

A Few Empty Chambers

By

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EXT. KUNAR PROVINCE, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Shadows of helicopters roll over the shrubbery of rocky foothills.

VINCENT VISARI, too young with deep-set, worn eyes, looks into an off-screen abyss.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)
The Corps is my freedom.

INT. VISARI KITCHEN - NIGHT

Plates smash against the wall. SABRINA VISARI holds another plate high above her head, poised to throw. Her cocaine eyes burn red. She screams:

SABRINA VISARI
Bastard!

The plate flies.

Vincent, age 3 and stupefied, looks on.

ARMANDO VISARI, unkempt and sweaty, dodges a plate.

SABRINA VISARI (CONT'D) (O.S.)
You tell me where they are!

Armando glares at his wife with venomous fury.

FACUNDO and MARCOS VISARI, twins, 10 years old, lead Vincent away from the drama.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)
My... my best chance.

EXT. KUNAR PROVINCE, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Lightning strikes. Vincent's face is covered in dirt and mud as he paces across open ground in a downpour. He holds M40-A5 Marine-issue sniper rifle.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)
The way I saw it, growin' up... I needed to do right.

EXT. VISARI FRONT YARD - DAY

9 year-old Vincent stands behind the bars of the fence that lines his front yard. Between his legs is a tiny bike.

A THUG squeaks through the gate, he looks at Vincent and continues toward the front door.

Vincent watches as Facundo opens the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The thug follows Facundo past Armando asleep with a bottle in his lap and into the kitchen where Marcos is cutting raw cocaine on the kitchen table with a kitchen knife.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)
But I always felt like De Niro,
like in *The Deer Hunter*...

EXT. KUNAR PROVINCE, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A drone strikes off screen, the explosion echoes in the mountain valley. Vincent brings an enormous scope to his eye. The focus racks quickly toward the fire.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)
...Like if I was gonna get out, get
my life the way it needs to be...

REVOLVER

Hands fill a six-shooter with two bullets.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)
I'd have to fill up another chamber
before I rolled the barrel.

The cylinder clicks eerily as it spins.

EXT. KUNAR PROVINCE, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

The clicking of the spinning cylinder continues as Vincent's crosshairs follow a burning body through the fire. It drops to the ground and rolls.

A shot is fired. The body lies still.

Flame subsumes the frame of Vincent's scope.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - NIGHT

The red brake light of a Peter Pan bus flashes in the rain-soaked darkness.

INT. PETER PAN BUS - NIGHT

AMBROSE, a 30 year-old Marine dressed in official blues, sits by the aisle. He leans toward the window.

AMBROSE

So what do you do now that you're back, kid?

Vincent wears an eye patch over his left eye. He sports his Marine blues as well.

VINCENT VISARI

I gotta go a different way. I'm done pushing my luck.

Vincent looks out the window into the night. An 18 wheeler zooms by, "Premium Select Furniture" is written on its side and back.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

The iron bars of a fence frame Vincent as he saunters, duffel bag slung over his shoulder, toward the street. The depressed street lights flicker.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Vincent steps over paper waste on the sidewalk. Passing storefront gates, boarded up windows and a plethora of gang tags, Vincent keeps his head up.

He's not ashamed to be back in Hell, but it's weight is already unbearable. He draws the glances of kids on bikes beneath a streetlight.

He passes a homeless man squatting on a stoop.

A suped-up car full of hoods slows as it passes Vincent. Vincent reacts calmly to the driver's dirty look.

EXT. VISARI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Vincent stands outside the prison-like confines of his childhood home. He looks at the spot where he once stood with his bike as a child.

A beat up car is parked in the driveway. Vincent squeaks open the rusty gate.

INT. VISARI RESIDENCE WINDOW - NIGHT

REINA VISARI bites her lip in excitement. Her husband is approaching. She is lit only by the light of the street coming through the window.

THE SCRAPE of a chair across the floor comes from off-screen.

Reina whips her head around and lifts her finger over her mouth. She mouths the words.

REINA VISARI

He's here.

Reina glides to the door and opens it. She greets Vincent with a mother of pearl smile.

Subtly perturbed by Vincent's eyepatch, she compassionately strokes the cheek of a fellow tortured soul.

MARISOL, the mother of Vincent's nephew; DANNY, the 8-year-old nephew; ROYA, his 4 and 3/4-year-old daughter; and Armando Visari yell as a group from off-screen.

GROUP (O.S.)

Welcome home, Vincent!

Marisol flicks on the lights.

Vincent smiles. He looks into his to kitchen. The room the table that was once covered in raw cocaine is now surrounded by the people who love and need him.

Vincent sets his bag down and approaches his family. They meet him at the doorway to the kitchen. Police sirens blare elsewhere in the city.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Armando Visari watches as his son hugs Roya.

REINA VISARI
How was the bus?

Vincent holds up his daughter. He watches her face as he speaks.

VINCENT VISARI
Not too bad.

ARMANDO VISARI
Not too much traffic?

VINCENT VISARI
It was fine.

Vincent puts Roya back down. She walks over to her mother and hugs her leg. Vincent can barely take his eyes off of her, but looks to Marisol.

Vincent hugs Marisol.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
How have you been?

Marisol shrugs.

MARISOL
We're doing okay. Right Danny?

Danny steps toward Vincent and swings his fist at Vincent's waist with a smile on his face. Vincent reacts dramatically:

VINCENT VISARI
Aaaaaaughhh.

Vincent grabs Danny and quickly inverts him, dangling him in the air. Danny laughs gleefully.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
Doin' okay, Danny?

Danny can't answer through the laughter.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
Huh?

DANNY
Yeah! Good!

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI
Doin' good in school?

Vincent shakes him gently.

DANNY
Yeah! Good!

Vincent returns him to the ground.

VINCENT VISARI
You better not be lying, my man.

Vincent smiles at Marisol. He puts Danny down and hugs his father.

ARMANDO VISARI
Welcome home. We're happy you're safe.

Vincent's not sure what he means by "safe." A kitchen timer goes off. Marisol heads to the stove.

REINA VISARI
Kids, wash your hands. Let's go.

Vincent looks out, noticing something off screen. He is possessed like a fly bathed in blue light.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is unlit. A shrine to Vincent's twin brothers sits atop a newly finished mantelpiece. Unlit candles frame a sequence of pictures from the Visari's haunted past.

On the left is a teenage Marcos, smiling for the camera while washing a new car.

In the center are the two twins, Marcos and Facundo, together as 7-year-olds with their newborn brother, Vincent, between them. Both look directly at the camera and smile.

On the right is Facundo, holding 3 year-old Danny in his arms with Marisol by his side.

Vincent lights the candles.

He turns around expecting to see his father, but he is alone. His family is off-screen in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reina's hands are covered in soap. She washes dishes while Vincent dries. He goes to put away a bowl.

REINA VISARI
Not in there.

Reina smiles. She points to the correct cabinet. Vincent smiles. He leans in for a kiss.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Armando comes down the stairs and heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reina and Vincent finish their kiss. Armando clears his throat.

ARMANDO VISARI
Reina,...

Reina turns. She begins drying her hands.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D) (O.S.)
Roya asked for you.

REINA VISARI
I'll be right there. Thank you,
Armando.

Vincent watches his wife walk away. His father approaches. Armando sidles up to Vincent.

ARMANDO VISARI
I have something important to tell
you.

VINCENT VISARI
You think I'm safe?

ARMANDO VISARI
Of course not, but you can be,
right?

Vincent dries his hands with the towel, skirting the question.

(CONTINUED)

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
You're wife is beautiful.

Vincent raises his eyebrow.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
You're daughter is beautiful... and
strong. You've put them both
through Hell.

VINCENT VISARI
I put them through Hell? *They* were
in Hell?

Armando steps toward the disabled veteran.

ARMANDO VISARI
They were in Hell. They thought you
were dead when you went missing...
and at my best they still had
nothing. They deserve better; they
need you with them.

VINCENT VISARI
I didn't choose to be captured.

ARMANDO VISARI
But you chose to leave.

VINCENT VISARI
We chose to leave. Reina agreed. I
left to get us out. You know that.
Why are you saying this?

ARMANDO VISARI
Your family loves you. Reina and
Roya are everything I ever wanted
for you, and they're yours despite
me. You're life is a gift to them.
Stick around. Don't take it away
again.

REINA VISARI (O.S.)
Vincent?

Reina rounds the corner. Armando looks down and turns to
Reina, he musters a smile for her.

Vincent leaves the kitchen, following his wife's lead to
their bedroom.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Reina pulls away from Vincent's face. Their kiss has ended. She strokes his cheek with the side of his finger.

Reina gently puts the tip of her finger beneath the eye-patch.

Vincent speaks calmly:

VINCENT VISARI
You sure you want to see?

REINA VISARI (O.S.)
Baby, I gotta see sometime.

The black of patch stands out in the deep blue darkness of the bedroom.

Reina feigns a smile. Her face grows curious as her fingers make progress.

Her eyes bulge and return to normal.

Vincent's scar is gruesome even beneath the veil of night.

Reina's eye's water. Vincent grabs his wife's hand and rubs his cheek against it.

REINA VISARI
Does it hurt?

Vincent nods.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D) (O.S.)
Well what... is there anything I
can do? What..?

Vincent speaks softly, soothingly. He holds her hand.

VINCENT VISARI
It's okay. I've seen a doctor, and
it'll be alright. There's not much
anyone can do.

Reina and Vincent lay their backs down on the bed. Vincent holds Reina tight, she rests her head on his chest. He looks at the ceiling as he talks.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
The Corps is gonna take care of me
and you and Roya too. We're due
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
disability payment. Is Roya goin'
for her checkups?

REINA VISARI
Yeah.

VINCENT VISARI
Good. How bout daycare?

REINA VISARI
Armando watches her when I'm at the
salon, I don't have enough hours to
qualify for the benefit.

VINCENT VISARI
That's such bullshit.

REINA VISARI
I know, but it works out.

VINCENT VISARI
You get that last check?

REINA VISARI
Yeah.

VINCENT VISARI
How much was it for?

REINA VISARI
About 4 thousand.

VINCENT VISARI
So how we doin'?

REINA VISARI
We're alright here for a little
while.

Reina yawns.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D)
I'll show you our sheet tomorrow.

VINCENT VISARI
You worried?

REINA VISARI
Baby, you're alive.

Reina looks lovingly into Vincent's eye. The woman is happy
to believe in ghosts.

(CONTINUED)

Vincent shifts his body restlessly.

VINCENT VISARI
Just when it started rolling in I
get bit. Four more years I'd have a
pension. We'd be out of here. I'd
have gotten us out.

REINA VISARI
You tried.

Reina pats Vincent's stomach.

VINCENT VISARI
I failed. I lost my eye and I
failed.

REINA VISARI
It's okay.

VINCENT VISARI
You really think that?

Reina shifts her eyes, betraying the fact that she doesn't think that. Vincent leans his head back.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
I just don't know what else I could
have done.

REINA VISARI
You could have stayed here.

Vincent wriggles out of bed and heads to the bathroom. He flicks the light on. Reina sees the scars on his lean upper-body shine under the overhead light.

VINCENT VISARI
We agreed that I wouldn't. It would
have been worse, anyhow.

Reina is tired. She's ready to fall asleep, but the power of uncertainty keeps her mouth moving.

REINA VISARI
How much worse could it have been?

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vincent hangs his head over the sink. He rinses his face with water.

Vincent looks into the mirror. Water droplets stream down his face. The scarred depression in his orbital cavity emblemizes the penalty he's paid.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Bacon sizzles in a frying pan.

Vincent's hands crack an egg. A rusted wasteland of abandoned industry, graffiti, broken glass and trash blights the view from Vincent's kitchen window.

He beats eggs to death as he stares at abject failure.

Vincent whips his head around to see Armando enter the kitchen.

ARMANDO VISARI

Morning.

Vincent puts the bowl down and takes the bacon off the burner.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D) (O.S.)

You sleep at all last night?

VINCENT VISARI

A little. I heard the shots if that's what you're askin'. It feels like I never left.

ARMANDO VISARI

Is that true?

Vincent nods sadly. He pours the eggs into the pan. They sizzle.

ARMANDO VISARI

Believe me, son, you've been gone a long time.

VINCENT VISARI

When did you get sober?

ARMANDO VISARI

When you deployed.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI
You look good... much better.

ARMANDO VISARI
Thank you.

Armando stands up straighter.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
About last night... I'll do
anything to help you. I'm ready...
I'm ready to help.

VINCENT VISARI
I need a job.

Armando can't help him there, so he looks down.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
Have you seen Abreu recently?

ARMANDO VISARI
He fell off the wagon a couple
years ago. Don't know what he's up
to now. He might have work.
(beat)
It's a long shot, but it's a worth
a trip out there. He always liked
you.

INT. STAIRWAY - MORNING

Roya steps down the carpeted stairs backwards for safety.
Reina follows.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)
I need somethin to go right for me.

INT. VISARI RESIDENCE, KITCHEN MORNING

Vincent looks out the window.

ARMANDO VISARI
Something will if you are patient.
There's no gun to your head
anymore.

Vincent looks down at the cooking food. He wriggles in his
own skin, and laughs his next words out.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI

I still feel heat.

(beat)

I can't tell if I'm in the frying pan or the fire, but...

Vincent shakes his head. Armando feels sorry for his son, This is the hardest and most important part of Vincent's assimilation.

REINA VISARI (O.S.)

Mhhmmm you smell that, little girl?

ROYA (O.S.)

Uh huh.

Vincent perks up. Roya and Reina enter the kitchen.

ROYA AND REINA

Good morning, Daddy.

Vincent shakes the food in the frying pan and smiles.

