

THE RAT

WRITTEN BY DONALD SMITH



OVER BLACK.

MALE WEATHER REPORTER (V.O.)
That's right Kelly, it is unusually
cold in Chicago this Paddy's Day.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER - DAY

A traditional Irish anthem plays.

MONTAGE: HAPPY REVELLERS DRINK AND DANCE. EXCITED FAMILIES
MINGLE. IRISH TRICOLOR FLAGS EVERYWHERE.

MALE WEATHER REPORTER (V.O.)
We can expect it to stay that way
through the weekend.

Thousands line the banks - a carnival of emerald green hats,
scarves and gloves.

The annual coloring of the river has taken place. The crowd
look on as boats litter the dark green waterway.

EXT. BANK

An oversized LEPRECHAUN started drinking far too early and
has strayed away from the crowds.

MALE WEATHER REPORTER (V.O.)
So make sure you have plenty layers
on, especially if you have a day of
celebration ahead.

A tall, velvet hat sits atop a fake ginger beard. The
leprechaun's green coat flows over dark pants.

He staggers towards the bank entrance as wary business types
avoid his swaying path.

BRIAN, 30, athletic with a stubbly, square jaw, watches on
from a bench as the drunk passes.

Brian is dressed in black, from boots to beanie. He picks up
a large backpack and walks behind the costumed man.

His focus shifts quickly to a HEAVILY PREGNANT WOMAN waddling
in the same direction.

Brian opens a bottle of water and gently bumps into her, spilling the contents onto her protruding sweater.

BRIAN

Oh damn, I'm so sorry Miss.

HEAVILY PREGNANT WOMAN

It's okay, it's fine.

BRIAN

Let me take you to this coffee shop, they'll have napkins.

HEAVILY PREGNANT WOMAN

I don't know if I need --

BRIAN

-- I insist, please. Won't take a second.

She seems grateful for his chivalrous remorse.

He gently guides her away from the bank.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE ROUTE - DAY

HUNDREDS OF POLICE OFFICERS line the inside of steel fences as the main event gets underway.

MALE WEATHER REPORTER (V.O.)

If you plan on watching the parade, get down to Columbus Drive soon and give our new Mayor a warm welcome - he'll sure need it today.

MAYOR JEFF HANSEN, 40, and his older Hispanic wife CARLA, lead leather-gloved dignitaries - all waving cheerily - at the head of a LOUD BAGPIPE BAND.

INT. BANK

The drunk leprechaun pauses as he enters the bank lobby, reaching deep into his coat.

He grabs the attention of FREDDY WRIGHT, a burly 6'3" African-American security guard in his 40's.

Freddy moves swiftly as a hip flask is produced and opened.

FREDDY

Excuse me, sir. Can't do that here.

The leprechaun ignores him. BELCHES. Takes another drink.

Freddy snatches the silver container away.

A SECOND GUARD sees the commotion and goes to assist.

EXT. CONGRESS PARKWAY

The parade reaches the masses gathered at the Buckingham Fountain.

The clean-cut DETECTIVE JIMMY WEST - mid 40's, in good shape - stands alongside a squad car a short distance from the procession, bitching to the officer inside.

JIMMY

What you gonna do? Always try to
get today off, but they --

BOOM!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION halts proceedings.

Panic sets in.

A large dark cloud MUSHROOMS UP over the trees.

Jimmy immediately runs toward the parade.

SCREAMING PEOPLE sprint in every direction.

ARMED SECURITY surround the VIPs. The Mayor has vanished - smothered at ground level.

Utter chaos.

INT. BANK

The security guards march the drunk away, back towards the snow-covered street. They don't make it out.

Taser-wielding robbers attack from both sides. The balaclava-clad thieves stick thousands of volts into the guards.

Dragging the unconscious men back inside, they zip-tie their hands and feet swiftly.

The 'drunk' disrobes, pulls off his beard and hat, then rolls down a ski-mask. He looks back outside, impatiently.

Brian jogs in, removing the long backpack from both shoulders; his makeshift beanie covering his face now too.

He tosses an assault rifle to the ex-leprechaun, 50 year old gang leader RUSSELL BARNES, a muscular, gruff-voiced unit of a man.

RUSSELL
Where the fuck d'you go?

BRIAN
Good deed for the day.

Brian produces a similar gun for himself.

Someone passes the guard's swipe card to Russell. He peers out at the oblivious public, then locks the doors.

EXT. CONGRESS PARKWAY

Jimmy flashes an alert FEMALE OFFICER his badge as he reaches the barrier.

JIMMY
Casualties?

FEMALE OFFICER
Not here.

Over her shoulder Jimmy sees the Mayor and his wife being bundled into one of several blacked out SUV's.

JIMMY
What's the fastest way over there?

She looks around despairingly. Fleeing citizens flood the road between them and the bombing site.

The officer flags down one of her colleagues who is passing on a motorcycle. Jimmy jumps on the back without hesitation.

INT. BANK

The remaining SECURITY GUARD sprints for the entrance.

He's alerted by the intense cries of several customers.

He goes for his gun but fails to notice the gangly GUS, late 40's, with silenced pistol at the end of a row of pillars.

The bullet catches the guard in the right shoulder, SPINNING HIM off his feet.

With security neutralized Russell leaps onto a desk.

RUSSELL
Ladies and gentlemen, your
attention please.

His semi-automatic weapon causes the room to fall silent.

EXT. PARK BOMBING LOCATION - SHORTLY AFTER

Jimmy runs over to a destroyed bandstand, where several concerned officers have gathered.

They gather around a small crater that is surrounded by pastel colored wooden debris. Embers SIZZLE as fire extinguishers are sprayed sporadically.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Why would someone blow this up?

Jimmy's face washes over with sudden realization.

JIMMY
A diversion.

INT. BANK

Brian, the calmest of the four intruders, guides the STAFF into the open with their hands aloft.

Russell punts a monitor off the desk.

RUSSELL
Move it!

They hotfoot it to the opposing wall, where the final crew member, LIZ, 30's, aggressively herds the occupants.

LIZ
Faces on the floor. Now!

Russell leaps down, walking over to the shot guard.

Russell pulls him up and places a handgun in his mouth.

RUSSELL
Would the manager please appear
before this bullet does?

The BANK MANAGER, a bespectacled bald man in a pinstripe suit, clambers to his feet.

BANK MANAGER

Wait.

RUSSELL

Pleasure to meet you. Show my
friends to your vault.

Liz grabs the manager by the collar and shoves him in the
right direction.

LIZ

Any funny shit, people start dying.

He leads Liz and Gus through the security door - the barrel
of an AR-15 at the top of his spine a great motivator.

EXT. PARK BOMBING LOCATION

Jimmy jogs alongside an officer who is in contact with HQ.

POLICE OFFICER 2 (ON RADIO)

No, not down here. Any reports of
robberies from *other* areas?

CALL CENTRE OPERATOR (O.S.)

A unit is on its way to a bank to
assess a 2113 that someone rang in.

JIMMY

That's it. Send backup immediately!

Jimmy leaps into a waiting car as he yells the order.

INT. BANK VAULT ENTRANCE

The petrified manager struggles to input the code, hands
trembling.

As they finally enter he's tossed aside, revealing trolleys
covered in stacks of cash.

Gus unfolds several bags and throws two to Liz.

INT. POLICE CAR

The driver weaves through parting traffic, siren blaring, as
Jimmy makes a call.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Scouring his jacket for a cellphone is a disinterested
DETECTIVE JOHN WEAVER, early 60's.

JIMMY (O.S.)
John, where the hell are ya?

Weaver is the opposite of his partner - short, with a slight
paunch. As much hair on his accidental beard as on his head.

WEAVER
Hey Jim, down at Carrie's mom's for
the weekend. What's up?

JIMMY (O.S.)
Your undercover, he call you?

INT. POLICE CAR

Jimmy puts his finger to his ear as the irate wheel-man
THUMPS THE HORN.

WEAVER (O.S.)
Ain't heard from him in weeks.
Shit. What happened?

JIMMY
Turn on the news. There's been a
bombing, but it's a decoy.
(Pause)
It's them.

INT. BANK LOBBY - LATER

Liz and Gus return, shoving the manager to the floor as they
place four crammed duffel bags near the main entrance.

BRIAN
Time to go.

RUSSELL
Tell him we're comin'.

As Brian sends a text, the gang head for the doors.

LIZ
Thanks for your cooperation. Stay
where you are 'til help arrives.
And happy fucking Paddy's Day.

EXT. BANK

The gang stroll out in two-by-two formation.

Liz's short, black ponytail flops down as she loosens the back of her tight ski mask a little.

An intense individual with dark, sunken eyes, she's the only one of the quartet not looking happy as they depart.

With weapons hidden between hips and bags, the rest are about to remove their balaclavas as they hit the street.

POLICE OFFICER
Freeeeeeeze!

Liz is first to react.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Stay right where --

She drops her bag, steps forward fearlessly and holds down the trigger.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

The SQUAD OF OFFICERS take cover as Liz blitzkriegs left and right. She empties the clip.

Brian, Gus and Russell scramble back inside to safety.

A hail of bullets return from the lawmen.

Liz sprints behind a marble pillar. Chunks of debris explode around her.

Liz glances at her bag. Russell catches her eye, motions to abandon it.

He points to the pillar nearest them, as her three colleagues step out in unison.

They unleash a full arsenal to allow her a window of escape.

POLICE OFFICER
Holy shit!

The cop crouches down behind a plant pot as bullets TEAR THROUGH the concrete and shrubbery.

Liz slips quickly behind the last pillar, then dives into the bank as the crew retreat to safety.

INT. POLICE CAR - MEANWHILE

A panicked report comes over the airwaves.

CALL CENTRE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Heavy gunfire. Possible hostage
situation. Proceed with caution.

Jimmy looks at the driver. He puts his foot down.

INT. BANK

The gang scurry through the bank. Each grabs a civilian.

Brian places a call as he lifts the manager to his feet using
a muzzle.

BRIAN (ON PHONE)
Plan B.

INT. / EXT. GETAWAY VAN

SOLOMON - a pale, wiry man, 50's - is a picture of calm.

He runs a gloved hand through his long brown fringe to remove
it from his eye-line as he drives at high speed.

Ignoring a red light, he flies through an intersection.

The dark blue van reaches the back-up collection point. He
turns into a tight alleyway to find -

A police car blocking it.

Two uniformed officers stand at opposing dumpsters in the
narrow lane. Armed. Poised.

Solomon stops behind them.

The FEMALE OFFICER frantically waves him away.

Feigning confusion, Sol gestures.

The officer runs to the window as Solomon winds it down.

FEMALE OFFICER
You need to get --

Solomon SHOOTS HER in the head without remorse.

He throws the van into reverse. With one hand out the window
he takes pops at the MALE OFFICER.

EXT. BANK FIRE EXIT

The fire exit creaks open. Gus appears, removing his mask to reveal a piercing psychotic stare and graying buzz-cut.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Scrambling behind the trash, the cop fires back at Sol.

Gus, unseen, takes a knee and methodically sends a bullet through the distracted officer's spine.

INT. POLICE CAR

As they near the bank, Jimmy spots a number of ARMED COPS run away from the entrance. The radio CRACKLES:

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Officers down, officers down. Armed
suspects in back alley.

JIMMY
Left left!

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Gus spots MULTIPLE OFFICERS sprinting from the far end.

They start firing but quickly cease as Gus yanks a TEENAGE BOY out, using him as a shield.

The rest follow suit with their pawns, making for the van - now positioned on the main street ready to go.

Gus slides open the side door. He jumps in first with his bag, leaving the terrified kid frozen on the pavement.

Russell and Brian are right behind.

They also ditch their victims. The three innocents run off once they realize they're excused.

Solomon REVS impatiently as Liz arrives. She belligerently slams a crying hipster against the side.

Swivelling, Liz empties the mag down the alley as cops dive for cover.

Turning back, smiling darkly, out of the corner of her eye she sees -

FLASH!

Everything goes quiet.

