

# BLACK PALADINS

Keith J. Bowers

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

JEREMY REYNOLDS, a tall blond man is walking with two of his friends, AARON MCMICHAELS and RAY DEVLIN. Ray is tall, black haired and quite muscular. He is wearing all black and is smoking. Aaron is of average height with brown hair and glasses.

They are walking back to their car after a night of clubbing.

Another man gets out of a car and starts briskly walking towards them.

Aaron recognizes him as SCOTT HARRISON, another friend. Scott is 5'8 , 130 lbs with brown hair and brown eyes. Scott puts you in mind of a rat.

AARON

Hey, Scott! Thought you were going to join us tonight?

SCOTT

(nervously)

Yeah, well, I'm kind of in a bit of trouble.

JEREMY

What's up?

SCOTT

I've got some people after me. I lost something and now they want it back.

RAY

Shit, you're not into that crap again, are you?

A car rounds the corner and drives by.

Scott jumps and looks around.

AARON

Whoa! You're really freaked out

aren't you?

SCOTT

You don't understand, they're...

Another car rounds the corner. It's a black two-toned BMW.

Scott turns as the car slows.

The windows drop and flashes come from inside. Bullets begin to fly.

Aaron and Jeremy both dive for cover.

Scott takes two shots to the chest and staggers back.

Ray pulls his gun and fires back, striking the car several times. The car squeals away.

Ray runs and stands in the middle of the street emptying his clip.

Jeremy is on his cell phone to 911.

Aaron stares down the street.

AARON

I know that car.

JEREMY

What? Hello? I need an ambulance.  
Corner of Third and Rose. My friend's  
been shot...

Aaron looks up at Ray, who is running back.

RAY

How bad is it?

Aaron just shakes his head.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ray is being questioned about the use of his gun. He hands the police officer his carrying license.

Aaron watches the coroner zip up the body bag for Scott.

Ray is handed back his pistol and he holsters it.

RAY  
I'm free to go. They're treating  
it as self defense.

AARON  
What do we tell his mom?

RAY  
We don't. Let the cops do it.

Jeremy comes up. He's just finished giving his statement.

JEREMY  
Let's go.

They all start walking towards Ray's car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ray is driving.

AARON  
I can't believe he's gone.

JEREMY  
It's fucked up.

RAY  
So what are we going to do about  
it?

AARON  
I've seen that car before. I'm  
sure of it.

RAY  
That doesn't help us.

AARON  
Shut up. Turn here. Now slow down.

Aaron points into a condo complex's parking lot.

AARON

There. In that lot. That's it.

Jeremy hops out and runs into the lot.

Jeremy sneaks up to the car, then he runs back and hops into Ray's car.

JEREMY

(out of breath)

Yeah, that's it. You know you only hit that thing four times?

AARON

That's fucking shitty! Four out of seventeen. You should be ashamed of yourself.

RAY

Shut the fuck up. I didn't see you out there plinking away.

Ray pulls away pulling over to park a few hundred feet away.

AARON

Do we inform the police?

JEREMY

Yeah, right, like that will do any good. If we're lucky the guys will be in jail for a whole twelve hours before they are sprung.

RAY

So lets do it ourselves.

AARON

What?

RAY

Aerate them.

Everyone's silent.

JEREMY

Yeah. Let's go. I've got to get my  
nine.

Aaron leans forward.

AARON

Wait a second. You want to murder  
the fuckers?

RAY

Isn't that what they did to Scott?

Aaron sits back in his seat.

Jeremy turns around.

JEREMY

Are you in?

Aaron nods.

Ray puts the car into drive and they drive away.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Three pistols lay on the counter. Ammo and clips rest  
beside them.

Ray comes out with a holster and sits down a sawed off  
shotgun.

AARON

Why the hell do you have one of  
those?

RAY

Year 2000.

JEREMY

Ray thought that the world was  
going to end, so he wanted to be  
prepared.

RAY

Damn straight.

Ray tosses one of the 9mms to Aaron.

RAY (CONT.)

I assume you remember how to use  
that.

Aaron pops the clip out and snaps it back in. He pulls  
the slide back and chambers a round.

AARON

Just like old times.

RAY

You're so full of shit.

Jeremy chambers his gun and puts it in his waistband.

The three look at each other.

JEREMY

There's no going back after we leave  
here. We watch each others back at  
all times. If you shoot, you shoot  
to kill because they will kill us  
without reservation.

Ray grabs his clips and stuffs them into his pockets as  
they leave the room.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The three men are sitting in Ray's car.

AARON

How do we know which condo is  
theirs?

JEREMY

We don't. We wait until they come  
out and then we'll make our move.

Aaron sits back, biting his lip.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jeremy nudges Ray awake.

JEREMY

Wake up. Here we go.

Ray snaps awake and reaches for his gun.

Jeremy sees that the men entering the BMW have a satchel with them.

Ray goes to open his door.

JEREMY

Wait. Let's follow them. We can nail them at their destination.

The trio watches the car back out and speed down the road.

Ray starts the car.

JEREMY (CONT.)

Do you think you can follow them without making it look too obvious?

RAY

Not a problem.

Ray pulls out.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The BMW pulls into a deserted drive and disappears.

The trio arrives seconds later. Ray parks the car behind some bushes.

JEREMY

I've been here before. This used to be an old Boy Scout camp. Back in the day, Mom used to send me here as punishment.

RAY

Wonder how the Scouts would like it if they knew it was being used for drug dealing?

AARON

Or worse, a murder.

Ray looks over the seat at Aaron.

RAY

What's your problem? You don't  
have to do this, you know.

AARON

What? And let you and your less  
than twenty five percent hit rate  
get you killed? Hell, man, someone's  
got to watch your back while you're  
shooting the breeze.

Jeremy signals for them to be quiet. The moon is half  
full and so seeing is not too much of a problem.

The group begins to creep into the bushes towards the  
camp.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Two cars face each other, headlights blazing.

Two KILLERS step out of the first with the satchel.

The door opens up on the other vehicle, an SUV.

Two other men, the DEALER and his BODYGUARD get out.  
They also have a satchel.

KILLER #1

Here's the cash.

DEALER

Here's the product.

Both satchels are opened.

DEALER (CONT.)

Did you take care of that annoying  
insect?

KILLER #1

He's been squashed.

DEALER

I hope you have secured another  
courier.

Ray is crawling through the bushes. His shotgun is  
cradled in his arms.

Ray looks for Jeremy who is across a bit away, just  
rising from the bushes.

Jeremy nods to Ray.

Ray jumps up and lets loose with the shotgun. The  
first shot blows a hole in the BMW.

Killer #2 spins around and catches a shot from Jeremy  
in the head and several in the chest.

Killer #2 spirals around and collapses.

Ray walks forward, firing the shotgun.

Killer #1 pulls a pistol and takes a shot at Ray and  
Jeremy.

Jeremy ducks and runs forward behind the BMW. He  
reloads.

KILLER #1

What the fuck's going on?

Aaron remains behind a tree, breathing heavy.

Suddenly Aaron moves and fires at the Dealer and the  
Bodyguard.

The Dealer ducks behind his car door and grabs for the  
satchel and case.

Aaron reloads.

Jeremy runs forward, firing all the way.

Jeremy strikes the Bodyguard, who has pulled his own  
guns. The Bodyguard has one in each hand.

The Bodyguard staggers backwards.

Jeremy fires again since he didn't go down.

Bullets are striking the ground around Ray as he walks towards Killer #1.

Ray's shotgun blast strikes Killer #1 in the legs, followed by one to the chest.

Killer #1 crumples.

Ray turns and fires another shot at the Bodyguard, tearing up the side of the SUV.

Ray fires again and this time strikes the Bodyguard full in the chest.

Aaron runs forward, firing at the SUV's driver door.

The Dealer pulls the door shut and tries to back up.

Aaron is beside him and he fires point blank into the Driver's side window, shattering it.

Aaron empties the clip into the Dealer.

Ray turns back to Killer #1 and pumps round after round into him.

JEREMY

Ray! He's dead!

RAY

He's not dead until I say he's dead!

Finally, Ray's gun goes click. The SUV's engine is still running.

Ray looks around and leans the smoking shotgun on his shoulder.

RAY

Fuck, that was easy.

Ray begins to pick up the dropped weapons.

JEREMY

No, we were lucky. Damn lucky.

Jeremy opens up the satchel. There is a shitload of money.

JEREMY

Holy shit!

AARON

What?

JEREMY

We hit the Mother-fucking-load! Look at it all!

Aaron opens the case.

AARON

Packs of dope. About twenty packs.

Jeremy looks up. Ray is still collecting weapons.

JEREMY

What do we do with this all this shit?

RAY

Well, we burn the dope and keep the money. Split it three ways.

AARON

It's blood money.

RAY

What if we keep doing what we're doing? Put it to good use.

JEREMY

Huh?

RAY

We did great here. It seemed almost natural.

AARON

For you maybe. I'm still scared shitless.

JEREMY

We were damn lucky none of us are

dead.

RAY

Listen to me. We've already gone  
this far. Let's just keep going.  
We could go around and cap Dealers  
and live off their money.

Aaron walks away.

AARON

Oh, give me a fucking break. How  
would we know someone's a dealer?  
We'd end up killing someone innocent,  
if not get ourselves killed.

JEREMY

We'll get intel.

RAY

How?

Aaron stops.

AARON

We hack.

JEREMY

(knowingly)  
Right.