Roya and Reina sits. Vincent serves them.

Vincent watches intently as Roya clumsily weilds her fork. He smiles as one, two, and three stabs are not effective enough to lift the egg to her mouth.

Reina watches Vincent enjoy the sight of their daughter.

REINA VISARI

I think she needs your help,
Vincent. You want some help, Roya?

Roya shrugs her shoulders. The adults laugh. Vincent scoots his chair toward Roya, he lifts a piece of egg with his fork.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Here comes the helicopter.

Vincent's hand extends the egg toward Roya's open mouth.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Reina holds a large sheet of graph paper with "Escape Plan" written across the top. Earnings, expenditures, and projections are written on it. Bits of scotch tape connect several fragments.

The most important figure, \$116,000, is circled several times at the bottom of the page.

Reina inspects a second sheet of paper and walks as she reads.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roya plays with old dolls on the floor as Reina glides into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Vincent heads toward Reina, leaving Armando at the sink to wash dishes. He sits down and compares the the sheets of paper. Seeing the tape he looks up at his wife. She shrugs.

Vincent pours over the numbers - prospective monthly pay rates and best case scenario estimates. He can't believe how optimistic he once was.

The clean sheet has 2014 savings to date at \$6,600.

VINCENT VISARI

We saved 9 thousand last year. We were on pace for 14 thousand this year, but... We're 8 thousand off the pace.

Vincent bangs his hand on the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roya whips her head toward the kitchen. She holds her dolls still.

REINA VISARI (O.S.)

Vincent,...

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)

What?

ARMANDO VISARI (O.S.)

Be calm.

Vincent chair SCRAPES along the ground as he stands.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Vincent is upright. He paces away from the now empty table.

VINCENT VISARI

I'm gonna get a grand a month. And that's it. That's all I can get, that's all they give for this.

Vincent points to his eye.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

Reina you might as well tear that thing up again cuz we ain't gonna make 15 grand let alone save it.

REINA VISARI

Breathe, Vincent. We have time.

VINCENT VISARI

That's not true.

ARMANDO VISARI

Of course it's true.

VINCENT VISARI

Roya doesn't have time. She's gonna be in this piece of shit school system for ten years at this rate. How's she gonna go to college? How's she gonna do better?

Reina is very upset by the cynical reality that Vincent is weaving. Vincent strokes the lines on his forehead to calm himself down.

REINA VISARI

I'll get more hours at work. You'll find a job. The disability is 12 thousand right there, we just gotta earn. Vincent you're alive! You're here. We have a chance.

Still stroking, he nods and takes a deep breath. He's sweating.

VINCENT VISARI

You're right.

Vincent opens his arms and Reina hugs him.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DAY

Vincent plays with the AC of the old car. He angrily twists knobs to no avail. Beads of sweat are pooled around his temples.

Vincent drives down one blighted block after another. He approaches OUR LADY OF GUADELOUPE PAINTING AND FINISHING

INT. OUR LADY OF GUADELOUPE PAINTING AND FINISHING - DAY

A bell rings as Vincent enters into a messy office.

Abreu is a small man with gold-capped teeth. He sits with his feet on the desk, cigarette in his mouth. His eyes open as he begins to choke on the smoke.

ABREU

Holy shit!

Abreu looks scared to death. He talks as if all his teeth are loose in his mouth.

ABREU (CONT'D)

Vincent?

VINCENT VISARI

Yeah it's me.

ABREU

Holy shit, you're back.

Abreu comes around his desk. Bottles clink on the floor by his feet as he gets up. He speaks while holding the cigarette between his lips.

ABREU (CONT'D)

You're back. Good for you, you're back. What are you doin' here?

They shake hands. Vincent grasps Abreu's hand as he speaks:

VINCENT VISARI

I'm paying my respects. Things okay?

(CONTINUED)

ABREU

Kid, if only you knew. Things ain't so good at all since you been away.

VINCENT VISARI

Business is bad?

ABREU

Bad? I'm in ten large to the bank. No jobs at all these days. I'm too small, I can't compete with the painting and siding boys crosstown.

Abreu takes a long drag.

MR. ABREU (CONT'D)

You didn't come here looking for a job did you?

Vincent looks bashful.

MR. ABREU (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Ah shit, kid. You're shit outta luck.

VINCENT VISARI

You got nothin'?

Abreu puts his hands on his hips.

MR. ABREU

Well... for you I do. But it ain't much.

VINCENT VISARI

Whatever you got, you know I'll take it.

Abreu pulls a card out of folder on his desk.

MR. ABREU

This here's a town job. A real pity contract. Some piece of shit row house by the water that the water company wants spruced up.

VINCENT VISARI

Can I do it myself.

MR. ABREU

Probably not, but things aren't just bad for me. You can get two guys for \$50 each like *that*.

(CONTINUED)

Abreu snaps his fingers.

MR. ABREU
Can you do it in three days?

VINCENT VISARI
Friday?

Abreu looks at the calendar on the wall.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
That's the wrong month.

Abreu turns to face Vincent.

MR. ABREU
Yeah, Friday. Come by here at 7,
I'll have the van ready.

Vincent and Abreu shake hands. Vincent heads toward the door. Abreu lights a second cigarette.

VINCENT VISARI
How much is it?

Abreu talks through closed lips.

MR. ABREU
You'll clear \$200.

EXT. OUR LADY OF GUADELOUPE - DAY

Vincent sighs. He breathes in relatively clean, smoke-free air.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DAY

Vincent drives down a busy street. Traffic is slow. He takes a good look at a street vendor pushing a cart in the hot sun. The building behind the vendor is marked by gang graffiti.

The vendor stops pushing his cart, a look of terror crosses his face.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

A hood-rich gangbanger collects tribute from a vendor up the street. Little kids follow closely behind him.

The gangbanger is MACHADO, a friend of Vincent's and a former member of the late Visari brother's crew.

Machado folds a wad of cash and puts it into a platinum clip. He speaks to the vendor:

MACHADO
 Don't get it twisted cuz we like
 you here, cabron. Late is late and
 you'll be sorry.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DAY

Vincent recognizes Machado.

VINCENT VISARI
 Holy shit.

Vincent's not sure how to play this meet. He pulls into a spot quickly. The car behind him lays on the horn.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

Machado reacts to the horn. He turns around and spooks the pack of kids. They run from him screaming. He continues forward.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)
 Ayoooo Machi!

Machado looks around, confused.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
 Machado! Macho man.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DAY

Vincent leans toward the passenger window.

MACHADO
 Holy shit! Vincent?

Vincent smiles wide.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI
Whaddup whaddup?

MACHADO
O my god, look at you. Goddamn,
man.

VINCENT VISARI
Eyy, man, be easy. Don't hurt my
feelings.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

Machado looks around cautiously, then looks back into the
window.

MACHADO
So you're back a little early, huh?

Vincent nods.

MACHADO (CONT'D)
Alright, man, well whaddup?

VINCENT VISARI
I don't know, man, nothin'.

MACHADO
You at your house?

VINCENT VISARI
Yeah.

MACHADO
Cool, ok. You busy tonight, I can
come by with David, man, we can
catch up if you want, man it's
crazy to see you.

VINCENT VISARI
Ha ha look at you though, for sure,
bring lil' Davi over, how's he
doin'?

MACHADO
He's good man, don't nobody call
him Davi no more though. No one's
said any shit like that in forever.

VINCENT VISARI
Oh yeah?

(CONTINUED)

Machado looks around more cautiously. He nods in response to Vincent's question.

MACHADO (CONT'D)
Yeah, for real now he ain't no
joke. The streets call him Blanco.

Vincent laughs for a moment. Machado can't help but smile with him.

VINCENT VISARI
Oh my god, for real?

Vincent and Machado are all smiles.

MACHADO
That's what I said; we'll come by
later and show you what's real,
cabron.

Machado looks around, he backs away from the car.

MACHADO (CONT'D)
Alright, man, later.

Machado taps the side of car and goes on his way.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Reina jumps rope furiously. The rapid clicking of the rope on the ground melds with the sound of Vincent's footsteps down the stairs.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)
Reina?

Reina exhales.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
Where's Roya?

Reina stops. She wipes sweat from her brow.

REINA VISARI
With your father. They might be at
Mari's.

Reina leans on her knees and pants. Vincent checks her out.

VINCENT VISARI
You look good.

Reina smiles and snuffles.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Reina's hand makes a print on the glass door of the steamy shower. It is framed by mold and tacky wallpaper curls off the walls.

An ecstatic gasp issues from Reina's open mouth. Vincent kisses her. Water streams down their faces.

Reina pants as her head and body bob up and down against the tan tiles of the shower. She shuts her eyes tightly, turning her face away from Vincent's.

Water streams over and into her mouth.

CUT TO:

Vincent drags a razor blade over his neck. Reina is still in the shower.

REINA VISARI (O.S.)
You still need the car?

VINCENT VISARI
No, why?

REINA VISARI
Cuz i gotta go to work. Give me a ride, and then you'll have it.

VINCENT VISARI
I don't need it.

REINA VISARI
Yeah, but maybe Armando will need it. He's got baseball today.

VINCENT VISARI
Baseball?

REINA VISARI
He coaches Danny's team.

Vincent is surprised.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D) (O.S.)
You surprised?

Vincent slides the razor across his face.

VINCENT VISARI
When I was Danny's age that man couldn't stand up straight, let alone swing a bat.

(CONTINUED)

REINA VISARI
Some things change for the better.

Vincent rinses off his face. He looks in the mirror and shuts his eye. He hides from the monster as he puts on his eye patch.

He opens his eye when the patch is on.

EXT. ARISE AND SHINE SALON - DAY

Reina steps out of the passenger seat. She looks back at Vincent.

REINA VISARI
Pick me up at 6?

VINCENT VISARI
You got it.

Reina heads inside.

INT. ARISE AND SHINE SALON - DAY

Reina walks through the salon, down a gauntlet of mirrors, salon chairs, and manicure stations, she smiles and blushes. SHEREEN, the receptionist, speaks from off-screen.

SHEREEN (O.S.)
Girl, look at you!

Shereen stands with her hands on her hips. Reina rounds the reception desk and puts her bag down.

SHEREEN (CONT'D)
Somebody's happy to have they man
back, I see.

Reina sits down, and the phone rings. She picks it up. Staring up coyishly at Shereen, Reina speaks:

REINA VISARI
"Arise and Shine," may I help you?

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DAY

Vincent drives. He squints in the sunlight. He's careful to turn his head to see his enhanced blind spot. He turns left past a truck with some difficulty.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

Roya sits on Vincent's lap on a bench. They watch the little kids in their t-shirt uniforms and baseball pants crowd around Armando.

Armando slaps his hands together and the team takes the field.

The backs of the shirt's read "Portillo Select Painting Services."

ARMANDO VISARI

Robby! Get closer to the bag, kid!

Mikey! Hey Mikey!

MIKEY, a young and scrawny center-fielder, finally hears Armando. He perks up.

Armando waves him back. The boy walks backward slowly.

Vincent and Roya come to Armando's side. Vincent places his arm on his father's shoulder.

Danny is the pitcher. Vincent watches him deal.

Vincent is impressed by the sound of the ball hitting the catcher's mit.

Danny deals again.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A pot clanks in the sink. Reina is washing dishes. Vincent is wiping down the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roya plays on the floor. Armando is asleep in an easy chair in front of the television that plays aerial footage of Benjamin Franklin Bridge. RACHEL TZU, the newscaster speaks over the image.

RACHEL TZU

An accident on the Philadelphia side of the Benjamin Franklin Bridge has made westbound traffic come to a standstill as far east as the North 7th overpass.

The shots of the traffic give way to pictures of a wrecked car.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL TZU

Fortunately, no one was hurt in the accident but the rush hour has made clearing the scene a nightmare for commuters.

A loud KNOCK comes from the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reina shudders at the knock. She whips her head around. Vincent looks out toward the door. He walks toward it.

Armando sits up in his seat.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)

It's okay, Dad. I got it.

Vincent opens the door.

Machado and David, aka BLANCO, stand in the entry way. Ink crawls around the low necklines of their stylish shirts.

Machado smiles at Vincent.

VINCENT VISARI

Let me get dressed.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reina dries her hands as she walks toward the living room.

REINA VISARI

Looks who it is.

Machado and Blanco enter.

MACHADO AND BLANCO

Hey, Reina.

MACHADO

You're lookin' good.

Armando grunts. Reina rolls her eyes.

REINA VISARI

What are you two doin' here.

BLANCO

We heard you're man was back. Thought we'd catch up; take him out.

(CONTINUED)

REINA VISARI
That sounds nice.

Armando and Blanco engage in a death stare.

MACHADO
How are you Armando?

In view, beyond Armando, is the shrine to the fallen Visari twins. This catches the eyes of both Machado and Blanco. It sobers them.

A commercial plays on the television.

ARMANDO VISARI
Business must be good.

Blanco looks at Armando apologetically, revealing that despite his cold demeanor he is a very young man.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)
Ready to go.

All faces turn to Vincent. His glance shifts from one face to the other. He kisses Reina on the cheek.

The three boys leave. Armando turns back to the television. A commercial for "Premium Select Furniture" plays.

Armando changes the channel.

INT. CARMELO'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The bar isn't crowded. It's still early and a weeknight. Vincent watches the band set up on the other end of the room.

VINCENT VISARI
This is a nice place.

He sips his drink.

BLANCO
Glad you like it.

VINCENT VISARI
You say that like you own it.

Machado snorts out a giggle of sorts. Blanco swallows the sip of tequila in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
Are you fucking kidding me?

Machado gets up and goes behind the bar. He talks to some regulars.