SLOW MOTION: HER EYES WIDEN. SHE REELS BACKWARDS, HOLDING HER NECK. BLOOD OOZES BETWEEN HER FINGERS.

EXT. STREET

Jimmy stands behind the passenger door, gun aimed at Liz.

He sends a second shot into her arm. She disappears out of sight, back into the alleyway.

RUSSELL (O.S.)

NO!

EXT. / INT. GETAWAY VEHICLE

Russell catches the desperation in Liz's eyes. She's trying to crawl when Solomon HITS THE GAS.

As they move off, Russell jumps out and sends a shower of bullets back at Jimmy.

He shoots up the driver, resulting in the squad car flying forward and SMASHING into the back of the van.

They're forced further away from Russell and Liz.

Russell doesn't flinch - shooting in every direction as he tries to reach Liz, but the cops get there first.

Cops are advancing on the van from all sides.

Solomon has to go, no choice.

EXT. STREET

Russell has to leave Liz; he backs into a doorway for cover. He watches the van disappear before following them.

He KILLS A COP as he moves stealthily towards the river. Intermittently he sends gunfire back towards the bank as officers and civilians duck for cover.

Once around the corner, Russell starts sprinting.

Jimmy and a few others are in pursuit.

The streets are too clogged with human traffic for police cars to get through effectively.

Russell keeps looking back, firing over their heads to slow those chasing down.

He can see the van's tail lights a short distance ahead.

INT. GETAWAY VEHICLE

Solomon has the horn BLARING as he cruises through irate revellers. Plastic beer cups and hot dog wrappers hit the windscreen.

BRIAN
I see him!

SOLOMON
Can we wait?

BRIAN
Negative, they're on him.

GUS
Get him to head North.

Brian opens the back door and points left.

GUS (CONT'D)
He'll know where we're going.

EXT. STREET

The van turns out of sight. Russell fires behind again as he crosses the street. The crowd disperse through fear.

Russell picks up the pace, veers down another side street.

He glances back to see the younger and fitter Jimmy has gained on him substantially.

Russell cuts into a bar.

INT. IRISH BAR

With his balaclava still on, and a gun pointing skyward, Russell has an immediate impact as he enters.

The packed bar quickly empties.

Jimmy has to fight his way inside. Eventually he sees Russell up the back.

As everyone exits SCREAMING, all that are left inside are the two of them, the cowering bar staff, and two terrified women.

Russell has the petite twenty-something ANNA standing in front of him, as the Detective puts his gun away.

Jimmy shields himself using the jukebox by the wall.

He pulls out the plug to kill the party song. The bar falls silent, except for:

ANNA'S MOTHER
(Wailing)
Please, my daughter.

Russell puts his gun to the mother's head to simmer her down.

JIMMY
Let's just talk, okay?

Russell pulls the slight, but strong-willed, Anna closer.

RUSSELL
Anything happens to my colleague
and this girl gets mailed back.

Russell takes aim and destroys the jukebox.

The mother SCREAMS as Jimmy pops his head out to see the emergency exit door shutting.

He gives chase, carefully stepping through the back corridors, gun drawn.

EXT. IRISH BAR

Jimmy kicks open the back door in time to see the van turn out of sight.

JIMMY
Fuck!

INT. GETAWAY VEHICLE - SHORTLY AFTER

Solomon stays off the main roads, travelling down gravel paths that line the backs of cheap housing.

Wailing sirens and flashing lights fill the streets.

PAUL, a 23 year old dopey-looking, wannabe gangster, is clearly intoxicated as he waits by an open gate.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Solomon and Gus conceal the hole-covered van using an old dust sheet.

Gus has one last scan, then locks the gate.

INT. PAUL'S BATHROOM

Russell is lying in the bath, bloody smears surrounding him.

In all the excitement, he'd been shot in the side.

Brian hovers with scissors and padding.

Russell GRIMACES as Brian lifts up his sweater. The gray T-shirt underneath is caked in blood.

Brian cuts the T-shirt from the bottom and cleans the wound, then places a towel on Russell's stomach.

BRIAN
Press that tight.

RUSSELL
I'm fuckin' pressing.

Brian inspects the exit wound at the back.

BRIAN
It didn't hit any vitals.

RUSSELL
Good. Sol, tell my cousin to turn that hip-hop shit off. I can't think straight.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

Solomon shouts his boss' request through to Paul.

Gus plants a shocked Anna into a seat in the corner of the tiny room. Her eyes are bright red now, as if she'd been crying for days.

Paul watches her, taken aback, as he turns the music off.

Russell's nervous relative constantly lifts up sagging pants as he tries to act tough. He's sweating.

PAUL

Hey man, look. I don't know if --

Gus picks up Russell's iPhone as it rings on the table.

GUS

-- Shut the fuck up and watch her.

Paul folds his arms and sits by the door, nonplussed.

INT. PAUL'S BATHROOM

Gus hands the phone to Russell, shrugging to clarify it's an unknown number.

Russell waves everyone out as he answers.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Russell is bandaged and resting. Gus looks out the window.

The television is barely audible next to Anna. Her eyes are glued to it, unblinking.

Solomon walks over to her with a cup of water. She hesitates before sipping from it shakily.

PAUL

What's your name?

He tries to whisper but everyone inside the claustrophobic space can hear him, of which she's aware.

ANNA

Anna.

Gus clears his throat from the window, and taps the gun in his waistband. Paul clams up again.

RUSSELL

Turn that up.

The Mayor addresses reporters live on the local news.

MAYOR HANSEN

... killed in today's despicable acts.

(Pause)

(MORE)

MAYOR HANSEN (CONT'D)

Our thoughts and prayers go to those in hospital due to their courage in the line of duty.

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)

Have there been any demands regarding the hostage?

MAYOR HANSEN

As you can appreciate, that's not something I can discuss.

REPORTER 2 (O.S.)

Mr. Mayor, has the gang member been identified? Is she alive?

MAYOR HANSEN

She's undergoing vital surgery now. We'll question her when the time's right.

Russell launches a glass at the TV.

RUSSELL

These cocksuckas think she'll give them anything, they're fucked in the head!

(Pause)

We need to get her asap.

BRIAN

You heard 'em, she's in a bad way.

RUSSELL

We can't believe what they say. Need to find out ourselves.

He slinks back down in obvious pain.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LATER

Several cellphones and their SIM cards are divided into clear plastic bags on the small glass table.

RUSSELL

They're all disabled?

Brian nods, as Solomon appears at the kitchen door.

SOLOMON

Their headphones are full volume.

Anna and Paul are static at the kitchen table, unable to hear their discussion.

RUSSELL

Right, take the van a few blocks when it gets dark and torch it. Steal two rides on your way back.

Brian and Solomon acknowledge the order.

BRIAN

Fast ones?

RUSSELL

Something no-one will miss. From a lot if possible, get them at the same time. Most importantly is you never lose sight of each other. Not even for a second.

Solomon looks perplexed.

BRIAN

Why?

RUSSELL

Same reason I'll be with Gus. There's a rat.

The atmosphere changes.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Y'all should be fuckin' scared.

Brian looks at the bag of cellphones, understanding.

Russell stands menacingly, prowls.

SOLOMON

Wait a min --

RUSSELL

-- I'm not done! My guy at the bank said they never send that many for an alarm. It was a tip-off.

(Pause)

It was his plan so he ain't the snitch. And Liz is nuts but she'd die before giving up family. That leaves you three.

Brian, Solomon and Gus eye each other dubiously.

EXT. CHICAGO PARKING LOT - EVENING

Brian and Solomon wear a mix of party gear and Chicago Bears paraphernalia.

They stand next to a battered gray Ford, with another inconspicuous hatchback running gently in the background.

Brian keeps watch as Solomon cracks the driver's door open within seconds. No alarm.

Brian turns and jumps into the one they'd already boosted and slowly moves through the lot - careful not to drive too far from his fellow suspect.

He breathes heavy.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

There's a concentrated hum in the briefing room as CAPTAIN BERNICE O'NEILL marches in, coffee in hand.

The stern-looking 60 year old African American silences the attendees as soon as she speaks.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL

What have we got?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

We found the van. Burned out.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL

Do we know what they switched to?

Uncomfortable silence. She sits on the desk at the front, looking back at a dozen or so suits and uniforms.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL (CONT'D)

Do we know the direction they went?

MALE DETECTIVE

No, Ma'am. No cameras in the area.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL

Okay. Does anyone have anything?

Jimmy clears his throat, but doesn't speak up.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL (CONT'D)

Keep working it. Dismissed.

Detectives West and Weaver stay in the room with her, as everyone else leaves.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL (CONT'D)
Well? Don't keep me in suspense.

JIMMY
It's them. The bank robbers I told
you about?

She puts down her coffee and exhales.

WEAVER
Time we caught him up.

Captain O'Neill walks over and shuts the door.

Jimmy looks confused.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
I haven't told you everything about
my undercover. Bernice and I chose
him for a specific reason. We
couldn't trust just anyone.

JIMMY
With what?

Beat.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL
Before moving to Chicago, I was
happily married in Detroit.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE: BERNICE KISSES HER HUSBAND, GARRY O'NEILL,
A TALL, HANDSOME IRISH-AMERICAN MAN / THEY HAPPILY MIX WITH
FRIENDS IN THEIR SUBURBAN GARDEN / 90'S DECOR AND FASHION
SURROUND THEM AS THEY ENJOY A NIGHT OUT / SHE SITS IN THE
BACK ROW IN HER DRESS BLUES, WATCHING HIM CHARM A JURY.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL (V.O.)
He was a prosecutor. A good one.
Probably too good...

MONTAGE (CONT'D): THEY DISCUSS A CASE AT HOME ONE NIGHT,
ARGUE ABOUT HIM FUCKING WITH THE MOB / BERNICE FINDS A NOTE
IN THE MORNING FROM GARRY, APOLOGIZING FOR THE ARGUMENT / A
SUITED GARRY WALKS TO HIS STATION WAGON ON A ROOFTOP CAR PARK
WITH A COLLEAGUE - THEY NOTICE SUNLIGHT REFLECTING FROM A
ROOFTOP IN THE DISTANCE / GARRY GETS SHOT IN THE CHEST.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL
It worked. Everyone got scared off.
Case was dropped. But I followed
the trail.

She gets choked up.

WEAVER

Joseph Vialli started off as an under-boss in Michigan to wet his lips. He came back to Chicago when his old man passed.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL

So I transferred here. I know he ordered the hit. Been doing same thing for years - paying alienated ex-military to do his dirty work.

(Pause)

Sadly, he's also got cops in his pocket. A lot. That's why I've never got near him.

Jimmy listens, blown away.

WEAVER

Me and Bernice were partners back in the day. So, she asked me to find someone unbreakable to infiltrate one of his crews.

INT. PAUL'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Brian washes his hands, heavily tattooed forearms visible.

Solomon makes coffees, glancing at Brian the whole time. A palpable, awkward edge has developed through the day.

SOLOMON

If Liz doesn't make it --

BRIAN

-- She will.

SOLOMON

If she doesn't. He'll want blood.

Brian doesn't disagree as he exits.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

Anna hasn't moved a muscle in hours. Until:

ANNA

Could I...

She looks down, scared to even ask.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I'd like to get rid of this?

She displays dried blood spots.

RUSSELL
Get her a T-shirt and hoodie.

Paul obeys at once. Brian follows him out, taking Anna.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Sol. That ex of yours, the nurse.
She still working at Northwestern?

SOLOMON
Yeah, how come?

Russell stares at him. Solomon realizes what he's asking.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Maaan. What do I even say?

Russell sits up slowly, scratching graying stubble.

RUSSELL
Keep it breezy, ask how she is?
Make her think you've had a few.

SOLOMON
Dude, I got a wife now.

RUSSELL
I'm not asking you to bang her for
fuck's sake.

GUS
Just act a bit flirty. Casually
take it around to today's shit.

RUSSELL
If Liz is in that hospital, word
will have spread.

Solomon sits forward again, nodding.

SOLOMON
Pass me my cell.

RUSSELL
No. Use one of the burners.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM - SHORTLY AFTER

Brian stands half out the door, keeping an eye on Anna as Paul hands her the clothes at the end of the hallway.

