

TOO OLD TO DIE YOUNG

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Episode One

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EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

A BLACK AND WHITE POLICE CAR rolls down SUNSET, passing neon lights and nightclubs with people standing outside, smoking and talking.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Two uniformed officers -- LARRY (40s) and MARTIN (early 30s)-- cruise the streets in their patrol car. Larry at the wheel, in an increasingly bad mood.

LARRY

That fucking unstable cunt...

MARTIN

I'm sure it's not that bad.

LARRY

Yes it is. She was fucking hysterical. Make-up all down her face. Talkin' about how I made her promises... Bullshit.

MARTIN

What're you gonna do?

LARRY

Fuck if I know. She gets to Ellie, I'm screwed. She'll take the kids... Get some lawyer to fuck me, hard. Just core me right out.

As they drive, TWO GIRLS pull out in front of them in a COOPER MINI.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

The Cooper Mini turns off Sunset, heading up into the Hollywood Hills, and Larry turns to follow them.

OUR CAMERA is behind the Police Car, tracking them, as they start to wind up into the hills.

LARRY

I'm not losing my kids over some strung-out psycho bitch, Marty.

MARTIN

I'm sure you'll figure it out. Amanda's just trying to get your attention.

LARRY

Well, she's fucking got it.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

From inside the squad car, Martin and Larry watch the girls inside the Mini as they drive. The driver pulls up her CELLPHONE -- Light reflects off her face as she looks at it.

LARRY

Oh, look at this shit... There's police on your ass, airhead.

Larry hits the siren and lights.

The Mini pulls over, and Larry pulls to the side of the road behind them. Lights still lit up on the squad car.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS STREET - NIGHT

As Larry and Martin get out of their squad car -- OUR CAMERA slowly tracks to the side, like we're pulling over too, watching from half a block behind them.

INT. MINI COOPER - NIGHT

The GIRLS - DONNA and GIA (mid-20s) - roll down their windows as Larry approaches. Martin stays behind the car, shining his flashlight inside.

DONNA

I was only looking at the GPS, officer. I wasn't texting.

LARRY

(ignoring her)
Out of the car.

Donna and Gia look at each other.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Don't look at her. Out.

The girls are shaken by his tone. Donna starts getting out of the car.

DONNA

If I could just --

LARRY

Driver's license. Now.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS STREET - NIGHT

Donna hands over her ID and Larry passes it to Martin, who walks back to the squad car.

AGAIN WE SEE ANOTHER SHOT OF THIS FROM HALF A BLOCK BEHIND THEM

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Martin sinks into the passenger seat, and starts typing in Donna's details into the dashboard computer. As he waits, he watches Larry lecturing Donna.

LARRY

You have no idea how stupid you look right now, do you?

DONNA

I just --

LARRY

I could impound your car. Lock you up overnight. All 'cause you're a self-centered little dipshit who thinks she can text while driving. Who thinks the rules don't apply to her...

Donna's eyes start tearing up, her lip quivers.

LARRY (CONT'D)

...What, because you got a nice ass? Is that it? Does that make you special?

Martin shakes his head, gets out of the car.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS STREET - NIGHT

Inside the Mini, Gia speaks up from the passenger seat.

GIA

Hey -- You can't talk to her like that!

Larry snaps his attention her way. She holds up her phone, about to film him.

LARRY

Put that fucking phone down. You want some, too?

Gia drops her phone, scared. Larry yanks open the driver's door.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Out of the car -- Let's go!

But Martin is there now, a firm hand on Larry's shoulder.

MARTIN

That's enough. I think you scared them straight already.

Martin gently pulls Larry away from them, as he hands Donna her ID back, trying to calm her.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Isn't that right, Donna?

DONNA
(through tears)
Yes. Yes, I'm sorry. I won't do it again. I promise.

MARTIN
So we'll call this a warning then.
No need for a ticket this time.

Larry looks at the frightened girl, then back at Martin.

LARRY
Yeah. We'll let it go this time.

MARTIN
You girls drive safely.

Donna gets back in her car, as Martin and Larry walk back to their car.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

They get in the squad car and Larry starts the ignition, pulls back into the street.

They pass the Mini, where Donna sits holding the steering wheel, crying.

MARTIN
What are you doing, man?

Larry sneers as he drives on, full of contempt.

LARRY
Oh, did I hurt their feelings? Fuck them. Their whole generation is a bunch of pussies.
(then)
I fear for the future, Marty... I mean it.

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN
Whatever, just don't take your personal shit out on civilians. You know better. Last thing we need is a complaint.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

Larry and Martin's squad car winds around Mullholland -- OUR CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM A FEW CAR LENGTHS BACK -- watching them weave around sharp turns, taillights a blur of red neon.

And then our camera PULLS BACK --

--And we're in the DRIVER'S SEAT of a CAR that is FOLLOWING THEM -- looking out the windshield.

MUSIC PLAYS -- the SOUND OF NERVOUS BREATHING --

The squad car eventually pulls off onto an overlook.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Larry lights a cigarette and opens the door.

LARRY

I gotta make a call. Get this shit sorted.

MARTIN

Good luck.

Larry gets out, as Martin picks up a crossword. His pen hovers over the half-finished puzzle.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Larry leans on the front of the car, smoking. Looking at the lights of the houses in the valleys around them, like stars stretching to the horizon.

He pulls out his phone and hits a number. It answers on the first ring and a woman starts yelling on the other end.

LARRY

Hey -- hey hey hey -- slow down.
(she keeps yelling)
Shut up -- just listen for a
minute, Mandy. God damn it.

Behind him -- the sound of gravel crunching as -- A slick BMW 4 SERIES pulls to a stop not far from their squad car. Its headlights sweep over Larry, as he looks back.

LARRY (CONT'D)

No no -- I did not say I was
leaving her. I said I'd like to,
but that doesn't mean --

The BMW driver's door opens and JESUS -- a rich 17 year old Latino kid, who looks like he's home from Boarding School -- steps out, starts walking through the light toward Larry.

He's mostly a silhouette, but doesn't seem threatening.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Martin glances up as the kid walks past the car -- he's not setting off their alarm bells.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS

Larry squints at Jesus as he gets closer.

LARRY

Look, it's not that simple, is it?
Why can't you just appreciate what
you've got? Why do you always have
to --

JESUS

Excuse me, officer? Hello?

LARRY

Hey -- I'm on the phone, asshole.

And suddenly Jesus's hands are up -- and he's holding a big gun in them -- BLAM --

AND THE RIGHT SIDE OF LARRY'S FACE IS BLOWN OFF --

I/E POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Martin reacting -- shocked -- calling in the shooting --
"Officer Down!" -- reaching for his gun --

Jesus fires at the car -- BLAM BLAM BLAM -- The driver's window spiderwebs -- but the windows are bullet resistant --

Jesus yells as Martin stares through the spider-webbed glass at him -- Jesus's gun is still aimed --

Martin can't get out of the car or he'll be shot -- He takes his phone and snaps a photo of Jesus through the window.

Jesus fires a few more times -- BLAM BLAM -- Yells -- Then he runs to his BMW and peels out -- racing away --

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS

Martin leaps from the car and runs around the back, opening fire at Jesus's fleeing BMW -- as it's disappearing into the canyon's tight curves.

SIRENS APPROACH IN THE DISTANCE

Martin holsters his gun and runs to Larry's dead body.

It's a gruesome sight, blood and part of an eyeball and some brains splattered. AMANDA'S VOICE shrieks from the phone.

Martin picks up the phone, clicks the screen to hang up the call, then he drops it.

SIRENS GETTING CLOSER

Martin looks at the phone he just dropped, thinking of something -- then he digs through Larry's pockets until he finds ANOTHER PHONE -- a burner. He quickly puts it in his own jacket pocket as -- BEHIND HIM --

SIRENS AND FLASHING LIGHTS ARE APPEARING

Martin turns back into the harsh light, as he kneels over his dead partner's body -- and everything slows down --

He yells back to the arriving cops to help him, but we don't hear what he's saying -- Cops come running up towards him -- other squad cars start to speed away, in hopeless pursuit of the suspect --

And Martin looks down one last time at Larry as another cop pulls him away from the corpse -- Larry's bloody face even half-blown away is frozen in a sick grin, and we --

ROLL THEME SONG AND TITLE CREDITS

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

POLICE and PRESS crowd around the ER entrance. A cop's been killed, this is news.

Martin and a LIEUTENANT(late 50s) are caught in the flash of news cameras, as Martin is escorted from the hospital to a car. A few reporters call his name. Then the car doors shut and they drive away.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The LT shakes his head at the press mob outside.

LIEUTENANT

Better get used to that. You're tomorrow's headline.

(then)

No flipping out at the press or ending up online looking like some idiot... You're under the microscope now.

(then)

You can ride it out. You're tough. I see that.

Martin nods, absently. The LT looks at him, waiting for a response that doesn't come.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
You okay, Marty?

MARTIN
Yeah.
(then)
No one calls me Marty.