BLANCO
I don't own it outright. But I'm a partner. You impressed?

VINCENT VISARI
I said I liked it.

BLANCO
Hey man, I just..

Blanco pauses.

VINCENT VISARI
You feel guilty everyday or just when I'm sitting next to you?

Blanco looks away. He makes himself comfortable, soaking in his property.

The band starts playing. Blanco has to raise his voice and lean near Vincent.

BLANCO
I don't know.... It's good to see you again. I want you to feel the same way.

Vincent holds up his hand. Blanco is happy to squeeze it tightly and shake.

People start funneling in the door. Blanco stands up taller, he motions for Machado to come back over.

BLANCO (CONT'D)
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Vincent finishes his drink.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

Vincent sits in the middle of the back of a suped-up white sedan. He sips a 40oz bottle of malt liquor beer.

He passes it up to the front. Blanco swigs while driving.

They leave the bright lights of the big city and head to the vacant lots of their hometown across the river.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Vincent, Blanco and Machado amble down a dimly lit sidewalk. The street is dirty and police sirens are not far.

VINCENT VISARI

What do ya'll know about Portillo Select?

BLANCO

The paint company?

VINCENT VISARI

Yeah, it's doin a lot of business, runnin' old Abreu out of town.

MACHADO

Abreu man, I have't heard that name in forever, ha. That fuckin old man.

BLANCO

What you wanna know? You lookin to paint for the rest of your life?

VINCENT VISARI

Fuck you, I might be.
(beat)
Who owns it?

BLANCO

It's us, man. It's one of ours.

VINCENT VISARI

It's a gang front?

MACHADO

It's a profitable business with a serious backer.

BLANCO

That's right.

Vincent looks into the darkness behind a rusty chain-link fence.

MACHADO

Gone but not forgotten.

The boys arrive at a cement wall covered in graffiti that reads : South Side Kings RIP F&M. The three sit on the curb in front of the graffiti.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO

There's a lot of people who still remember them. Not even Hugo disrespects what they had.

VINCENT VISARI

Hugo?

MACHADO

The man on top.

VINCENT VISARI

Your boss?

MACHADO

The man who christened this one Blanco; who gave him a peice of the south side.

Vincent looks down.

BLANCO

Vincent...

VINCENT VISARI

What?

Blanco doesn't speak. Vincent gets animated, he does feel betrayed.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened? Let's hear your side.

BLANCO

We all had our choices to make. Facundo and Marcos did good business and then it was gone, they were gone.

VINCENT VISARI

I remember that part.

BLANCO

Well, the new tide came in so quick, I mean, I just rolled with it. He took your brothers down and it was over, the corners, everything was his. What were we supposed to do?

Machado lights and smokes a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO (CONT'D)

Macho and me weren't about to join the army, with our record that wasn't an option. It was an obvious choice.

Vincent nods his head.

VINCENT VISARI

I'm not mad. Anymore. That was four years ago. A lot has happened since.

BLANCO

No kidding.

Blanco motions toward Vincent's eye. Vincent tries to change the subject. The Visaris' bad luck is not something he likes to dwell on.

VINCENT VISARI

Looks like things are goin good.

BLANCO

They have been. I got the club, I see points on the street package. And this man right here...

Blanco grabs Machado by the shoulders.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

...Remember all that cookin his moms used to do?

MACHADO

I'm lookin to open up a delicatessan.

BLANCO

I'm gonna back him, and Hugo's on board when the time is right.

VINCENT VISARI

You got enough money for that?

Both nod silently, they feel sorry that Vincent can't understand what it's like to not want for money.

MACHADO

I don't see points, but I get a cut of the tribute. And I lay it down on the corners.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI
You two take corners?

Both nod.

MACHADO
Look at this guy.

Machado gets up and points.

MACHADO (CONT'D)
I swear I saw your eye twinkle.

Vincent smirks.

VINCENT VISARI
Nah, man. War is over for me. I
don't kill civilians...

Vincent looks down at his hands holding the bottle. He
pauses, and looks down the forlorn street.

Blanco grabs the 40 from Vincent.

BLANCO
Don't think there ain't soldiers on
the streets, like there ain't
military grade weapons, like
there's no war to be waged, no
money to be made, man. Homefront
got it all, cabron.

Vincent looks at his childhood friends.

BLANCO (CONT'D)
There'll be work for a soldier.

VINCENT VISARI
That ain't me, man.

MACHADO
What'd you do in Afghanistan?

Vincent smirks.

VINCENT VISARI
I was a scout sniper.

MACHADO
Long range specialist, huh.

VINCENT VISARI

Used to be.

BLANCO

What are you gonna be now, you were
always the man with the plan,
what's in the works?

Vincent takes the 40 back. He stands and faces the graffiti memorial. He takes a swig and pours the rest onto the ground.

VINCENT VISARI

Livin man. I plan on livin'.

He turns away from his brothers' memorial.

VINCENT VISARI

I'm livin' for a wife and daughter.
I'm not pushin' my luck any
further.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

Vincent sits in the middle in the back. The car slows down.

Vincent is about to get out.

BLANCO

A little bit of dark will buy a
whole lotta light, cabron. If you
want mo' money to be your problem
we got you.

EXT. VISARI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Vincent gets out and salutes his friends.

MACHADO

Peace, man.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Vincent closes the metal bars, they loom behind him as he proceeds forward.

INT. VA'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincent continues walking. He passes tiny cubicles and the sounds of phones being answered. Papers shuffle and what not; it's another office.

Vincent takes a seat across from a smiling VA OFFICER. She glances down at a page on her desk.

VA OFFICER

It seems you just need a DD214 and a diagnosis in order to fulfill you're claim.

Vincent looks confused by what he's hearing.

VINCENT VISARI

How soon do I see the money?

VA OFFICER

As soon as we get your paperwork filed and recieve your doctor's evaluation.

VINCENT VISARI

What are you talking about? Tell me when I get the money.

The officer puts up her hands to slow Vincent down.

VA OFFICER

Sir, once your claim is processed you will begin to recieve whatever aid is deemed appropriate by the physician's evaluation.

VINCENT VISARI

I lost an eye. That's why I'm home. It's gone - 30% disability, a thousand a month at my pay grade. That's what I get. When does it come?

VA OFFICER

That's all unofficial, sir, you'll have to wait for the doctor's assessment, and then wait for the claim to be processed, and then if...

VINCENT VISARI

It's not unofficial, this was told to me by a surgeon in Afghanistan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI (cont'd)
I had a BDD quick start. Why are
you telling me what I already know?

The officer is flummoxed and quickly becomes apologetic in
tone.

VA OFFICER
Sir, our file does not reflect any
such Benefits Delivery at
Discharge...

The officer nervously sifts through Vincent's file.

VA OFFICER (CONT'D)
You say you've already filed your
claim?

Vincent sinks within himself. He rubs the crown of his
forehead with his index finger.

VINCENT VISARI
What's going on, here?

The officer shakes her head as she continues to scan the
paperwork.

VA OFFICER
We have no record of that claim.

VINCENT VISARI
Why? How?

VA OFFICER
Are you entirely sure that you've
filled out a DD214?

VINCENT VISARI
Oh my God.

Vincent's hand goes up in the air.

VA OFFICER
Let me make a phone call. Stay
calm, please, we can work this
out.

The officer dials a number on the phone. The phone continues
to ring. Vincent looks at the officer. He speaks softly.

VINCENT VISARI
I earned that money.

(CONTINUED)

The officer nods compassionately, but has to hang up the phone.

VA OFFICER

Unfortunately, sir, this is not the first case like this I've handled.

VINCENT VISARI

Oh really? How have the other's turned out?

The officer looks embarrassed.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

I filed the BDD because I need that money now, like right now. I need it next month and the month after, and I'll probably always need it, cuz I lost my left eye and it will never grow back.

VA OFFICER

I'm sorry, you'll have to be patient.

VINCENT VISARI

Patient? I already filled out the forms! I did everything right and I lost my fucking eye!

Vincent reveals his wound.

The officer exhales deeply, distressed.

VA OFFICER

I'll try to contact Newark, again. It's very busy at this time.

Vincent covers his eye. The phone rings. The officer looks increasingly hopeless and apologetic. Vincent reads the body language. He stands slowly.

VINCENT VISARI

I earned that money. I need that money. My daughter... needs that money, and I've done everything right.

VA OFFICER

Sir, you'll need to be patient, this takes time. Please sit down.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI
I mortgaged my life, and you
bastards are still making me pay.

Vincent leaves the office. The officer seems genuinely sympathetic.

Vincent walks slowly out of the office, ignoring the soft sounds of bureaucracy in inaction.

EXT. JOB SITE - DAY

Vincent paints the top story of the row house. Chicano music plays on the ground.

Two workers, SANCHO and MIKE, work on the first floor.

SANCHO
Just the exterior, boss?

VINCENT VISARI
Yeah that's all they want done.

SANCHO
Stupid. What's the point.

Vincent wipes his brow, paint chips fall from his hair.

SANCHO (CONT'D)
We're basically done then.

VINCENT VISARI
Hold the ladder.

Vincent descends the slippery ladder. He reaches the ground, and heads toward the van with "Our Lady of Guadeloupe Painting and Finishing" written on the side.

Sancho turns up the music in the background. He begins to sing along.

Vincent pulls a wad of cash out of his pocket. He flips through tens, fives, and several twenties.

He looks out past the field across the street; beyond the junked cars and rotting couch, he sees the big city skyline that seems too far to be so near.

EXT. SUNOCO GAS STATION PAY PHONE - LATE AFTERNOON

Vincent walks with purpose to one of the few remaining pay phones in the area. He leans up against the wall. He watches a well-built man pump gas in a dirty grey uniform. Dial tones ring.

MACHADO (O.S.)

What's up?

VINCENT VISARI

It's Vincent.

MACHADO (O.S.)

Oh, Vincent, what's up?

VINCENT VISARI

I want in.

INT. MACHADO'S BATHROOM - DAY

Machado is shirtless, his upperbody is covered in gang tattoos. He tries to clip his big toenail with one hand, while holding the phone to his ear with the other.

MACHADO

Where are you?

A girl off screen giggles. Machado sends a smile her way. He pinches the phone between his ear and shoulder.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)

I'll be at home, I can be
anywhere.

EXT. SUNOCO GAS STATION PAY PHONE - DAY

Vincent still watches the guy pump gas, his customer drives an Escalade with tinted windows.

MACHADO (O.S.)

I'll pick you up from home, and
we'll go to the club, sound good?

Machado hangs up. So does Vincent.

INT. MACHADO'S CAR - DAY

Vincent approaches the passenger side and gets in. Machado is wearing sunglasses and chews gum.

VINCENT VISARI
Nice ride.

MACHADO
It's good enough for me.

VINCENT VISARI
I met with the VA.

MACHADO
About what?

VINCENT VISARI
About my future.

MACHADO
They told you to call me up?

Machado smiles and chews with his mouth open. He looks over at Vincent.

VINCENT VISARI
What do you got for me?

MACHADO
I'll talk to Blanco. Don't worry,
we'll take care of you, man. We
don't lie.

Vincent pounds Machado's fist.

VINCENT VISARI
That's what I need to hear.

EXT. CARMELO'S NIGHT CLUB - DAY

Vincent gets out of Machado's car.

MACHADO (CONT'D)
Don't slam the door.

Vincent closes it gingerly. Machado locks the car remotely.

INT. CARMELO'S NIGHT CLUB DAY

A man buffs the dance floor. The bartender wipes down the bar. Blanco conducts club business at the only table not covered by chairs.

Machado and Vincent walk to him. As they draw nearer, Blanco motions for the men around him to scatter.

Blanco leans back in his chair.

BLANCO
You want in?

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

A glock extends outward.

BLANCO (CONT'D)
Prove to us you're what we think
you are.

The glock is fired.

Blanco and Machado look downrange.

4 beer bottles are set up on a two by four. The right most bottle has had the top blown off of it.

Uprange, Vincent fires again and again. The top of the second bottle blows off. The third is blown away entirely. The top of the fourth is blown off. Three bottoms remain.

Vincent looks at his soon to be partners, then focuses downrange at the bottles.

The bottoms of the three remaining bottles are hit in turn with no bullets wasted.

Blanco and Machado share a glance, they are more than pleased.

BLANCO
Take that gun. It's yours. Get it
ready tonight. You'll need it
tomorrow. We need to get blood on
your hands.

INT. VISARI GARAGE - NIGHT.

A single light bulb hangs down from the garage ceiling. Vincent sits on the hood of a junked car. Tools and boxes of worthless memories line the walls.

Vincent feverishly files the tracking number off his gun. He blows away the dust, and runs his finger over it to make sure it's smooth and illegible.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent enters through the front door. He sees the shrine. He looks at the door to his father's room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vincent opens the refrigerator. There is hardly a thing inside it.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Vincent slowly ascends the stairs en route to his room. His arms are darkened by the dust of the gun barrel.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vincent quietly opens the door and enters the room. Reina is lying on her side in the foreground. Vincent heads to the bathroom and turns on the light after shutting the door.

Reina is awake, but she shuts her eyes and says nothing.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. BEAT-UP CAR - DAY

Vincent sits in the passenger seat behind the gloss of mirror. In profile, all that is seen is his good right eye. Blanco speaks from the backseat.

BLANCO (O.S.)
You cover 1 to 5 o'clock. I've got
the rest. There's a staircase at
10.

Vincent looks out the passenger side window as a line of dilapidated brownstones reflects off the glass.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO (O.S.)
The place used to be ours.

VINCENT VISARI
I think I remember it. Machi's got
the back?

Vincent pulls a black ski mask down over his face.