AARON

We hack into the FBI or State Police  
or Philly PD. If I can get deep  
enough and with the proper decryption  
tools, I can get what we need.

JEREMY

Perfect... Now all we need are the tools.

EXT. CAR LOT - NIGHT

Ray enters and steals a black SUV with tinted windows.

INT. RENTAL PROPERTIES OFFICE - DAY

Jeremy signs a lease under the name of Devin Myers.

Jeremy stands, shakes the REALTOR'S hand and takes the keys.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ray is waiting outside in the SUV. He looks at the rental agreement.

RAY  
Who is Devin Myers?

JEREMY  
Some guy in Montana that I stole his ID from.

RAY  
How'd you manage that?

JEREMY  
The Internet is a wonderful thing, my friend.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron is putting together a PC with lots of peripherals. There are wires everywhere.

EXT. A DIFFERENT CAR LOT - NIGHT

Ray enters and steals another vehicle, a black Ford Mustang.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

The gun shop is bristling with weaponry of all sizes and shapes.

The SHOPKEEPER is a portly gentleman of the South. He is grizzled and is about fifty years old.

Ray is looking at rifles and handguns.

Jeremy points to the MP5.

JEREMY

That one.

Ray puts down the handgun he was looking at.

Ray snatches the MP5 out of the Shopkeeper's hands.

RAY

Oh, I'm in love. Let me hold it.

Ray puts it up to his shoulder.

RAY

Uhh! I'm coming, I'm coming...

JEREMY

(laughing)

Don't cum all over my gun, damn it.

The Shopkeeper laughs.

JEREMY (CONT.)

These are convertible to full auto,  
correct?

SHOPKEEPER

Easily. And considering they're  
considered rifles, you can take them  
with you.

RAY

Thank god for Republicans!

GUN STORE OWNER

Amen.

Everyone laughs.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Jeremy and Ray stand looking at the beautiful black SUV  
with tinted windows and the monstrous Ford Mustang.

JEREMY

Where'd you learn to hot-wire cars?

RAY

You forget that I've been on my own since I was seventeen. Those first few years I learned many interesting skills. Auto theft happens to be one of them.

Jeremy pats Ray on the back.

RAY (CONT.)

I'm planning on putting a nitrous injection system in the Mustang.

Jeremy walks around the Mustang.

JEREMY

You never cease to amaze me, Raymond.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron sits at the computer screen, furiously hacking away.

Jeremy and Ray stand behind him with their arms crossed.

JEREMY

What are we pillaging tonight?

AARON

Philly PD's Intranet. I was able to socially engineer a user into giving me the dial in numbers of their RAS server. Using that info, I was able to exploit a vulnerability in a hole that should have been plugged with a Service Pack. Thank god for lax SysAdmins.

The screen changes and Aaron scrolls down.

AARON

Using the sniffer, I was able to crack past the first level of ice. I don't have Admin rights yet, but...

Aaron taps furiously.

AARON (CONT.)

I do now.

He shakes his head.

AARON

Their filing system is a wreck and security's a joke. And we pay these people our tax money? It's a wonder they can count.

He scrolls down some more.

AARON

Here we go. This looks promising.

A chime begins to go off.

JEREMY

What's that?

AARON

They've discovered an intruder.

Aaron keys furiously and the chime continues.

AARON

Hmm. They've got real time Trackers. I can spoof and mask but they will eventually trace us back to this ID. I'm just going to download these files and review them later.

Aaron continues to key furiously and makes numerous clicks with the mouse.

AARON

Got them. This will get them. I'm trashing their routers now. They'll be resetting their network protocols for the next two days.

Aaron stops keying.

AARON

We're out and clear.

He turns to Jeremy.

AARON

I've left behind Back Orifice so  
the next time we need anything,  
they'll believe that we are a local  
account and have admin rights.

JEREMY

You're sure you were not traced?

AARON

Come on. I do this for a living, I know  
when I'm being hacked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron and Jeremy are going over print outs of the  
files.

JEREMY

This is interesting. There is an  
operation going on to infiltrate the  
Diago organization. They're working  
their way up through the ranks.  
Their operative sends in their intel  
every week or so.

AARON

So? How does that help us?

JEREMY

It gives us the names and locations  
of every dealer in the Philly region.  
This file alone has over thirty low  
to mid level dealers. We hit pay  
dirt with this file.

Ray walks in, covered with grease.

JEREMY

(looking up)  
What are you up to?

RAY

I'm putting that nitrous system in

the Mustang. Give it a bit more oomph.  
Find anything interesting?

JEREMY

We've got a target. His name is Daryl  
Hicks. According to this report, he's  
another midlevel dealer.

AARON

Why him?

JEREMY

Because I know him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jeremy, Ray and Aaron sit in the SUV. MP5's sit on  
each of their laps.

RAY

Stand and fight or drive by?

JEREMY

Drive by. Let's just take the fucker  
out.

RAY

Cool.

Aaron puts down the binoculars.

AARON

He's getting in the Camaro. Where  
did you want to do it?

JEREMY

Two traffic lights up. Slide up beside  
them on the driver's side and Aaron and  
I will pump it full of lead.

Ray starts up the SUV.

RAY

Sounds like a plan.

The SUV pulls away.

EXT. CORNER LIGHT - NIGHT

DARYL HICKS pulls to a stop at the traffic light. He looks over at AMBER VENTURA who is sitting in the passenger seat. Daryl, 45, has graying hair and is 5'10 . Amber, 30, is blond with blue eyes. He wears glasses that make him look intellectual.

DARYL

I have to make a drop-off at Jimmy's and then we can head to the club.

AMBER

Jimmy? You're using that loser again?

DARYL

Come on. He's not that bad. Sure, he's unreliable as the weather, but he brings in the sales.

AMBER

(Looking over her shoulder)  
What's that truck up to?

The SUV screeches to a halt beside the Camaro. The passenger side doors pop open.

Jeremy and Aaron jump out armed with MP5's.

Jeremy opens up with AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE from the MP5 front the front of the car.

Amber rolls out her door and hits the dirt as Aaron opens up with AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE on the driver's side.

Daryl cries out as the bullets strike him from two sides. Blood sprays.

Amber rolls onto her back and draws her pistol.

Amber stands up and bullets fly around her.

Amber is forced to duck back down before she can get a shot off.

Amber hears doors slam and the SUV squeals off.

Jeremy hangs out the window, pumping more rounds into the Camaro.

Amber gets up and checks on Daryl. He's dead.

AMBER

Shit.

She gets out of the car and pulls out her cell phone.

AMBER

I need to be brought in from the cold. Daryl's bought the big one. I'm at the corner of 199<sup>th</sup> and Broad Street. Send the meat wagon.

She hangs up and looks around. The street is deserted.

AMBER

(to herself)

Who the fuck were they?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray sits watching TV and smoking. He's cleaning the MP5.

RAY

They're calling it a drug related shooting.

JEREMY

Well, as a matter of fact, it was.

RAY

You said you knew the guy we hit.

Jeremy gets up and walks to the bar.

Jeremy pulls out a glass and pours a glass of scotch. He drinks it down and then pours a second glass full.

JEREMY

Yeah, back when Scott first got into his extracurricular activities, he pushed product for Mr. Hicks. Scott went on a binge once and blew

the entire product. Hicks busted up his face pretty bad. That's how he got that scar on his cheek.

RAY

He told me it was from a motorcycle accident.

JEREMY

He wasn't too proud of the fact he was his own best customer. I don't know how many times I had to loan him money to cover his debts.

Jeremy drinks the rest of the scotch in his glass.

JEREMY (CONT.)

And now he's gone. This first hit was personal. From now on, it's all business.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Apartment is immaculate. The style is modern with a feminine touch. It is clear that only a woman lives here.

Amber enters with two other people. One is GUITERREZ, a Hispanic man with huge muscles.

The other is TRENT, Trent is a young white man with blond hair. He has a stoner's attitude with little business sense.

TRENT

Damn! They just opened up like in the movies, huh? Poor Hicks!

Trent goes to the kitchen and opens the refrigerator.

AMBER

Yeah, it was scary as hell. They didn't fire once at me. Sure, they kept firing to keep me down, but they didn't shoot directly at me.

Trent returns and tosses a beer to Guitierrez and then one to Amber.

GUITERREZ

You're one lucky lady. Any of those bullets could have taken you out.

Trent laughs.

TRENT

This is Amber we're talking about. She's untouchable. Remember last January when the deal went bad down in Baltimore? Bullets are flying everywhere and there's Amber out in the open, banging away. Damn untouchable. A fucking legend.

Amber drinks the beer.

AMBER

Knock it the fuck off. Let's get down to business. What the fuck do we do now? Hicks was our link, he ran the business. Do we go our separate ways or do we continue?

A moment passes as everyone contemplates their decisions.

GUITERREZ

I'm for continuing. I've got two kids to feed and alimony to the ex. Ain't no way I'm going to bring home what I need with a janitor's position down at he Save-N-Mart. Fuck that shit.

TRENT

Hell, I'm for letting Amber take it over. We've got fifteen youngin's out on the street selling our shit. Why put them out of business? Distribution isn't nearly as dangerous as direct selling. That's what the kids are for.

AMBER

Then the deal with Vallia will continue as planned. One of us will run the show.

There is a knock at the door. Guiterrez draws his pistol and takes a position behind the door. Amber looks out the peephole and then opens the door.

JERRY walks in. He is a tall muscular man with black hair. He is also a 'lieutenant' of the deceased Hicks.