The LT puzzles at that, then sees Martin staring down at his own hands, still covered in his dead partner's blood.

LIEUTENANT
Sure, kid.

As they drive slowly out of the hospital parking lot, they pass a row of photographers. Martin stares out at them, as their cameras FLASH... we stay on his face as we FADE TO:

INT. ROBBERY-HOMICIDE - NIGHT

That same expression on Martin's face, but a blue light glows off of it -- and we PULL OUT to see -- Martin at a desk in the station, going through mug shots on a computer.

A few DETECTIVES (40s) hover nearby, watching him. Martin keeps clicking, shaking his head a little at each mugshot.

DETECTIVE
Slow down, just take your time.

MARTIN
It doesn't matter, I barely saw the guy.

DETECTIVE
Just keep looking. You always see more than you think you did.

MARTIN
I told you, the second I looked up he was shooting at me.

DETECTIVE
Just keep looking, man.

Martin looks back at the mugshots, frustrated.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Martin changes his clothes. A couple cops in the background nod at him, solemnly, and he nods back.

COP1

We'll get that fucker, Marty.

He sits down on the bench. Looks down at his hands, sees they're shaking. He slams his locker door and walks away.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT - SUNRISE

Martin and a UNIFORMED COP walk among rows of impounded vehicles, until they get to his shot-up Squad Car.

Martin opens the passenger side door, taking out a shoulder bag with his stuff in it. He picks up the crossword and puts it in the bag, without the other cop seeing.

EXT. STREET - SUNRISE

Martin steps out of the Impound Lot and looks around, as the city around him is starting to awaken to a new day. People walk by, cars drive, honking horns, music thumping... The city is alive, but his mind is on the dead. Troubled.

He sees a Police Car pulling up at the curb. His ride home.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A small one-bedroom in Echo Park. Martin lies on his bed. Not sleeping.

His iphone is propped on the bedside table, the photo he took of Jesus glowing on its screen.

Every time the screen fades, his finger reaches out to tap it, and the photo is bright again -- Jesus's face through cracked glass.

Then he looks out the window. Down across the street, the cops who drove him home are on guard duty in their squad car, and behind them are two NEWS VANS, waiting to get at Martin.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Seriously... I told you everything already.

At his closet, he digs through his jacket pockets, comes out with the phone he took off Larry's body. He goes through it and finds a number. Writes it down.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Just humor me. See if something pops.

MARTIN (V.O.)

(sighs, then)

I was in the patrol car. Larry was taking a smoke break.

(MORE)

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then there was some guy talking to him, like he was asking directions.

Then he pops the phone open, takes out the SIM card. He drops it into the toilet and flushes it away. What is he hiding?

INT. ROBBERY-HOMICIDE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Martin, in uniform, goes over his story for the hundredth time with the Detectives. Everyone frustrated.

MARTIN

...I was just starting to look up and -- Bang. Then he turned the gun on me and shot up the windows. I ducked low and called it in...

The Detectives look at each other as Martin's monotone continues. They're getting nowhere here.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

...I heard his car peeling out on the gravel. So I exited the black and white and went to Larry... to see if I could keep him alive. But I couldn't.

DETECTIVE

So what did the guy say? Did it sound like he knew your partner?

MARTIN

No. I heard the word "officer" right before the shooting.

(then)

And fuck you for saying that. Larry was a good cop. Do not try to put this on him.

DETECTIVE

Take it easy, Marty. I'm just chasing vapor trails. I got a cop-killer out there, and you can't even tell me if he's Black or Mexican...

Martin glares, like he wants to hit this guy.

MARTIN

Because I didn't see him.

INT. POLICE BAR - NIGHT

It's the night of Larry's memorial. Around the bar, out-of-uniform cops give toasts to their fallen brother. Martin leans on the bar raising his glass.

He notices a newspaper lying near him on the bar, with a photo of him at the police funeral: **HERO COP BURIES PARTNER**
Martin flips the paper over as the LT walks over to him.

LIEUTENANT
How you holding up?

MARTIN
Okay, I guess. Mostly bored. Light duty... Stuck on a desk.

LIEUTENANT
You'll be back on patrol, soon as Behavioral clears you. Suck it up a few more days. Killing time's not the worst part of this job...

INT. POLICE STATION - MONTAGE

Martin, in uniform, sits at a desk in the SQUAD ROOM and answers phones. He's bored.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
You sit, you answer phones... Every half hour you go to the break room...

Martin in the BREAK ROOM, pouring a cup of coffee.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
...You get another coffee, you shoot the shit with the guys...

A few other COPS are at the other end of the Breakroom, looking at a TV. Onscreen, the local news, with a graphic of Larry in his uniform behind the Reporter. The scrolling headline at the bottom: **POLICE STILL HAVE NO SUSPECTS**

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
...Then you go answer more phones, take statements...

Martin back at his DESK again, listening to a CRAZY SPEED FREAK WOMAN ramble. She's trying to get a protection order against her boyfriend.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
...It's monotonous, but the days will pass...

INT. POLICE BAR - NIGHT

Back with Marty and the LT, as the LT raises his glass.

LIEUTENANT
Trust me, that's what they do.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Martin looks out his window, no police cars or news vans. He pulls on sweats and goes out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Martin jogs along the sidewalk on a residential street, with his hood pulled up.

EXT. 7-11 - PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Martin punches numbers into the payphone, looking at the number he wrote down.

MARTIN

(after a voice answers)

Hey, I got this number off Larry's phone... I'm the other guy...?

VOICE ON PHONE

(in a Russian accent)

I remember you. Where are you calling from?

MARTIN

A payphone.

VOICE ON PHONE

Okay. Then *why* are you calling?

MARTIN

We need to meet.

A pause on the other line, like the guy is thinking about it.

VOICE ON PHONE

That's not a good idea. Your partner got killed. They could be watching you.

MARTIN

They aren't.

VOICE ON PHONE

Maybe you aren't seeing them. Maybe you're not so smart.

MARTIN

No one is looking at me. I waited to call, so I could be sure.

(then)

This is serious. You need to --

VOICE ON PHONE

No thanks.

And he hangs up. Martin looks at the phone, pissed. He pulls out more change and punches in the number again. It rings for a long time before the man answers.

VOICE ON PHONE (CONT'D)

I said no. Go away. Forget this phone number.

MARTIN

Wait -- listen, god damn it -- I've got something you need to see. Something that affects you -- your business.

Martin stands there, waiting for a response. And we CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Martin jogs back the way he came. He looks to the side, and in the middle of the street a COYOTE is keeping pace with him, like they're jogging together.

He watches the animal run, until it finally looks at him, then darts away between two houses.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Martin in uniform, shooting at the target range. He's hitting head shot after head shot on the target.

MARTIN (V.O.)

I guess mostly I'm just pissed at my partner for fucking up my life...

INT. LAPD BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE OFFICE - DAY

Martin, in uniform, sits across from a Police Department PSYCHOLOGIST (mid-40s).

MARTIN

I mean, every morning, first thing I think is, all of this -- Larry and all this press -- is gonna screw me out of my promotion.

(then)

And I feel guilty for thinking it. Like, what a fucking asshole, right? Larry's dead and I'm whining about how it affects me.

She jots a few notes, then looks up, reassuringly.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Well, first, I just want to say that you're not an asshole.

(MORE)

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Everything you're feeling is totally normal, Martin. Trust me. You need to know that it's okay to feel how you feel. No one's judging you.

MARTIN

Aren't you?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Ha, no. I'm making sure you're handling all this properly. Anger is a completely valid response to a sudden death. When someone is just gone like that, you can't resolve anything with them.

(then)

Were there any issues between you and Larry? Arguments left hanging or conflicts? *That* could affect you, as the surviving partner.

MARTIN

No. No, Larry was a great cop. A great guy. I had Thanksgiving at his house every year... He was probably my best friend.

(then)

Guess that's why I'm pissed at myself, for thinking about me, and not his wife and kids.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Well, we can talk all that through if you'd like.

MARTIN

Can we just skip to the primal scream therapy?

PSYCHOLOGIST

You're funny. That's a defense mechanism.

(writes in her notebook)

So, did you read that booklet I gave you, on the five stages of grief?

MARTIN

(trying not to roll his eyes)

Yeah...

PSYCHOLOGIST

Good, good.

She scribbles in her pad, as he stares out the window.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Martin exits an LAPD building downtown, and stands on the sidewalk in the glare. He pulls on his sunglasses, his eyes turning to mirrors, reflecting the city.

A car drives by. A kid in the back seat stares at Martin in his uniform, making faces. As the car disappears into traffic, the kid slowly gives Martin the finger.

Martin just smiles back, then he looks at his watch. It's just after 3:30.

EXT. LA CANADA - NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

THREE HIGH SCHOOL KIDS on their way home from school. One of them, JANEY (16-going-on-30) lights a joint, then passes it to one of her friends.