EXT. TARGETED STASH HOUSE - DAY

The front door of the house is on the left. The window on the right side of the brownstone is boarded up.

Vincent stays low on his way up to the front door, Blanco follows behind at a tactically sound distance.

Vincent holds up three fingers to Blanco. On a silent three count he breaks down the door.

INT. TARGETED STASH HOUSE - DAY

Light streams into the dark room.

Vincent's responsibilities include most of the front room.

He quickly delivers two kill shots, expertly dropping the bodies in an instant. He scans the rest of the room.

Blanco leans the door up against the entryway, blocking out the light from outside.

INT. 2ND FLOOR OF TARGETED STASH HOUSE - DAY

A large man wielding a sawed-off shotgun shuffles across the second floor landing behind a balustrade of thin rails.

He sets up to the left of a white door. He points his gun toward the bottom of the staircase.

Behind the white door is a bathroom.

INT. 2ND FLOOR BATHROOM OF TARGETED STASH HOUSE - DAY

A NERVOUS GANGBANGER sits quietly on the toilet. His legs shake. To his right is an empty roll of toilet paper.

He reaches slowly, silently to the cabinet under the sink further to his right. Opening the cabinet he knocks out several rolls of toilet paper and reaches for an Uzi.

(CONTINUED)

He shudders as the sound of the shotgun rings in his ears. The shot is abruptly followed by three shots from silenced pistols.

The nervous gangbanger stands, his face is dark with the light of day entering the room through the window directly behind him.

A bullet shatters glass and splits his skull.

INT. TARGETED STASH HOUSE STAIRWAY AND SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM
- DAY

Blanco and Vincent pass the giant hole that the shotgun blast made in the wall of the stairwell. Beyond it is the stash: full black duffle bags.

They pass it on their way up stairs, guns still drawn. They quickly get to the bathroom, where they see the dead body. Out the window is Machado. He heads for the car in the back alley.

INT. BEAT-UP CAR - DAY

Vincent removes his face mask. Sitting in the middle of the back, he lays his hands down on enormous duffle bags that sit on either side of him.

He breathes deeply and exhales.

BLANCO
You feel like shit, or what?

VINCENT VISARI
What?

BLANCO
You feel anything, pride leavin'
the body? No sting?

VINCENT VISARI
Recoil, cabron. Just recoil.

Blanco looks at Machado.

BLANCO
Recoil, cabron. Spoken like a man
of the military.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI

I didn't break any rules. They were armed. They were soldiers. They were ready to die.

BLANCO

Whatever you say.

MACHADO

Those bags are magnets fucking with your moral compass.

VINCENT VISARI

Why are you giving me shit?

Blanco and Machado laugh.

Vincent bites his lip. He feels the contours of the obviously full bag.

EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

The three men get out of their beat-up car. Vincent carries the bags to the trunk of Blanco's car.

VINCENT VISARI

What now?

MACHADO

We take it to the count room, cabron. Time for you to get schooled.

Blanco's car pulls out of the chop shop's lot. A worker at the shop drives the beat-up car into the garage. The gate closes in front of it.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - DAY

Blanco drives with one hand. He smokes with the other.

BLANCO

Alright, man, here's what you gotta know. You're workin with us you're workin for a man named Hugo Segura Valverde. He's propped up by a powerful foreign interest that is and I quote, "currently vying for supremacy in numerous territories around the United States."

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI
Who said that?

Machado looks back at Vincent.

MACHADO
VICE News. He's a big deal, cabron.

Vincent rolls his eye.

VINCENT VISARI
Continue, please.

BLANCO
He's got a hand in legitimate
businesses all over the south side
and uptown too. The garage, the
club, the paint, several
restaurants, and Premium Select
Furniture.

VINCENT VISARI
Premium Select?

Machado turns to Vincent. He's poised to repeat himself.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
Shut up, Machi.

EXT./INT. BACK OF A RESTAURANT - DAY

Blanco leads the way as the men shuffle through the busy kitchen, past a fake freezer door, and up a secret flight of stairs. They wait at the landing.

SALAS, a small man with a scar on his throat opens the door.

SALAS
Who the fuck is this?

BLANCO
The new guy.

SALAS
Can he even shoot straight?

Blanco pushes past Salas, so too does Machado. Vincent follows with both duffle bags in tow, he doesn't respond to the inane question.

The countroom is full of stacks of cash. Three separate desks each have a computer, hand calculators and envelopes on them.

(CONTINUED)

Blanco motions for Vincent to drop the bags onto two large scales.

The bags weigh 10 lbs each. Machado licks his lips.

SALAS
This come from K street?

BLANCO
Yep.

Salas opens the bags. He pulls out a wad of \$20s.

BLANCO (CONT'D)
We weren't expecting hundreds.

Salas motions to his cronies. Two of them take a bag to their respective tables.

SALAS
Even with some \$1s and \$5s you
cleared 100 grand easy.

MACHADO
That should put 'em out of
business.

Salas and Blanco smirk.

SALAS
Better move in quick.

Salas head's to one of the bags. He grabs several stacks, and brings them to Blanco and Machado.

SALAS
You pay him out of the rough cut.
When I get the O.K. from the boss
you'll see the rest.

INT. DARK, DANK PLACE

Vincent is led into a cellar.

A single wooden chair stands on green linoleum in front of a dirty brown wall. One overhead light lights the room.

BLANCO (CONT'D)
You want your money?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI

Yes.

Vincent approaches the chair slowly.

BLANCO

Get that shirt off.

Vincent removes his shirt. His upper body has several scars. Vincent straddles the chair, his back faces Blanco and Machado.

ROBBY, a squat gang member with tatoos on his bald head pulls a stool out of the darkness and up to Vincent. Music plays in the cellar.

The electric needle buzzes eerily. Vincent whinces as it pierces his skin.

He gasps. Blanco and Machado look on with pride. Blanco smiles. He takes a wad of the cash out of his pocket.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

Don't bite your tongue.

Blanco walks over to Vincent's head. Vincent grits his teeth as the needle grinds through scar tissue over his scapula.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

Bite this.

Vincent bites down on the thick wad of cash. The buzzing continues. He lurches forward in pain.

MACHADO

Welcome home, cabron.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Vincent sits on his bed. He folds the flap of an envelope over the thick wad of cash. With a pencil he lightly writes "5k."

The front door swings shut. Vincent hops to his feet. He puts the envelope in a drawer in his formica nightstand and heads toward the door.

Roya races up the stairs. She concentrates on the floor.

VINCENT VISARI

Hi, Roya.

Roya is startled. She screams. Vincent feels terrible. He lifts her and calms her down. He brings her to her room.

INT. ROYA'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Roya's bedroom is a haven for beauty in the ugly house. The wallpaper is cute and the bookshelf vies for the title of nicest piece of furniture.

Vincent sits down on the bed with his daughter in his lap.

VINCENT VISARI

You okay?

Roya sucks her thumb. She nods without removing her thumb from her mouth.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

What did you do this morning?

Roya shrugs her shoulders. Taking her thumb out of her mouth is work she can't do.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

Do I scare you?

Roya removes her thumb. She speaks with defiant passion.

ROYA

No. I'm not afraid.

VINCENT VISARI

I'm glad. I love you, little girl.

Roya returns her thumb to its hiding place. She leans against Vincent's chest and shuts her eyes.

Vincent strokes his daughter's head. Roya speaks without removing her thumb.

ROYA (CONT'D)

Don't touch my hair.

Vincent smiles.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ROYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roya sleeps in her bed.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vincent sits at the table. Opposite him are his father and his wife. Reina breaks the silence:

REINA VISARI
What's wrong?

VINCENT VISARI
I made 5,000 dollars today.

Armando looks down in despair.

REINA VISARI
Doing what?

VINCENT VISARI
Working. Doing what I've been
doing.

ARMANDO VISARI
Killing.

Reina looks at Armando and back to Vincent.

VINCENT VISARI
We all know there is nothing for us
here. More importantly, Roya will
have nothing if we stay where we
are - live like we do.

ARMANDO VISARI
This is not how you escape...

VINCENT VISARI
Listen to me, I have more to say.
Reina just listen.

Reina looks down. She feels sorry for Vincent.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
I went to Afghanistan to do one
thing. I did a lot for my country,
but I failed my only goal. The VA
is stiffing me. They're not on my
side, they country is against me
now that I can't do their dirty
work.

(CONTINUED)

Vincent has been clenching his fists. It lifts above the table.

ARMANDO VISARI

Vincent...

Vincent lays his palm flat on the table.

VINCENT VISARI

Dad... I made less \$5,000 in each of my last two months in combat, and that was way more than I got before. \$250 extra dollars to go to Kunar and lose my eye. To be whipped and starved, that's all I get, and now nothing, they didn't even pick up the phone!

Vincent loses his train of thought. He shakes his head. Reina's eyes have filled with water.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

I made \$5,000 dollars this morning, and I'm gonna get more.

ARMANDO VISARI

What do you want us to say?

Vincent is uncomfortable, he is emotional. He puts his hands over his head.

VINCENT VISARI

Say what you want. I don't know. I don't feel bad. I don't feel bad.

He stands up.

ARMANDO VISARI

You don't feel bad about breaking the law? About jeopardizing your freedom, the lives of your family? You don't feel bad about taking money from the son of a bitch that slaughtered your brothers and left them in the street!!

VINCENT VISARI

I don't.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent walks to the shrine to his dead brothers. Reina and Armando follow him at a distance.

Vincent lights the candles. He looks behind him.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

I didn't want to do it this way.
You know I didn't. I wanted to be legit and take a risk with the military, then I wanted to play safe. I didn't want to do this, but seeing David and Machado, they have everything.

ARMANDO VISARI

They don't have a wife and child.

Reina moves toward Vincent. She embraces him.

Armando moves close to his son and daughter-in-law.

VINCENT VISARI

I can make this work. I have to. I can't fail anymore.

ARMANDO VISARI

I'll do what I can to help.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reina runs her hands over Vincent's back. She inspects his fresh tattoo.

REINA VISARI

Are they gonna make you get more?

VINCENT VISARI

Not if things go the way the way I want them to.

REINA VISARI

Has that ever happened?

Reina wishes she could take the question back. After some deliberation Vincent smirks. He turns around and moves on top of her.

VINCENT VISARI

I got you, didn't I?

(CONTINUED)

REINA VISARI
You remember that night?

VINCENT VISARI
Our first?

REINA VISARI
Yeah.

VINCENT VISARI
Yeah.

REINA VISARI
Back of a stolen car.

Vincent holds himself up over his wife. Reina holds his cheeks. Her finger nails glide through his short hair.

VINCENT VISARI
We've always been classy.

Reina smiles wide. She squeezes his cheeks. They take a moment to look into eachothers eyes. Reina speaks tenderly as she strokes the side of Vincent's face.

REINA VISARI
Baby, I knew you always. I knew
what the military was - the chance
you... we were taking.
(beat)
I knew what you would do and I knew
why.

VINCENT VISARI
What would I do?

Vincent slides away from his wife's face.

Reina pauses.

REINA VISARI
Save us both.

Vincent keeps sliding down Reina's abdomen.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D)
Scare me to death or save us both.

Vincent goes down on his wife. She gasps and squeaks.

EXT. SUNOCO GAS STATION PAY PHONE - DAY

Vincent stands near the phone. He's chewing on a toothpick.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DAY

Marisol and Danny, who is dressed in his baseball clothes, enter their house. Armando backs out of the driveway. He looks at Roya in her child seat as she sucks her thumb.

ARMANDO VISARI

Stop that.

INT. ARISE AND SHINE SALON - DAY

Reina sweeps up hair in her new shoes.

EXT. SUNOCO GAS STATION PAY PHONE - DAY

Blanco rolls by in his car. Vincent heads towards it.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - DAY

Blanco turns down the music.

BLANCO

You blow that stack yet?

VINCENT VISARI

No.

BLANCO

Guess it's different with a wife
and kid.

VINCENT VISARI

Did you blow yours?

Blanco turns up the music and pumps the bass. He has to yell to be heard.

BLANCO

Almost!

EXT. BRIDGE, BLANCO'S CAR - DAY

Blanco drives over the bridge and into Philly.

BLANCO (O.S.)
Let's go see Machado.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)
Where is he?

INT. UNFINISHED DELICATESSAN - DAY

Machado looks on with pride as a team of workers spruces up the interior of his soon-to-be delicatessan.

Blanco and Vincent come through the door behind him. A bell announces their arrival.

Machado does not turn to greet them. He waits for them to come to his side. They flank him.

BLANCO
It looks a lot better, Machi.

MACHADO
It's gettin there.

Machado turns to Vincent, the pride on his face makes Vincent smile wide.

MACHADO (CONT'D)
You should have seen this dump when we took it over.

The three men watch the workers. Machado puts his arms around his two friends.

MACHADO (CONT'D)
Hey, Vincent.

VINCENT VISARI
Yeah.

MACHADO
You know there's one more thing you gotta do.

Vincent looks concerned.

INT. CARMELO'S NIGHT CLUB - DAY

A dozen hard looking men stand before Vincent. Salas is among them and Machado walks toward the group to join them.

Blanco leads Vincent to a cardboard mat on the dance floor. The men follow and circle around Vincent and Blanco.

Vincent swallows, he tries to loosen his shoulders.

BLANCO

This man is not a pussy.

Blanco smiles, enjoying himself.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

But the man says no damage can be done to his only

Blanco chuckles.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

...eye.

No one else has a sense of humor - least of all Vincent at this time. Blanco looks at his friend, he speaks directly to him.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

I know you've been to Hell. Let thirteen seconds of fire get you out.