SOLOMON (ON PHONE)
Hahaha, well you know, just being
my usual charming self.

Gus and Russell cringe. Solomon notices, leaves the room.

RUSSELL
We'll get rid of her after we get
Liz back.

Brian overhears them whispering. He catches himself looking upset, before they do.

GUS
Clock's ticking boss. I'll try and
find out who she is, make sure it
doesn't blow back on us.

RUSSELL
No searches that can be traced -
scan through news headlines, see
what comes up.

INT. POLICE STATION - MEANWHILE

Detective Weaver paces as Captain O'Neill looks at her feet.

JIMMY
Your nephew?! You put your nephew
in with these animals.

Weaver motions at him to lower his voice.

WEAVER
It had to be someone we could
trust. It was his decision.

Skepticism is etched on Jimmy's face.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL
It's the only way we could take
them down for good.

WEAVER
His father was a life-long cop. The
boy knew the risks. He wanted to.

JIMMY

What about today! He hasn't called?

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brian sits by Russell with an iPad, zooming in and out of a map of the hospital and surrounding area.

Russ stands up and fiddles with his blood-stained bandage.

RUSSELL

We need to get eyes on her. Find out her condition somehow.

GUS

There'll be security all over.

Beat.

Anna raises her hand. They all look to her.

ANNA

Usually after surgery, they go to a recovery room.

GUS

And?

Russell shoots him a look, then motions to her to continue.

ANNA

If I help, you'll let me go?

RUSSELL

Not yet. But you have my word. We're not in the business of harming innocent people.

Dubious, but unaware of their plan, she continues timidly.

ANNA

If she's there, it'll be the 8th floor. That's where my Pops went.

They're all waiting for her point.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Most of those rooms look out at the lake. You may be able to see her?

Brian's eyebrows rise in admiration.

RUSSELL
At least somebody's using their
brain. Thank you.

SOLOMON
8th floor will be tough to get to.

Beat.

RUSSELL
Got an idea; Benghazi.
(Pause)
The ambassador we got out. Could do
something similar?

Gus thinks on it.

GUS
Very different. Won't be easy,
but...

Russell seems content with that opinion.

RUSSELL
Next job starts tomorrow. Everyone
get some rest.

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

TWO ARMED GUARDS stand outside a room at the end of a bright
corridor.

Another leans on the nurse's station halfway down.

Between them is Jimmy, half asleep in a crap plastic seat as
Detective Weaver sits next to him.

WEAVER
Here you go buddy.

Weaver hands over a steaming hospital-grade coffee.

JIMMY
Cheers.

WEAVER
She awake?

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY
Could be here a while.

The older man lets out a frustrated sigh.

WEAVER

Listen, Jim. I fucked up. There was a missed call from my nephew.

JIMMY

When?

WEAVER

Same time as the bomb. I'm sorry.

Weaver throws his head back, staring at the ceiling.

JIMMY

It doesn't matter. Must've been him that tipped off the switchboard.

WEAVER

Yeah, but we could've done something.

EXT. FARMHOUSE OUTSIDE CHICAGO - MORNING

There's snow lying, but less extreme than in the city.

The two cars thunder downhill on a gravel path. Solomon brakes heavily as he reaches the house first, throwing up a mix of dirt and slush.

Brian assists the injured Russell out of the tailing car.

A short, older woman - SALLY, Liz and Russell's mother - seems un-phased as she puts Russell's free arm around her.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM

Sally scans the crew with an authoritative air.

SALLY

Any word on Elizabeth? They're not reporting anything.

The room is eerily quiet. Brian leads Sally to the kitchen.

BRIAN

She was bleeding bad but we had to move. Sorry I don't know any more.

Brian puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.

SALLY

She's tough that one. Always was.

(Pause)

Just so it doesn't upset you - I put your case in a different room from hers this time.

Brian looks at her, perplexed.

SALLY (CONT'D)

She asked me to the other day. Said she needed her own space here.

He SIGHS HEAVILY. He looks tired, emotional.

BRIAN

We've been arguing a lot lately. Just... I dunno.

Sally gives him a much-needed hug.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - LATER

Brian puts a plate of bacon and eggs on the table.

Anna doesn't move, staring into space.

BRIAN

You have to eat something.

Brian sits down across from her.

ANNA

Does anyone even know I'm alive?

She wipes away a tear with the cuff of Paul's zipped sweater.

Brian's distracted by AN APPROACHING VEHICLE as Solomon enters. Brian jumps up and pulls a gun from his waistband.

Looking outside he sees Russell, Gus and Sally waiting.

SOLOMON

Miss, could you follow me?

BRIAN

Where?

SOLOMON

Boss wants her out the way for a bit. Gonna lock her in Liz's room.

Anna looks apprehensively at Brian.

BRIAN
It's okay, on you go.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

The car pulls up. Exiting it is -

THE SECURITY GUARD!

Freddy, despite his child-like grin, is a formidable figure. Russell gives him a friendly man-hug.

RUSSELL
You clear?

FREDDY
I'm good bro. They interviewed us
and let us all go. The CCTV of me
getting zapped kept them happy.

GUS
Sorry about that old buddy.

FREDDY
Don't act like you didn't enjoy it.

As Freddy smiles, Gus starts laughing heartily.

Sally slaps the back of Gus' head as Freddy fetches something from the trunk.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Lizzie okay?

RUSSELL
Don't know yet.

Freddy hands a long thin package to Russell.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Gus - get the rest together. I need
to speak to Freddy for a second.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - LATER

The group sit at the table, with their cut in front of them.

Russell sweeps two large stacks of cash into a duffel bag.

RUSSELL
That's Liz and I.

A larger pile, twice as high, sits alone at the corner of the table. Gus can't help himself.

GUS

They still taking that slice? After what we went through?

Russell glares at him.

RUSSELL

They always get theirs.

Gus looks aghast, arms out to his side as he looks about.

GUS

Nobody else got an issue with --

Russell THUMPS the table.

RUSSELL

-- Not now Gus!

Gus folds his arms and leans back, quiet but defiant.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

You'll recognize Freddy from the bank?

Brian shakes his hand.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

We go way back, same battalion as me n' Gus.

GUS

He got shafted too.

Russell puts his jacket on and picks up the package again.

RUSSELL

Freddy, keep an eye on everyone. Wi-fi and phones stay off. Brian, we're going for a drive.

Brian gets nervous, pulse quickens.

He composes himself and follows Russell out.

INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - SHORTLY AFTER

Anna flicks through Liz's luggage. She grabs a plain vest and a warm-looking sweater. Turning, she places them on the bed. She stops, nervous.

ANNA
 Could you leave so I can change?

SALLY
 Afraid not.

Sally spins 180.

SALLY (CONT'D)
 Sorry you got dragged into it dear.
 (Pause)
 But don't think I'll be a soft
 touch. You don't wanna cross me any
 more than those downstairs.

She looks a little taken aback by this.

ANNA
 It doesn't matter, does it? I've
 seen all their faces now.

She starts crying as Sally walks over to the door, saying
 nothing to reassure her.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Russell is face down on a damp concrete roof - one eye
 looking through a thin telescope.

RUSSELL'S POV: A HOSPITAL BED. NURSES AND A DOCTOR HOVER. THE
 DETECTIVES LOITER OUTSIDE THE LARGE CORNER ROOM.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
 That has to be her - He's there.

Russell passes the 'scope over. Brian takes a second before
 locating them.

BRIAN
 He who?

RUSSELL
 The fucker who shot her. Thin one.

Brian's focus moves from Weaver to Jimmy.

Russell pulls A BUZZING PHONE from his pocket. Ignores it.

BRIAN
 Need to answer?

RUSSELL

No.

(Pause)

Everyone has a boss Brian. Mine
thinks we shouldn't take this risk.

Russell, stressed, rubs his face.

BRIAN

Fuck him. We're not leaving Liz.

Brian punches him reassuringly on the shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Through the window, Weaver watches a nurse check Liz's
wrists, which are cuffed to the metal bed frame.

The young, suave SURGEON strolls out.

JIMMY

Well?

The Detectives are peeved.

SURGEON

She needs rest. Talking could open
her stitches and --

JIMMY

-- I don't give a fuck! There's
seriously injured cops and a
missing girl out there.

SURGEON

She's drugged to the eyeballs.
It'll be gibberish.

Weaver walks away and sits down.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

Come back later. She needs a little
more recovery time.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF

Russell has the 'scope back. Jimmy's annoyed reaction tells
him all he needs to know.

RUSSELL

They ain't got to her yet.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

JOSEPH 'BIG JOE' VIALLI - 60's, thick tan, thicker glasses - immediately gives off the impression of a *boss*.

As one of his crew hold a cellphone to his ear, several others beat a man senseless in the background.

BIG JOE
You sure about this?

He's waving a blood-soaked mallet around - the excess runs down his forearms onto rolled up silk sleeves.

EXT. BRIAN'S CAR

Russell leaves Brian inside the running car, unable to hear the conversation.

RUSSELL
Can't leave her Joe, she's family.

BIG JOE (O.S.)
Fair enough, kid. Can respect that.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Joe half-turns as the victim behind wails in agony.

BIG JOE
They know who you are?

RUSSELL (O.S.)
No-one had ID on them and her record's clean. She won't talk.

BIG JOE
Then do what you gotta do. But my money comes to me first, got it?

Joe stands threateningly over the bloodied, choking pulp his men have produced.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
Yes sir. I'll deliver it when we pick everything up in the morning.

BIG JOE
Okay. See you then.

He addresses his right-hand man after Russell hangs up.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)

They fuck it up, whack the whole crew. The mother included. None of this comes back on me.

INT. LIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Liz feigns sleep, glancing at the guards out in the corridor as she subtly tries to free herself from the shackles.

Out of her window, something grabs her attention.

FLASH.

Liz sits up, bewildered. She looks again at the guards; they're busily chatting up a nurse.

Her eyes turn to the light in the distance once more, piercing through the pitch black night.

FLASH-FLASH.

Morse code. She pays attention to the dots and dashes:

---- . / - -- / ---. --- ---

Liz mimes slowly, *'Give them decoy'?*

The light goes on for a few seconds, then disappears.

She gives a thumbs up.

INT. LIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anna bolts upright in the bed as A CREAKING DOOR reverberates around the dimly lit room.

Sally stirs in the chair as Brian enters.

BRIAN

Hey. Russell wants to speak to us.

Sally slumps out. Anna is slower to move. When she does eventually get up, Brian stops her gently.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't mean you.

(Half-whispering)

You okay?

Anna says nothing and sits back down on the bed, pulling her legs up and resting her chin gloomily on her knees.

He sits next to her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 You did the right thing, trying to
 help us? When we're done tomorrow,
 we're gone. You'll get home.

(Pause)
 Where you from?

ANNA
 Like you care.

Brian doesn't react, keeps looking at her. She glances up.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Minnesota.

BRIAN
 Move here for work?

ANNA
 College. Stayed for work.

BRIAN
 What is it you do?

She hesitates, eyeing him cautiously.

ANNA
 Graphic designer. Just got a new
 job actually.

BRIAN
 That's great.

ANNA
 And before you showed up, I was
 going to celebrate over lunch with
 my Mom. So thanks.

She conveys ANGER for the first time.

BRIAN
 I'm sorry.

ANNA
 No you're not. If you truly were,
 you'd... forget it.

BRIAN
 Really, I am.

He turns to look at the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Do me a favor - trust me?

ANNA
Why would I trust you?!

He puts a reassuring hand on her wrist. She pulls her hand away, more in confusion than anything.

Brian looks pained.

BRIAN
I'll check on you later, see if you need anything.

He locks the room from the outside as he departs.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

At the back of a cold, bleak room sits Big Joe, counting out cash precisely on a large steel table.

Russell and Brian stand, respectfully watching on. Not that they could sit - a distinct lack of furniture makes for an unwelcome space to guests.

RUSSELL
The extra is for the hardware.

Brian tries not to stare at the infamous gangster.