JERRY

I just heard. Are you okay?

Amber turns and returns to the couch.

AMBER

I'm fine.

Trent tosses a beer to Jerry. He catches it and pops open the cap.

AMBER (CONT.)

We're discussing what we want to do now. Hicks recruited us all and now he's gone. What do you want to do?

Jerry thinks a moment and takes a sip of his beer.

JERRY

Hicks was well on his way to the big time with Vallia. I say we continue. Vallia brings a whole lotta clout and power to our little operation. Sure we'll lose autonomy, but the money's will more than make up for it.

TRENT

Do you want to lead us?

Jerry laughs.

JERRY

Hell no. Amber can do it. She's the one with the gift.

TRENT

That's what I said.

Guiterrez pats Amber on the back.

GUITERREZ

Looks like you've been elected.

Amber drinks the rest of her beer.

AMBER

Damn democracy.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The air is hazy with marijuana smoke. Guitierrez is asleep on the couch. Trent is unconscious on the floor.

Amber stands up from the couch and puts the marijuana away. She opens a window and stands looking out at the city.

Jerry comes up behind her.

JERRY

He was a good man.

AMBER

No, he wasn't. I just wasn't looking forward to this kind of responsibility yet. I only started dealing two years ago. No one even knows me outside the north side.

JERRY

Then quit. Walk away. No one would blame you.

AMBER

Hell, you know as well as I do, it isn't that easy.

Both of them are quiet.

Amber turns away from the window.

AMBER

Wanna fuck?

JERRY

Sure.

She leads him to the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

There is a knock at the door, followed by a loud voice.

POLICE OFFICER  
(off screen)  
Police!

The door is smashed inward.

Five policemen swarm in and throw the now awake Guitierrez and Trent to the floor. Their hands are on their heads.

A naked Jerry is held against the wall.

Amber is held at gunpoint.

AMBER  
Fuck! What the hell?

POLICE OFFICER  
Dress. Let's move.

After she does so, Amber is handcuffed and dragged out.

POLICE OFFICER  
Amber Ventura, we've got a warrant for your arrest.

TRENT  
For what?

AMBER  
Trent! Shut up!

The policeman walks over and leans down.

POLICE OFFICER  
If you don't shut the fuck up, we might have to do a full body cavity search. Would you like that little man?

Trent closes his eyes and clamps his mouth shut.

Amber is roughly dragged out half clothed.

The police back out and the three men are left wondering what the hell just happened.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Amber sits in an interrogation room smoking a cigarette. A pair of handcuffs lay on the table.

Another detective enters and sits down. The man is WILLIAM RENAULT, 43, black, about 170, and is Amber's supervisor. He has a tablet with him.

RENAULT

Sorry about the handcuffs, but I needed to speak with you.

AMBER

Yeah, well. Sure convinced Jerry when your boys came knocking on my door at six am.

RENAULT

Sorry. It was unfortunate but the blue and whites don't know your hours.

Amber snubs out her cigarette and lights another.

RENAULT (CONT.)

Are you aware of the other hit?

AMBER

Other hit?

RENAULT

We've been keeping them under wraps for now. There is a new player in town and they've hit twice now. You weren't the first. Last week, they hit McCarly's boys. Took all of them out. Currently you are the only person to survive.

Renault sits back in his chair and starts writing on the tablet.

Amber takes a deep drag on the cigarette.

RENAULT (CONT.)

Are you okay?

AMBER

What do you mean?

RENAULT

I mean, are you okay? Since you were still in the field you never had to go through the mandatory psych evals after Hicks bought it. It's been a month since the shit went down.

Amber nervously snubs out the cigarette and lights another.

RENAULT (CONT.)

That's three in the space of five minutes.

AMBER

What? I'm fine.

Amber looks at the cigarette.

Renault continues to write.

AMBER (CONT.)

I just don't like it. Hicks' hit seemed personal. The guy mostly ignored me and pumped an entire clip into Hicks of thirty rounds. No spray or anything. Just directed fire. What's worse is that I've never seen or heard of these guys. No one on the street even knows what outfit they are with. Everyone is tense and edgy. People are starting to snap at the stupidest things.

RENAULT

I want to pull you out.

Amber looks up.

AMBER

Not on your life. I've got a shipment coming in two days. Last thing I need is to be branded. No, I'll take my chances. I have a chance of getting in with Vallia if I can pull this buy off without getting killed.

Renault looks hard into her eyes.

RENAULT

Fine. I'm signing off on your requisition for twenty thousand in cash for the buy. I expect it back. I want Vallia which is the only reason I'm letting you loose. Get tight with him and I'll see you in a month. Good luck.

AMBER

Luck isn't going to have anything to do with it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two cars park next to each other.

The occupants get out and begin to discuss business.

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

Ray keys his mike on his throat. He's looking through the scope of a sniper rifle.

RAY

Four of them. No drawn weapons. Black satchel. Paper bag. You call it.

JEREMY

(through mike)  
Still getting into position.

Ray sights the largest of the four men. He releases the safety and places his finger on the trigger.

JEREMY (CONT.)  
(through mike)  
Ready. Go.

Ray pulls the trigger. The rifle cracks and the largest of the men's chest explodes.

The man staggers back and the other three begin to scatter.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jeremy and Aaron jump up from behind two parked cars by the street where the deal was going down.

Both Jeremy and Aaron open up with their MP5's and begin advancing.

Two of the men immediately hide behind their cars and draw their weapons.

Two dealers begin firing back.

The third dives into the black car, grabbing the satchel.

The third dealer tries to also grab the paper bag but bullets from Jeremy stops him.

Aaron trips, stumbles and falls to the pavement.

The opening allows the two dealers to pin Aaron behind a big blue mailbox. Aaron can't move.

Jeremy sprints to another parked car and ducks behind it.

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

Ray watches Aaron fall and scurry behind the pole.

Ray sights in on the dealer that jumped into the car.

Ray gets a close view of the man's face.

Ray fires into the car, but misses as the dealer slams it into gear. He sees Aaron getting pummeled.

Ray changes targets.

Ray fires repeatedly at the two that are keeping Aaron and Jeremy pinned on the opposite end of the car.

Ray clips one of them and allows Jeremy to sprint to the dealer's car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jeremy sprints to the dealer's car and leaps up on top of the hood.

Jeremy lays down a lethal barrage of bullets. Both are struck repeatedly without getting another shot off.

Aaron runs up firing at the escaping car. He strikes it several times, shattering the back window.

It leaves the lot, escaping.

JEREMY

Fuck! What the hell happened? You almost got us killed!

Aaron trots back.

AARON

I tripped, okay?

RAY

(on mike)

Heats on the way. Move!

Jeremy grabs the paper bag and opens it. It's full of money.

Aaron grabs the pistols and looks in the car. He comes out with an AR-15.

AARON

Looks like they were looking for

trouble.

Both of them begin trotting down the street. Sirens can be heard in the distance.

Ray pulls up in the SUV. The two hop in and roar away.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Ray is scanning through computerized police line up photos.

Ray settles on one particular individual.

RAY

That's him.

AARON

Him? You missed him? Fuck!

RAY

What? Who is he?

Jeremy looks over Ray's shoulder.

JEREMY

Marcus Vallia? Oh shit.

Jeremy walks away from the screen.

RAY

Sorry I'm not up on current events,  
but who the fuck is he?

AARON

He's the biggest distributor on the  
East Coast. His Organization brings  
it up from Miami and spreads it  
throughout the major cities.

RAY

So what the hell was he doing a street  
buy? That intel said nothing about...

JEREMY

Intel said that the buyer was new to  
the business. That this was the first

major buy he was doing. We didn't know who he was meeting.

Aaron and Jeremy sit down in other chairs.

AARON

You shouldn't have missed.

Ray lights up a cigarette.

RAY

I shouldn't have had to save your ass.

Jeremy turns to face Aaron.

JEREMY

Let's not get snippy. How about we shift roles next time. You take sniper while Ray and I take assault.

AARON

(disgusted)

Whatever. I don't like wet-work anyway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARCUS VALLIA strides in the room with evident anger.

Vallia throws down his coat and walks to the bar.

His lieutenant, DAMIAN FLYNN, follows him in.

Damian stands at attention by the door.

VALLIA

I don't care how you do it, but find those fuckers. No one takes pot shots at me and lives.

DAMIAN

I've already taken the liberty of contacting Mancuso's outfit. He denies any involvement.

VALLIA

These were new Players. Rogues

maybe. I managed to grab our product before those yahoos plugged the Orwell brothers.

DAMIAN  
Nothing lost then.

Vallia looks angrily at Damian.

DAMIAN (CONT.)  
Well, except Summers.

VALLIA  
See to it that his body is retrieved and his family compensated. Bring them the heads of those bastards.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jeremy and Ray are with their backs against the wall.

Ray has an AR-15 and Jeremy has a MP5.

Jeremy toggles his mike.

JEREMY  
In position. It's your ball. Give us a Situation Report.

Jeremy toggles his mike off.

RAY  
Think he'll be able to do it?

JEREMY  
God, I fucking hope so.

AARON  
(through ear piece)  
There are six of them. Two more than expected.

Jeremy toggles his mike.

JEREMY  
Locations?

AARON

(through ear piece)

Two north. One south. One using  
the bathroom and the remaining three  
in the living room. Keep your shots  
to the north. We've got a family  
of three above you and an elderly couple  
to the west. I'm taking the shot on  
the Main Target.