Blanco pushes Vincent into the swarm of gang members.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

Jump!

The group knocks Vincent to the floor. Vincent quickly curls into the fetal position. Each begins to wail on him with their boots.

Blanco looks on.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

One.

Vincent is pumelled. His back, butt, and chest are kicked violently and repeatedly. Vincent brings his hands to his head for cover. His eye patch comes loose and falls off.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO (CONT'D)

Two.

Vincent is stomped. He groans. He's hit hard in the rib cage.

BLANCO (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Three.

Another second of violence passes.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

Four.

Blanco crouches to get a view of Vincent's head.

BLANCO (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Five.

EXT. VISARI FRONTYARD - DAY

Roya and Armando pick up trash by the fence.

BLANCO (CONT'D) V.O.

Six

Armando holds out the plastic bag. Roya dumps in a soda bottle and a paper fastfood bag.

BLANCO (CONT'D) V.O.

Seven.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Reina stocks the formerly empty refrigerator with fresh vegetables.

BLANCO (CONT'D) V.O.

Eight.

She puts in eggs.

BLANCO (CONT'D) V.O.

Nine.

A gallon of milk.

BLANCO (CONT'D) V.O.

Ten.

Apples, and steaks. More groceries are at her feet.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO (CONT'D) V.O.

Eleven.

INT. CARMELO'S NIGHT CLUB: DANCE FLOOR; BAR DAY

Vincent keeps his hands and forearms tight to his head and face. The pace of blows has slowed due to fatigue.

BLANCO (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Twelve.

Blanco is crouching near the onslaught.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

Thirteen.

The barrage ceases. Machado and Salas take deep breaths. Vincent twitches on the ground. The assailants come to his aid. They help him to his feet.

Vincent holds his abs and grimaces. The scarred depression that was his eye drips blood. He has begun to bruise.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

You can meet the boss now.

Machado holds Vincent up.

CUT TO:

Vincent sits at the bar. His breath is belabored. He finishes a beer.

MACHADO

You want another? You drink here for free now.

VINCENT VISARI

What the hell, then.

Machado pours him another glass.

MACHADO

You're lucky.

VINCENT VISARI

Believe me, I know.

MACHADO

No really. That's only gonna happen to you once. When Blanco and I came into the clique we took two of those a day.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI
So when do I meet the boss?

MACHADO
That's all Blanco. I don't know. I don't have his ear. It's a big deal that you're meeting with him. Blanco's really pulling for you.

VINCENT VISARI
He's guilty. Why's he so guilty?

Machado wipes his hands with a towel.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
It's not like he killed them.

Machado shrugs his shoulders.

MACHADO
You're our friend, cabron, always have been.

Blanco arrives at the bar.

BLANCO
Feel good?

Vincent tips his glass to say "Yes."

BLANCO (CONT'D)
Ready to go?

VINCENT VISARI
Yeah.

BLANCO
I can't wait til you get yourself a car, cabron.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

The dashboard emits an iridescent blue. Blanco turns down the radio as he coasts toward Vincent's yard.

Blanco hands Vincent another wad of cash.

BLANCO (CONT'D)
Here's the rest of your cut.

The wad is twice the size of the 5 grand Vincent got before. Vincent takes it.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO

I'll pick you up at 9. We're going to Pennsauken.

VINCENT VISARI

Thanks, man.

BLANCO

If he offers you something big keep Macho and me in mind, huh? We like to eat cake.

Blanco pats his belly.

VINCENT VISARI

Of course.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Armando watches the news. The house that Vincent raided is on the screen.

Vincent comes through the door.

Armando does a double-take. He stands and checks out his son's bruises.

VINCENT VISARI

I'm fine. It's ok.

ARMANDO VISARI

They satisfied?

VINCENT VISARI

I'm meeting with the boss tomorrow.

Armando rubs his hands together.

ARMANDO VISARI

That son of a bitch, he'll probably kill you himself.

VINCENT VISARI

That won't happen.

ARMANDO VISARI

You sure about that?

VINCENT VISARI

Of course not! You think I put a loaded gun to my head with certainty? I'm not stupid and I'm

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI (cont'd)
not blind, I'm taking a risk and I
know that. I don't need you to tell
me that. I'm making the choice
because the man is a businessman,
he knows I'm a good investment.

ARMANDO VISARI
I could never say a word to your
brothers. I could hardly look them
in the eyes.

VINCENT VISARI
You can't stop me either.

ARMANDO VISARI
I can at least warn you. When you
raise a gun with so few empty
chambers...

Armando opens his arms to the house symbolizing Vincent's
family.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
You cannot be the only target. Come
with me.

INT. VISARI RESIDENCE: KITCHEN NIGHT

Armando opens the door to the refrigerator.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
Reina went shopping.

VINCENT VISARI
Good.

Armando pours himself a glass of milk.

ARMANDO VISARI
So what do you want?

VINCENT VISARI
No small stuff. Big fish only.
Precision, high profile,
high-paying jobs only.

ARMANDO VISARI
Why?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI
Because I'm worth it.

ARMANDO VISARI
How so?

Vincent looks up at his father; his mouth gapes slightly.
Armando takes a sip of milk.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
You have to be respectful to gain
his trust, and advocate for
yourself at the same time. Set your
own terms while agreeing to his,
while appearing unthreatening.
It'll be nearly impossible. We
should practice.

Armando takes another sip.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
Tell me why I shouldn't kill you
right now.

EXT. PREMIUM SELECT FURNITURE FACTORY - MORNING

The enormous building has a dozen visible loading docks.
Each has an 18 wheeler parked in front of it. Vincent heads
to the office part of the factory.

INT. PREMIUM SELECT FURNITURE FACTORY: OFFICE MORNING

Vincent stirs his cup of half-drunk coffee. An overweight
SECRETARY sits behind a desk on the other side of the room.

SECRETARY
He'll see you now.

VINCENT VISARI
I just go up?

Vincent's question really puts the secretary out for some
reason or another.

SECRETARY
Yes, you just go up. It's not far.

Vincent leaves the office and enters a stairwell. His
footsteps echo in the small space as he ascends.

Hugo is waiting at the door to his office.

(CONTINUED)

HUGO
Hello, Mr. Visari.

VINCENT VISARI
Good morning.

Hugo turns toward a window that looks out onto his trucks leaving for the day. He motions for Vincent to look out the window with him.

HUGO
A business needs trucks Mr. Visari. Many trucks. My associate has told you about me I am sure. That cannot be undone. But what I tell you here is all I wish for you to know of me and our relationship. You are on a job interview Mr. Visari, it begins now. Please go into my office.

Hugo walks behind Vincent. Vincent looks forward, he's not dead yet.

INT: HUGO'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind Hugo's impressive desk is an enormous window that allows him a panoramic view of the factory floor.

HUGO (CONT'D)
How did you lose your eye?

Vincent turns around. Hugo circles around him en route to his desk.

VINCENT VISARI
An RPG explosion. Shrapnel, dirt, rocks...

HUGO
A Taliban RPG?

VINCENT VISARI
No, sir.

Hugo is compelled. He speaks knowingly.

HUGO
You were captured.

VINCENT VISARI
Yes, sir. My wife thought I was dead.

(CONTINUED)

HUGO
How terrible. Please, sit down.

Vincent takes a seat in a comfortable chair.

HUGO (CONT'D)
For how long were you detained?

VINCENT VISARI
Nine days.

HUGO
Were you tortured? I apologize for
the insensitivity.

Vincent is likewise compelled. Hugo speaks musingly. There's
a lilt in his voice.

VINCENT VISARI
I was.

HUGO
Tell me, is death cold or warm?

VINCENT VISARI
It depends. If your in fire death
is cold. In ice water... it was
very warm.

HUGO
The RPG that took your eye freed
you.

VINCENT VISARI
Yes, sir.

HUGO
You lead a semi-charmed life, Mr.
Visari. What do you say to that?

VINCENT VISARI
I must make the most of my
opportunities.

Hugo gets very close to Vincent.

HUGO (CONT'D)
What type of opportunity do I
present you?

VINCENT VISARI
The only one I need.

HUGO

I took your brothers' lives, and you joined the Marine Corps. Now you sit before me. Explain yourself.

VINCENT VISARI

We need the same thing. I want money, you want power, and we both need one chance to seize. I hit a dead end in the Corps; I hear you need soldiers.

HUGO

Don't repeat what you hear. Listen to what I tell you. Understand?

VINCENT VISARI

Yes.

HUGO

What was your record on the ground?

VINCENT VISARI

13 closes on 15 attempts. 1 off the top 20.

HUGO

Come with me.

INT. PREMIUM SELECT FURNITURE FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Hugo leads Vincent across the factory floor. Workers in uniform bustle about as large packages are moved by men, women and machinery.

HUGO (CONT'D)

This is the main floor. These bays see a dozen trucks each, each day. This is my largest distribution center in southern New Jersey. I have one smaller in Elizabeth, and I'm looking to move into Scranton.

The men enter one of the trailers. There is a long metal box at the end of it.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Open that box.

Vincent opens the box. Inside is an L115A3 AWM sniper rifle.

(CONTINUED)

HUGO (CONT'D)
Ever used one of these?

VINCENT VISARI
Yes, sir.

HUGO
How did you find it?

VINCENT VISARI
Excellent.

HUGO
It has a kill range up to a mile.
How are from 880yds?

VINCENT VISARI
Dead eye.

HUGO
With wind?

VINCENT VISARI
Not a problem.

Vincent continues to admire the gun.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
How did you get this?

HUGO
Nevermind. I'm a successful
businessman in the greatest country
in the world. I can get anything I
want.

Vincent stands.

HUGO (CONT'D)
You'll need a team to support you,
correct?

VINCENT VISARI
In the city, yes, I'll need cover.

HUGO
If Blanco accepts he can be yours,
his cut will come from your own. As
for the target...

INT. ELEVATOR

TOMAS PEREIRA, well-manicured, great suit, stands tall in an elevator. He looks down at the man next to him. Pereira's suit is far nicer than the smaller man's.

HUGO (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Brazilian born Tomas Pereira, is a respected business man across the river. He came from less than auspicious beginnings, and like me he understands the importance of trucks.

EXT. DESERT, 50 MILES NORTHWEST OF EL PASO - DAY

A tractor trailer is parked off the road. Two black SUVs are parked near by. Wind blows the sand.

The sound of a chainsaw comes from within the trailer. Pereira emerges covered in blood.

HUGO (CONT'D) (V.O.)
He always new how to cultivate an image. He is renown for being brutal...ly shrewd.

Pereira hands a slip of paper with coordinates to a man in a brown suit. He snorts and spits as continues to walk.

HUGO (CONT'D) (V.O.)
He founded an empire.

INT. PEREIRA'S OFFICE DAY

Pereira walks as toady subordinates bring him coffee, papers to look at, and a phone that he declines.

He sits in a corner office high above the city streets. Interior decorators go about the lavish renovation of the space.

HUGO (CONT'D) (V.O.)
And he's ruled it for nearly two decades. The bastard was an early investor in Accelecore, he's spread millions across the cartels. But he has transcended himself.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM, GALA EVENT

Rich and powerful people dine. They look up at Pereira behind the podium and clap.

HUGO (CONT'D) (V.O.)
 He has enjoyed a meteoric rise to
 power and wields legitimate
 political influence now.

Pereira grips the side of the podium and leans toward the microphone as camera bulbs flash.

HUGO (CONT'D) (V.O.)
 He can no longer see the hungry
 people beneath him.

INT. PEREIRA'S OFFICE NIGHT

Pereira looks down at the bright and impersonal lights of the city.

HUGO (CONT'D) (V.O.)
 And he does not fear fallout from
 the demise of La Gran Nueve.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUGO'S OFFICE DAY

Hugo looks down at the impersonal buzzing of his factory floor. He turns around to face Vincent.

HUGO (CONT'D)
 With Pereira dead his package will
 be halted. His distribution network
 will falter in time to be
 overtaken, and a proven marketplace
 will be seized by me.

Hugo moves closer to Vincent, to the other side of his desk.

HUGO (CONT'D)
 You will receive \$50,000 dollars
 today. You will complete this
 mission successfully and receive
 \$50,000 more. Afterwards you will
 be held on month to month retainer
 for a 1 percent profit share.
 Anything to add?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI

For that price, I ask two things only.

HUGO

Name them.

VINCENT VISARI

First is that I stay above street level. No street rips, no corner clear-outs. Precision jobs like this one.

Hugo nods.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

Second, I'd like to expand your painting and siding business, as a way to declare my money legally.

Hugo looks very interested. He lifts a manilla folder off his desk.

HUGO

When I empower you, I leave myself vulnerable.

VINCENT VISARI

I get that. The only guarantee for men like us is recoil, I get that too.

Hugo offers Vincent his hand. Vincent shakes it. Hugo extends the folder to Vincent.

HUGO

Buy a suit Mr. Visari, you talk like you own one already. You can afford a nicer one now. The rifle will arrive at Portillo Select within the week. You will execute the mission under the pretense of painting the executive offices at the shipping yard at the end of the month, but you are not use any of their vans. Your target frequents *Mohmani* on the pier for brunch. Dress nice when you scope it out.

VINCENT VISARI

Yes, sir.

Vincent takes the envelope.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Long sausages grill with onions and bell peppers over hot coals. Armando turns a sausage over with tongs.

Behind him is an expanse of tombstones. Vincent stands between Roya and Danny, holding both their hands.

They look down at the modest tombstones of Facundo and Marcos.

VINCENT VISARI
You miss your father, buddy?

Vincent shakes Danny's arm.

DANNY
Yeah.

VINCENT VISARI
He misses you too, man. You were the only thing he loved.