BIG JOE
Looks like it's all there. Not a bad take, but you better give it a rest after this is done. Any of this comes back on me --

RUSSELL
-- It won't, you have my word.

BIG JOE
What's the plan after?

RUSSELL
Meeting your Detroit guy for IDs, then we head across the border.

BIG JOE
You staying in Toronto?

Russell shakes his head.

RUSSELL
 Everyone will fly abroad. Enjoy our
 money in peace.

Beat.

BIG JOE
 Your sister and the others - they
 know you work for me, right?

RUSSELL
 They know.

Brian, just finding out, stays calm as Joe glares at him.

Joe nods, satisfied.

He turns to EDDIE, the burly accomplice nearest to him.

BIG JOE
 That's why I like military guys.
 They've seen the real word, know
 the consequences.

Joe walks over to Russell, shaking his hand and kissing him
 on each cheek.

RUSSELL
 I'm not sure we can avoid
 casualties on this one. We may be
 away for some time.

BIG JOE
 Well, sometimes that's the way it
 goes. I'll be sad to lose you kid.

Joe walks away, emotionless, as they exit.

As they head outside, their trunk is already being loaded.

INT. LIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Liz has tears streaming down her face.

LIZ
 They wouldn't do that.

The Detectives are at the end of her bed, stern-faced.

WEAVER
 She still believes in 'honor among
 thieves'?

JIMMY

They don't care about you.

(Half laughing)

The hostage who escaped gave us your name. Saw them burn your passport. What does that say?

WEAVER

You've been left behind.

She sobs uncontrollably.

JIMMY

This is a chance to make a deal. Cops died. Those bodies go on you.

Weaver runs with the bluff.

WEAVER

Why take that? We know you didn't kill 'em - ballistics prove it.

JIMMY

What we need are names. The location too.

WEAVER

Where are they?

Jimmy sits next to her.

LIZ

I don't know the other names. That never gets shared.

JIMMY

Bullshit. How did you and your brother find them then?

Beat.

LIZ

We get a call from an unlisted number. They tell us where to go. Different crews every time.

They look at each other dubiously.

JIMMY

See, now I don't believe you. We think this is your gang who do one big job each year. Smart, tactical, precise. Lucrative.

LIZ
I never seen 'em before, I swear.

JIMMY
Where are they then? If you have no
loyalty to them, as you claim.

She starts to cry again. A nurse rubs her eyes with a tissue.
She violently bucks.

LIZ
Fuck off!

The nurse jolts backwards.

JIMMY
Last chance. Or you go to prison
for the rest of your life.

Liz inhales deeply.

LIZ
I'll tell you where we were meant
to meet - but they'll probably be
gone by now. It's a farmhouse.

JIMMY
Go on.

She shakes her head defiantly.

LIZ
Uh-uh. Lawyer. I get guarantees
first. And my brother too.

EXT. FARMHOUSE BUILDINGS - AFTERNOON

Rain drizzles down.

The dark figures of SEVERAL SWAT MEMBERS emerge quickly from
trees at the back of the farm.

They work their way, battle-ready, towards the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE

CRASH!

The front door gets battered off the hinges.

Silhouettes and flashlights pile in.

They break off in several directions.

SWAT OFFICER (O.S.)
Don't move. On your knees.

Weaver and Jimmy run in once the dust's settled.

They make for the kitchen where a woman is SHRIEKING. On arrival they find -

An elderly couple.

WEAVER
Lyin' bitch!

They look furious.

JIMMY
She played us.
(Pause)
Shit.

INT. LIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MEANWHILE

The nurse looks apologetic.

LIZ
Why's he here?!

NURSE
They got a call to watch you at all times. Nothing I can do.

The nurse walks back out with an untouched tray of food.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF

Gus is in the same location Brian and Russell were yesterday.

This time the 'scope has an M24 sniper rifle attached.

GUS (ON RADIO)
Go.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF

Rain batters the corner of the flat roof as Brian and Freddy step onto adjacent ledges.

They are barely recognizable through gas masks.

Small automatic weapons draped over bullet-proof vests.

Over the edge they go, rappelling from 20 stories up. They BOUNCE DOWN the sides of the building.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF

Gus keeps one eye on them as they reach the 8th floor.

GUS

In 3... 2... 1...

He shuts his left eye.

INT. LIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM

A hole appears on the window at the same time THE GUARD goes down. Dead before he hits the floor.

Brian plants his feet on the glass and pushes himself back into thin air as a SECOND GUARD, outside the room, takes aim.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

The man targeting Brian doesn't notice Freddy appear at the end of the corridor.

Freddy blasts his legs away through the glass. He shoots the window and swings through.

Freddy drops onto one knee, instantly firing down the corridor at unseen foes as he lands.

SCREAMING FILLS THE HALLS.

INT. LIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Brian crashes into the room.

Liz is already kicking the sheets away. She RIPS a drip out of her arm using her teeth.

Brian unhooks, goes straight to her with bolt-cutters.

She pulls the attachments off her body as soon as her first hand is cut loose.

Freddy ducks inside. He activates CS gas grenades and HURLS THEM down the corridor.

Liz scrambles out of bed but doesn't look for her clothes or footwear. No time.

BRIAN
(Muffled)
Ready?

She nods. He pulls a spare mask out, puts it on her.

Brian crouches. She hops onto his back.

Liz taps his shoulder and gestures to his side-arm. He passes it to her.

Her right arm extends over his shoulder, with intent.

They exit.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

FUCKING CHAOS.

Most inhabitants are on the ground, struggling for breath. Freddy takes the lead through the smoke-filled corridor.

FREDDY'S POV: A DOCTOR CLINGING TO THE WALL GETS THE BUTT OF A GUN TO THE HEAD. A FEW STEPS LATER, A HYPERVENTILATING SENTRY CAN'T SEE THEM. FREDDY KNOCKS HIM OUT TOO.

They get to the elevator.

Freddy drags TWO BARELY-CONSCIOUS NURSES in with them.

INT. / EXT. WEAVER'S CAR - SHORTLY AFTER

The occupants sit aghast as the report comes in:

POLICE OFFICER (ON RADIO)
They're attempting a rescue.

JIMMY
Motherfuckers!

The Chicago skyline comes into view as Weaver's car and the two SWAT trucks behind significantly up their speeds.

EXT. ELEVATOR - 2ND FLOOR - SHORTLY AFTER

The doors part. They slowly walk the nurses out.

A LONE OFFICER awaits - Freddy shoots him in the chest.
The nurses run and hide, along with everyone else.

FREDDY (ON RADIO)
Casualty. No choice.

GUS (O.S.)
Room security is dead too.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
Shoot to kill now, if necessary.

Freddy heads for the nearby emergency exit.

INT. STAIRWELL

He drops a cannister over the railings to the bottom.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Ugggh. Ugh-uhhhh.

Reaching the bottom, Freddy RAMS THE BREATHLESS COP headfirst into the wall.

He cautiously opens the underground car park door.

INT. / EXT. GETAWAY VAN

Russell spots them.

RUSSELL
There!

Solomon speeds over. Russell slides open the side door.

Liz pulls off her mask. Russell gives her a loving hug before helping her climb in.

Solomon floors it towards the exit.

Red and blue lights SPIN AROUND the walls inside.

They're pinned down.

BRIAN
What now?

RUSSELL (ON RADIO)
Gus, you got an angle?

GUS (O.S.)
Yeah. Can just about see 'em.

RUSSELL (ON RADIO)
When I say, unleash as many shots
as you can at the nearest cars.
Force them over to our right.

Russell exits and opens the rear doors.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
How many?

Freddy raises six fingers as he counts cannisters.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Launch two when they start running.
Then jump in, lay suppressing fire.
(Pause)
Masks back on.

He pulls Brian out.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Sol, we're hitting 'em with
everything. Shadow us slowly then
get us the fuck out of here.

Russell and Brian check ammo as they position themselves.

BRIAN
Set.

RUSSELL (ON RADIO)
Now Gus.

INT. GARAGE EXIT

Powerful projectiles batter metal.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Sniper!

POLICE OFFICER 2 (O.S.)
Move. Back up!

Freddy throws two gas cans out the side door at the retreating cops.

Brian and Russell side-step onto the ramp.

SLOW-MO: SMOKE AND CASINGS FILL THE AIR. THEY FIRE AT THE MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE WITH ALL THEY HAVE.

Solomon crawls out in tandem. Barely a shot comes back from the fleeing lawmen.

Brian and Russell jump back in.

Sol mounts the sidewalk, then tears toward an abandoned green space in front of the hospital.

Freddy is at the rear door, spraying bullets in their wake.

INT. WEAVER'S CAR

Weaver drives towards an unmanned police cordon, as -

The getaway van flies diagonally across the intersection, aiming at an enclosed green space.

The SWAT truck in front SMASHES an empty cop car aside.

EXT. GETAWAY VAN

Solomon plows through the railings. They speed across overgrown grass, aiming for the far corner.

EXT. SWAT TRUCK 2

The leading SWAT team turn right. They're instantly held up by a stationary police cruiser

The second SWAT truck follows Weaver as he drives straight.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF

Gus takes his time, stalking the black truck behind Weaver with his rifle. He exhales smoothly.

INT. SWAT TRUCK

The detectives' car turns the corner at the end of the railings, as the truck wheel EXPLODES.

The driver loses control.

INT. WEAVER'S CAR

Weaver sees the truck hit a parked car in the mirrors, before flipping onto its side.

INT. GETAWAY VAN

The detectives are in hot pursuit in the background.

GUS (O.S.)
One unit down. On my way to you.

Solomon CRUSHES the metal fence, flying straight into an SUV, wiping it out.

They approach Lake Shore Drive. He doesn't slow down.

He throws them into the corner recklessly, aiming Southbound.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF

Gus tosses the sniper rifle as he sprints across the rooftop in the direction of Lake Michigan.

He picks up a different, pre-laid weapon and points it down at the corner of the building overlooking the water.

EXT. CORNER BUILDING

The arrow smashes into concrete, lodging itself ten feet above street level.

Gus hooks himself on and zip-wires down from the roof.

Releasing as he's about to face-plant the wall, he drops to the ground and ROLLS UNCEREMONIOUSLY onto the road.

Almost run down, Gus scuttles to safety on all fours.

Solomon is motoring towards him. With ten seconds to spare, he pulls a Glock 9 from his waistband.

He takes aim at a squad car approaching from the direction of the hospital.

The second SWAT truck is close behind.

INT. POLICE CAR

Through the windshield, the cops watch Gus step into the center of the road.

He empties the clip at the DRIVER, hitting him several times.

BLOOD SPRAYS EVERYWHERE.

They careen head-first into a parked car.

INT. SWAT TRUCK 2

They slam on the brakes; their route blocked by the wrecked cop car in front.

The SWAT COMMANDER looks on furious, as the gang reach Gus.

SWAT COMMANDER
SHIT! Down the street behind.

They speed in reverse to the intersection.

EXT. / INT. GETAWAY VAN

Gus leaps into the open side door of the crawling van.

Weaver's car drifts around the corner as the flashing of several squad cars appear behind.

Solomon leaves the road they're on and drives over a short grass verge, taking them onto the freeway alongside.

SPARKS FLY from the underside of the van as they dangerously merge with the high-speed southbound traffic.

Gus checks everyone out. Liz nods at him gratefully.

RUSSELL
Good job.
(Pause)
Brian, Freddy - fuckin' obliterate
whoever's back there.

Liz and Gus brace themselves.

INT. STATION WAGON

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

An irate, cursing OLD WOMAN cannot believe the maneuver that was just pulled at her grill.

Brian boots the back doors open.

Her fury turns to terror at the sight of masked men.

Freddy sends automatic machine gun fire over her head.

She SLAMS ON in the middle of the freeway and ducks down.

INT. WEAVER'S CAR

They mount the same verge, barely clearing a concrete barrier that appears, as squad cars fly by.

INT. / EXT. COP CAR 1

The DRIVER momentarily loses concentration as Weaver appears suddenly to his right.

He notices the old woman's static car too late.

The cop car disappears in a crescendo of metal.