Janey exhales a smoke ring, then starts coughing. Her friends laugh at her, as -- A POLICE CAR SIREN BLEEPs ONCE -- and we see Martin in a police car pulling to the curb nearby.

FRIEND

Shit!

He hands the joint back to Janey, and then the two friends run for it as Martin steps out of the car. Janey stands there, holding the joint, with a sly smile.

MARTIN

You got a prescription for that, miss?

JANEY

Actually... I do. My mom's therapist got me a card.

MARTIN

Does it have a *Public Intoxication* exemption?

JANEY

Shit. I don't know... Let me check.

She starts pretending to dig in her backpack for her wallet. Martin laughs, just a little.

MARTIN

All right, smartass... Get in the fucking car.

She inhales on the joint one more time, then flicks it off into space.

JANEY

Only if you promise to taze me...

MARTIN

Maybe later.

She laughs and reaches for the passenger side door, as Martin tilts his head at her.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's broad daylight, stoner.

She gets in the back instead, exhaling a big cloud of smoke inside the car.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Martin shakes his head at her, as he starts driving.

JANEY

What?

(as the windows buzz down)

Oh, like every cop car in LA doesn't reek of weed.

MARTIN

I have to turn this in later. I'm just on a day pass for my psych eval.

Janey's tone changes, suddenly a bit pissed at him.

JANEY

Oh, so you were just in the neighborhood? Taking a break from your busy life in the media?

MARTIN

Stop that.

They drive in silence for a while.

JANEY

It's been a week, Martin. And not even one phone call.

MARTIN

I know. What do you want, Janey? I had a protection detail until yesterday.

JANEY

I saw your video online. You kneeling over Larry. You looked scared.

His fingers tighten on the steering wheel, and he nods a little. She studies him with genuine sympathy in her eyes.

JANEY (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

He looks back at her, not much showing in his eyes.

MARTIN
It's been a shitty week.

She lets that sit there for a few beats, then smiles at him.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Martin lies in bed, watching Janey make them drinks. Janey's wearing nothing but his police uniform shirt, like a big pajama top. She's looking for a specific brand of bourbon.

JANEY
How do you run out of Bulliet?

MARTIN
You keep drinking all of it, that's how.

JANEY
I put it on your list, on the fridge door.

MARTIN
I thought those were just random words.

JANEY
You thought 'goat milk' was random words?

MARTIN
Doesn't that sound pretty random to you?

JANEY
You're just lazy.

She finishes mixing them some kind of fancy drink, in a big glass, and she passes it to him.

JANEY (CONT'D)
Here, try this...

MARTIN
What is it?

JANEY
Just try it first, no questions.

He takes a sip. Squints. Not good. Hands it back.

MARTIN
God, what is it?

JANEY
Different kinds of alcohol.

She takes a long drink, then puts it aside. She digs into her backpack and pulls out a book and her laptop.

JANEY (CONT'D)
I got into that summer program, at Stanford.

MARTIN
Oh... that's... hey. That's great.

She sits next to him in bed, and starts doing her homework.

JANEY
Mom and Dad weren't so thrilled.
Still hoping I'll be an actress.
(remembering something)
Oh hey -- They want to meet you.
You have to come to dinner.

MARTIN
Oh right, ha ha.

JANEY
No, I mean it. You were on the news, and... I know I should have asked you first, but it just came out.

MARTIN
Please tell me you're fucking with me.

She ignores his sudden panic, keeps typing.

JANEY
Don't worry so much. It's fine.

MARTIN
Jane, I'm a cop and you're in fucking high school. It is not fine. I could lose my job.

JANEY
It's no big deal, they're cool with it.

MARTIN
I guarantee you they're not.

JANEY

C'mon, Martin, relax. They're not all uptight like that. They were hippies.

(then)

If they had a problem, don't you think they'd have reported you? Not invited you to dinner?

He just stares at her. She ignores him, keeps typing.

JANEY (CONT'D)

Relax. It'll be fine.

He sinks back down onto the bed, giving up. He lies there, looking at the ceiling as she types.

A bit of time passes. She stops typing and looks at him, concerned.

JANEY (CONT'D)

You okay? What else is going on in that head of yours?

MARTIN

I don't know. Larry, I guess. Stupid dead Larry.

JANEY

I never liked him.

MARTIN

Yeah, no one did... He was an asshole. Not that anyone'll admit it now.

(then)

Now he was everyone's crazy best friend... The guy who got them punched out at the Christmas party. Like it's all the good old days.

JANEY

I hate that. Just 'cause you're dead doesn't make you not an asshole.

She pushes her laptop aside and lies down next to him.

JANEY (CONT'D)

So... What really happened, Martin? That night? Was it some--

MARTIN

(cuts her off)

I don't want to talk about that.

He sits up, takes a sip of her weird drink and squints, it tastes awful. He looks back at her.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That's all I've been talking about for weeks, that night. Just leave it alone, Jane. Okay?

She looks at him for a few beats, then she nods "Okay", and he takes another sip of the disgusting drink... and we FADE TO a FLASHBACK:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

It's 3 AM. A slick SUV with tinted windows glides around a corner -- Where an LAPD PATROL CAR pulls out and starts following.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Inside the SUV, the DRIVER(40s) sees the cop car in the rearview, doesn't like it. He says something in Spanish to the woman in the back seat -- MAGDELENA (50s), a trashy drug queenpin.

Magdalena looks back at the cops, as the SUV turns right into a long TUNNEL just ahead. The patrol car turns, too, staying behind them.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Larry drives and Martin rides shotgun. A tense silence.

As the SUV enters the tunnel, Martin flips the siren.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The driver curses in Spanish and pulls to the side of the road about halfway through the long tunnel. The patrol car stops behind them, lights flashing red.

MAGDELENA

(in Spanish)
What did you do?

DRIVER

(in Spanish)
Nothing.

EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

There's a dull roar of constant traffic from the freeway overhead. The street is deserted, except for these two cars.

Larry and Martin exit the patrol car. Larry pulling on black driving gloves as he walks toward the SUV. Martin slowly walking to the back of its passenger side, a hand on his gun.

Larry taps on the driver's window, and it glides down, the Driver looking out at him.

LARRY
License and registration.

DRIVER
Did I roll through that stop,
officer?

Larry leans in toward the window, so he can see into the back seat, where Magdalena slumps low.

LARRY
Is it just the two of you in the
vehicle, sir?

DRIVER
Yes, on our way home.

LARRY
Have you been drinking tonight?

DRIVER
No. I don't drink.

Martin stands by the back of the SUV, tense, listening to Larry talk to the Driver, wishing he'd hurry up.

LARRY
Everybody drinks.

DRIVER
Not me. AA.

LARRY
Okay. Well, good for you. Now lets
see that license and registration.

DRIVER
Really, we live two blocks away.
What if I just give you two hundred
and you let us go home?

And now Larry's insulted.

LARRY
License and registration, now.

The Driver glances back at Magdalena and shrugs. She gives him a look like "Hurry it up, asshole." The Driver leans over to open the glove box, when --

LARRY DRAWS A GUN AND RAPID-FIRES FOUR SHOTS INTO THE SUV --

--one shot hits the Driver in the back of the head, blood and brains splattering across the window --

--the other three all hit Magdalena -- two in the chest and one in the eye --

AT THE BACK OF THE SUV -- Martin is shocked, drawing his gun, stepping around to see Larry at the driver's window, smoking gun in his hand --

MARTIN

Jesus fucking Christ. I thought we were gonna rob them?

LARRY

Don't worry about it. Let's move.

Larry walks past Martin, who surveys the scene for a second, realizing what they just did. Then he hurries back to their black and white.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Larry floors it and they drive away, right past the SUV with the dead bodies inside.

They exit the other side of the tunnel and take a right.

MARTIN

The fuck was that?

LARRY

They changed the deal.

MARTIN

And you didn't think maybe you should tell me about that?

LARRY

What do you care? I did all the work. You still get paid.

MARTIN

You fucking prick. Do you know who that was? That was Magdalena Rojas.

LARRY

Yeah, no shit, Marty... And now she's just some dead beaner.

MARTIN

I should fucking pepper spray you.

LARRY

Go for it.

Over the radio the shooting is being called in. Larry grabs the mouthpiece.

LARRY (CONT'D)

6-Adam-8, responding.

He hangs up the radio on the dash, then hits the lights and sirens and floors it.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Their black and white tears down the street, lights and siren screaming -- skids around the corner and hangs a right into the tunnel again.

They've just taken a big circle to be first on the scene to their own crime.

A few people are standing near the SUV now, checking it out. They step back as they see the police car pull up.

Larry turns off the siren, but leaves the lights flashing. He steps out of the car.

LARRY

Call it in.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Martin watches as Larry shoos away the onlookers, yelling at them. He hates his partner right now.

Martin picks up the radio and calls in the situation. 187. Two bodies in the car, both DOA.

He looks back out at Larry, who is peering into the SUV's windows, admiring his own handiwork. Martin hangs up the radio, scowling.