There is a sharp crack and a groan from inside the  
room.

Suddenly there are sounds of people running around and  
yelling.

VOICE #1

(offscreen)

The window! Get away from the  
window!

AARON

(through ear piece)

Target down. Go.

Ray turns and kicks down the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray storms in, firing the AR-15 in controlled bursts.  
One man goes down instantly.

Ray goes left.

Jeremy follows Ray in, turning right.

Jeremy fires and hits a man exiting the kitchen.

Another man stops and ducks back in.

Jeremy crouches behind the wall to the kitchen and  
fires around the door.

Bullets burst through the wall next to Jeremy.

Jeremy scurries backwards as the man comes roaring out  
the door, firing his pistol wildly.

The man misses Jeremy with the gun but runs into him instead.

Jeremy is knocked backwards by the man and into the sofa.

The man's head explodes, covering Jeremy with gore.

JEREMY

Shit!

AARON

(through ear piece)

You're welcome.

Ray can be heard firing in the next room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ray catches a man firing his pistol at him.

Ray fires back, missing the man as he dives behind the bed.

Ray sees a woman and man furiously dumping cocaine into the toilet.

Ray jumps around the bed, striking the man repeatedly in his back.

Ray spins around and fires into the bathroom. The sound is deafening.

The woman falls back and the man falls back into the bathtub.

The woman looks up at him. She is bleeding profusely from the chest.

WOMAN #1

You're not the cops...

She dies.

Ray turns and walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy has the bag they came for.

Ray reloads his AR-15.

RAY  
Should have brought shotguns. Let's  
go.

Behind Ray, a man jumps out of the other inner bedroom,  
firing his pistol.

Ray spins and watches as three rounds smack into the  
man, smashing him to the ground.

AARON  
(through mike)  
A life for a life, Raymond.

Jeremy toggles his mike off.

JEREMY  
I guess we found his special gift.

RAY  
We ain't ever gonna hear the end of  
it now.

AARON  
(through mike)  
Uh, guys, I'm sitting up here with  
a 10x scope and I know how to lip read.  
Now move. I hear sirens.

Ray and Jeremy leave with the bag.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Aaron sits in the back, Jeremy and Ray in the front.

JEREMY  
(to Aaron)  
Thanks.

RAY

(to Aaron)  
Yeah, thanks.

AARON  
Sniping is easy. It's controlled.  
Not as chaotic as in your face network.

Silence fills the SUV as it goes down the road.

AARON  
I watched both of you almost die tonight.

RAY  
Oh, come on. Don't get all sappy  
on me.

JEREMY  
We all knew what we were getting  
into when we started this. Let's  
not talk about it. We just watch  
each other's back as best we can.  
No one leaves a scene without the rest.  
That way there is no way to trace us.

AARON  
There is plenty of evidence we've left  
behind. Shell casings for example.

JEREMY  
You're right. Just none links us to  
the scene. To the cops, what we've  
done is just a form of natural selection.  
Dealers and their junkies get hit all  
the time. Someone just rises up to  
take their place. Until they realize  
that we're vigilantes, they won't even  
look for the tell tale signs that we've  
left. And when that time comes and they  
wise up, we'll deal with it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A young man is walking briskly on the sidewalk.

Ray can be seen walking behind him.

The young man looks over his shoulder, but Ray is nondescript.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Aaron sits in the back seat of the SUV.

The front window passenger side window is down and Aaron has the Sniper rifle targeted on the young man.

Jeremy sits in the driver's seat, the engine idling.

AARON  
Can you turn the engine off? I'm  
bouncing more than I'd like.

Jeremy turns the ignition off.

JEREMY  
Damn perfectionist.

AARON  
If you want good work, you need  
perfection.

Aaron toggles his mike.

AARON (CONT.)  
Ray. Call the shot.

RAY  
(through earpiece)  
Wait until he goes to cross. Hit  
him between the cars.

Aaron flips off the safely.

Aaron watches the young man as he looks both ways before stepping between two parked cars.

AARON  
Taking the shot.

Aaron squeezes the trigger.

The shot rings out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The young man spins around and collapses between the two parked cars.

Several people look around, but see nothing.

Ray walks up to the fallen body and picks up the bag he was carrying.

Ray steps up to road and the SUV stops in front of him. Ray gets in.

The SUV drives quietly away.

INT. BMW - DAY

Vallia and Damian are driving. The sun is shining and the car is speeding on the freeway.

Vallia is driving.

DAMIAN  
(looking down at the PDA in his hand)  
We're a go for tonight.

VALLIA  
Did anyone check out the meeting site?

DAMIAN  
I had Michaels do a preliminary evaluation.

Vallia stomps on the gas, flooring it and blasting past two slower moving cars.

Vallia is not driving erratically, but very precise. Damian is nonplussed.

VALLIA  
I want a lot of muscle there. Spread them out and get them weapons.

DAMIAN  
Who do you want doing the transaction?

Vallia considers, turning right.

Vallia weaves between a tractor-trailer and a bus, causing the bus to slide and honk it's horn.

VALLIA

Ron. Yeah. Let Ron do it.

DAMIAN

But he's the suspected FBI plant.  
You're expecting trouble?

VALLIA

I'm expecting those heavy hitters  
will be back. Perchance we'll kill  
two birds with one stone.

Vallia literally slides into a parking lot of Café Illumination.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Amber is driving in a Spyder convertible speeding down the highway.

Beside her is a bag containing twenty five thousand dollars and a pistol. In the back seat sits Guiterrez. He is wearing sunglasses and is cleaning a sawed off shotgun.

Amber is flying, passing cars left and right. We see her pass the Ray's SUV.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Ray watches as the convertible flies by.

RAY

Look at that. She's doing at least  
ninety-five, probably a hundred.

JEREMY

Never a cop around when you need one.

Aaron sits stoically in the back, assembling the sniper rifle.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Gutierrez stands beside Amber, the shotgun at the ready.

Amber has the satchel over her left shoulder. A massive door opens on the opposite end of the Warehouse.

Two vehicles enter, a car and a Suburban. Eight people get out, all of them armed to the teeth.

Five have rifles.

RON walks up to Amber.

RON

Good to see you again. Nice to see that you are as reliable as Hicks used to be.

AMBER

He trained me right. Never piss off your supplier.

Amber looks around at the large number of goons. She looks back at him suspiciously.

RON

One of Mancuo's boys took another hit last night. That's the reason for the excessive firepower.

Ron gestures behind him.

A shot rings out and Ron's arm is blown off.

Two more high-powered rounds strike Ron, driving him to the ground.

Amber just looks around her in shock as bullets start to fly. The satchel falls off her shoulder.

Gutierrez pulls her backwards and shoves her into the Spyder.

Another high-powered bullet puts a hole in Gutierrez's chest.

Gutierrez falls back away from the car. Amber screams and starts the car.

Amber reverses and smashes through the door she came in.

Amber sees two black figures advancing on Vallia's men.

One turns to look towards her leaving.

A shot strikes the dashboard in front of her , exploding the radio.

Amber punches the gas and spins out.

Another shot strikes the seat beside her.

She floors it away from the Warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Four of the eight men are dead or dying.

The remaining four hole up behind the Suburban and are firing at Jeremy and Ray who are behind the car.

Both groups are furiously reloading.

RAY

Shit! These mother fuckers are armed! Ready?

Both Ray and Jeremy jump up and lay down a withering rain of fire into the back of the Suburban.

They duck back down and reload.

JEREMY

This is taking too long!

Return fire pings off the car's frame.

RAY

I'm open to suggestions! I'm down

to two clips!

Jeremy toggles his mike.

JEREMY

Can you do anything?

AARON

(through earpiece)

I'll try. I can't see much. Look  
for my opening.

Bullets fly all over the car. Tires are punctured.

A round goes through the car right by Jeremy's head.

Jeremy scurries backwards.

JEREMY

Shit!

There is a loud boom from Aaron's rifle. Then another  
and another and another.

Both Jeremy and Ray jump up and run around opposite  
sides of the car.

They pound the Suburban with round after round.

They scurry around the side and find all four of the  
remaining men sprawled dead.

They hear a whistle from above.

They look up.

Aaron waves.

JEREMY (CONT.)

The boy's got a gift.

Ray looks at his watch.

RAY

We're at four twenty eight. We've  
got to move!

Ray jogs over to the satchel and starts to run back the way they came in.

Sirens can be heard in the background.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Jeremy's driving. Ray smokes a cigarette.

RAY

She got away.

Aaron leans forward.

AARON

No one's perfect.

Ray takes another drag.

RAY

(to Jeremy)

Did you recognize her?

Jeremy shakes his head.

RAY

She was with Hicks when we hit him.  
She's one lucky bitch, Aaron missed  
her twice!

Aaron leans forward again.

AARON

Shut the fuck up. That's twice I've  
had to save your ass.

All three men laugh.

JEREMY

Did you notice how they are arming  
themselves better now? From here on  
in, it's going to get interesting. We're  
going to have to think about moving.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ray sits watching the TV.

RAY  
(yelling to Jeremy in the kitchen)  
The police finally admitted that there  
is a war going on.

JEREMY  
(yelling from the kitchen)  
It's about damn time.

Aaron comes running up from the basement.

AARON  
(furious)  
We killed a fucking federal agent  
last night!

Jeremy comes out from the kitchen.

JEREMY  
You're shitting me, right?

AARON  
His name was Ronald Sinclair. He was  
a deep operative of the DEA. We  
fucking murdered a cop!