INT. COP CAR 2

Bullets ZIP ALONG, snaking their way up the windshield.

POLICE CAR DRIVER

Shit!

He brakes hard, creating separation.

INT. WEAVER'S CAR

They scrape past lumps of tangled metal as the getaway van slaloms up ahead.

Weaver displays no apprehension, speeds up.

INT. / EXT. GETAWAY VAN

Russell watches the action through the mirrors.

RUSSELL

Get us back off the highway - we're too heavy.

Solomon throws the van hard right as they're about to pass a two-lane exit.

Freddy tumbles, almost knocking Brian out the open door.

SOLOMON (O.S.)

Hold on.

Solomon approaches the junction and turns back towards the city center. They mount the curb, head down East Grand Ave.

The bullet-ridden squad car and Weaver are still on them.

Brian pretends he can't get a clean shot through his mask.

Vehicles slip and slide everywhere.

BRIAN

Hit the tires.

His suggestion works, as popping civilian wheels stop traffic.

They get breathing room, the law struggling to wade through.

INT. WEAVER'S CAR

Weaver BARGES between two stalled cars as Jimmy watches the van escape into the distance.

JIMMY

Don't let 'em get away.

WEAVER

No way I'm losing these assholes.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)

Suspects heading West.

EXT. GETAWAY VAN

Russell looks out through the back. It's clear.

RUSSELL

Everyone okay?

GUS

We're good.

Brian goes to shut the doors.

With buildings either side, they blindly run a red light.

They almost clear the intersection when -

INT. / EXT. SWAT TRUCK 2

CRUNCH!

The SWAT driver T-bones them.

Brian goes barreling out through the open rear doors.

EXT. GRAND AVE / MCCLURG CT INTERSECTION

Brian tumbles along the asphalt, smashing into a parked car.

The SWAT van sits between Brian and his crew.

Brian raises the gun he'd put over his shoulder, incase anyone exits out the back of the truck yards from him.

Neither driver nor SWAT commander spots Brian in the mirrors.

INT. GETAWAY VAN

Solomon and Russell look despairingly at Brian, who subtly waves them away.

Solomon restarts the engine.

LIZ (O.S.)
We can't leave him!

RUSSELL
We have no choice.

They take off down Grand Avenue.

The SWAT driver tries to block them, but the heavy armored vehicle has sluggish acceleration.

The gang get away first.

INT. WEAVER'S CAR

As they approach the junction, Jimmy spots someone hobbling away as SWAT pursue the others.

EXT. WEAVER'S CAR

The beat-up motor flies towards Brian as he limps left onto Illinois Street.

Weaver SCREECHES around the corner.

JIMMY

Woah!

Brian's standing, aiming right at them.

INT. GETAWAY VAN

Solomon approaches the intersection with North Columbus Drive.

Two police cars up ahead block the junction.

RUSSELL

Toss it to me.

Gus throws him an M-16.

EXT. POLICE BARRICADE

The FOUR OFFICERS using their cars as cover are sent running. Bullets destroy both vehicles.

Solomon parts the cars violently, BATTERING THROUGH before turning left towards the river.

EXT. WEAVER'S CAR

Brian and the Detectives face off.

Silence.

Brian pulls up his gas mask and points his gun away.

WEAVER

Fuck, that's my nephew.

They exit the car. Jimmy holsters his gun.

The tree-lined East Illinois St. they're on is empty. Brian walks towards them quickly.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

What the hell Brian?

BRIAN
I know, this is messed up. Listen,
there's --

JIMMY
-- No you listen! This is over.

BRIAN
You don't understand, it's Joe.

WEAVER
Vialli. You sure?

BRIAN
Was as close to me as you are now.

Weaver and Jimmy look at each other.

JIMMY
You record it?

Brian scoffs. Looks at his uncle.

BRIAN
Where the fuck did you find this
guy? Record it, you nuts?

JIMMY
(Angrily)
Why didn't you call this in?

BRIAN
Russell took our phones - he knows
there's a rat.

Detective Weaver's head drops.

WEAVER
I'm guessing he never told Big Joe.
Or you'd all be dead already.

BRIAN
He needed us all to get to his
sister.

JIMMY
Now he's got her you're at risk.

WEAVER
He's right kid, time to get you
out. Your mom will never --

Brian stops him.

BRIAN
The girl, Uncle John. If I don't go
back she's done for.

The Detectives accept he's correct.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
If I don't want them to suspect me,
I need to go. Now.

INT. GETAWAY VAN

A cop car pulls in right behind as they get onto the bridge,
closely followed by the SWAT unit.

Gus opens a box, passes Freddy a grenade. He pulls the pin.

EXT. WILLIAM P. FAHEY BRIDGE

Freddy drops the grenade in the path of the cops.

The blast THROWS THEIR CAR SIDEWAYS through fragile, rusting
railings, into the Chicago River.

INT. SWAT TRUCK 2

Flames and shrapnel engulf the entrance onto the bridge.

SWAT COMMANDER
Hold her steady.

He leans out, sending a HAIL OF GUNFIRE at the gang.

INT. GETAWAY VAN

The crew duck as bullets ricochet through the van.

RUSSELL
Get us cover. Gas the exits.

Freddy opens the back door and dumps two CS cannisters.

A wall of green smoke blankets the air behind.

Darkness sweeps over them as they enter an underpass.

Solomon weaves between static cars, swinging left. Freddy
throws a third smoker behind and another to the right.

EXT. EAST WACKER DRIVE UNDERPASS

The SWAT truck crawls into the fume-filled, gridlocked intersection. Several cars stray into the center in futile attempts to escape.

Dozens of people are on the ground and in vehicles, struggling to breathe.

The SWAT unit are stuck fast.

SWAT COMMANDER (ON RADIO)
We lost them.

INT. WEAVER'S CAR

Weaver races towards the harbor.

Brian hides in the back seat. He passes a scribbled slip of paper to Jimmy.

BRIAN
That's where the farm is, and
everyone who's there.

Weaver throws the car around the Streeter Drive arc, cutting across a lush park as a shortcut.

Avoiding several trees, he eventually guides them onto the thin North Pier.

PEDESTRIANS hug the fences as Weaver drives mere feet above the water.

They skid to a halt near the canal gates.

EXT. NORTH PIER

Brian hops out, gun on his back.

BRIAN
Remember, 6PM tomorrow - if we
haven't left the farm by then,
storm it. I'll get Anna out.

WEAVER
Good luck kid, stay safe.

He runs off.

Weaver, distraught, punches the wheel.

EXT. DU SABLE HARBOR

Solomon pulls up at the small parking area near the docks.

No sirens or commotion follows.

Russell exits first. He looks around. It's quiet.

He opens the sliding door. Gus is already assisting Liz.

Russell takes off his jacket and puts it around her, zipping it up so she's more inconspicuous, despite the bare feet.

Freddy activates a countdown timer - '10:00' - on a small device fixed to the inside of the van.

A suspicious SAILOR watches as they walk down. Gus gives him a wave. It's not reciprocated. He mutters:

GUS

Rich prick.

They board a slick white speedboat. Russell starts her up.

FREDDY

We waiting for him?

Russell doesn't answer.

Liz stands at the stern, looking back at the city.

EXT. DU SABLE HARBOR BREAKWATER

Brian sprints along a stone path towards open water.

He keeps an eye to his right for movement. He finally spots them, a few docks ahead.

BRIAN

Hey!

They can't hear him over the purring engine as they turn into the exit channel.

EXT. BOAT

Solomon pulls a sobbing Liz in for a deep hug. She opens her eyes as her head lifts off his shoulder, where she spots -

LIZ

Brian. It's Brian. There.

Russell slows down and drifts over to a small outpost that towers over the water.

INT. SPEEDBOAT

Brian appears directly above them. He throws his gun down, then leaps in himself.

Liz grabs him and holds him tight. She soon backs off, embarrassed.

Freddy starts laughing - a mixture of relief and disbelief. The others react similarly.

Except Russell.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN

He steers them out into the open water.

BLACK SMOKE and EMERGENCY LIGHTS drift between towers in the distance.

INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Anna watches Sally gathering wood outside through a gap in the shutters. This is her chance.

She twists a wire coat-hanger and pokes the keyhole in hope. Nothing there. She looks around the room.

A heavy ornamental poker hangs by a sealed-off fireplace.

Anna picks it up and ATTACKS THE DOOR. The thin plywood panels soon give way.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

A U-Haul truck turns onto the gravel road and slowly heads for the house.

INT. / EXT. LIZ'S BEDROOM

Anna's eye is right up against the shuttered window again

ANNA

Oh no.

She goes at the door with her full might, time running out.

Anna claws at the flimsy strips of wood until she can squeeze her petite frame through.

She rushes down the corridor.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

The entire crew exit the vehicle, taking everything inside with them.

RUSSELL
Get that for her, would ya?

Brian walks to the side of the house for the wood, as Sally makes a bee-line for her daughter. They hug deeply.

Sally kisses Liz's cheeks multiple times as she grimaces.

LIZ
Careful Ma, Jeez.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Anna gently shuts the back door after her.

The gang are visible through windows, filtering inside.

She scurries along until she's out of sight then runs for the treeline across a small field.

INT. FARMHOUSE

They dump the bags. Liz collapses on the sofa.

SALLY
Someone fetch Anna. She's bound to
be hungry by now.

Freddy walks into the hallway; his pace quickens as he sees splinters and shrapnel on the floor.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM

Russell appears from the kitchen as Freddy hollers.

FREDDY (O.S.)
She's gone, the girl's gone.

He re-enters, panicked.

Gus is already pulling a rifle from a bag. As he checks the ammo, he goes to the window.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
The door's busted.

GUS
Got her.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Brian is splitting a final log. The THUD echoes all around the still evening air.

He tosses the final piece into the basket, and THUMPS THE AXE into a nearby post to keep it off the damp ground.

Something catches his eye. He looks out at the field.

BRIAN
Shit.

He hops the wall and runs to the rear of the house. He watches Anna as she nears the forest, willing her on.

CREAK.

He looks right as Gus opens the small window and rests the muzzle on the ledge.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
No. Wait!

He runs into Gus' line of sight.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'll get her.

He turns and gives chase.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM

Gus keeps his aim on her. He looks to Russell.

LIZ (O.S.)
Fuckin' shoot her.

Beat.

RUSSELL
Put the gun away.

EXT. FOREST

Anna runs between trees, Brian a little behind her.

She zigzags in and out until she finds a large trunk, kneeling down behind it.

Her breathing is heavy, frantic.

She clamps both hands over her face.

Tears stream down. She's shaking.

She slowly moves her head out from safety, looking back to see where her captor has gone.

No-one there.

As she turns back -

Brian GRABS HER.

ANNA

AHHHH. No. Let me go!

BRIAN

Calm down. Hey.

He places a hand over her mouth.

His face is right up to hers, eyes locked intensely.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you run, they'll kill you.

She breaks down. He lifts her head back up, pulls the hair away from her face.

His palms on her cheeks, she looks at him with terror in her eyes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm a cop.

EXT. FIELD

Gus, Solomon and Freddy are spread across the field.

They advance quickly on the forest, armed.

EXT. FOREST

Anna is hysterical.

BRIAN
I told you before to trust me.

ANNA
How could you do this?

He shushes her, whispers.

BRIAN
This will all be over tomorrow. My
people know where we are.

ANNA
All the things they've done. How
can you --

BRIAN
-- You need to stay strong. One
more night. I know it's asking a
lot but I'll protect you. Please?

She looks to the heavens. Pleads with him.

ANNA
Just let me go.

BRIAN
We need to do this together.
(Pause)
Will you help me?

She looks into his eyes again, trying to work out whether
he's telling the truth.

Brian steps back slowly.

GUS
Help you with what?

Gus is not far away, gun raised.

Brian spins Anna and starts walking her back.

BRIAN
Help me keep her dumb ass alive.

Gus steps into their path, tightens his grip on the weapon.

He eyeballs Brian suspiciously. Brian stares right back.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

Brian dumps Anna into a seat at the table. Russell is stirring a cup of coffee.