Marisol and Reina sit on the bumper of the car with the trunk door swung open behind them.

Marisol reaches to scratch her leg. She has a tattoo on her ankle.

MARISOL
I hear Vincent's buying the noise.

Reina scratches her neck.

REINA VISARI
Yeah.

MARISOL
And you ain't standin' in his way?

REINA VISARI
No.

Reina watches as Vincent dangles Danny behind his back.

VINCENT VISARI
Vincent where'd Danny go?

Roya cackles with glee.

DANNY
Behind you!

(CONTINUED)

Vincent turns, and Danny is still behind him. Danny laughs. Marisol speaks reflectively, serenely.

MARISOL

Yeah. You tell yourself you don't have a choice... even that you don't care one way or another, maybe. For awhile it's all fun and bracelets... but when there's a baby involved...

Marisol turns toward Reina.

ARMANDO VISARI (O.S.)

Come and get it!

Marisol lowers her voice. She speaks with incredible delicacy.

MARISOL

You realize how selfish you've always been.

Marisol gets up to get food.

CUT TO:

Vincent and Armando walk through the cemetery. Their family is in the near distant background.

With his foot Armando scrapes dirt off of a flat tombstone. It reads:

SABRINA VISARI

Born 1966 - Died 1997

Vincent looks back at his family. They are sitting on the bumper.

ARMANDO VISARI

Do you remember your mother?

VINCENT VISARI

I think so.

ARMANDO VISARI

I always wanted the best for you, but I had nothing good to give anyone. It's all in your hands now. You live the life your grandmother dreamed of when she kissed me goodbye.

Armando cries. Vincent lays his arm over his shoulder.

Reina lifts up Roya. She looks at the two men standing among the tombstones. She can tell Armando is crying so she pouts.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Blanco stands with binoculars to his face. Through them he sees a watermelon hardly flinch after a bullet passes through it.

MACHADO (O.S.)
Did you get it?

BLANCO (O.S.)
He got it. Right?

MACHADO (O.S.)
Give me the binoculars, man.

A view through Vincent's sight shows him hit the watermelon a second time.

MACHADO
These things aren't strong enough,
man.

Machado takes the binoculars from his eyes and looks down range. The watermelon is 900 yards away, invisible to the naked eye.

MACHADO (CONT'D)
Did you hit it or not?

VINCENT VISARI
Of course I hit it. I don't miss.

Vincent puts in new bullets.

BLANCO
That the gun you used?

VINCENT VISARI
Nah, this is a British gun. It's nicer than what I used. I think it's a little too powerful for this job, but I didn't say shit to the boss. The mark's skull is gonna turn to swiss cheese and the bullet's not gonna slow down for a milisecond.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO
That a bad thing?

VINCENT VISARI
Could increase collateral damage,
but not by much. It's no drone
strike.

Vincent shoots a third time. A view through the scope shows
the watermelon burst open.

MACHADO
So what else do we need to do?

VINCENT VISARI
Get all the supplies. I made a
list.

EXT./INT. MILITARY STORE - DAY

The store has a large flag with the USMC insignia on it
hanging in the window.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)
Item number 1: A blind.

Blanco and Machado laugh off-screen.

BLANCO (V.O.)
A blind, cabron?

Vincent waits at the checkout counter. He stares at an older
man with one arm who's stocking shelves. The man stares
back.

Vincent exits the store holding a square plastic bag. He
gets into Blanco's car.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)
It's to hide me, pendejos.

The car drives away.

BLANCO (V.O.)
Whatever, one eye. What's next?

VINCENT VISARI
Out-of-state plates.

EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

Gloved hands pull a Pennsylvania license plate off of a stolen car. The plate is handed to Blanco who wears gloves himself.

BLANCO

If it's Pennsylvania we just need the one.

MACHADO (O.S.)

Next?

INT. OUR LADY OF GUADELOUPE PAINTING AND FINISHING - LATE AFTERNOON

Three grey body suits are laid down on a table each with goggles and gloves. They hang over open metal boxes similar to the gun case. Inside are poles and paint rollers.

VINCENT VISARI (V.O.)

Industrial paint gear.

Vincent flips through a stack of money and hands it to Abreu.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - DUSK

Blanco drives with one hand on the wheel.

BLANCO

You tell Reina?

Blanco looks at Vincent in the rear view. He is sitting in the center of the back seat.

VINCENT VISARI

What?

BLANCO

This.

VINCENT VISARI

She know's enough.

BLANCO

And she cool?

VINCENT VISARI

She's wearin' new shoes and lookin' at rental property across the river.

(CONTINUED)

MACHADO

In the city?

VINCENT VISARI

Across the Schuykill, cabron.
Further west. It's all about the
public school system now. When that
bullet crosses the Delaware we'll
be freedom's gonna ring!

Machado and Blanco share a knowing look. Vincent insulates himself in his dream.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

Do you two own suits?

INT. BONNINGTON CUSTOM TAILOR - DAY

Armando thumbs expensive fabric. He flares his nostrils in disgust. He moves to something less gaudy.

Vincent is measured by the TAILOR in front of the 3 mirrors.

TAILOR

Do you have a budget?

Vincent turns around to look at Armando. Armando returns his glance. Vincent says the figure like a question posed to his father.

VINCENT VISARI

\$3,000.

The tailor bats an eye. He writes down the measurements on yellow paper.

ARMANDO VISARI (O.S.)

He can do more for something
special. 2 peices only.

TAILOR

Of course, sir.

Armando walks toward Vincent.

They look at each other in the mirrors.

ARMANDO VISARI

This is a nice little place.

The discord between Armando's tone and his physical appearance is confusing to the tailor.

(CONTINUED)

TAILOR

Thank you.

ARMANDO VISARI

Let's see a Canali in blue, a Tom Ford in black - of course, and Versace in your darkest charcoal.

Armando pats Vincent on the back.

The tailor searches his racks in the back.

Vincent is wearing the first suit.

TAILOR

Canali.

ARMANDO VISARI

Sharp. What do you think?

Vincent smirks.

TAILOR

This one will need slight alterations at the back, sir.

Vincent stares in the mirror. He doesn't know what he's doing.

ARMANDO VISARI

What do you think of the lapels.

A moment passes. Armando pinches a lapel, indicating to Vincent that that is it's name.

VINCENT VISARI

I know what lapels are... I don't know what to say... It's perfect.

Armando laughs.

ARMANDO VISARI

Let's see the others.

The tailor takes the jacket off of Vincent's shoulders.

Vincent wears the Tom Ford.

TAILOR

Tom Ford. Black. Of course.

INT. ARMANDO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vincent stands in front of the mirror wearing the black Tom Ford. Tucked into the frame of the mirror are old pictures. He undoes the top button of his white shirt. He holds up his hand to his father.

Armando lowers the tie he was trying to present.

VINCENT VISARI
I like it like this.

There is a pause while both men admire Vincent. It really is a shame the he had to lose his eye.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
Do you think Reina spent more than me?

Vincent turns to his father. They both smile wide.

ARMANDO VISARI
Yes.

The men laugh.

VINCENT VISARI
Those points are gonna come in handy.

ARMANDO VISARI
What did he offer?

VINCENT VISARI
One percent.

ARMANDO VISARI
Of the street package?

Vincent smiles at his naive father.

VINCENT VISARI
Of the whole pie.

Vincent walks out of Armando's room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reina slips a little while trying to adjust her foot inside her heel. She gains her balance and looks up at Vincent.

Her dress fits tight to her body. She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

Armando is stands awestruck behind Vincent.

Reina walks toward Vincent. Together they light the candles by the shrine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CANDLE LIT TABLE AT MOHMANI - NIGHT

Candle's flicker in the light, waterfront breeze as Vincent tastes the wine. He nods, and the waiter fills Reina's glass.

The waiter leaves. Vincent reaches for Reina's hand. She holds his.

VINCENT VISARI

Are you happy?

REINA VISARI

Let's say I'm hopeful. This is lovely. I haven't been this *hopeful* ever.

VINCENT VISARI

Neither have I.

Reina and Vincent toast each other. They drink.

Vincent looks across the river. He can barely make out the top floor of building in the shipping yard.

He looks around. It seems that no table with be out of his sights. He grabs Reina's hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

Reina and Vincent hold hands, dessert dishes have replaced their dinner plates.

Reina touches a tiny spoonful of sorbet to her tongue. She smiles.

VINCENT VISARI

Ready to go?

REINA VISARI

Take me dancing.

Vincent counts out fifteen or more twenty dollar bills.

EXT. CARMELO'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Vincent and Reina walk briskly past a long line of people waiting to enter the club.

Reina smiles at the bouncer as he waves her in.

INT. DANCEFLOOR - VIP

Vincent pulls Reina by the hand through the strobe-lit throng.

Blanco watches from over the railing of the VIP as Reina and Vincent cut loose on the dance floor.

Multi-colored lights bend Blanco's face as he makes his way toward them. The task becomes difficult as they continually drift in and out of his sight - hiding behind the many moving bodies.

Reina sees Blanco approach behind Vincent. Vincent turns to see him.

Reina dances alone as Vincent and Blanco talk. She tries to let her trouble escape her.

Vincent and Blanco both look at her - no longer talking to each other.

Vincent grabs her hand and leads her toward the staircase.

CUT TO:

A bottle of champagne pops open. Glasses clink together.

CUT TO:

Reina laughs. Machado speaks to her:

MACHADO

I hear you're looking at places
across the river.

Reina puts her hand over her chest.

REINA VISARI

Yes. Yes, we are. I made an
appointment with a realtor. We're
hoping to move before Roya starts
kindergarten.

(CONTINUED)

MACHADO
Where's the place?

REINA VISARI
Bala? Bala something. Bala
Sign-Wide?

Machado smiles. He doesn't know how to pronounce Bala Cynwyd either.

MACHADO
You know I'm gonna open my own
Delicatessan?

Reina lunges at Machado and slaps his shoulder.

REINA VISARI
You are??

Machado nods as he sips his drink.

MACHADO
By the 4th of July.

Reina touches her palm to his cheek.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D)
Machado, that's wonderful.

MACHADO
It's a dream come true.

Vincent approaches. He lifts Reina up, and draws her close. They dance to the slowest song of the evening so far.

Reina is in ecstasy. Vincent kisses her neck.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

The CRACK of a baseball off a metal bat incites the small crowd to cheer loudly.

Danny races toward first base, he puts his head down and heads toward second as the hard hit has sent the tiny outfielders on a chase.

VINCENT VISARI
Keep runnin,' Dan!

Danny runs all the way home as an outfielder runs with the ball in his hand, unable to throw the distance required.

(CONTINUED)

Danny's teammates hug him at homeplate. Vincent can't take his eyes off of the team's sponsor: Portillo Select.

A blaring fire truck races down the street on the other side of the park. The sight and sound captures everyone's gaze.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vincent washes the dishes while Reina dries. Vincent scrubs the grease off of a frying pan.

He leans over to kiss his wife.

REINA VISARI

We need to save the rest of that money.

VINCENT VISARI

Agreed... But I'm glad we got that out of our system.

REINA VISARI

I don't need to be rich, Vincent. When you can afford safety, buy it.

VINCENT VISARI

We've always agreed. That's why we're gonna make it.

REINA VISARI

I love you.

VINCENT VISARI

I love you too.

Reina and Vincent kiss passionately.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

The television is on. Armando is asleep in the easy chair with Roya also asleep on his lap. The end of a commercial shows Accelcore's logo.

The forecast for the week follows. It's sunny skies for days.

The kitchen furniture scrapes across the floor as off-screen Vincent and Reina begin the throws of passion.

RACHEL TZU

That was Mitch Kovachs with your 6 day forecast. I'm Rachel Tzu, with your local news at 11.

INT. WHITE VAN - MORNING

Vincent sits in the back of the van in between the large boxes and the two front seats. He's dressed in painting gear. He eats a bacon and egg sandwich on a Portuguese roll.

Vincent studies a photo of Tomas Pereira.

Blanco and Machado eat the same thing in the front seat.

EXT. BEN FRANKLIN EXPRESSWAY - PHILADELPHIA SIDE - MORNING

A sedan pulls away from another vehicle, having just rear ended it. Horns beep from immediately off-screen.

EXT. TOWN CAR PARKED IN FRONT OF MOHMANI RESTAURANT - MORNING

Tomas Pereira buttons his jacket as he steps out of the back of the car. He is immediately flanked by two burly bodyguards.

MAITRE D'

Good morning Mr. Pereira. Good to see you again. Your party is here.

Pereira simply nods at him. He walks briskly through the restaurant and onto the riverside patio.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - MORNING

Blanco, Vincent and Machado walk with their cargo in tow toward the entrance to the shipping yard office.

The yard is closed and empty. A faint buzzing can be heard.

EXT. BEN FRANKLIN EXPRESSWAY - MORNING

Police officers have arrived on the scene. One looks down a row of cars that extends as far as the eye can see. They all beep their horns.

INT. STAIRWELL

Vincent ascends the stairs like a man possessed.

EXT. MOHMANI RESTAURANT - PATIO - DAY

Pereira is greeted by two colleagues, JIM and PATRICE, who shake his hand and show him his seat. The bodyguards sit at tables on either side of Pereira's table.

Pereira brings a menu in front of his face.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF SHIPYARD - DAY

Vincent unfolds the blind by spreading his arms apart quickly.

Machado cocks his gun and stands at the doorway to the stairwell.

Vincent opens the case. He slides a cartridge of bullets into the gun.

Blanco lifts open the window. Wind whistles as it passes through.

EXT. MOHMANI RESTAURANT - PATIO - DAY

Pereira lays the menu down.

PEREIRA

I know what I'm having.

