

Davey lunges at Numerov and rams him in the side.

Numerov staggers, sidesteps, his feet hit the rolled carpet. He plunges sideways and goes over the carpet. His gun flies from his hand.

Gavin is up and jumps on top of Numerov. Davey joins in and they rip him up to his feet and drag him to the guillotine.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

You mother fuckers!

Davey holds Numerov tightly by the throat and the balls. Numerov gurgles. Gavin unlocks Chet from the machine and rolls him out of the way.

Chet is about dead from bleeding out.

Davey forces Numerov down into the guillotine.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

No!

Numerov fights it but Gavin is quick to stomp on his spine and it sends Numerov down into submission.

Gavin quickly drops the neck frame and Davey quickly snaps it into locked position.

Gavin and Davey squarely look at each other.

Gavin quickly lunges for the gun and gets it, turns the tables, has Davey at gun point.

Davey doesn't really seem to care. He drops to the floor beside Numerov, pats Numerov on the back of the head.

NUMEROV (CONT'D)

You fucking earthworms! I'll have your heads for this.

Davey leans down close to Numerov's head.

DAVEY

You just never stop talking, do you, ya fuckin' megalomaniac?

Numerov pitches back and forth in a last minute effort to save his life. He stays tightly secured in his own machine.

Davey looks up at Gavin and the gun that's trained on him.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Ya gonna do it already, or what?

Gavin takes a breath, sweats, thinks.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
At least let me drop the blade  
before you do me?

Gavin flicks his eyes to the desk... the flash drive.

GAVIN  
I should fucking kill you for what  
you did to me.

DAVEY  
Do I hear a but coming?

Gavin side steps to the desk.

GAVIN  
But... we're gonna make one last  
deal. I leave you the list, you  
let me and Autumn go. We go far  
away, and you don't follow. Ever.

Davey eyes him suspiciously.

NUMEROV  
That is my list you fu --

Davey slams his fist down hard on the back of Numerov's head. It shuts him up. Davey cocks his head at Gavin.

DAVEY  
You have the gun, cowboy. Guess  
that means you make the rules.

Gavin grabs the flash drive and tosses it to Davey. Davey nabs it, smiles an ugly, broken tooth grin.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Pleasure doing business with you.

GAVIN  
Don't follow us.

Gavin slowly lowers the gun and is out the door.

DAVEY

Gavin.

Gavin stops and turns.

Davey has his hand held out, Gavin's cashier's check in his fingertips.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Don't think I'll be needing this.  
But you may.

Gavin waits for a moment then softly treads back into the office and slides the check from Davey's fingers.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

No hard feelings?

Gavin has a tender look cross his face. He suddenly smacks Davey across the cheek with the gun.

Davey lets out a yelp.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

(holding his face)  
Fair enough.

Gavin turns and heads upstairs.

Davey struggles to stand. He circles the guillotine and spits blood down on Numerov's dry-cleaned suit.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

This is the time where you and I  
have a little fun...

Davey walks to the door and slams it shut, closing them in.

Numerov lets out a deep primal scream.

INT. NUMEROV'S PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Autumn, still on the floor in the overturned chair, struggles with her restraints.

A KNIFE slowly approaches her wrist.

She squirms but the knife slips in and cuts away the zip tie. She looks up and sees Gavin.

AUTUMN

Gavin!

He cuts away the other ties and pulls her to her feet. She throws her arms around his neck and holds on for dear life.

GAVIN  
You're alright now.

Autumn, eyes closed, CRIES with shocked relief.

AUTUMN  
How did you... What...

GAVIN  
I'll explain on the plane, come on.

AUTUMN  
Plane?

He pulls her along with him. She stumbles but regains her balance and walks along with him, Yuri's dead body and eerie silence behind them.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

Gavin and Autumn run along the beach, only a spatter of other tourists here and there.

They hold hands then separate and run into the surf, playful.

Their bodies meet again as they slam back together. They stare at each other for a long beat and then it happens... they kiss. Long, passionate, rich.

Autumn pulls away, a huge grin on her sweet, sweet face.

AUTUMN  
Now this is just like in the  
movies.

Gavin laughs and shakes his head. He lifts her up and playfully tosses her onto the beach, where they continue to kiss and laugh and play, not a care in the world.

We drift up from the beach to the ridiculously huge resort hotel on the hills above.

We get closer and closer to the hotel until we reach the windows, where we see someone familiar sitting in the lounge at a window seat. It's Davey.

INT. RESORT LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Davey stares down on the beach from the window as he finishes off a Martini.

A WAITRESS in a scant outfit replaces the empty glass with a fresh one.

DAVEY  
(without looking at her)  
Gracias.

She walks away and Davey grabs the glass. He takes a long pull off the glass and looks down as he does so. His brow furrows at some small objects in the bottom of his glass, and they're not olives.

He sets down the glass and reaches into the drink. He pulls them out and sets them on the table. Two used bullets, squashed and flat.

He looks up and there she is, Agent Winters, across the lounge on a bar stool. She is dressed in a slinky sun dress and her long hair is down; she looks hot!

She gets off the stool and glides over to Davey, drops herself into his lap.

WINTERS  
I told you the vest would be a good idea. Always trust the woman, sweetie.

DAVEY  
You, are a genius.

He pushes hard into her and kisses her like it's their last kiss in this world.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
We did it, didn't we?

WINTERS  
Thanks to the greed and ego of Alexander Numerov. May he rest in fucking agony.

DAVEY  
I'd say it's a hell of a wedding gift.

WINTERS  
Yeah, but the hundred million dollars definitely helps.

She smiles at him and they kiss again.

DAVEY  
Just one last thing to clear up.

Davey looks down on the beach.

WINTERS  
I don't think we need worry about him. He thinks I'm dead, he's afraid you'll hunt him down and besides, I left an envelope for him at his hotel desk.

DAVEY  
Envelope?

WINTERS  
Yeah, a little thank you gift, after all he did try to save my life. It should keep him quiet enough.

DAVEY  
What exactly is in the envelope?

She lets out a little smirk.

WINTERS  
Details for a numbered account that's been set up for him.

DAVEY  
How much?

She lifts her shoulders up and looks a little embarrassed.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
How much?

WINTERS  
Two million.

Davey's eyes bug out and he pulls her closer.

DAVEY  
Two million? You are such a softy.

WINTERS  
I know, that's why you love me. Come on, we have a flight to catch.

Davey downs his drink in one last swallow and gets up. He looks over his shoulder out the window. He finally lets it go and allows her to pull him away freely.

Out the window, Gavin and Autumn lay beside each other on the beach in a sensual embrace. The surf continues to crash against the white sand as the rest of tourists move around the new couple, in paradise.

FADE OUT