He places it down in front of her.

RUSSELL

Do that again and we gut you. OK?

She says nothing, grabbing the mug and holding it between her trembling hands for warmth.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Fred, take the rest through. Liz and I got questions to ask.

(Pause)

Sol, you're up first.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Freddy leans on the wall by the door. He's the only person in the room armed.

Gus lounges by the fire, nervous. Anna stays as far away from them all as possible.

GUS

What's taking them so long?

No-one answers.

Gus turns and stares at Anna, then at Brian. He half-laughs.

GUS (CONT'D)

You're not like us, you know that?

BRIAN

The fuck you talkin' about?

Gus looks up at Freddy, who pays him no attention.

GUS

He ain't one of us. You, Liz, Russ - we all served. He don't belong.

FREDDY

Shut up Gus.

GUS

I'm serious man. Pretty boy here's desperate to protect the girl. Why?

BRIAN
We need her. If you can't
understand that --

GUS
-- We DID need her. Now we don't.
Seems like you wanna save her?

Anna keeps her head down, fully aware Gus and Sally are giving her daggers.

SMASH.

The heavy kitchen door almost comes off the hinges.

Solomon removes a pack of cigarettes from his leather jacket; irately yanks one out.

BRIAN
You okay dude?

He storms out.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
Gus, get your ass in here.

Gus stands, breathes, walks tall into the kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - SHORTLY AFTER

Russell and Liz sit across from Gus as he vents furiously.

GUS
And how fuckin' long you known me?
Both of ya. Had your back in the
field who knows how many fuckin'
times. And now this?

RUSSELL
Calm down.

Gus' clenched fist smacks off the table.

LIZ
Answer the fucking question.

GUS
Yeah, I went broke. So what.

RUSSELL
They offer you a deal?

GUS

Who? I don't know who the fuck
you're talkin' about!

RUSSELL

Feds? Chicago P.D.?

(Pause)

You got off with an assault charge
a while back, didn't you?

Gus looks at them. He changes his tone.

GUS

My lawyer found out some stuff
about the witness - turned out the
guy had previous. Wasn't reliable.

Liz looks at Russell.

GUS (CONT'D)

It's Brian man. Had a bad feeling
the minute you two started dating.

LIZ

(Apoplectic)

You saying he used me?

Russell calms her down with a hand onto hers.

RUSSELL

I met him inside Gus. I introduced
them.

LIZ

We dated for a year before Russ
took him in. Nah, he ain't the law,
I'd know.

GUS

Something's off. He won't let
anyone near that chick, and they
were whispering sweet nothings in
the forest when I found them too.

LIZ

That bitch through there?

RUSSELL

Don't change the subject Gus.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brian enters the kitchen where Freddy and Russell await, and shuts the door.

The rest sit in silence except Liz, standing guard now.

She GLARES at Anna.

LIZ
Take my sweater off.

Anna looks up at her, bewildered.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Take. Off. My. Fuckin'.

Liz pulls back the hammer.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Sweater!

Solomon jumps into her path.

SOLOMON
Woah, Liz, chill.

SALLY
What are you doing Elizabeth?

Brian comes back in upon hearing the commotion.

LIZ
Don't want this cunt in my clothes.

BRIAN
What's she supposed to wear?

Liz turns to him, annoyed.

LIZ
Give her something of yours.

BRIAN
Fine, I will. Put the gun down.

Russell and Freddy enter.

LIZ
Why are you so protective of her?

RUSSELL
Lizzie.

LIZ
Think she'll forget all this?

She's right up in Brian's face now with fake puppy dog eyes.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Think you'll live happily ever
after, that it?
(Mocking)
Think she'll even last the night?

RUSSELL
Lizzie. Enough.

She backs off as Russell eyeballs Brian dubiously.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Brian, back in. Rest of you to your
rooms. Freddy, take Anna upstairs.

Sally guides Liz away, ending the conflict.

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - LATER

Brian sits up against the headboard of the tall antique wooden bed. He looks tense.

He gets up and paces. Looking in the full length mirror, shadows caused by the dim corner lamp blanket his face.

The whites of his eyes stand out. Worry engulfs them.

He approaches a dilapidated window, sliding it up and peeking outside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Brian sneaks up to the edge of the window. It's single-paned; he can hear every word.

LIZ (O.S.)
It could've been someone letting
slip. Being overheard, y'know?

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

Russell, Liz and Freddy are at the table.

RUSSELL
We're agreed it wasn't Sol then?

FREDDY

He's done time for a lot less. He hates the pigs too much to turn.

LIZ

Well it couldn't have been Brian. It couldn't have.

RUSSELL

Lizzie - it's one from two. You have to take feelings out of it, same as I do with Gus.

LIZ

So how do we find out?

EXT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN WINDOW

Brian looks concerned.

RUSSELL (O.S.)

I'll call Big Joe. See if they got anyone who can do some digging.

FREDDY (O.S.)

Or he might just want us to get rid of both of 'em.

LIZ (O.S.)

In the meantime, why is she still breathing? She's a liability.

RUSSELL (O.S.)

I'll do her quietly later tonight.

The gravity of the situation hits Brian.

He disappears into the shadows.

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM

Brian falls inside. A thin film of sweat covers him.

He slumps onto a padded chair by the door, head resting back against the wall.

He shuts his eyes for a few seconds.

Brian turns abruptly, placing his ear onto the wallpaper.

He can make out the mumbling of a one-sided conversation.

There's a knock at Gus' door.

Brian goes to his keyhole.

INT. FARMHOUSE CORRIDOR

Sally waits. Gus eventually opens it.

SALLY
We locking doors now?

GUS
I don't trust anyone today.

Sally begins walking away.

SALLY
Come on, I've made you a sandwich.
Everyone else ate but you.

Gus hesitates, then walks out and locks his door behind him.

INT. GUS' BEDROOM

Spotting a gap, Brian slips his fingers under the window and lifts it quickly.

With no time to spare he climbs in.

Brian begins searching coat pockets; under the mattress and pillows; inside shoes; between folded clothing - always ensuring each item goes back in its exact place.

Nothing.

He's frozen in the center of the room.

Looking around, nothing seems out of place.

He lifts his gaze, squints.

He pulls up a chair and stands on it to look closer at the dusty light fixture dangling from the ceiling.

A HANDPRINT.

The thick dust coating has been interrupted. Brian reaches over the top.

He pulls a vintage flip-phone out. He opens it up and gets straight into it and activates the call log.

ON SCREEN: THE MOST RECENT CALL IS TO 'CLAIRE'.

Brian quickly dials in a number.

WEAVER (O.S.)

Hello?

BRIAN

Hey, it's Brian. Next time this calls I need you to pick up and say 'Detective Weaver'. You got that?

WEAVER (O.S.)

Yeah, but I don't --

BRIAN

-- It'll get me off the hook. And release all of our names as a news alert. Social media too, or the girl's dead tonight.

Brian hangs up. He carefully puts the cellphone back.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The group are outside as Sally says her good-byes.

RUSSELL

Thanks for everything Mom.

SALLY

Anything for my babies.

She hugs them as she steps into her car.

LIZ

Drive safe Ma, we'll call you soon.

EXT. NEIGHBORING BARN

As the gang return inside, the duo watching them report.

FEMALE STAKEOUT OFFICER

Perimeter team, be advised - the mother is departing the farm. Pick her up down the road. Over.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Russell, Liz and Freddy gaze at CNN as the headline '*Chicago bank killers named*' accompanies thumbnail images.

LIZ

I don't understand. They had nobody but us two when they questioned me.

FREDDY

Unless they were bluffing?

RUSSELL

No, they wouldn't have gone for the decoy in that case.

Brian bursts into the room.

FREDDY

Told y'all to stay --

BRIAN

-- I heard something.

INT. GUS' BEDROOM

The door CAVES IN, closely followed by Freddy's size 13s.

The four of them enter. Brian hangs back as Freddy, Liz and Russell start turning the place upside down.

Clothes, books and belongings are discarded at will.

Gus returns from taking a shower, irate.

GUS (O.S.)

Hey! What the fuck you think you're doing?

Gus is about to hit Brian when he sees the others among his belongings.

Towel around his waist, he confronts them.

RUSSELL

Where is it?

GUS

Where's what?

Russell HEAD-BUTTS HIM.

Gus goes thundering into the wall, clutching his bust nose.

Russell doubles down with a PUNCH TO THE GUT. Gus sinks to his knees, struggling for breath.

Brian drags him back to his feet and shoves him against the wall by the throat.

RUSSELL
Where's the fuckin' phone?!

Gus' expression changes. He looks defeated.

GUS
Up there.

Freddy pulls a seat over and locates it. He throws the cell to Russell, who opens it up and presses a few buttons.

Russell puts it to his ear.

WEAVER (O.S.)
Detective Weaver.

RUSSELL'S FACE GOES RED.

He calmly removes the battery cover and SIM card. He snaps it before pulling a gun.

Russell sticks the barrel between gus' eyes.

GUS
Hey, I was just calling my girl.
Boss, I think you're overreacting?

Russell's heavy breathing slows.

He lowers the gun and shoots Gus in the foot.

GUS (CONT'D)
AAAAAAHHHHHH!

Gus writhes on the ground.

Russell hovers over him, screaming down:

RUSSELL
A fuckin' cop answered! After
everything... Take him out back.

Brian and Freddy drag their wailing colleague outside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

They carry Gus through a small gate and dump him onto frost-covered grass.

A full moon illuminates the scene for Anna, who watches out of a bedroom window above.

RUSSELL
Any last words?

GUS
I didn't --

RUSSELL
-- That's plenty.

Russell cocks the hammer.

LIZ
Bro, wait.

She pulls him aside.

LIZ (CONT'D)
If he was talking to them we should
know what they know, right?
(Pause)
They could be watching right now.

Russell looks around; sees and hears the trees sway.

RUSSELL
They here?

Gus looks confused. He puts his hands up.

GUS
Who?
(Pause)
I ain't talked to no cops, man. I
swear on my mother's life.

RUSSELL
We'll deal with her later.

They haul Gus inside again.

Liz motions upstairs at the retreating Anna.

LIZ
And her?

Russell thinks on it for a moment.

RUSSELL
They know who we are. We'll kick
her out down the road - kill her
and we're public enemy number 1.

Liz looks crestfallen.

INT. SOLOMON'S TRUNK - MORNING

Footsteps approach. Daylight pours in as the trunk is opened.

Freddy looms large as he bundles Gus inside.

Gus' interrogation has left him barely recognizable.

His face is heavily bruised and swollen. Dry blood seeps from several lacerations.

He lets out a whimper as he struggles to curl up, hands tied. Freddy SLAMS the trunk shut.

EXT. NEARBY BARN

Three cops watch through binoculars, from behind a rusting Jeep on neighboring farmland.

STAKEOUT OFFICER (ON RADIO)
Looks like they're preparing to
leave. Over.

EXT. SWAT HELICOPTER

An impatient rotor WHIRS LOUDLY.

Gunmen jog across a rooftop, fully geared up.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Russell gives each of the crew their cellphones back.

Anna sits nervously in the corner. Brian walks over to her with a thick shawl.

BRIAN
This should make you more
comfortable.

ANNA
Where?

BRIAN
In the trunk. Sorry. Can't release
you if you know where we've gone.

She looks scared.

Brian helps her to her feet and tenderly guides her out.

Liz gives Brian a filthy look.

RUSSELL
I'll go with him. You travel with
Sol and Freddy.

LIZ
What? Why?

Russell gives her a knowing look.

EXT. BRIAN'S CAR

Brian lays the shawl down in the trunk, as he whispers.

BRIAN
It'll be over soon.

ANNA
What if they figure it out?

BRIAN
I took care of it. When all this is
over, I'll make it up to you.

ANNA
Promise?

BRIAN
Promise.

She smiles, for the first time.

EXT. MAFIA CAR WINDOW - DAY

THREE MOB HEAVIES sit patiently by the roadside.