And we FADE OUT of this FLASHBACK to...

INT. SMOKE SHOP - BACKROOM - DAY

LEON (late 40s, Russian gangster) sits at a table in a small smoking lounge, drinking coffee and smoking. He nods at Martin, speaking in a thick Russian accent. Martin sits across from him.

LEON

So show me this picture.

Martin holds out his phone, the screen showing the picture of JESUS.

MARTIN

This is the guy who shot my partner...

He slides the phone across. Leon picks it up. Frowns.

LEON

Shit. It's Magdalena's kid, Jesus.

Leon pronounces "Jesus" the Christian way.

MARTIN

What? What are you talking about?

LEON

He was supposed to be at boarding school, back East. Must have come home for the funeral.

MARTIN

I don't care why he's home. Why the fuck did he come after us?

LEON

I have no idea.

MARTIN

You're the only one who knew.

LEON

Apparently not. Just relax, let me take care of this. I'll find out.

MARTIN

How?

LEON

Don't worry about it. I'll find out.

Martin shakes his head, looking down.

MARTIN

This is fucked. Is her whole gang is after me now?

Leon looks at Martin, his eyes saying "calm yourself."

LEON

I don't think we'd be having this conversation if they were.

MARTIN

That's really comforting.

LEON

I'll find out what I can. Just keep your eyes open. You'll be fine, you have back-up.

Martin nods, not really pleased, but getting the point. Leon slides the phone back across the table.

Martin gets up to leave.

LEON (CONT'D)

Hold on a minute. We're not done.

MARTIN

What?

He looks back, uneasily.

LEON

We still have to deal with Larry's debt.

MARTIN

What? No. That's got nothing to do with me.

Leon sits quietly looking up at Martin, eyeing him.

The quiet menace of the moment hangs between them, and Martin finally sits back down.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

This is bullshit.

LEON

You were partners, this is how it works. Larry owed us a lot of money.

MARTIN

But we did stuff - jobs for you, all the time... That stash house, and the van...

LEON

Yes, yes, I know. But you knew the man. You pay him a thousand dollars, and he goes to town. Gambling. Drugs. Women... By morning he's borrowing another ten thousand. This is how the man was.

Martin sits there, listening, not knowing what to say.

LEON (CONT'D)

Would you like to know Larry's debt? Thirty-six thousand dollars.

(Martin just glares)

So, how are we going to deal with this, you and I?

MARTIN

I've got maybe ten grand, and that's my whole savings.

LEON

Great. So we're down to *twenty six*, then.

MARTIN

I don't have it. I'm serious.

LEON

We paid Larry a lot of money. You should have saved more.

MARTIN

Larry wasn't the only one with expenses.

LEON

Then... You can work it off, like your partner did.

MARTIN

Oh no no no -- I have to go back to my real life now. I can't be--

LEON

Do you know what happens to cops when they go to prison, Marty? *That* could be your real life soon.

(off Martin's look)

I'm offering you a trade, but don't imagine that we're actually bargaining.

Martin tries to find Leon's humanity.

MARTIN

C'mon... I came here because I was trying to help you. Don't do this. I'm not Larry.

Leon mulls it over, then he points to the phone in Martin's hand.

LEON

You didn't show Jesus' picture to your people?

MARTIN

No. I told them I didn't see anything.

LEON

Okay... Maybe there's another way.

Leon takes out a photo from inside his jacket. Passes it to Martin.

LEON (CONT'D)

You go in tomorrow, tell them *this* is the man who shot Larry.

Martin looks at the photo. It's MAKO (50s, Yakuza LT).

MARTIN

Who is it?

LEON

A guy we need to go away. You tell them it was him, and the LAPD gets rid of him for us. I've seen what you do to cop killers here.

Martin tries to maintain control, but he's getting agitated.

MARTIN

I can't just walk in after two weeks and be like "oh yeah, I remember now."

LEON

Why not? You forgot, now you remember.

MARTIN

That's not how it works... He probably has an alibi for one thing. I go in with this, I might as well just confess.

Leon frowns, thinking about it. He doesn't like being told 'no' but he's not stupid either.

LEON

Then we still have our problem, don't we?

MARTIN

C'mon... What do you want from me?

LEON

I want you to kill this man. I thought that was obvious.

Martin doesn't know how to respond.

MARTIN

Jesus -- What -- That was never the deal. I told Larry, I'd help rob some people, hurt some dealers maybe... But that was it.

LEON

Look, relationships change, Marty, they evolve... I'm trying to be a friend to you. You want to be through with us now, though... I'm offering you a way to do it.

(then)

Otherwise, it's back to discussing the debt, and we haven't even gotten to talking about the interest yet...

Martin can't believe this is happening.

MARTIN

I just... I *can't*, okay? I've never killed anybody. I've only even fired my gun on duty one time before.

LEON

(confused)

Larry said you were a Special Forces Ranger?

MARTIN

I think we've established Larry was full of shit. I built runways. I'm not a killer.

Leon considers him for a few beats, thinking it over.

LEON

I don't know what else I can offer here. I'm being quite reasonable.

(then)

You take care of my problem, I wipe out the debt, and I find this Jesus for us both... I find out what he knows, who he told, then we never hear from him again.

(then)

This is the best deal you're going to get, Marty. It's very generous.

Leon stubs out his cigarette in the ashtray.

Martin just sits there, unhappy.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY

A few days later. Martin at the wheel of an LAPD squad car, idling outside a row of shops. The police radio chirps out calls periodically.

His new partner CHAVEZ (30s), comes out of a liquor store, tamping a pack of cigarettes on his hand.

He gets into the passenger seat and they drive away.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Martin drives as Chavez is about to light a cigarette.

CHAVEZ

You mind?

MARTIN

Just keep it out the window.

CHAVEZ

No problem.

Chavez lights his smoke, exhales out the window.

CHAVEZ (CONT'D)

So, you glad to back on patrol, or were you hoping to do Good Morning America this week?

Martin gives him a side-eye glance, shakes his head.

MARTIN

Asshole.

CHAVEZ

Seriously, we all thought you was gonna retire, go be a model or something...

MARTIN

Screw you, Chavez.

Chavez chuckles, takes a few more drags on his cigarette as they drive on.

CHAVEZ

You get any good pussy off all that press coverage?

MARTIN

No. Just a bunch of shit from jealous cops.

CHAVEZ

No way, Holmes. I don't wanna be on TV. I just wanna bang that reporter who interviewed you. The blonde. She had those perky titties.

MARTIN

You should try that as your opening line. I'm sure she'd be happy to hear it.

Chavez chuckles again.

CHAVEZ

Damn, man, you gotta loosen up, Marty.

MARTIN

I've just got a lot on my mind.

CHAVEZ

Cool. I'm driving after lunch, though.

Martin doesn't look at Chavez, he just keeps driving.

EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

Martin and Chavez sit at a corner taco stand, eating lunch.

CHAVEZ

... I don't know, man. I'm sure you'll still get the bump up to detective. You just had your life blown up, that's all.

(then)

Just gotta let this shit die down. They ain't gonna hold Larry against you forever.

MARTIN

We'll see. I don't have a lot of faith in the brass.

CHAVEZ

Nah, man, you're their boy. They love your ass. They probably wanna put you on recruitment posters an' shit...

Martin starts to laugh, as behind Chavez -- He sees someone he knows approaching -- AMANDA (late 20s with a drug habit).

MARTIN

...I'll be right back.

Martin gets up and moves towards Amanda, grabbing her arm. Leading her around to the sidewalk in front of the stand.

AMANDA
Hey -- Take it easy...

MARTIN
What are you doing here, Amanda?

Amanda steps back, starting to get pissed at him.

AMANDA
Jesus -- What's your problem? Larry gets killed and I don't hear from you at all? You don't even tell me where the funeral's at?

MARTIN
His wife and kids were at the funeral. Come on.

AMANDA
You know what? Fuck you, Marty. I loved him. You selfish prick. Go do your stupid crosswords.

He just stands there, looking at her. Waiting.

MARTIN
So you need money?

AMANDA
Don't try and make it about that.

MARTIN
So you don't need money?

AMANDA
Yeah, I need money, but... That's not... That's beside the point.

Martin pulls out some money out of his pocket and peels off three hundred dollars, hands it to her.

MARTIN
This is all I can spare.

She shakes her head at it, like he's misunderstanding her.

AMANDA
No. Larry's money.

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

AMANDA

Larry had cash set aside, from his off-duty work. We were gonna take a cruise around the world, all-expenses... That money.

Martin is getting pissed now, as she gets desperate.

MARTIN

Are you high right now? Coming here like this?

He sees there's coke dust rimming her nostril.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Jesus -- Are you snorting up in the car?

AMANDA

I - I could split it with you. We could split it. We --

He gets close to her, and his eyes are mean. She tries to back off, but he holds her arm, scaring her.

MARTIN

(a harsh whisper)

There *isn't* any money. Larry blew every dollar he made, probably on you. And everything else he had went to his kids.