RAY  
Federal agent.

AARON  
What?

RAY  
We offed a Federal agent. Not a cop.  
It was bound to happen that an innocent  
would eventually be killed. Its not  
like we knew or anything. He's just a  
casualty. I'm surprised that there  
isn't a man hunt out for us.

JEREMY  
There must be a seriously deep operation  
going on for them to keep the murder  
of an undercover federal agent under  
wraps.

AARON

We're in over our heads here.

RAY

Learn to swim.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray is creeping towards the outer wall of the house.

Ray sees two guards patrolling the perimeter.

Ray raises his hand and Jeremy stops.

Aaron advances to behind a tree. Seconds tick by.

RAY

Fuck this shit.

Ray jumps up and fires two controlled bursts.

Both men go down.

Ray runs up to the sliding glass window and fires into it, shattering it. He jumps through the falling glass.

Aaron runs up to Jeremy.

AARON

What the hell is he up to?

JEREMY

Hell if I know! Just go!

Aaron runs to the front door and fires at the lock.

Aaron kicks it open and runs in firing all the way. Jeremy follows shortly after.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron runs straight through the room, firing at the two people running towards Ray's commotion in the far room.

Aaron stops and looks at the huge arsenal of weapons that fill the room. Rifles and pistols all lay on a table.

AARON  
Holy shit! What the fuck?

Jeremy pushes Aaron.

JEREMY  
We've caught them all unawares.  
Move! We're here to kill, not gawk!

Jeremy turns and fires his MP5, catching a man coming out who is running from Ray.

Ray comes running in, the MP5 on his shoulder.

RAY  
I caught one on the phone. I'm sure  
I didn't take her out before she got  
connected to whoever she was talking to.

Ray whips his MP5 around.

RAY (CONT.)  
Down!

Jeremy drops onto his back.

Ray opens up as a man comes around the corner armed with a shotgun.

Ray misses and the man starts firing back.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Amber is driving in her Spyder and her phone rings. She picks it up.

AMBER  
Hello?

VOICE  
Amber! Those fucking vigilante bastards  
are here! Oh shit...

GUNFIRE erupts through the phone. The phone goes dead.

Amber slams the breaks on and pulls a 180. She punches the gas and roars off.

Other cars slide and crash into each other.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The group is caught between two groups and retreats into the living room.

Four on one side and three on the other. All are firing blindly, hoping to hit something.

RAY

Damn! This is fucked up!

JEREMY

Go! I'll cover you!

As the firing dies down and the sounds of people reloading, Aaron and Ray make a dash to for the door.

Jeremy fires as he advances towards the door. He trips over one of the bodies he killed earlier.

Ray turns back, grabs him and drags him out of the house.

Aaron crouches and fires back into the house as the Spyder pulls up.

Jeremy gets up and fires back into the house beside Aaron.

Aaron and Ray see Amber and run around the house.

Amber pulls her pistol and runs up the lawn.

AMBER

Freeze! Police!

Jeremy turns, lowering his MP5.

JEREMY

Get the fuck down!

Bullets start flying through the windows.

Jeremy dives and pushes Amber to the ground.

Her gun goes flying.

Both of them scramble behind a group of trees.

Sirens can be heard.

JEREMY

You're a cop? I thought you were a  
dealer?

Jeremy reloads.

JEREMY (CONT.)

Oh shit! You're the deep cover  
operative!

Jeremy pops out from behind the tree and empties a clip  
into the front of the house.

AMBER

How do you...? Who the fuck are  
you guys?

Jeremy reloads.

JEREMY

Uh, uh, The Black Paladins.

AMBER

The what?

Jeremy sees flashing lights behind him.

JEREMY

Whoops! You're friends are here.  
Gotta go!

AMBER

Wait! You're under...

Jeremy runs past the front of the house, firing into  
the house and following the path Ray and Aaron took.

AMBER (CONT.)

...arrest.

Police cars swarm behind where Amber is hiding.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Amber is sitting at the table.

Renault is sitting across from her.

RENAULT

The Black Paladins?

AMBER

That's what he said.

Renault chuckles to himself.

RENAULT

I'm pulling you out. You're on  
administrative leave for the next  
two weeks.

AMBER

You can't!

Renault scribbles on his notepad.

RENAULT

I can and did. Have a nice vacation.

Renault looks up at Amber.

RENAULT (CONT.)

Go home. Your real home.

Amber stands up. She stares down at Renault, but says  
nothing. She slams the door as she exits.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Amber sits in the interrogation room smoking a  
cigarette.

Another officer walks in and throws down the thick folder he's holding.

OFFICER #1

Here's the file on the first few hits. Renault isn't going to like you messing with this. You didn't get this from me.

Amber nods and opens the files. She begins reading.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Amber's ashtray is growing.

She now has files all over the table.

She's looking at a photo of Scott Harrison. She reads the report on his murder.

She writes down Ray's name on a tablet.

She circles it.

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

Amber knocks on the apartment door. No one answers. She knocks again.

A young boy walks by.

YOUNG BOY

You lookin' for Ray?

AMBER

Yeah, I thought he lived here.

YOUNG BOY

He moved out two months ago.

The boy continues on his way.

Amber crosses off Ray's name. We see that she has previously crossed off Jeremy's and Aaron's name.

AMBER

(to herself)  
They're the heavy hitters. They have to be. There is no other explanation. They've turned vigilante. That's why they don't take the drugs. Only the cash.

She turns and walks back to her Spyder.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ray and Jeremy are watching TV. Aaron is in the kitchen.

RAY  
The Black Paladins? You're kidding, right?

JEREMY  
I had to say something.

Aaron exits the kitchen with a sandwich.

AARON  
I think it's cool. Noble even.

RAY  
Dude, we kill people for money. Let's not glamorize it.

AARON  
No way! We slay evil doers. Our cause is righteous and backed by MP5's and AR-15's.

RAY  
Oh please. Don't go all religious on me. Rationalize it however you want, but we kill people for money.

JEREMY  
No, he's right. Sure, we take their money, but only because it's there for the taking. In a way we are the vengeance of every man, woman or child that has been harmed by drugs.

RAY

Whatever. You spent way too much time playing Dungeons and Dragons. Black Paladins my ass.

Ray gets up and walks away.

INT. REALTOR S OFFICE

Amber sits talking with the Realtor. She hands him a group photo of Jeremy, Ray, Aaron and Scott.

AMBER

Do you recognize any of these individuals?

The Realtor picks up the photo and stares intently.

REALTOR

This one. What did he do?

AMBER

We'd like to question him on a matter of serious importance.

The Realtor looks at her intently. He drops the photo and turns to his files. He opens the drawers and begins rifling. He pulls out the file.

REALTOR (CONT.)

Devin Myers. He rents a house at 69 Rosewood Lane. It's a secluded home.

AMBER

Devin Meyers? Huh. That's interesting.

REALTOR

He paid for an entire year in cash. I don't ask questions when it comes to cash. I did think it was odd that he paid it like that, figured it might be drugs, but every time I've made a surprise inspection, the place has been sparkling.

AMBER

Can I get a copy of that file?

REALTOR

Do you have a warrant?

Amber looks at him harshly.

AMBER

If I have to, I'll get one. I'll also have your realty license revoked, your dog castrated and you arrested as a child molester. Don't fuck with me.

The Realtor blinks once and then reaches out for the file. Amber watches as the Realtor walks to the copy machine. He looks back at her with genuine fear.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Marcus is storming around his office. Damian stands at the ready on the other side of the desk.

MARCUS

Who the fuck are they?

Marcus slams down his pistol on his desk.

DAMIAN

We still have no clue. No one's been able to touch them since this all started.

MARCUS

We are at war, Damian! A fucking war in downtown Philadelphia. Find them!

Damian nods.

Marcus throws his glass against the wall.

Marcus takes a deep breath and calms himself.

MARCUS (CONT.)

Double the next shipment. Arm everyone. I've lost too much since this started. The suppliers are beginning to wonder if I am able to distribute. I will not tolerate this any longer!

DAMIAN

The feds are going to become suspicious if we start running around with a lot of hardware.

MARCUS

I don't care. I want the fuckers dead.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Amber is flying down the highway in her Spyder. She is talking on her cell phone.

AMBER

I need you to track down any record of a Devin Myers. A telephone number, any weapon purchases, vehicle purchases. Make some calls. I'm following up on a lead I discovered. No I don't have time to do this myself. Fuck, I'm supposed to be undercover! I don't have time for this shit!

She pauses.

AMBER

(annoyed)  
Thank you!

Amber hangs up the phone.

Her cell phone immediately rings. She answers it.

AMBER

Yeah? Hey! What's up?

She pauses.

AMBER

What? You were going to make a purchase without telling me?

She pauses obviously pissed.

AMBER

I was busy. Fuck! You stupid mother fucker! What the hell did I tell you?!

She pauses again, slamming the phone against the dashboard.

She calms herself and puts it back to her ear.

AMBER

Now? It's going down now? Shit!

She hangs up the phone and immediately dials another number.

AMBER

Renault! Get SWAT on the horn. Some of my associates have taken it upon themselves to make a hellishly large purchase from Vallia. I can almost guarantee those Black Paladins will be there.

She pauses.

AMBER

The Shipyard. I'm in route now.

She pauses.

AMBER

No, I will not back off. No! Fuck you, this IS my business!

She hangs up the phone and punches the Spyder's gas.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Aaron is laid out on a rooftop several hundred yards away.