They watch the traffic roll by. The elder statesman in the
passenger seat speaks:

OLD MOBSTER (ON PHONE)
That's ten minutes, ain't no pigs
following you.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR

The sun reflects off a thin layer of lying snow.

RUSSELL

You sure?

(Pause)

Okay, thanks.

Russell hangs up, rests his arm out the rolled down window.

Brian, shades on, cruises along behind Solomon's old-school Lincoln Continental.

BRIAN

Where you wanna drop her off?

Russell looks over at him.

RUSSELL

I'm not as dumb as I look, y'know.

Brian glances at him. Russell laughs heartily.

BRIAN

Fuck off. I just don't see the need to prolong her misery.

RUSSELL

I'm sure that's it Romeo. You're lucky Liz never got hold of her.

Russell looks back out at the passing scenery again.

BRIAN

Things just didn't --

RUSSELL

-- Save it for her.

Brian watches Liz half turn and look out the back window of the car in front.

INT. HELICOPTER

From high above, the cars are lost to the naked eye among other moving dots below.

HELICOPTER PILOT (ON RADIO)

We have eyes on both vehicles. All units hang back.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR

Weaver turns the radio up as the message comes through.

Jimmy tails squad cars and SWAT vans along the highway.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - LATER

The Lincoln's blinkers start flashing.

BRIAN
Boss. They're turning off.

Russell wakes with an animalistic moan.

RUSSELL
Follow him. Got a pit-stop.

BRIAN
Anna?

RUSSELL
Gus. Dropping him off with Eddie -
the Italians want to *talk* to him.
Gotta pick up some stuff too.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Both vehicles pull into the restaurant's parking lot.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR

Russell walks over to the 'STAFF ONLY' door and knocks.

A rotund SECURITY GUARD in a slick suit opens the door and chats to him.

Russell returns to Brian hastily.

RUSSELL
Let's go.

EXT. / INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Russell tells Liz and Solomon to follow also.

RUSSELL
No weapons or phones.

Brian throws his handgun and cell under the seat.

They follow Russell to the side door.

The guard pats them down - taking car keys - before letting them through.

Brian looks surprised at the level of caution.

Russell leads the way, turning a few corners before they arrive at a private dining area.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT BACK ROOM

Scattered around the back room are MULTIPLE MOB HENCHMEN of varying ages.

The majority sit with large plates of food, laughing away.

At the corner table sits Big Joe, dressed impeccably in a 3-piece pinstripe suit.

He drops his fork as they enter AND takes an angry puff on his cigar, then stubs it out.

BIG JOE
Fuck they doing here?

Russell gives the blank-faced Eddie a look of death.

RUSSELL
Dropping off our snitch, as agreed with this 8-foot empty-headed moron. If I knew you were here --

BIG JOE
-- You fuckin' idiot! Why'd you invite them with the heat they got?

EDDIE
Thought you'd wanna deal with it personal like?

Russell shakes his head, fuming.

BIG JOE
You keep him alive?

RUSSELL
Yeah, didn't give us much but figured you may do better.

BIG JOE
He'll talk to us. Where is he?

RUSSELL
In the trunk outside.

BIG JOE

Vito!

The guard comes through.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)

Take in Russ' gift from the car.

Freddy passes Russell a backpack. He hands it to Joe.

RUSSELL

Gus' money from the bank - make
amends for the trouble he caused.

BIG JOE

Grazie.

Big Joe zips open the bag a little and peeks inside. He seems more than satisfied.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)

How 'bout you Miss Barnes? Feelin'
better since they got you back?

Liz smiles and nods respectfully.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)

Took one hell of a risk your bro.

(Pause)

But I understand why he did it.

Dual footsteps can be heard entering the room behind them.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)

Now, you'd better leave before...
Who's this?

Brian turns around, to see -

ANNA.

The oblivious Vito holds her with a blank expression.

VITO

Your gift. From the trunk.

Brian shuts his eyes briefly.

They all know what this means for her, now she's seen Joe.

RUSSELL

Wrong car, you stupid fat fuck.

BIG JOE

Language.

(To Anna)

I'm sorry my dear, you shouldn't
have to hear that vulgarity. Mind
waiting outside 'til we finish?

She looks petrified.

More so when she sees the look on Brian's face.

Tears begin to form.

Vito walks her back out as the room falls silent.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)

I'm surrounded by useless fuckwits.
You gotta care of that.

Russell nods.

RUSSELL

Brian, put her back in the car.
Sol, Freddy - get Gus.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Brian gives Vito a look of pure hatred.

He snatches Anna away from him as they take their keys back.

She is HYSTERICAL as Brian leads her by the arm.

Sol and Freddy go in the direction of the other car.

BRIAN

Stay calm. You trust me, right?

Brian takes her to the rear and opens the trunk again.

He looks over at the others, their focus on retrieving Gus.

Quick as a flash he slides into the front of his car and
grabs his gun and cellphone.

EXT. BRIAN'S TRUNK

Anna jumps back inside.

Brian looks over as they pull Gus from the Lincoln.

He types '*IT'S ON. JOE HERE!*', then sends the text to Weaver.

BRIAN

The keys are in the ignition. When
it kicks off, get outta here.

He looks back down at her reassuringly, dropping the phone in
before he shuts the trunk loosely.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Brian walks behind the others, ensuring his gun is hidden.

As they approach the door, Freddy half-turns and shouts.

FREDDY

Hey, maybe you should stay with the
girl? In case she...

HE STOPS DEAD.

His gaze moves skyward.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Is that?

They look up as a chopper swoops into view.

VITO

Fuckin' cocksuckas!

He pulls his pistol out and starts shooting at the
helicopter.

Brian draws and SHOOTS VITO POINT BLANK.

Realization washes over Freddy and Solomon.

As Freddy hauls Gus to safety, Solomon pulls his concealed
handgun and takes aim at Brian.

Bad move.

Two high-caliber bullets from an unseen marksman above CUT
HIM DOWN instantly.

Sirens WAIL as police vehicles appear en masse.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT BACK ROOM

The mafia are already tooling up.

Russell and Liz grab a gun each.

Freddy and Gus stumble into the room.

FREDDY
It's Brian, he's a cop!

Liz's face drains of color.

BIG JOE
What have you done?

Russell looks lost. You can see it in his eyes - the betrayal crushes him.

FREDDY
There's an army of them out there.

BIG JOE
Well there's a fuckin' army here too.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Anna is already sliding into the passenger seat

Brian jumps in and reverses away at speed.

A mobster bursts out the restaurant's front entrance.

He walks at Brian BLASTING A SHOTGUN.

CUSTOMERS FLEE.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR

Brian pushes Anna's head down as he looks out through the back window.

Armed officers appear behind Brian's car.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

They take out the gunman.

Brian expertly weaves his way backwards between the lawmen.

The cops form a perimeter around the car park.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR

Brian reverses out of sight of the restaurant. He stops the car as a DOZEN UNIFORMS run past.

BRIAN
You okay?

He surveys her for damage.

She lunges, hugging him for dear life and crying her eyes out on his shoulder.

ANNA
Thank you. Thank you.

Anna clutches his face tenderly and kisses him on the lips.

Brian reciprocates for a brief second.

BRIAN
This probably isn't --

ANNA
-- I'm sorry. I shouldn't have.

He smiles.

BRIAN
I have to go. I'll find you after.

EXT. JIMMY'S CAR

Brian jogs to the Detectives, who flank Captain O'Neill as she fastens a bullet-proof vest.

They're deep in discussion with other high-ranking officials.

WEAVER
Here he is. You okay?

BRIAN
Yeah.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL
Glad you made it out. What's the situation?

BRIAN
Everyone's in there.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL
Vialli?

Brian nods. They go silent for a moment.

JIMMY

We got enough to connect him?

BRIAN

Money from the robbery; guns; the witness.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL

I'll brief the troops.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT DINING AREA

The mob have got all entrances covered.

The majority of the men are stationed behind the thick walls of the service area.

Between them and the force outside lies a recently-abandoned restaurant.

FREDDY

We don't have the firepower.

RUSSELL

Got a shot with what's out there.

He points at Solomon's exposed car.

FREDDY

Can we get to it?

BIG JOE

I'll get a coupla' boys to shoot from the front.

RUSSELL

I'll cover at the side door, if you think you can make it?

Freddy nods.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT BACK ROOM

Liz is making sure the semi-conscious Gus is comfortable as Russell re-enters.

RUSSELL

Gus. I... I'm sorry. I should've believed you.

Gus cowers, says nothing.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
We'll figure a way out.

Liz sits herself down and sets an automatic weapon up on the table, pointed at the corridor.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT EXIT

Solomon's corpse is surrounded by blood-soaked gravel.

Russell eyeballs the bushes and buildings across. No cops there yet.

Freddy looks through a hole in the ajar door at the assembling law enforcement.

FREDDY
Gotta be now.

Russell lunges out and drags Solomon's corpse inside.

Bullets PEPPER THE DOOR as Freddy flinches.

Russell goes through Sol's pockets until he finds the keys.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Gunmen are waiting under the large front windows.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
Nail that fuckin' bird.

The mob unleash hell, shattering the glass above as they fire at the helicopter. It returns in kind.

One of the Italians gets his FACE BLOWN OFF.

Another's caught in the arm.

They crouch again and shoot blindly. It works.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Russell peeks over the open door. The chopper veers away.

RUSSELL
Go.

He strafes left and holds the trigger down at the cops.

Freddy speed-walks to the Lincoln, holding Solomon's lifeless body in front of him.

Bullets thud into Sol's padded cadaver.

Russell drops to one knee and aims properly.

EXT. POLICE CORDON

He KILLS TWO COPS efficiently as gunfire pours in.

BRIAN

Don't let him get to the car!

Nobody can hear Brian over the chaos.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Shit. With me.

The Detectives follow him as he runs off.

INT. SOLOMON'S CAR

Freddy cranks the door open.

Using all his might, he lifts Sol's body inside and crushes it up against the passenger door and window.

Freddy drives the thirty yards back to Russell.

EXT. NEARBY BUILDING

Brian, Jimmy and Weaver are sprinting along the next block.

They round the corner, back towards the restaurant.

They cautiously enter an empty lane.

Brian subtly peers out at the rear of the car park.

He sees Freddy unloading the trunk by the door.

BRIAN

They got the weapons.

Jimmy has a look out, then canvasses the rest of the area.

JIMMY

We need more people covering that back alley exit.

WEAVER
I'll take care of it.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT BACK ROOM

Freddy and Russell drag two heavy bags in.

BIG JOE
Now we're fuckin' talkin'.

They dish out the heavy artillery.

LIZ
Did you see him? He still there?

Russell ignores her.

She walks over, until she's right in his face.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I'm not leaving 'til he's dead.

RUSSELL
Have you lost it? Fuck him. We get
him another time.

BIG JOE
Longer we're here, worse it gets.
Hit 'em with it all and run.

EXT. NEARBY BUILDING

The air is still.

The LOW HUM of helicopter blades keeps tension ticking.

Jimmy and Brian watch as a squad car blocks the back exit.

Weaver gives them a thumbs up from across the way.

He kneels behind the low wall, now lined with officers.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)
Move in.

Brian looks out as a SWAT team work their way towards the
restaurant from the front.

At the same time, Jimmy and Brian cautiously make their way
towards Solomon's car at the side door, when -

Brian gets SHOT TWICE.

Liz pops up:

LIZ
Rot you prick!

Jimmy returns fire at the door.

Brian unfastens his black padded vest so he can breathe.

He looks at the inside; two bullets made heavy dents.

JIMMY
You okay?

Brian nods.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Russell drags Liz inside.

RUSSELL
What the hell you doing?

He looks back out. Jimmy is walking Brian back to the corner.

Russell motions to the mafia gunmen that it's time to go.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT DINING AREA

As the SWAT team squat by the windows a waterfall of glass rains down on them.

The mafioso strike first. HEAD-SHOT.

Then one of their own is struck down.

People on both sides fall.

BULLETS AND BLOOD EVERYWHERE.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Freddy scrambles into the Lincoln's driver's seat.

TWO MOB GUYS jump into the back seat and hide.