Jim sits across from Pereira and is flipping through his menu. Patrice sits to Pereira's right.

PATRICE

Windy day.

JIM

Yeah...

PATRICE

Would we be better off inside?

JIM

There's a thought.

Jim looks up at Pereira. Pereira deliberates.

INT. CHANNEL 6 EYE IN THE SKY - DAY

A view through the camera in the helicopter shows a good portion of Benjamin Franklin Freeway. There is an incredible traffic jam.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Armando sees the aerial coverage on the television. The camera zooms down toward the crowded street level.

VINCENT'S SCOPE - DAY

Vincent zooms the scope across the river toward the patio.

EXT. MOHMANI RESTAURANT - PATIO - DAY

Pereira squints. He puts his palms on the table.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)
What's he doing?

INT. SHIPYARD EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Vincent's eyes are covered. Right eye by the scope, left eye by the patch.

BLANCO
Do you hear that?

VINCENT VISARI
What?

BLANCO
It sounds like a helicopter, but I can't see one.

The sound of the helicopter is faint but audible.

VINCENT VISARI
Pereira's getting up. Where's the helo?

Through Vincent's scope we see Pereira stand. Vincent brings the crosshairs to Pereira's head.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D) (O.S.)
Do you see it?

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO (O.S.)
Fuck, it's over the bridge.

Pereira lays down the menu.

VINCENT VISARI
Pereira's moving. I'm gonna lose
the shot.

BLANCO
Take the shot.

Vincent's finger twitches over the trigger.

BLANCO (CONT'D)
Take it.

Bang.

EXT. EYE IN THE SKY - DAY

The camera at the bottom of the helicopter is faced toward
the shipping yard office.

PETER, the pilot, speaks deliberately to RON, the director
of Channel 6's news coverage, from within the helicopter.

PETER (V.O.)
Ron did you see that?

EXT. MOHMANI RESTAURANT - PATIO - DAY

Pereira's body hits the ground. The body guards lunge toward
and drag it for cover. Jim jumps out of his seat in shock.

Brunchers scream.

INT. SHIPYARD EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Vincent pulls the rifle back.

VINCENT VISARI
Let's go!

Blanco looks out the window like a deer looking into
headlights.

BLANCO
It's coming past the bridge.

Vincent packs up the weapon at a blinding speed.

The helicopter is hovering over the skyscrapers near the river.

EXT. BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY - DAY

Emergency vehicles rush toward the riverside location of Mohmani.

INT. STAIRWELL

Blanco and Vincent race down the stairwell. Blanco has his gun drawn.

INT. WHITE VAN - MORNING

Machado throws the van into reverse. He pulls closer to Vincent and Blanco's point of exit.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - MORNING

Blanco and Vincent load the back of the van.

EXT. BEN FRANKLIN EXPRESSWAY - MORNING

The telecast presentation of the traffic jam is quickly interrupted by a grainy image of a gun blast at the shipping yard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Armando is startled and horrified.

RACHEL TZU

We bring you breaking news. Our eye in the sky has captured this footage mere moments ago from the north shore shipping yard in Camden, New Jersey.

INT. RESTAURANT

The news continues to play on a new television.

RACHEL TZU (CONT'D)

The flash appears to be a gun blast. News Channel 6 is currently

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL TZU (CONT'D) (cont'd)
piecing together the import of this
new development - my goodness -
(beat)
Former president and COO of
Accelecore, Tomas Pereira has been
reported shot at a riverside
restaurant.

Hugo spits bloody mary onto his table. He begins to cough
violently.

A waitress rushes to him.

EXT./INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

The van pulls into on the street.

BLANCO
Do you think they saw us?

Vincent puts his head in his hands.

MACHADO
What? Who saw us?

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter quickly crosses the river. CAPTAIN BARNSWELL
of the Camden Police Department speaks with the pilot,
Peter.

CAPTAIN BARNSWELL (V.O.)
This is Captain Barnswell of Camden
P.D.. You're given clearance to
enter our air space, and we request
that you aid ground support in the
detection of a possible suspect. Do
you accept this task?

The white van is in sight below.

PETER
Yeah. We're game.

CAPTAIN BARNSWELL
What can you see now?

EXT. WHITE VAN, DRIVER'S REAR VIEW MIRROR - DAY

The helicopter is in the background. Machado looks horrified. He gulps and does the sign of the cross.

Inside the van, a radio transmitter crackles:

POLICE DISPATCH

All units north of Franklin Bridge
standby. Suspect is a white van,
industrial, air support confirms
location west bound on Vine street.
Heavy traffic south of the bridge,
southern vehicles proceed east.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Hugo fumes. He doesn't take his eyes from the television as a waitress wipes up the mess he made.

RACHEL TZU (V.O)

Philadelphia and Camden authorities
are cooperating with the aid of our
very own news helicopter...

On the television is the white van. Speeding through the streets. Pereira's picture takes up half the screen.

RACHEL TZU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We bring you live coverage of a
police investigation into a
suspected assassination attempt on
Tomas Pereira.

The text at the bottom of the screen reads: BREAKING NEWS -
White van suspect in assassination plot.

Text at the top left corner reads: "LIVE" in red colored
font.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Armando is glued to his seat. He covers his face with his hands and peers through his fingers.

The white van is clearly in view.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Blanco pounds the dashboard. He's making Machado more nervous.

BLANCO

Fuck! We're so fucked!

Vincent spins around, holding himself up between the two front seats; he commands his troops:

VINCENT VISARI

Shut up, Blanco! You're spookin' the horses.

He speaks calmly to Machado.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

Get under the freeway as soon as possible.

BLANCO

That's 5 blocks away.

VINCENT VISARI

We'll then let's keep calm and hope. Speed up Machado; pass that car.

The voice of police CAR 9 comes on the radio. Drawing the attention of Vincent and Blanco. Machado tries his best to focus on the road.

CAR 9 (V.O.)

Sighting of a white van. NJ plates. King... David... Lincoln... 8-3-7. Currently in pursuit.

Machado looks at Vincent. The group breathes a sigh of relief.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Car 9 what is your location?

The sound of the chopper is not far from the white van.

CAR 9 (V.O.)

Heading south on North 8th.

DISPATCH

Abandon, Car 9, abandon pursuit. Our eyes are further west. Suspect is heading south. Street

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DISPATCH (cont'd)
unconfirmed, all ground units stand
by.

The overpass of the freeway is fast approaching. Blanco bites his nails. He looks for the chopper in the sideview.

EXT. BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY - DAY

The white van barrels toward an intersection.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

An intersection is approaching. The light is red. Sirens add to the frenzy. Vincent lays his hands on his friends' shoulders.

The sound of a car horn blares.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Everyone in the restaurant shares in a collective gasp.

On the television, the news copter footage shows the white van narrowly swerve away from a minivan in the first lane, and pass an SUV that was just able to stop in time in the second lane.

Hugo lifts his hand to his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Armando completes the motion with his right hand. He is panting and feeling the beat of his heart with his left hand.

INT. WHITE VAN - MORNING

Machado wipes a tear from his eye. The muscles in Blanco's neck and jaw are still tense. Vincent is far and away the most composed.

The group breathes a sigh of relief as they turn underneath the overpass.

EXT. BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY - DAY

The helicopter loses visual on the van.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Hugo's anger subsides for the moment.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter holds its position.

PETER

The van is under the overpass. Must be eastbound. No eyes on the suspect. Repeat no eyes on the suspect.

CAPTAIN BARNSWELL (O.S.)

Hold position, Eye in the Sky, survey south side. Let us know if you see anything.

INT. WHITE VAN - MORNING

The van drives under the overpass. Sirens blare. The van scoots around traffic.

VINCENT VISARI

Almost there. Let's stay relaxed.

The radio speaks.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ground support, air support has lost it's visual. Any eyes on a white van beneath the overpass?

Blanco sees a police car chasing the van.

INT. CAR 6 - DAY

The driver is a young man.

CAR 6

I got a visual of a white van speeding under the overpass, currently in pursuit. No info on the plates yet, stand by. I am eastbound.

EXT. STREET BENEATH OVERPASS

Police sirens blare and lights flash as Car 6 speeds up and barrels toward the white van.

Machado changes lanes.

He veers right as the overpass ends where the parkway above ramps down to the ground.

A slow moving car sets a pick, holding back the police car.

The white van enters a grassy lot. The police car is hot in pursuit. The helicopter is not in sight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Armando is on the edge of his seat. The aerial footage has not confirmed a location for the van. The television shows a montage of Pereira's work in the community.

Pereira is seen shaking hands with a cancer patient; he stands with local dignitaries.

The text below reads:

"Local Businessman and Philanthropist, Tomas Pereira, confirmed dead."

INT. RESTAURANT

Hugo exhales. He takes his phone and dials.

HUGO

I'm coming to your office.

EXT. GRASSY LOT - DAY

The white van creates separation from the police car. It pulls under a broken down garage. Three cars are parked there.

Vincent busts out the back of the van. He takes off his outfit. Machado and Blanco do the same.

They drop the clothes into a metal garbage pail that has already been filled with gasoline. Vincent tosses the picture of Pereira in.

Blanco lights the barrel and it burns. He speaks to Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO
You take the gun.

VINCENT VISARI
Fine. Give me a hand.

The sound of the police car gets louder and louder.

Vincent tosses the rifle case into the open trunk. Blanco slams the door.

Machado gets into his car. He starts it and pulls away. He dodges the cop car as it passes him, the cop car is going too fast to stop for Machado, and the cop sees Vincent and Blanco ahead.

The car approaches. Blanco and Vincent stare into the windshield, momentarily paralyzed.

Blanco draws his gun and peppers the glass with a round of bullets. The men jump out of the way as the car does not stop. It rams the white van.

EXT. BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY - DAY

The helicopter locates Machado's car. The crashed police car is not in view.

PETER
Shot's fired. Shots fired south of Ben Franklin Bridge, eyes on a red sedan, speeding, likely getaway vehicle. Pick up on Pearl.

The helicopter moves.

CAPTAIN BARNSWELL (O.S.)
Stay on that car!

Machado leads the helicopter away from Vincent and Blanco.

INT. VINCENT'S GETAWAY CAR - DAY

Vincent drives slowly and surely through residential areas. He turns down a long stretch of road. He sweats profusely.

Each car that passes him makes his heart pound harder. He stops at a red light. A police car drives by him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Armando watches the news. The coverage is of the pursuit of Machado's getaway car. Half a dozen police cars follow as he approaches a road block.

The car stops. Police stop their cars and approach with their guns drawn.

Machado gets out the car with his hands up. He drops to his knees and is apprehended.

Armando is not sure what is happening. How can Machado be the only one in the getaway car?

He jumps up and runs upstairs.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - DAY

He starts putting clothing and toiletries into a duffel bag. This is Vincent's "go" bag.

He lays in two stacks of cash and zips the bag.

Armando runs downstairs with the bag over his shoulder.

TELEVISION

On the television, Rachel Tzu is speaking to ANDY BENNET, a reporter in the field. The reporter is on site where the police car crashed into the white van.

ANDY BENNET

Rachel, we're here at an open lot near Benjamin Franklin Bridge on Camden's north side. It was at this location that a police officer, pursuing the white van linked to the assassination of Mr. Tomas Pereira, was shot and killed. More disconcerting than this second death is that it appears that two members of what must be at least a three-man death squad are still at large. There are tire marks from three, not one, getaway cars. The apprehended suspect, Marcelo Machado, a 23 year-old gang member, is currently in police custody.

Machado's picture comes on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL TZU (O.S.)
Has any information been released
in terms of a possible motive for
the assassination of Tomas Pereira?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Armando looks out the window. Reina and Roya are coming
towards the door.

ANDY BENNET (O.S.)
There's been a lot of speculation
buzzing, but no reports are
confirmed. Pereira, an enormously
successful business man has, in the
past, been tenuously linked to an
organized crime element that for a
long time appeared more conspiracy
than fact, but now, under these
circumstances, every dubious theory
has been given new life.

Armando looks back at the television.

RACHEL TZU
What do we know about the fallen
officer?

ANDY BENNET
Rachel, what a tragedy...

The door to the house opens.

Reina comes in smiling. Armando's disheveled appearance
throws her off.

REINA VISARI
What is it?

Armando can't speak.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D)
Armando?

ARMANDO VISARI
Vincent...

REINA VISARI
What's the bag for?

Reina glimpses the television.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D)
Go up stairs, baby.

Roya obeys her mother.

Reina moves closer. She watches clips of the chase. She sees Machado get arrested.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D)
What's all this? Machado? Where's Vincent?

The kitchen door SWINGS open off screen. Reina and Armando look toward the kitchen intently.

Reina walks backwards, slowly, unsure of what she wants to see at the door.

Vincent is framed in the doorway, he is panting.

ARMANDO VISARI (O.S.)
Vincent?

VINCENT VISARI
Yeah.

ARMANDO AND REINA
Come in here.

Vincent moves toward them. His breath is belabored. Vincent and Reina lock eyes. The movement of her head leads his eye to the television.

TELEVISION

"Breaking News - Pereira assassination linked to prominent international gang syndicate."

RACHEL TZU
Stay with us for more coverage on this tragic and fascinating case as new information comes to light.

VINCENT VISARI
Holy shit.

Vincent sees most of the loop. He's horrified. Seeing Machado arrested makes him furious.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)
They don't have shit on Machado.

(CONTINUED)

ARMANDO VISARI
How bout the dead cop? They can put
that on him. Don't forget he has
shit on you. You're not safe here.
None of us are. This is bad,
Vincent.

REINA VISARI
Did you kill a cop, Vincent?

Reina looks at Vincent.