AMANDA

Bullshit. You want to keep it for yourself.

MARTIN

No, I don't, because there isn't any.

AMANDA

Larry said --

MARTIN

Fuck Larry. Whatever he told you about off-duty jobs and extra money -- he was lying.

She's not sure what to think now.

AMANDA

This is bullshit. I have a kid to raise, too...

MARTIN

I know... But I don't want to see you coming around like this again. You can't just come up to me and talk like this... It's not good.

She looks at the three hundred bucks he gave her, then a new idea forms in her head.

AMANDA

How much? How much to stop talking to you?

MARTIN

What?

AMANDA

How much is it worth to leave you alone forever, Mr Crossword, with his private plane? You want me gone so bad, then pay me.

MARTIN

Are you really doing this?

She holds the wad of bills up at him.

AMANDA

I deserve more than this. So yeah, I want twenty K. That's gotta be what Larry owed me.

Martin mutters to himself...

MARTIN

Jesus Christ, I'm in fucking debtors prison...

He looks at her, and realizes she's more desperate than anything. And suddenly she seems more pathetic to him than anything. He sighs.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Okay, fuck it. I'll give you 15. But that's all I've got. Okay?

She almost can't believe he's agreeing.

AMANDA

Yeah. Yeah, sure... Thanks, Marty.

MARTIN

And listen to me, Amanda. You need to not talk about Larry anymore. I mean it. I'm trying to look out for you.

AMANDA

Okay.

MARTIN

Now get out of here.

She looks at him, about to say something again, but she doesn't. She walks away, and he goes back to his table.

Chavez looks at him, curious.

CHAVEZ

Who the fuck was that?

MARTIN

What? You like her perky titties,
too?

CHAVEZ

She's alright.

Martin shrugs, looking down at the remnants of his food.

MARTIN

It's nothing... Just cleaning up
some of Larry's shit.

Martin dumps his tray in the trash, walking back to the car.
Chavez follows.

INT. HANGAR BAY - SUNSET

In a rented hangar at a small airfield, Martin climbs into a
small prop plane, a CESSNA from the 1960s.

INT. CESSNA - SUNSET

Martin lifts up a section of flooring behind the seats. He
pulls out a padded envelope.

He opens the envelope, pulls out a stack of bills -- 20s and
100s. He counts about half the stack as he mumbles to
himself, counting up to 15 grand.

He frowns, puts the other half of the money back in the
envelope, and shoves it back into the hidey-hole.

Then he takes the 15 thousand for Amanda and puts it in a
yellow envelope, and shoves it into his jacket pocket.

INT. HANGAR BAY - SUNSET

Martin stands at the door of the hangar, looking back at his
little plane. If only he could fly away right now.

He shakes his head and pulls the hangar door shut behind him as he leaves.

EXT. JAPAN TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Martin, dressed differently now, behind the wheel of his car, like he's on stakeout, but he's off-duty. He's doing a crossword.

Every few moments, he looks up from the crossword, like he's waiting for something.

He fills in a word, then looks up, through the windshield, across the street -- to a RESTAURANT. Walking out the front of the restaurant is MAKO, with another YAKUZA TYPE and TWO WOMEN.

Martin pulls a photo out from under his crossword -- it's the picture that Leon showed him. It's the same guy.

Mako and his group walk down the street, laughing and talking. He watches from where he's parked, waiting to see if they get in a car. They don't.

They cross the street and keep walking. Shit. Martin gets out of his car. He puts in earbuds, pretending to look at his phone, as he starts tailing them.

They stop in front of the window of a sex toy shop, pointing at things on display and laughing. They're clearly drunk.

They keep walking on, and Martin follows, a block behind them. His eyes stay on Mako, who is stepping out into the street and taking his jacket off, playing matador to an oncoming car.

The car swerves away from him and HONKS. Mako laughs and stumbles back to his friends, pulling his jacket back on.

His friends lead him into a bar -- MUSIC blasts out as the door opens and shuts. Martin waits a few moments, then crosses the street and walks toward the bar.

He stands outside, looking through the front window. Lots of Japanese men in suits and ties, lots of women who look paid for. Everyone drinking and smoking.

Martin scans the crowd and spots a few men with shoulder holsters under their jackets. This is a Yakuza bar.

He watches Mako stumbling around shaking hands, making jokes. They all love this guy.

Martin's phone BUZZES and he turns away, yanking the phone out of his pocket as he walks back to his car.

MARTIN

Hey, sorry... Traffic. I'm almost to the 2. I'll be there soon.

EXT. JANEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A neighborhood in the hills above the valley, one of those gated-off streets where every house is an estate.

Martin's car is parked in front of a very modern house hanging out over the hillside.

THEO (PRELAP)

Really glad you could make it, Martin... I mean, I know this has got to be a bit strange...

INT. JANEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Martin and Janey sit at a spacious table, having dinner with Janey's parents -- THEO (50s, executive) and WANDA (40s) -- who don't seem bothered he's dating their underage daughter.

THEO

...But we raised Jane to be open, so we try to be understanding of her choices. I mean, we were all teenagers once, right?

Martin's more uptight about this situation than they are.

MARTIN

Yes. Yeah, we were.

THEO

So look, I get it. It's awkward to meet the family, even when you're not in an *unconventional* relationship. But we're an unconventional family.

WANDA

Theo, you're embarrassing him. Let the boy eat.

(grabs the wine)

More wine, Martin?

She refills his glass before he can answer.

MARTIN

Thanks. And really, it's fine... When Janey said you guys wanted to meet me --

JANEY

You thought you were a dead man.
You should have seen him, Daddy.

THEO

Sorry I missed it.

Martin takes a sip of his wine, as Janey pours another glass for herself.

WANDA

So Jane tells us you're back on active duty.

MARTIN

Oh... Yeah.

WANDA

It must be exciting. I've always found police officers so intoxicating...

JANEY

Mom, stop flirting with my boyfriend.

MARTIN

She wasn't --

JANEY

Trust me. You're lucky she's not trying to give you a foot job under the table.

Her mom snickers, shaking her head.

WANDA

You're a miserable child. I really should've had an abortion. Maybe it's still not too late?

JANEY

(big smile)

But then who'd be there to tell you how pretty you look, Mommy?

WANDA

I could hire someone...

Janey laughs at that, and Martin looks at Theo.

THEO

Don't worry about them. Jane's still upset about a party she walked in on... Won't stop giving us shit about it.

JANEY

Oh, we're calling it a party now,
are we? A naked party. With the
neighbors.

(then)

And I'm not upset, I'm disturbed.
Or like, scarred, mentally.

THEO

Well, aren't we all?

(raises his glass)

To the mentally disturbed.

Jane and her parents all lift their glasses to toast, and
Martin looks at them all, like they're just insane or
something. Jane starts laughing.

JANEY

Oh, Martin... Such a confused boy.

She leans over and kisses him on the cheek, and he shrugs,
laughing all the awkwardness away. Theo gets up, heading for
the kitchen.

THEO

Okay, let's see what we've got for
dessert...

EXT. JANEY'S HOUSE - BACK DECK - NIGHT

Later. Theo and Martin have a drink on the deck, looking out
over the valley. Theo smokes a cigar, savoring each inhale,
letting the smoke linger around his face as he breathes.

THEO

Look at this...

MARTIN

Master of all you survey...

THEO

Heh, yeah, right... If only my dad
had lived to see me in a place like
this. He wouldn't've believed it.

(then)

Hell, he couldn't believe I left
Idaho.

MARTIN

What did he do?

THEO

Sheep. We raised sheep for three
generations, on this little patch
of hillside.

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

I spent half my childhood shearing the bastards, cleaning their shit off the wool... Sheep are filthy animals, Marty.

MARTIN

I didn't know that.

THEO

God, yes.

Theo smokes and looks out at the view for a few beats.

THEO (CONT'D)

You know, when Jane told us about this older man she was dating? Well, let's just say I wouldn't have been so thrilled, but I knew you. I was tracking your story.

MARTIN

Tracking?

THEO

From the news... and I saw you on one of those talk shows, doing an update on your case... Some human interest thing.

MARTIN

Yeah, the department made me. Any chance to put a good face out there these days. Help the public remember we're human.

THEO

Well, you did a decent job of it. I know at least a few people at the studio who wanted to bring you in for a meeting.

MARTIN

About what?

THEO

Oh, them? Probably just wanted to meet the hero cop, waste a few hours of your day. Those guys think small... But I see something bigger here.

(then)

I mean, we could sell your story, sure. Anyone could do that. But you need someone with vision backing you. This could be the start of a franchise.

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)
Hell, the Millenials love you
already. My daughter proves that.

Martin tries to be polite.

MARTIN
I'm, uh, I'm not sure I'd be
allowed to do that. I mean, it's
still an open investigation and --

THEO
Oh, that's right. You guys haven't
caught the shooter yet, have you?

MARTIN
No.

Behind them, Janey slides open the glass door and they look
back at her.