Aaron scopes in and sees four vehicles approaching a grouping of three more.

AARON

Holy shit. Look at them all.

Aaron toggles his mike.

AARON

We're a bit outnumbered here guys.  
I'm counting twenty to twenty five in  
those four vehicles alone. What do  
you want to do?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The black SUV and a Yamaha racing cycle are parked in a  
darkened corner.

Ray tosses a MP5 to Jeremy.

Jeremy catches it in midair.

Jeremy chambers a round and checks it over.

Jeremy buttons up his shirt and we see that Jeremy is  
wearing a Kevlar vest.

JEREMY

It's a go. We'll be in position  
in forty five seconds.

Ray looks like an avenging dark angel. He's long black  
hair is pulled up and he's cradling two MP5s.

Ray slings one over his shoulder.

Ray starts walking towards the doorway.

AARON

(through mike)  
Are you nuts?

JEREMY

Ray's got some killing to do. You  
know how he gets.

AARON

(through mike)  
I've got a bad feeling about this.

Jeremy follows Ray.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Aaron sights in on Vallia who is exiting a car. There are four vehicles there already.

Fifteen guys get out and begin transferring cases into four other vehicles. All are armed with rifles and submachine guns.

Vallia is heavily protected.

AARON

Can't get a clear shot on Vallia.  
Taking the shot on Hispanic left to  
clear the way.

JEREMY

(through headset)  
Roger that. We're in position.

Aaron squeezes off a shot and the man in front of Vallia collapses when his chest explodes.

Aaron fires a second shot as Vallia's bodyguards pile on top of him.

Another man falls.

Aaron fires again, dropping another one. He fires again, dropping a fourth man. He chambers a fifth round.

Aaron fires through the door of an SUV, killing the man hiding behind it.

Aaron hears a sound behind him and rolls over, drawing his pistol from his belt.

A tall Caucasian man fires three times into Aaron's chest. Aaron grunts in pain.

EXT. SHIPYARDS - DAY

Ray sprints towards the four vehicles, firing as he goes.

The armed thugs scatter, jumping into their cars.

Ray takes the high route, jumping on the hood of one of

the cars and firing into the driver who is attempting to drive away.

Ray jumps down and uses the tires to protect him as he reloads.

Jeremy drops to the ground, firing at the feet of the dealers.

Jeremy hears the gunshots over the mike.

JEREMY  
(through mike)  
Aaron?

Jeremy rises on one knee and fires at a car that is leaving.

Jeremy empties the clip into the trunk and shattering the back window.

Jeremy runs to where Ray is firing from.

JEREMY  
I think something's wrong with Aaron!  
I can't raise him.

RAY  
He's a big boy! He can take care  
of himself.

Ray sees Amber's car come flying down the road, passing the car that is leaving.

In the distance, lights of dozens of cop cars are flying down the road.

RAY (CONT.)  
Here comes your friend. And she  
brought reinforcements.

Ray hops up and fires away. Jeremy sneaks a peek and sits back.

JEREMY  
Awww... Shit! Let's get the fuck out  
of here!

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Aaron gasps and fires his own pistol, striking the man who shot him.

Aaron continues to fire until his clip is emptied.

Aaron passes out as the man falls dead beside him.

EXT. SHIPYARDS - DAY

Amber flies down the road towards the shipyard. She passes the first vehicle to leave. She hears the sirens and knows that she will be backed up shortly.

Amber slides to a halt a short distance from the clustered vehicles.

Amber hops out and draws her weapon. Shots are whizzing past her.

Amber sees on one side, Vallia being hustling away by several bodyguards.

The armed dealers begin to scatter as cops begin to circle and set up a perimeter.

Amber sees Ray and Jeremy jump up from behind the shot up vehicles. She watches them run away from the fight with Enforcers and cops in pursuit.

The cops have turned their attentions to the Enforcers who are fighting back tremendously.

EXT. SHIPYARDS - DAY

Jeremy turns and fires to his left.

Jeremy barely misses a Cop who ducks behind the wall.

Jeremy sees cops everywhere.

JEREMY

Shit! Watch the cops! They're coming  
out of the damn woodwork!

Ray fires again, keeping the cops behind the wall.

RAY

I'm trying, but they keep getting in my way!

Ray fires another burst and turns to run. He watches Jeremy run through and into the warehouse.

Ray turns and sees an Enforcer firing at him.

Ray takes a shot to the shoulder, spinning him around.

Ray drops his MP5 and rolls to the ground. He sees the Enforcer begin to approach.

Ray struggles to draw his pistol.

Jeremy runs back through the door and he sees the Enforcer's chest explode from a shot from above.

AARON

(through earset)

Gotcha fucker...

A cop fires at Jeremy, and Jeremy throws himself backwards. The bullet grazes Jeremy's cheek.

Ray fires his pistol, clipping the cop in the leg and in the shoulder.

RAY

Stay down fucker! We're not after you!

Jeremy and Ray help each other into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ray jumps into the SUV. Jeremy tosses his MP5 into the SUV.

JEREMY

I'll get Aaron and meet you at the house.

Ray nods and starts the SUV. He drives off.

Jeremy hops on the cycle and drives off.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Jeremy runs up the steps and draws his pistol. He sees Aaron lying in a pool of blood.

Aaron is clutching his sniper rifle at the edge of the rooftop.

Jeremy approaches, making sure the Enforcer is dead.

Jeremy holsters his pistol and rolls Aaron over.

Aaron coughs and his eyes flutter open. He cries out and rolls into a ball.

AARON

God, this fucking sucks!

Jeremy pulls open Aaron's shirt. There are three bullets in the vest. None penetrated.

JEREMY

Lucky, lucky, lucky. Come on,  
let's go.

Jeremy helps Aaron up and together they go down the stairs.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

Amber walks around the devastation. She stares down at the dead Jerry.

Twenty dead Enforcers and Dealers are laying on the ground.

Two cops are also dead and ten wounded.

Renault walks up to Amber.

RENAULT

I see your boys were here again.

AMBER

Yeah, Jerry's over there.

She points to a bullet riddled body a short distance away.

AMBER

I don't know where Trent is.

RENAULT

I meant the Paladins. I could care less about your shitheaded boys. I know you've been sticking your nose where it doesn't belong.

Amber walks to her Spyder.

RENAULT (CONT.)

If you discover anything, I expect you to tell me.

Amber walks back and slams the file folder from the Realtor into his chest.

Amber gives him the bird and hops into the Spyder. She roars off.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Amber is flying down the highway. Her phone rings.

AMBER

Yeah?

She pauses.

Cut to...

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A man, Trent, is talking on two phones at once.

TRENT

Trent here. I managed to get out with Vallia. Vallia got confirmation from within the police department as to who these bastards are. He's asking everyone to assemble their hitters. The hitters are meeting just outside

of town. A suspension of hostilities  
has been guaranteed. I thought you  
should know. Who do you want to send?

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Amber is shocked, realizing that Renault is dirty.

AMBER

I don't know. I... Call Dog. See if  
he's willing. We might just sit this  
one out. I gotta go.

Amber hangs up and slams the phone against the  
dashboard. She totally loses control for a few  
seconds.

AMBER

Damn it, damn it, damn it! That  
fucker! No wonder we have never been  
able to touch the fucker! Bastard's  
going to die.

She starts dialing another number and puts the phone to  
her ear.

AMBER

It's me. What do you got? Great!  
Wait. Hold on.

Amber slams on her brakes and whips the car across two  
lanes and onto the shoulder. Cars all around her  
squeal and honk their horns. Luckily she causes no  
accidents.

She scribbles down a phone number.

AMBER

Thanks! I owe you one.

She pushes a button on the phone, hanging it up. She  
immediately dials the other number, referring back to  
the scribbled number.

EXT. INTERIOR OF SUV - DAY

Ray's phone rings beside him on the seat. Ray is pulling into the driveway of the house.

Ray picks it up and turns it on.

RAY

What's wrong?

AMBER

You don't know me but they know who you are and they are coming for you.

RAY

How did you get this number?

AMBER

Listen shithead. They know who you are. I know who you are. They know about the house in Levittown. They'll be headed there shortly.

RAY

I'm sorry, I think you have the wrong number.

Ray hangs up the phone. He pulls into the garage and the door comes down behind him.

He immediately jumps out and opens the back of the SUV.

He opens up the weapon lockers and starts piling weapons into the back of the SUV.

Ray looks down and sees blood on his hands. He touches his shoulder and winces in pain.

The garage door opens and Ray picks up a MP5.

He chambers a round and spins to the door. Jeremy and Aaron fly into the garage.

Jeremy pulls off his helmet.

JEREMY

What's wrong?

RAY

I just got a call from that woman. She

said that they knew who we were and where we are.

Aaron limps off the cycle. He sits down on the tailgate of the SUV.

AARON

Ah, fuck!

JEREMY

Don't panic. We've known this would eventually happen. We'll just pack it up and leave. The accounts in the Caribbean are still valid and are in no danger. Ray, you and I will finish loading the SUV and the Mustang. Aaron, download everything you need to set up in a new location. I want you to go back into the Philly Intranet and find out where Mr. Vallia is likely to be located. Once we take out Vallia, we'll be finished here. You've got an hour. Let's move.

The three disperse.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ray is seen placing electrical charges all around fifty-five gallon drums of fertilizer and gasoline.

Jeremy comes down the steps.

JEREMY

How goes it?

RAY

Flip this switch and the whole place goes up.