Freddy moves forward a few yards to give him a better angle of reverse to the mobsters car.

He spots the police out back, and shoots at them, but hits only bricks as Weaver and the rest duck for cover.

Concrete chunks jump up around Freddy's car.

Errant shots rain down from above as he reverses recklessly.

Freddy SMASHES THROUGH parked vehicles before coming to rest by a white Cadillac. The two men exit; the first gets killed as he touches the door handle.

His friend wastes no time jumping over him and getting the fuck out of there.

Both cars race back to the staff door.

EXT. NEARBY BUILDING

Jimmy shoots at the returning Lincoln.

The cops surrounding the back exit get brave as Brian and Jimmy start firing from the other side.

WEAVER

Go, go.

Two uniformed men sidestep along until -

RUSSELL SHOOTS THEM BOTH.

Hiding behind an exterior vent, he launches a defensive.

Russell turns and targets Brian and Jimmy immediately after.

RUSSELL

TAKE THIS YOU SON OF A --

A bullet from the helicopter grazes Russell's arm.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Freddy pulls him to safety as he re-enters.

BIG JOE

We need to go, right now.

RUSSELL

Won't get far if we don't get rid of the chopper.

BIG JOE

How the fuck we gonna do that?

INT. SWAT HELICOPTER - SHORTLY AFTER

The pilot hovers.

He looks on as an expanding police force gather.

HELICOPTER PILOT (ON RADIO)
Suspects remain inside. Several
casualties. Wait. We have movement.

He watches as A HENCHMAN pops out the front and shoots in
several directions.

HELICOPTER PILOT (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
We have a lone gunman. Disappeared
again. They... is that a... SHIT!

He yanks the controls as far back and left as possible.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Russell crouches between the two cars.

He looks up at the retreating chopper. One eye shut.

He steadies himself.

He flicks the safety off, before -

FIRING AN RPG.

INT. SWAT HELICOPTER

Blinding light fills the cockpit. They are ANNIHILATED.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Fiery shrapnel floats back to earth in the distance.

RUSSELL
Go.

Freddy and a mafioso scuttle past him, clambering their way
into the front seats.

LIZ
Come on.

She tries to take her brother with her.

RUSSELL

I need to stick with Joe.

She agrees, reluctantly, and jumps in behind Freddy. TWO MOBSTERS follow.

EXT. NEARBY BUILDING

Brian steps forward with purpose, shooting with each step.

The inhabitants duck. A back window rolls down.

Liz springs up and FIRES BACK.

Brian dives for the fragile cover of a concrete pillar.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT ALLEYWAY

The hood of the Lincoln creeps into view.

Weaver and his colleagues start firing.

A hand appears, rolling a GRENADE under the squad car being used as a blockade.

The cops scatter.

The explosion FLIPS THE CAR onto its roof.

Freddy rams through it and speeds off down the alley.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Russell and Big Joe sit up front as the remaining TWO MAFIA GUYS carry Gus into the back seat.

BIG JOE

Hurry the fuck up.

The door slams shut as GUNFIRE PULVERIZES THEM.

The officers in the alleyway have barely recovered as the second getaway vehicle roars out.

By the time Brian and Jimmy reach the groggy Weaver, Russell's car is consumed by the dust cloud in its wake.

Jimmy grabs Brian. They sprint back through the car park.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR

They join a frantic chase and gain slowly on the pack up ahead - squad cars follow their lead as they weave in and out of heavy traffic.

INT. WHITE CADILLAC

Gus, already in a bad way, has taken a bullet to the gut.

MAFIA HENCHMAN 1
He's going into shock.

BIG JOE
They're gaining on us.

BLOOD and PANIC create a claustrophobic space.

RUSSELL
The car's too heavy, we need to get off the freeway.

Joe turns and gives one of his men a knowing look.

The well-built goon exerts no effort as he grabs Gus' lapels.

In one fluid movement he opens the back door and passes Gus over his lap head-first.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
No!

INT. POLICE CAR

The officers see Gus TUMBLE INTO THEIR PATH. The driver tries to avoid running him over but there's nothing he can do.

INT. WHITE CADILLAC

Russell is punching the wheel in fury.

BIG JOE
We had to. He was done for.

RUSSELL PULLS A GUN.

Rather than aim at Joe he points it over his shoulder without looking. He EXECUTES the man who'd thrown Gus out.

RUSSELL
Dump him too.

The remaining henchman puts a pistol to the back of Russell's head. Joe pushes it away.

BIG JOE
You're fuckin' nuts, you know that?

INT. SOLOMON'S CAR

The three gunmen in the back get ready as the Cadillac glides by them.

Russell looks over to Liz, who cracks a nervous smile and pulls a shotgun up to her chest.

INT. POLICE CAR

The driver sways across lanes as the first gunman fires.

The mafioso in the middle send a stream of rapid fire out through the back window.

The front tire BLOWS UP.

The squad car SOMERSAULTS FORWARD along the freeway.

Two tailing cop cars just manage to squeeze past.

INT. SOLOMON'S CAR

The gunman behind Liz gets shot and killed.

He flops over the door like a wet cloth.

The guy in the middle pulls him back in, crying and wailing as he cradles him.

LIZ
Toss him.

MAFIA HENCHMAN 3
È mio cugino!

LIZ
What did he say?

MAFIA HENCHMAN 4
It's his cousin.

MAFIA HENCHMAN 3
Fanculo, stronza. He's going nowhere. Fuckin' pigs!

He spins around and shoots wildly.

Dark red chunks hit the dashboard.

Freddy looks down as a head comes to rest against the stick - a perfect bullet hole in his left eye.

EXT. POLICE CAR

The driver slingshots around a civilian's car, flanking the Lincoln before Freddy can cut them off.

INT. SOLOMON'S CAR

The windscreen is blanketed in holes.

Bullets RIP ACROSS Freddy's body.

Liz gets hit several times too.

She tries to reach for the wheel as Freddy checks out.

MAFIA HENCHMAN 4

Look out!

They sideswipe someone and spin out of control, clattering into the central reservation at high speed.

Two squad cars box them in.

FLAMES ENGULF THE VEHICLE.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR

Jimmy is forced wide to avoid the cop cars surrounding the burning wreck.

SLOW-MO: BRIAN SEES A BLOOD-SOAKED, DYING LIZ IN THE PASSENGER SEAT AS THEY PASS.

His eyes are full of regret as he looks back.

INT. SOLOMON'S CAR

Liz looks emotionally at Freddy; his eyes rolled back.

Fire surrounds her.

She watches the cops sprint towards her from all sides.

Bleeding profusely and gasping for breath, Liz stares at the gun in her hand.

LIZ

Fuck it.

She sticks it in her mouth.

INT. / EXT. WHITE CADILLAC

Russell, Big Joe and the gunman in the back seat all react at the FIREBALL behind them.

Russell's eyes start to fill up.

RUSSELL

Was that...

The other two look at each other.

Russell grips the steering wheel tighter.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Alright cocksuckas.

Russell pulls an erratic maneuver. They exit the highway.

Russell doesn't slow down as he enters a tight street.

Jimmy's not far behind, hunting them down.

Pedestrians shelter from the RAPID GUNFIRE and SPEEDING CARS.

Russell flies through a couple of red lights before a large truck reverses into their path, blocking the road.

Russell SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. Too late.

They swerve straight into a parked car.

Beat.

Russell stirs slowly.

He takes the assault rifle away from the unconscious goon, as a badly injured Joe pleads.

BIG JOE

Don't leave me.

Russell doesn't even look at him as he exits.

EXT. JIMMY'S CAR

Jimmy screeches to a halt as Russell opens fire.
They duck for cover, slide out of the car, circle behind.
Another car, carrying Captain O'Neill, skids to a stop.
The bullets whizz overhead as she and two cops jump out.

JIMMY
He's running.

BRIAN
Get Joe.

Brian SPRINTS after Russell.

Jimmy and the Captain approach the car cautiously.

Big Joe gazes up, defeat and acceptance in his eyes.

Bernice holds her aim, tears start to fill her eyes. Her
finger SLOWLY TIGHTENS on the trigger.

JIMMY
Cap. We got him.

Bernice lowers her weapon.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL
'cuff the piece of shit.

EXT. STREET

Russell's leg is mangled. He turns to see Brian fifty yards
behind and fires a few rounds over the heads of shoppers.

Everyone starts running at Brian. He sidesteps through them.

Russell cuts off into a run-down mall.

Brian cautiously approaches the entrance.

INT. MALL

Brian creeps in, semi-auto wedged against his shoulder.

He scans the crowd as they vacate quickly.

A SCREAM from below.

Brian gingerly works his way to clear plastic barriers surrounding the escalators.

An OLD WOMAN is frozen in terror in front of a fountain. Sitting behind, on a marble wall, is a shattered Russell. He takes a deep breath, looks up at Brian.

RUSSELL
Come on down.

Russell jabs the muzzle into the woman's neck.

BRIAN
Let her go.

Russell laughs, stands, and puts his arm around her. Brian ducks below the escalator handrail as he descends. He inches out at the bottom and takes a knee; aims.

RUSSELL
You really want her blood on your hands, as well as my sister's?

BRIAN
That wasn't my fault.

RUSSELL
You betrayed us!

Brian lowers his weapon.

BRIAN
I never took her into this life.

Guilt washes over Russell.

EXT. MALL

Jimmy jogs along the sidewalk, head on a swivel.

As he quickly glances down alleyways, his attention is drawn to SEVERAL PEOPLE streaming from a doorway.

INT. MALL

Russell composes himself.

RUSSELL

Was she already dead before...

Russell's head drops.

Brian circles briskly to a nearby stall.

BRIAN

It's over Russ.

RUSSELL

You know I won't go back. So what's
this old girl's life matter?

He steps away and places the gun against her temple.

She struggles to stand with the fear.

BRIAN

You don't have to do this.

Russell pulls her away from the fountain, towards the
escalators.

RUSSELL

Only way she lives past the next
five seconds is if you surrender.
4. 3. 2 --

BRIAN

-- Okay.

Brian places his weapon on the ground, kicks it away.

He steps out.

Russell shoves the elderly woman onto the ascending stairs.

Brian walks slowly towards Russell, arms raised.

Russell smirks.

As Brian reaches, Russell SMASHES HIM with the butt.

Brian's crumples under the force.

Russell kicks him in the ribs. Then the face.

Brian spits blood on the shiny floor.

He looks around as TERRIFIED PEOPLE watch on from stores.

Russell drags him to his knees.

RUSSELL
My friends. Our friends. Dead!

Russell removes his jacket and pulls a large serrated blade from a sheath.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
It's a risk we accept.

Russell stands behind Brian.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
But the way you delivered it?

He grabs a fistful of Brian's hair, pulls his head back.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Say sorry to Liz.

Russell places the razor-sharp tip to his jugular.

He slices down the left side.

Blood pours out of the extending wound.

BANG!

Russell falls, a small red hole in his head.

As Brian drops onto his side he spots Jimmy above.

BRIAN'S POV: JIMMY LEAPS DOWN THE ESCALATOR. EVERYTHING GOES BLURRY, DARKENS.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER - SUMMER'S DAY

A temporary stage has been erected along the riverbank.

A few hundred EMERGENCY SERVICE WORKERS look on as Bernice speaks at a podium.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL
Due to his bravery, a major
syndicate that plagued our cities
for decades fell apart.

Detectives West and Weaver sit solemnly, alongside others in full dress blues.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL (CONT'D)
He put his life on the line, and
for that we are eternally grateful.

She turns around and smiles at -

Brian!

A FIVE-INCH SCAR snakes down his neck.

He looks up at his Captain and smiles, sheepishly.

Brian's hand is squeezed gently as Captain O'Neill continues.

Next to him sits Anna, emotional and proud.

BRIAN
(Whispering)
Thank you for being here, it means
a lot.

ANNA
If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't --

BRIAN
-- I'll never let anything bad
happen again.

ANNA
Promise?

Brian stares at her for a second.

BRIAN
Promise.

Anna smiles.

They turn their attention back to the podium.

FADE OUT.

- THE END -