JANEY
Daddy, I told you to leave him
alone.

THEO
We're just talking.

JANEY
Come on, Martin... Let's get out of
here.

Martin looks at Theo, who shrugs at him.

THEO
You two go have fun. We'll circle
back on this another time.
(looks at his watch)
But have her home by midnight.

Janey and Martin look back at him, questioning. Theo smiles.

THEO (CONT'D)
I'm fucking with you. Just make
sure she gets to school in the
morning.

Theo turns back to the view and his cigar, chuckling.

Martin takes Janey's hand and they head inside. He can't wait
to get out of this madhouse.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

Martin's car winds through the hills away from Janey's house. Janey has her window rolled down, and she rests her head on the side, her hair blowing in the night breeze. A lazy smile on her face.

EXT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Martin slows and pulls into a parking spot on the street near his apartment building.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Janey has fallen asleep on the ride. He leans over to wake her, when he sees something --

Across the street from his apartment, there's a car parked with the silhouette of a man in the driver's seat.

Martin looks at his apartment window -- the lights are on in his apartment. What the fuck is going on?

He carefully wakes up Janey.

MARTIN

Hey... shhhh... shhhh...

JANEY

(half-asleep)

...what's going on...?

MARTIN

We're at my place. Something's up.
I need you to stay here and keep
your head down.

She looks around, confused. He clamps a hand over her mouth.

JANEY

Martin --

MARTIN

Shhh!

He lets her go, and pulls out his gun.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Just stay here and keep your head
down. I'm serious, Jane. Stay.

Still a bit dazed, she nods okay.

JANEY

Oh. Okay... Just... be careful...

MARTIN

I will.

He quietly opens his door and eases out of the car, shutting it carefully. Janey keeps her head down, watching him disappear into the shadows, gun held low.

EXT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Martin steps through a broken part of the chain-link fence into a small courtyard behind his building. He moves quickly to the back door of the apartment building.

The lock has been crowbarred open. He pulls the door open and moves inside, heading up the stairs.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Martin glides along the wall, gun in his hands. At the end of the hall, his apartment door is ajar.

He hears a VOICE from inside -- speaking Russian. He stops where he is, thinking about turning around, running --

But Timor steps into the doorway, and sees him in the hall.

TIMOR

(in Russian)

He's here.

Martin puts away his gun, as the door swings open and Leon nods from inside his apartment, beckoning to him.

LEON

Get in here.

Timor steps out of Martin's way, letting him pass, then pulls the door shut behind them.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timor stands with his back to Martin's front door. Leon is by a shelf of booze, holding a drink. Martin simmers with anger.

MARTIN

Why are you in my apartment, Leon?

LEON

I came to collect my ten thousand dollars.

MARTIN

What? I thought I was doing the job instead?

LEON

No, in addition. We went through
the math, Marty.

(then)

Anyway --

And Timor HITS Martin in the back of the neck -- Martin goes
down. Hard.

Leon reaches into his jacket and pulls out the yellow
envelope -- The money Martin got from the Cessna.

LEON (CONT'D)

I had to laugh when Timor found
this taped under your kitchen
drawer -- fifteen thousand. You're
bad at math, Marty. Said you only
had ten.

MARTIN

That's not -- that's someone else's
money --

Timor kicks Martin in the ribs.

LEON

Yes, it's my money. And you know
what? I think you have the rest of
it. I think you're holding out on
me, Marty.

Martin fends off Timor and scrambles away a bit.

MARTIN

No, I don't! I don't have any more!
And I didn't think I still owed you
anything-- I thought we had a deal--

Timor reaches for him and Martin kicks his hand away --

MARTIN (CONT'D)

God damn it -- Keep this fucker
away from me!

Leon nods to Timor, who stops, just looking down at Martin.
Smiling a little.

LEON

You're an interesting guy, Marty.

MARTIN

No, I'm not. I promise you I'm not.

LEON

Okay, maybe I believe you, maybe I
don't.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

This is more than I expected
anyway.

(stuffs the yellow
envelope away again)

So here's the new deal. You're
taking too long, so either the man
dies tomorrow, or you owe me the
rest, too, and you *still* have to
kill him.

Martin sits with his back against the wall, looking in pain
and angry.

LEON (CONT'D)

Cheer up, Marty. I'm giving you
another chance...

Timor opens the door and they leave.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Janey is still hunched low in the passenger seat. She sees
some movement in Martin's windows.

Then she notices the car across the street, with the
silhouette of the man in it. She gets out of the car.

EXT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Janey walks in the street, near the parked cars, being
cautious.

The man in the car hasn't moved. She's about to cross over
toward him when --

The FRONT DOOR of Martin's building swings open, and Timor
and Leon come walking out.

Janey ducks out of sight behind a van before they see her.

Leon lights a cigarette, as Timor says something in Russian.
She watches them through the windows of the van.

Her eyes follow them as they walk away up the street, passing
the car with the man in it. They get in a BLACK SEDAN, and
drive away.

She waits, then starts to move toward the parked car again.
But -- Martin grabs her.

JANEY

Jesus!

MARTIN

I said to stay in the car.

He walks her back to his car.

JANEY

But -- What's with that dude?

MARTIN

What?

JANEY

Look.

Martin turns back to the car with the man. It hasn't moved. And neither has the driver. He didn't even look when Janey yelled. What the hell?

Martin puts her back in his car.

MARTIN

Stay here this time.

He shuts her door and walks back to the other car, a hand on his gun, just in case.

As he gets closer, he sees more of the man in the car -- a flannel shirt, an arm with some gang tattoos -- and --

Blood soaking down the front of his shirt.

Martin stops, takes a step back.

In the car, the guy's face has been blown-off by a shotgun. He's been left there like this.

Martin looks around. Is someone else here?

But he only sees Janey, popping her head up inside his car. He hurries back to her.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Martin slides into the car, putting the key in the ignition immediately. Janey's concerned.

JANEY

What's going on, Martin?

MARTIN

I'm taking you home.

JANEY

Who were those guys?

MARTIN

Nobody.

He pulls out of the parking spot into a U-turn -- avoiding driving by the parked car.

JANEY
Seriously, Martin.

MARTIN
Jane. Just... Let me think.

She's almost insulted, but she sees him grinding his jaw. He's tense. Now she's really worried.

Martin's car disappears up the street.

INT. HANGAR BAY - NIGHT

Janey stands near Martin's plane, as he climbs into it.

JANEY
Will you please talk to me?

INT. CESSNA - NIGHT

Martin pulls up the floorboard again, and pulls out the padded envelope with the rest of his money. He scowls and climbs down out of the plane.

INT. HANGAR BAY - CONTINUOUS

Martin stands there holding the envelope of money, not sure what to say. Janey's eyes plead for some honesty.

MARTIN
Look... I screwed up, Jane.
I did some things, with Larry. I just, I was stupid, okay? I wanted this plane and I figured, what's the harm if some dealers lose their cash, but... Now it's all fucked.

JANEY
That's why Larry got shot? Are they going to kill you?

MARTIN
No -- those guys you saw, they didn't kill Larry.
(then)
It's just complicated. Larry screwed me, and now I've gotta deal with them because of it.

JANEY
Who are they?

MARTIN

Russian mafia. Not good people to have to deal with.

She's scared for him, worried she'll lose him.

JANEY

Can I do anything?

MARTIN

No. I'm doing the only thing I can. I'm taking the last money I have--

(gestures with the envelope)

--and giving it to Larry's junkie girlfriend. And then I'm doing a favor for the Russians, because I don't have enough to pay back what Larry owed them...

(looks at the Cessna)

'cause I had to have this fucking thing... Because I wanted to be like the rich people my dad worked for, flying their own planes...

JANEY

Wait -- What about my dad? I bet my dad would give you the money to pay those guys.

Martin is appalled at this idea. He snaps out of his self-pity, shaking his head.

MARTIN

Jane. No. No way. I'm not getting your father involved in this.

JANEY

I'm sure he'd want to help you, Martin.

MARTIN

I don't give a fuck. I'm not taking anything from that guy.

JANEY

That guy?

MARTIN

You know what I mean. He's a creep. Your family's weird.

But she does not like this one bit. She steps back from him, totally insulted.

JANEY

That's my family, Martin.

MARTIN

Wait - that's not what I meant. You know -- you know I love you. They're just, not like normal parents, you know?

JANEY

Look who's suddenly in some position to judge other people... The criminal cop with the underage girlfriend.

MARTIN

Baby, that's not what I --

JANEY

My father could have put you in fucking jail, Martin. He still could. And you think you're fucking better than him?!

MARTIN

Janey, that's not what I said. You just -- Look, can we just start over? It's just, you caught me off-guard and -- I thought you hated your parents, I mean --

JANEY

Oh, don't fucking patronize me.

She storms off, pulling out her cell phone.

JANEY (CONT'D)

I'm getting a fucking Uber. Go fuck yourself, faggot.