JEREMY

Are you sure?

RAY

Of course I'm sure. This is how McVeigh did it.

JEREMY

Oh.

Ray follows Jeremy back upstairs.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Aaron can be seen typing furiously and clicking the mouse.

AARON

Come on. Where the hell is it?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ray can be seen driving the SUV out of the garage and down the road.

Jeremy follows shortly after in the Mustang.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - DAY

Ray backs the SUV behind a hill. Jeremy parks the Mustang beside the SUV.

Together they pull camouflage netting over the vehicles.

They start walking back through the woods.

RAY

Do you think they'll come?

JEREMY

Undoubtedly.

RAY

So what's the plan?

JEREMY

Kill as many of them as we can before they kill us.

RAY

Ooooo... Good one.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - DAY

Several cars line the road. Enforcers carrying rifles are locking and loading.

Vallia walks up to Renault who is leaning against a car's hood.

RENAULT

Wouldn't you rather my people come in and do this?

VALLIA

I would never give you the pleasure of killing these dogs. They've cost me more than I care to count. No. These bastards are mine.

Vallia turns to the assembled men.

VALLIA (CONT.)

Whoever brings me one of their heads will receive a hundred thousand dollars. Is that enough incentive for you all?

There are several murmurs of agreement.

Vallia watches the twenty-five heavily armed men enter the woods and go up the hill.

VALLIA (CONT.)

Call me when its done. I'll be at the Wolf trying to forget this ordeal.

Vallia turns and get in his BMW.

Renault and Damian watch him drive away.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Amber's Spyder comes roaring down the lane.

The garage door is open.

Ray drops into a crouch and levels the MP5 at her as she screeches to a halt.

Amber is wearing jeans, a white T-shirt and a hip length leather jacket.

RAY

Out. Slowly. Hands where I can see them.

Jeremy comes out of the garage.

Amber slowly gets out of the Spyder.

Jeremy goes up to her and frisks her. He takes her pistol off of her as well as the backup she had around her ankle.

JEREMY

What the hell do you think you're doing here?

AMBER

Warning you.

JEREMY

Your phone call was enough. So why are you really here?

Jeremy leads Amber into the garage.

Ray jumps into the Spyder and drives it into the garage.

The garage door lowers.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Ray leaps out of the Spyder. He resumes pointing the MP5 at Amber.

JEREMY

So you've found us. Do you expect us to let you live now that you've discovered us?

AMBER

Yes. Yes I do. You've gone out of your

way to avoid killing cops.

Ray fingers the MP5's trigger.

RAY

That can always change.

JEREMY

Shut up, Ray.

Ray glares at Jeremy.

JEREMY (CONT.)

So. What are you doing here?

AMBER

The three of you have pissed so many people off these last few months. You've disrupted not only cocaine trafficking but numerous undercover operations. Hell, you even killed a deep cover DEA operative.

RAY

We didn't know. He was collateral damage. He knew the risks.

AMBER

No one expected three automatic weapon wielding vigilantes. No one.

Amber sits down on a pile of crates.

AMBER (CONT.)

I discovered today that my handler has been feeding information to Vallia's organization. Renault's assistance has helped Vallia reach his current status as the kingpin of East Coast distribution. I want Vallia taken down, but I also want Renault. I expect the bastards to show up here.

JEREMY

Do you know where Vallia is?

AMBER

Never met the man. I couldn't ever get deep enough to find out.

Jeremy walks into the house. He yells down the stairs to the basement.

JEREMY

Aaron! Look for files under the name Renault.

Jeremy walks back and sits down.

JEREMY (CONT.)

What about justice? Bagging your man?

AMBER

There is no justice. Not on the streets. You've seen what measure of justice we've been able to deliver.

Ray sees a shadow cross the floor and snaps the MP5 upwards. He opens up through the side of the garage.

A scream envelops the garage.

Jeremy grabs Amber and shoves her to the ground. Bullets begin to fly through the garage.

Ray takes cover behind the Spyder and bullets riddle its side.

The side door is kicked in and an Enforcer carrying a shotgun enters, firing his weapon.

Jeremy hands Amber her pistol.

JEREMY

Don't make me regret this.

Amber chambers a round and fires back.

Jeremy leaves her side and scrambles into the house.

He sees an Enforcer kick open the front door.

He rolls forward and fires his 9mm into the man's chest five times.

We see two other Enforcers duck back out of sight.

The Enforcer falls back out the door.

Jeremy kicks the door shut and runs to the stairs that lead to the basement.

He flings open the door.

JEREMY

Aaron! We are leaving!

Aaron's head appears and then ducks back out of sight.

Jeremy turns and we see the front door get kicked back open.

Amber runs through the house, her weapon drawn. She sees an Enforcer, MIGUEL, shoot a round through the sliding glass door. It shatters all around her.

Amber shields herself and crouches down.

Miguel walks in and he recognizes Amber. He lowers his weapon.

MIGUEL

Sorry, Amber, I didn't know you were with us...

Amber fires repeatedly, dropping the man.

AMBER

Sorry, Miguel.

Ray walks backwards, firing into the garage.

Ray turns as Jeremy runs past him and fires over Jeremy towards the front door.

The Enforcers that have entered duck behind the walls.

Jeremy exits the house with his pistol outstretched.

Aaron comes barreling out of the basement with a backpack filled with computer gear. He's got a 9mm in his hand.

Aaron fires at Amber but misses with the first shot.

Ray knocks his hand up.

RAY

She's with us!

AARON

That would've been nice to know.

Amber stands and follows Jeremy.

Aaron then follows Amber.

Ray fires back into the house as he exits the house.  
We see strapped across his hip is the detonator.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jeremy stops and fires, striking one of the Enforcers  
hiding among the trees.

Amber and Aaron run past him. They run behind a tree  
and fire at the Enforcers that are among the trees.

Ray continues to run through the woods.

RAY

Go! Go!

Jeremy comes around the tree and grabs Amber's arm.

Aaron dashes from his tree following Ray.

JEREMY

Let's move!

Amber runs with Jeremy.

We see Ray jump and disappear from sight.

Aaron follows.

Jeremy pulls Amber and together they jump into the  
ravine.

Ray slides to the bottom of the ravine and looks back up the incline. He sees Jeremy and Amber begin to jump off the top.

He grabs the detonator and triggers the explosives in the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The blue fifty five gallon drums explode outward, filling the basement with flame.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two Enforcers are checking on a fallen comrade. They hear a whooshing sound and turn to see the flames engulf them.

Their screams are cut off.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - DAY

The house explodes in flame, engulfing the surrounding hillside. Several remaining Enforcers are caught in the wave front and are smashed into trees before exploding in flames.

Their screams can be heard briefly before being swallowed up by the roar of the explosion.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - DAY

Damian is leaning against the car talking with Renault. We can hear GUNFIRE in the distance.

DAMIAN

Listen to all that gunfire. They're putting up one hell of a fight.

They see a bright flash and then hear the huge explosion and they see a wave of debris and smoke rushing towards them.

Rocks and trees strike the car as the men are knocked off the car and onto the ground.

EXT. RAVINE - DAY

Jeremy and Amber just cross the threshold and can feel the flames wash over them.

Amber screams as they slide down the side of the ravine.

Aaron catches Amber and helps her regain her footing.

AARON

Are you okay?

Amber nods affirmative.

Jeremy slides to a halt.

JEREMY

Shit! Did you use enough?

Ray is lighting up a cigarette.

RAY

Just wanted to be sure.

Ray looks Amber's direction, smiling.

RAY

Hope you were insured 'cause your Spyder got stepped on.

Amber storms up to Ray grabbing for her pistol. She can't find it.

Ray raises his hand and her pistol is in it.

RAY (CONT.)

Wouldn't want you doing something we'd regret.

AMBER

Fucking bastard!

RAY

Yeah, that's what they tell me.

Ray turns away and starts trotting down and out of the ravine.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - DAY

Damian gets up and stares in awe at the destroyed hillside.

DAMIAN

Holy shit!

Damian and Renault run to the top of the hill and see the massive hole in the forest where the house and the surrounding forest once stood.

The forest is silent except for a pale smoke in the air.

The two of them walk through the destruction. They see an Enforcer walking towards them. Both of his arms are missing. The wounded man stumbles and falls to his knees.

Renault approaches and kneels down.

RENAULT

What happened?

The wounded man's mouth opens and closes, but no sound comes out. His eyes are bloody and sightless.

Damian draws his pistol and fires point blank into the man's head, killing him.

Renault jumps back.

RENAULT

That wasn't necessary!

Damian holsters his pistol.

DAMIAN

It was a professional courtesy.

Damian pulls out his cell phone and dials.

DAMIAN (CONT.)

The fuckers blew up the house with everyone in it.

Damian pauses.

DAMIAN (CONT.)

No I don't know if they were in it. I know they were there, though. There was a hell of a lot of gunfire...

Damian pauses.

DAMIAN (CONT.)

No, I don't think you understand the extent of this explosion. The whole top of the hill is gone. Yes, gone.

Damian pauses.

DAMIAN (CONT.)

Yes sir.

Damian closes the cell phone.

DAMIAN

Let's go.

Damian and Renault begin back towards the car.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Aaron follows Ray through the woods. Jeremy is beside him. Amber brings up the rear.

JEREMY

What did you find out before you were rudely interrupted?

AARON

According the reports this Renault guy was hiding in his secure personal folders, Vallia mostly hangs out in a bar named The Fenris Wolf.