Her heels click on the tarmac as she walks away. Martin just stands there, not sure if he should follow.

He doesn't. He just puts the envelope of money away, and walks out, frowning.

EXT. AIRFIELD - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Martin gets in his car and speeds away. Too fast.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Martin drives. He's on the edge. His fingers clench and unclench on the steering wheel.

After a few blocks, he stops at a red light. It's late at night, no one else on the road. He sits there, waiting.

Suddenly -- he's punching the steering wheel over and over again -- letting out a primal scream -- breaking the skin on his knuckles -- Smash smash smash --

The light turns green.

Martin just sits there, breathing hard, blinking at the green light. Exhausted. He leans back and closes his eyes...

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Martin opens his eyes in another car the next day. He's in the passenger seat. Chavez talks as he drives, but we don't hear a word he says. It's just a blurry drone. Background noise.

Martin looks out the window, watching the city pass by. His mind on everything but work.

Finally, Chavez's voice comes into focus --

CHAVEZ

...So what do you think? You in?

MARTIN

Oh, uh... Sure.

CHAVEZ

Everybody usually shows around seven-thirty, eight. Get a few tables in the back.

MARTIN

Wait -- tonight? I can't do tonight. I got a thing.

CHAVEZ

A thing? Right... This is why no one likes you, man. You're all cagey all the time.

MARTIN

I'm not cagey. I have a thing.

CHAVEZ

What thing?

MARTIN

I'm getting my pilots license.

CHAVEZ

(laughs)

Well, shit... Look at mister
overachiever.

Martin looks around, getting his bearings on where they are.

MARTIN

Take a right up here.

INT. LITTLE ARMENIA STREET - DAY

Their black and white turns down a rundown Hollywood street.
They pull to a stop before a small house.

Martin gets out of the car, leans down to talk to Chavez
through the window.

MARTIN

I'll just be a minute.

Now he walks up the driveway, passing the small house,
heading for the guest house behind it.

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Martin knocks on the door of the guest house. He waits for an
answer, looking around the porch and yard. There's a tricycle
and some kids toys strewn around. A plastic wading pool.

The windows of the guest house have tin foil stuck over them,
so no one can see inside.

He pounds on the door again, harder. After a moment, Amanda
answers the door, looking groggy.

AMANDA

...Marty?

MARTIN

You need to get a job. It's
daytime, Amanda.

Inside, we hear a CHILD crying.

AMANDA

You woke up Jerry.

She turns and walks back into the house. Martin waits a beat,
then follows her inside, leaving the door open.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Martin stands in the living room/dining room area, disgusted
at the condition of this place. The table is stacked with
junk mail and dishes and old newspapers.

Kids clothes lie around the room, on the carpet or over the back of the couch.

On the kitchen counter, near the gas oven, is a straw and some charred tin foil. Amanda's been smoking heroin.

Amanda comes back in, with little JERRY (3 years old) behind her. She sets him up in front of the TV and he stares at it, immediately transfixed.

Then she returns to Martin, sees him clocking the charred tin foil and lighter, disapprovingly.

AMANDA

It's not what you're thinking. I was just -- this is the last time before I go clean, that's all.

He pulls the rubber-banded envelope out and hands it to her.

MARTIN

You tell yourself whatever you have to. This is still all you're getting.

She undoes the rubber bands and starts counting the bills inside.

AMANDA

No, I mean it, Marty. I'm getting a job. This... this is enough for me to kick and get a new place. A new start.

MARTIN

I hope so. You've got a kid. If you keep this shit up, your looks aren't gonna last long enough to find another guy to help you raise him.

She looks at him, seriousness in her eyes.

AMANDA

I know, Marty. Believe me, I know. I'm not going to fuck it up this time.

MARTIN

Good, then don't.

Martin walks to the door, and she calls over to him.

AMANDA

You know I wasn't really blackmailing you, right?

MARTIN

I know.

AMANDA

So why did you give me the money?

He thinks about it for a beat, then...

MARTIN

Because Larry was an asshole. But that's not your fault.

She smiles. Martin pulls the door shut behind himself as he leaves.

EXT. LITTLE ARMENIA STREET - DAY

Martin walks back to the black and white and gets in. They drive away.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Chavez drives, barely glancing at Martin.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - DAY

Their black and white turns back onto the busy streets, and we are above it, tracking them as they weave through Hollywood like a rat in a maze.

FADE TO:

EXT. JAPANTOWN - NIGHT

Martin sits in his car, watching the street. It's late.

Across the street, Mako and a few YAKUZA MEN wander out of a restaurant, followed closely by a JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN and a BLONDE PROSTITUTE.

The girl leads the Businessman toward a limo, and Mako and his men pile in after them. This party is heading elsewhere.

Marty lets them get half-a-block ahead, then he starts his car and drives after them.

He follows them, weaving in and out of traffic... Until they come to a HOTEL downtown.

They all climb out of the limo and wander into the hotel.

Martin drives past and takes a right, finds street parking.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A few GUESTS talk to the FRONT DESK CLERK as Martin walks in. Martin holds his phone up, like he's talking to someone, to cover most of his face.

He hears music from a lounge on the mezzanine, and heads up the curved stairway to the next level.

INT. HOTEL MEZZANINE - NIGHT

He checks for cameras and exits as he walks.

There's a security camera outside the lounge, and he casually raises his hand and turns it, aiming it at the wall -- He uses the side of his hand, so he won't leave fingerprints.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

It's crowded, a mix of Asian visitors and tourists from other parts of the U.S.

All the WAITRESSES are Asian, as is the bartender. A YOUNG GIRL sings Karaoke on a small stage at the front of the room.

Martin takes a stool at the bar and orders a drink.

Martin's eyes wander the crowd, and he sees Mako and his group. The prostitute is sitting close to the businessman, her hand on his leg, and they're all drinking and laughing.

Martin's drink comes and he pays cash. He sips it, trying to fade into the background. It's LOUD in here. A WAITRESS asks if he wants to sign up for Karaoke, and he shakes his head.

After the girl finishes her song, a JAPANESE MAN starts to walk to the stage, but Mako stumbles up there instead. The man goes back to his seat, knowing Mako is Yakuza.

Mako croons out a shockingly good version of a classic Japanese love song.

As he sings, garish cliché images appear on the screen behind him -- flowers blooming, a girl in Geisha robes, the moon, a man and woman kissing, an old woman shedding a single tear while kneeling at a grave.

He finishes the song and the entire place bursts into APPLAUSE. Asian men around the bar raise their glasses. Martin claps, kind of amazed.

MOMENTS LATER

Martin finishes his drink. He uses his damp napkin to wipe off his prints as he pushes it back across the bar.

The waitress brings another round of drinks to Mako and his ground at their corner table. Mako gets up from the table.

Martin watches in the mirror behind the bar, as Mako walks past him, heading out into the hallway.

Mako turns left, to where the bathroom arrow points.

Martin puts a \$5 on the bar and walks out.

INT. HOTEL MEZZANINE - CONTINUOUS

Martin comes out into the hall, turning to the MEN'S ROOM, and sees the door still swinging shut.

MUSIC from the lounge fills this mezzanine area, and the security camera still points at the wall. Martin pulls on a pair of gloves as he walks.

INT. HOTEL MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin enters, the door swinging shut behind him.

Mako stands at the urinals. A freshly-lit cigarette dangles from his lips. His piss is loud, like it's been stored up.

He just barely glances back at Martin, who is standing by the bathroom door, like he's waiting for someone to say go.

Mako starts to look back again and that's all it takes -- Martin moves fast, with deadly purpose --

Before Mako can even see it coming, Martin's got a hand to the back of his head -- smashing it forward into the tile wall -- CRACK --

BLOOD splashes from Mako's nose and mouth, the cigarette drops, tumbling down into the urinal --

With military precision, Martin sweeps Mako's feet out from under him -- and with his right hand still clutching Mako's hair -- he SLAMS his head down into the urinal -- SNAP --

Mako's neck BREAKS on impact, as his teeth crack and bite off part of his tongue --

Martin steps back, as Mako twitches there, head still stuck in the urinal. Somehow, Mako is still pissing.

Martin looks down, sees the growing puddle and steps away from it. Blood drips down from around the urinal, mixing with the yellow piss.

Martin stares at the carnage for a few moments, almost in awe at what he's just done. Then he turns and walks away from the dead man.

INT. HOTEL MEZZANINE - CONTINUOUS

Martin passes the lounge entrance, heading for the exit door at the end of the hall. He pushes open the door, into a utility stairway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Martin walks to his car and gets in. He starts it up, drives away.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Martin drives. Adrenalin rushing.

At a stoplight, he pulls off his gloves. His hands shake.

He grips the steering wheel tightly, and speeds away.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Winding through Echo Park, Martin pulls his car to the curb. He gets out.

He looks around, not sure what to do. He looks at his hands again. They still shake a bit. He stuffs them in his pockets and walks up the street, towards the bars and shops.

Passing a storefront display, he sees himself in a mirrored window - a slightly distorted version of him, stretched and pulled.

He stops and looks at himself in the mirror. He studies his eyes. He looks tired, worn out. But empty.

Like he's testing himself, he tries to cry, to feel something more about what he's done... but nothing comes out.

He walks on. After a few paces, he pulls out his right hand. He holds it out in front of himself -- it's steady now.

CHAVEZ (PRELAP)

Look who finally decided to show
up...

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

Chavez and a few other COPS sit around a some tables, already a bit drunk. Martin saunters over to them, rolling with Chavez's shit-talking.

CHAVEZ

...It's Baron Von whatever. You
dive bomb anywhere good tonight,
flyboy?

MARTIN

Only if you still live at the
address in your file, Chavez.

Everybody laughs, and Martin gestures for the waitress to
bring another round.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Next round's on me.

COP BUDDY

Well, all right, time for the top
shelf...

Martin sees the Lieutenant playing darts on the other side of
the bar. He wanders over to him.

The Lieutenant nods, keeps throwing his darts.

LIEUTENANT

Martin. Been hearing good things
about you.

MARTIN

Really? Could've surprised me.

LIEUTENANT

You're mad about the delay on your
promotion?

MARTIN

I wouldn't say mad. Disappointed.

Martin goes to the board and pulls out the darts. Walks back
and hands them to the LT.

LIEUTENANT

It's politics, Marty. You were in
the wrong place at the wrong time,
so your life got off track a bit...
But I'm not gonna let them screw
you over. Just be patient, kid.

MARTIN

Sure. You're right.

The LT is about to throw, but he looks at Martin, sees that
something is off about him.

LIEUTENANT

Something else on your mind?

MARTIN

How much do our helicopter pilots
make?

LIEUTENANT

You thinking of switching careers
all of a sudden?

MARTIN

I don't know...

(then)

It's just... Sometimes I wouldn't
mind being up there... Shining a
light down on them, like ants or
something...

(then)

You ever feel like that? Just sick
of all these fucking people
everywhere?

The LT turns back to the dartboard, shaking his head.

LIEUTENANT

To answer the question, our pilots
don't get paid very well. Which
will surprise you, I'm sure.

He throws the dart, hits just off the bullseye.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

You've got big things ahead of you,
Marty. Don't go becoming a head-
case on me.

Chavez calls to Martin from across the bar, waving with a
drink in hand.

CHAVEZ

Yo! Get the fuck over here,
partner! You got catching up to do!

Martin nods to the LT and wanders back to his partner.

Chavez is doing a bar trick, blowing an egg from one shot
glass into another. Martin laughs along with the others,
faking a smile, pretending to belong.

As they laugh, Martin's phone buzzes on the table. He picks
it up, looks at the text he just got. He puts his phone away.

He waves to the waitress for another round. Then he slips
away, his fake smile fading by the time he gets to the door.

EXT. SMOKE SHOP - NIGHT

A little cigar shop on a downtown street. Martin walks up and
knocks on the door. After a moment or two, it opens, and
Timor leads him inside.

INT. SMOKE SHOP - NIGHT

They step past the front counter, and into a hallway. At the end of the hallway, Timor knocks on another door.

The door opens, and IVAN, another big Russian thug, pats Martin down, finding nothing. Then Martin enters the back room, and Ivan and Timor stay out in the hallway.

INT. SMOKE SHOP - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Leon looks up from playing a game on his iphone and nods at Martin.

LEON
Marty. My hero.

MARTIN
I thought we were done.

LEON
No. We still have a deal.

Martin tenses up -- is he going to be trapped working for these people forever?

LEON (CONT'D)
The Jesus problem, remember?

Martin relaxes a bit at that.

MARTIN
Oh. I forgot.

LEON
Well, I didn't forget. I'm your friend, Marty, remember? Looking out for both of us... But, sadly... it's a good news-bad news situation.

(then)

Bad news, the kid is gone. Down in Mexico, with his father's family. We can't get to him.

(then)

We don't know if he told anyone else, but no one's looking for you. There's no price on you, that we can find. No green light. Most likely, he did enough for his family honor. He won't come back. If he does, we'll hear about it.

MARTIN
So what's the good news?

LEON
 We know how he found out.
 (stands up)
 Come...

He leads Martin to a door that leads down into a basement.
 They walk down the stairs.

INT. SMOKE SHOP - BASEMENT - NIGHT

As they walk down the stairs into the basement, Martin sees
 there's someone duct-taped to a chair down here --

It's Amanda, Larry's girlfriend. She's beaten-up and has duct-
 tape over her mouth. Martin almost can't believe it.

MARTIN
 Amanda?

Leon leads him over to her. She tries to plead with Martin
 through the tape over her mouth.

LEON
 Yes, Larry told his girlfriend all
 his business. Then this young lady,
 who is so obviously strung-out on
 dope, tells a Mexican dealer she
 knows who killed Magdalena.
 (smiles at Amanda)
 She sells her man out for heroin...
 Who could have seen *that* coming?

Amanda's begging through the tape -- we can make out that
 she's saying "Marty, please" over and over.

MARTIN
 What're you going to do to her?

LEON
 It's up to you. I'll let you decide
 what happens.

MARTIN
 What's that mean?

Leon reaches under the back of his coat and pulls out a
 Glock. He hands it to Martin, who takes it, uncertainly.

LEON
 When you came to me, you said you
 weren't a killer... but Marty, you
 just killed a man with your bare
 hands. And now you're looking at
 this woman tied up like a goat, and
 you aren't flinching.
 (then)
 (MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

This thing you did, it's already changed you. The question is... Was it into someone you don't want to be... Or someone you always were, deep down?

Martin looks at him, understanding the proposition, but not sure he's okay with it. Leon continues.

LEON (CONT'D)

This woman is the reason you'll be looking over your shoulder the rest of your life... So I'm giving you the chance to take that out on her. You can shoot her, beat her to death, whatever you want. Dealer's choice.

Amanda's eyes are wide, as she tries hard to be heard, screaming under the tape.

LEON (CONT'D)

Or you can still say you want to go back to your *real life*, and you can walk away and pretend none of this ever happened...

(then)

But if you do that, then my people will take care of her another way.

MARTIN

What way?

LEON

Don't pretend to be naive. You know what way. I have a lot of angry men in my employ, men who don't like snitches... or women really at all, to be honest...

(then)

They don't go to therapy, so they take that anger out on the women we own... What they do won't be quick or painless... She'll last a long time, this one.

Martin understands. Shooting her would actually be the merciful thing to do.

MARTIN

She has a son.

LEON

I know. He's already with Social Services. She has a mother, she can raise the boy.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

(then)

So what will it be, Marty? Make a choice.

Martin looks at the pathetic wreck of Amanda, tears and blood on her face, pleading under the tape. He raises the gun, thinking about it.

Her eyes begging him not to.

The gun aimed.

He's still thinking about it, as we --

CUT TO BLACK

After a few moments, the sound of the WIND rushes by.

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

Martin's Cessna soars effortlessly.

INT. CESSNA - DAY

Martin at the controls, a peaceful smile on his face. All is good.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Cessna soars up higher, disappearing into the blue and the glare of the sun. The world below so far far away.

EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - MEXICO - DAY

A palatial ranch house somewhere outside Mexico City.

DON RICARDO (PRELAP)

(in Spanish)

Nephew... Is this the one?

INT. COUNTRY ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jesus looks across the room to where his uncle, DON RICARDO (mid-60s) lies in a special hospital bed in front of a wall-mounted television.

Don Ricardo is pushing himself up in the bed on his elbow, and freeze-framing the TV with the remote.

JESUS

(in Spanish)

What do you need, Uncle?

DON RICARDO

(in Spanish)

This man, on the television.

The image on the screen is Larry and Martin. From a news story about the case. Jesus sees them.

JESUS
(in Spanish)
Yes. That's the one, on the right.

DON RICARDO
(in Spanish)
I can take care of it. Let me do this for you. One phone call.

JESUS
(in Spanish)
No, uncle. I have to do it myself.

His uncle considers him, trying to adjust himself in the bed to see him better. It clearly pains him.

JESUS (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Here, let me help.

Jesus helps him sit up. Don Ricardo reaches his hand out for a spray bottle on the nearby table. Jesus hands it to him. It's some kind of medicated spray.

Don Ricardo pulls back his sheet, and there's a layer of plastic covering his belly. Under the plastic, we can see some of his intestines. Outside his body.

He peels back the plastic and sprays the intestines. Then he puts the plastic back down into place, and pulls the sheet back to cover it all up.

JESUS (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Do you need anything else, uncle?

DON RICARDO
(in Spanish)
No.

The old man turns back to the image on the TV -- to Martin.

DON RICARDO (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
But if you're going to kill this man, we had better teach you how to do it right.

Jesus smiles at his Uncle, and now in the background, we see a few armed CARTEL SOLDIERS around the room. On guard duty. Because Don Ricardo is a Cartel leader.

FADE OUT.