JEREMY

Then that's where we go.

Ray pulls the netting off the SUV.

Aaron pulls the netting off the Mustang.

Jeremy turns to Amber

JEREMY (CONT.)

Are you with us?

AMBER

Do I have a choice?

Jeremy shrugs.

JEREMY

You always have a choice.

Amber walks to the Mustang and gets in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mustang and the Bronco are barreling along Interstate 95 towards downtown Philadelphia.

INT. MUSTANG'S INTERIOR - NIGHT

Jeremy is driving. He reaches back and pulls a bag into Amber's lap.

JEREMY

Mind loading some clips for me?

Amber responds by opening the bag and pulling out the boxes of ammo and empty clips.

She begins loading the clips, one shell at a time.

AMBER

Why are you doing this?

JEREMY

It's complicated.

AMBER

I'm not going anywhere.

Jeremy follows Ray as they exit the highway.

JEREMY

At first it was revenge for your associate, Hicks, whacking our friend. When it turned out how good we were at striking back, we decided to turn in our dead end jobs and fight the good fight. At least that's what we tell ourselves. Ray does it for the thrill, Aaron does it because it gives him a sense of purpose.

AMBER

And why do you do it?

Jeremy shrugs.

JEREMY

Because I'm good at it. I don't like killing, but I don't have a conscience that prevents it either.

Jeremy laughs.

JEREMY (CONT.)

I'm good at pulling a trigger.

Silence fills the car. The only sound is the click of the rounds into the clips.

JEREMY (CONT.)

Why are you playing cops and robbers? From what I've seen you're a better dealer than cop.

Amber looks over at him.

AMBER

I hate being a cop. I went through all the training and spent two years on patrol. What I found was a whole lot of red tape, racism, sexism and hypocrisy within the force. To get the hell away from it, I joined vice. Actually, I had to fuck my way into the

division.

Jeremy looks over at her concernedly.

JEREMY

It's really that bad? What about IA?

AMBER

Internal Affairs just covers it up so the constituents don't see it.

JEREMY

Maybe we should stop avoiding killing law enforcement.

AMBER

That wouldn't be right. Now would it? Besides, do you really want a manhunt of biblical proportions to come down on you?

JEREMY

What's to stop them? We've already killed one of your kind.

AMBER

Ron, I've discovered, was as corrupt as Vallia, which was how he managed to get as far as he did. The man was on DEA's payroll, but not once did he ever further their goals.

JEREMY

That's comforting.

The SUV brakes and pulls to the side of the road, parallel parking.

Jeremy pulls up behind him.

Jeremy gets out and reaches behind his seat, pulling out his Kevlar vest.

He looks at Amber, who remains in the car.

JEREMY (CONT.)

Are you in? Do you want your man?

Amber gets out and Jeremy tosses her a MP5.

Jeremy pulls off his shirt.

Jeremy straps on the vest and pulls on a T-shirt. He then puts on a leather trenchcoat. He fills the pockets with clips and attaches some to his belt.

Ray and Aaron walk up. Both have MP5's slung under their coats.

Amber chambers a round.

RAY

You trust her?

AARON

Come on, man, she's a cop.

Amber takes off her coat and slings the MP5.

She puts her coat back on, hiding the MP5.

AMBER

Suspicious bastard, aren't you?

Ray snorts and walks away. He lights up a cigarette.

The rest follow.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The four of them walk down the deserted street.

Rain begins to fall.

Ray is in the center, Aaron on his left, Jeremy to his right and Amber on Jeremy's right.

INT. THE FENRIS WOLF BAR - NIGHT

The bar is loud with ten to twenty patrons other than Vallia and his men. All are shady looking gentlemen and a few women.

Vallia sits with two Enforcers. Four others are in various positions around the bar.

Vallia is drinking a glass of beer.

Damian and Renault enter the bar and walk over to Vallia. Both are still covered with dirt.

VALLIA  
You look like shit.

DAMIAN  
You're lucky you left when you did.

Vallia gestures for them to sit.

They do so. Vallia gestures for drinks.

Ray pushes the double doors open and the four of them walk into the bar.

In slow motion, all four of them burst into action.

The trenchcoats are flung off and the weapons are fired.

All fire their weapons.

All around them, patrons are hit. Some dive behind tables and scramble away.

Vallia and his bodyguards jump up and draw their weapons. They shove Vallia towards the kitchen and fire towards Ray as he advances.

Ray's bullets strike one of them and he falls backwards onto the wall.

Damian and Renault jump upwards and Aaron fires, dropping Damian. He falls onto the table.

Renault pushes the table over and unceremoniously dumps Damian onto the floor.

Renault scrambles away, but Amber stands above him.

Renault turns over and puts up his hands.

RENAULT

Amber!

AMBER

You fucker. All this time we couldn't touch him. All this time we never knew why. All this time it was you. You. You fucking bastard.

Amber pulls the trigger, blowing a hole in his head.

Aaron turns and takes down another bodyguard from another direction.

Jeremy ducks GUNFIRE and follows Ray as he enters the kitchen after Vallia.

As Ray enters the kitchen, a bodyguard tackles him. Ray's MP5 goes flying. Ray starts punching the guy's head as they fall to the ground.

A physical fight on the floor ensues.

Jeremy runs by, not noticing that Ray is fighting hand to hand. He ducks more GUNFIRE and fires back.

Amber runs by after Jeremy.

Ray is picked up and thrown against the wall.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Vallia bursts into the alleyway and runs towards his BMW.

Behind him, his bodyguard turns and fires at Jeremy as he exits the building.

Jeremy crouches and empties his clip into the bodyguard.

The bodyguard falls.

Jeremy reloads his MP5.

Vallia manages to get into his BMW. He starts it and floors it. He tries to go backwards but cannot because a truck is coming down the alley.

Smoke rolls from the tires but he doesn't get up much speed before he reaches Jeremy who is standing in the middle of the road.

Jeremy fires repeatedly, but Vallia ducks.

Jeremy jumps up on the hood and slides forward. He places his left leg as a brace onto the windshield and fires point blank into Vallia's chest. Bullets pound into Vallia, killing him.

The car slides against the wall and grinds to a halt.

Jeremy hops off as Amber exits into the alley.

She inspects the car and Vallia's body.

AMBER

Nice work.

JEREMY

Thanks.

Jeremy leans forward, inspecting his work.

AMBER

Don't thank me, you're under arrest.

Jeremy looks at Amber.

Amber has the MP5 leveled at his chest. She reaches forward and takes his rifle away from him.

AMBER (CONT.)

Assume the position.

JEREMY

Shit.

Jeremy turns around and puts his hands on his head. Amber takes away his pistol.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

GUNFIRE can be heard coming from the bar room.

Ray slides down the wall.

The bodyguard punches Ray's shoulder and Ray cries out in pain.

The bodyguard stands over Ray and fires his pistol into Ray's chest.

Ray grimaces and stares up at the man.

BODYGUARD

Wearing a vest huh? Won't matter when  
I blow your head clean off your shoulders.

The bodyguard presses the pistol to Ray's head.

Ray sees Aaron come up behind the Bodyguard and he smiles broadly.

Aaron fires pointblank into the Bodyguard's head. The head sprays Ray with blood and gore.

The body falls atop Ray.

Ray pushes the body off and struggles to stand.

GUNFIRE erupts around them. Aaron spins and fires his MP5, striking a man shooting at him with a pistol.

The man falls to the floor.

AARON

Are you okay?

RAY

I'm fine.

Ray grabs his MP5 off the floor.

He reloads. Aaron also reloads.

Together they go back through the bar room. The room is silent except for sirens that are getting closer.

The two step over several dead bodies.

RAY

Where's Jer?

AARON

I lost him a couple of minutes ago.

Ray pushes the doors open and see cop cars everywhere.

Ray lets the door close.

RAY

Guess we're not going out that way.

AARON

Guess not.

The two of them run towards the back.

Ray sees Jeremy coming through the kitchen with his hands on his head.

Ray gestures Aaron to take a position on the other side of the door.

Jeremy come through the door.

AMBER

Looks like your friends have left you.

Ray and Aaron place the barrels of their guns to Amber's head as she exits the door.

AARON

Drop it.

RAY

Now.

Aaron takes her MP5 away.

AARON

Your call Jer.

Jeremy turns and takes her MP5 from Aaron

JEREMY

Leave her. Let's go.

RAY

She knows who we are!

JEREMY

She won't tell. Will you?

Amber sighs and shakes her head to the negative.

AMBER

Why should I? Wouldn't matter anyway.  
That explosion took care of any evidence  
you three ever existed. As far as  
everyone is concerned, you're all dead.

Jeremy leans close to her whispering into her ear.

JEREMY (CONT.)

Come with us.

Amber just shakes her head negatively.

Jeremy kisses her.

JEREMY (CONT.)

Your loss. Would have been fun. See  
you around.

Jeremy enters the kitchen.

Ray follows Jeremy. Aaron waves to Amber and enters  
the kitchen.

Amber is left standing alone in the bar room.

Suddenly Amber turns and runs after them.

AMBER

Jeremy, wait!

She exits out into the alleyway and sees cops at either  
end. She cannot see any of the Black Paladins.

She stands in the rain as SWAT tactically approaches  
her.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The lights of Miami fill the sky behind them. The trio of Ray, Aaron and Jeremy sit in the sand with beers in their hands.

Ray lights up a cigarette.

Amber can be seen walking towards them in the distance.

FADE OUT...

THE END