VINCENT VISARI
No... I didn't. I swear I didn't.

There a pause. Armando hands Vincent the "go" bag.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
I'm not taking that.

ARMANDO VISARI
You have to. You have to get out of
here.

REINA VISARI
What? You're gonna run away!

VINCENT VISARI
I won't run away, Reina.

ARMANDO VISARI
Then what will you do?

VINCENT VISARI
I...I'll call him.

REINA VISARI
Who?

Vincent looks at his father.

VINCENT VISARI
I have to. It's the only way. It's
the only way I can keep you safe.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

A digital camcorder is on. Our view through it sees Machado lean back in his chair. A CLICK initiates a red recording light in the top corner of the frame.

(CONTINUED)

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)
Who are you working with?

Silence.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Where's the rifle?

Silence.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Where's the rifle!

Machado smirks.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You'll die in prison if you don't
cooperate. You think the Kings in
county are gonna let you slide?
La Mara and La Eme together ain't
strong enough to protect you.

Machado's face betrays an ounce of concern.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Talk, motherfucker!

MACHADO
I know my rights.

The interrogator slams his hands on the table.

INTERROGATOR
You killed a cop you son of a
bitch.

Machado stares blankly toward the camera, ignoring the angry
police officer.

The interrogator nods to the camera operator.

The red recording light goes off. The interrogator walks
behind Machado who is cuffed to the chair.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)
You might not make it out of this
room.

INT. OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM

A sharply dressed LAWYER walks very briskly toward the interrogation room. He bursts through the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The interrogator lifts Machados head out of a pool of blood on the table. Machado's nose is broken and bleeding down his chin and neck.

LAWYER

What the fuck is this? Get out of here!

INTERROGATOR

He came in like that.

LAWYER

Get out! He doesn't have to say a goddamn thing before I get here!

The interrogator and the camera operator leave the interrogation room.

The lawyer sits next to Machado.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Machado spits out blood and looks defiantly at the lawyer.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

I spoke with our mutual acquaintance. He knows your solid. Is he correct?

MACHADO

Tell me what I have to do.

LAWYER

You're the only loose end.

MACHADO

What?

Machado can't believe it. Does this mean that Vincent and Blanco are dead?

LAWYER

You need to eat any charge they throw at you.

(CONTINUED)

MACHADO
I didn't kill that cop.

The lawyer sighs.

LAWYER
As far as we're concerned - at this
point - there's no one else to
implicate.

Machado's dreams die in his eyes.

MACHADO
They're gonna lock me up forever.

LAWYER
There's no other way, kid. That's
how he wants it. You're the only
loose end, and he needs you tight.

Machado bows his head. He sniffles. The lawyer can't even
look at him.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
Are we good?

Machado nods his head lazily, then looks directly into the
lawyer's eyes. He nods more deliberately; the pain is over.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
I'll make sure this doesn't happen
again, that asshole's ready for
another suspension.

The lawyer looks at the blood.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
Stay solid.

Machado leans back in his chair again. He inhales abruptly
and exhales quietly.

INT. HUGO'S OFFICE - DAY

HUGO (O.S.)
Hold him up.

Two men lift up Blanco. His face has taken a beating.

Hugo drives a punch into his gut. Blanco gasps and coughs.

(CONTINUED)

HUGO (CONT'D)
A fucking news helicopter! A dead
cop!!

Hugo saves his angriest face for this exact moment. His
knuckles are already cut and bleeding. They fly toward us.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. KITCHEN DAY

Vincent looks for a business card for Premium Select
Furniture.

REINA VISARI (O.S.)
What's gonna happen?

ARMANDO VISARI (O.S.)
He could be killed. He's giving
himself up.

VINCENT VISARI
That's not true.

Reina looks from Vincent to Armando.

ARMANDO VISARI
It is.

Vincent yells at his father.

VINCENT VISARI
What happened to helping me out?
Why are you doing this?

Vincent has the card.

REINA VISARI
Vincent don't call! You don't have
to die, we can run together!

VINCENT VISARI
Stop it, Reina. Don't listen to
him. This is the best chance we
have.

REINA VISARI
How? I need you alive.

VINCENT VISARI
I need you alive! I need Roya
alive! I have to protect you if I
can!

(CONTINUED)

REINA VISARI

Don't call.

VINCENT VISARI

Reina, listen. Let's talk worst case. Let's just skip the best case and move right to the bottomline. Worst case scenario if I make the call: I see the boss or I don't see the boss - either way - I get silenced. I die. I put myself out in the open and they kill me. That's worst case, not the best case. Worst case if I call, I die alone.

REINA VISARI

So don't call, Vincent don't die again, I don't want... I just want you alive.

Reina tries to embrace Vincent, but he's too hot to be bothered.

VINCENT VISARI

Listen to me! Worst case scenario if I don't call: we stay here, we run - I hide. They WILL hunt me. They will hunt us. They'll kill you and Roya to get to me; they kill you and Roya to keep me quiet; they'll kill me in front of you to keep you quiet and then they'll kill you too! I can't let that happen!

Reina puts her hands in her hair, she has no idea what to do, say or think.

Armando pours Reina a glass of water. He brings it toward her. Vincent appeals to Armando.

VINCENT VISARI

You know it's true. You know I have no choice, we can't just run out the back door to the fucking land of opportunity like you did - Jesus Christ!...

Vincent turns his back. Reina leans against the kitchen wall. She is not sobbing, but her eyes are red and worn. Vincent becomes in touch with the gloomy calm that has overtaken the room.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

We're here already. I played to win and I haven't even fucking lost yet so let me make the call. Get out of the room if you have to.

Reina looks at Armando.

ARMANDO VISARI

Make the call, Vincent.

Vincent grabs the receiver. Reina rushes out of the room.

INT. HUGO'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Hugo lifts up Blanco's chin. He glares into many contusions.

HUGO

Where is Vincent?

BLANCO

At his house.

HUGO

You better hope so.

Blanco wriggles.

BLANCO

You have nothing to worry about with him.

HUGO

I disagree. He's a problem that needs to be dissolved.

The phone rings. Hugo glances at it. One of his cronies, LUPO, answers the phone.

HUGO

What is it with you and these Visari's? All they do is hold you back, and yet you love them.

BLANCO

Vincent made that shot, you can keep him. He's old school, he won't talk for shit. I'd bet my life.

Lupo hands Hugo the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

HUGO
(to Blanco)
You've been betting your life since
you got here.

Hugo speaks into the phone.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Who is this?

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)
I applied for a job. Something went
wrong with my application.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Armando watches Vincent speak on the phone. Vincent
nervously coils the telephone cord as he talks.

HUGO (O.S.)
Deliver a new one to the office.

VINCENT VISARI
I'll need a ride from my friend.

INT. HUGO'S OFFICE - DUSK

Hugo smiles. He turns to Blanco.

HUGO
Not a problem. Make sure to bring
all the necessary material, time is
running out for you.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Blanco's car zooms through the streets.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vincent bites his thumb nail. He walks out of the kitchen.

Armando watches him exit.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Vincent ascends the stairs in his home.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

Blanco's right fist shakes. A lump of powder sits tenuously in the groove between the base of his thumb and his forefinger.

He snorts.

His heavy, bruised face jolts upward. The bass pounds.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vincent enters his room. Reina is seated by the mirror, crying.

VINCENT VISARI

Blanco will be here any minute.
Reina you have to go to Mari's.
Pack up everything.

Vincent is about to leave the room.

REINA VISARI

How will I know if you're dead?

Vincent stops.

VINCENT VISARI

If I die, I'll be gone forever.

INT. ROYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roya sleeps among her dolls. Vincent goes to touch her. His hand hovers over her face. He cannot bear to disturb her peace.

She rustles. Vincent draws back his hand quickly, not wanting to scare her. He turns his back on his daughter, lowers his head and leaves.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reina starts packing everything of importance. She dumps everything into trashbags. She up holds the beautiful black dress.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

A CLICK sounds as Vincent loads his handgun. He sets it down on the table and spins it. Armando stands with his arms crossed.

Vincent glances at the clock.

ARMANDO VISARI

It's a terrible thing to watch your family die.

Vincent doesn't notice his father's emotion.

VINCENT VISARI

That's why I'm getting mine out of here.

Vincent paces. He's restless.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

Reina!

INT. ROYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Reina is packing Roya's things on top of stacks of cash in the trash bag.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Reina! ... Reina!

Roya wakes up crying. Reina turns to her poor child. Tears stream down her face. Roya sits up, startled by her mother's haste.

REINA VISARI

You're gonna come with Momma, baby.

Reina packs the last of Roya's stuff.

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)

You gotta go!

The sound of loud bass comes from the street outside. Reina grabs Roya and rushes toward the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vincent hears the bass.

VINCENT VISARI
Go stop them, keep them hidden.

Armando slides out of the room and heads toward the stairs. Vincent puts the gun in his waste band and hides the stock under a hoodie.

He walks toward the front door. Blanco's car is visible through the window.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Reina, Roya, and Armando hold their breath on the stairs as Vincent walks out of their lives.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

Blanco texts using T9 on a burner. He can see the family car in the driveway through his rear view.

T9 TEXT
Fam home.

Blanco puts his phone away. Vincent opens the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reina carries Roya and drags two large bags out of darkness and into the living room.

REINA VISARI
Come with me to Mari's, please.

Armando shakes his head.

REINA VISARI (CONT'D)
You don't have to die. Can't you
come with us?

ARMANDO VISARI
My place is here.

The candles of the twins' shrine are unlit behind him.

(CONTINUED)

REINA VISARI
There is nothing for you here.

Armando bows his head in shame.

ARMANDO VISARI
If you are going to get away -
really get away...

Armando looks up.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
I can't go with you.

Reina controls her tears. Roya trembles in her mother's warm embrace.

REINA VISARI
Okay...

ARMANDO VISARI
You're a strong woman, Reina. You
don't need so much weakness in your
life, we'll only drag you down.

Reina quelches her heartbreak.

REINA VISARI
Is Vincent coming back?

ARMANDO VISARI
No.

Clenching her daughter and everything she owns, Reina acts brave and cruel. She turns her back on the Visari household.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR NIGHT

Reina pulls out of the driveway. Roya looks back at the house. She sucks her tumb as rain lands softly on the rear windshield.

REINA VISARI
Say goodbye to Grandpa.

ROYA
Bye, bye.

REINA VISARI
Now buckle up, baby.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

Rain fall softly on the windshield. Reina and Vincent are moving in different directions.

Blanco drives with his hood over his head. There has been a long silence.

BLANCO
Macho got locked up.

VINCENT VISARI
I saw. We were on the news.

Vincent can't really see Blanco because his left eye is gone.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Plastic bins SCRAPE along the dirty cement floor of the garage. Only a dim, yellow, overhead light lights the space.

Salas reads the text: "Fam home."

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

BLANCO
Where's the rifle?

VINCENT VISARI
It's in a shed on Howard Street.

Blanco sniffles.

BLANCO
We have to go get it before we see Hugo.

His voice betrays his hysteric despondancy.

VINCENT VISARI
How's he taking all this?

Vincent turns so that he can see Blanco with his right eye.

Blanco turns to him. At the sight of Blanco's bruises and cuts Vincent reaches behind him.

Blanco is quicker, he holds a gun to Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO

Don't.

VINCENT VISARI

What'd he do to you?

BLANCO

He beat the shit the out of me,
man.

VINCENT VISARI

Why?

BLANCO

Because he's fucking crazy, that's
why!

Blanco loses it. He is hysterical. Vincent gets choked up.

VINCENT VISARI

What does he want with me?

Blanco turns from the road to Vincent. His eyes spell death
for Vincent.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

Are you gonna bring me to him?

Blanco shakes his head "no."

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Hands pull two big bottles of hydrofluoric acid across the
same dirty ground.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

BLANCO

It's over man.

Blanco sucks up the mucus and the tears. He speaks more
clearly with a refreshed breath.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

The cylinder landed on the wrong
chamber for you, cabron.

VINCENT VISARI

Blanco... Blanco, you don't have to
do this.

Blanco growls.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCO

Yeah I do.

Blanco's gun is shaking. The rain falls faster. Head lights zoom by the windshield from the opposite direction.

Vincent flinches.

BLANCO (CONT'D)

Don't fucking move!

Vincent keeps his hands up.

VINCENT VISARI

Don't kill me.

BLANCO

Shut up.

VINCENT VISARI

Don't kill me, David, please. You know I won't say shit.

BLANCO

Shut up! You knew this was gonna happen! You knew your luck would fuck us all up. You're gonna disappear, cabron. I have to kill you and save myself. I have to fucking disintegrate you.

The head lights of approaching cars are bright in the heavy rain. The road curves.

Vincent is silent for a while. He decides to take a chance.

VINCENT VISARI

You know my brothers loved you.

BLANCO

Shut up.

VINCENT VISARI

You were my brother, David.

Blanco slams on his steering wheel with his free, driving hand.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Salas opens up a plastic tarp. He spreads his arms as far out as they will go. The translucent plastic blurs his body.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

Blanco is still banging as Vincent mumbles sentimental drivel.

 BLANCO
Shut up!

 VINCENT VISARI
Why kill us all?

 BLANCO
Shut up! Shut up!

Blanco pounds harder on his steering wheel. His eyes are crazy. He does not see the red light ahead, but it refracts through the windshield.

 BLANCO (CONT'D)
I have to!

 VINCENT VISARI
You can't.

Blanco looks at Vincent.

 VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
I won't let you.

Vincent lunges at the gun.

EXT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

CAR HORN'S BLARE as Blanco's car runs through the intersection.

INT. BLANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

Vincent holds Blanco's arm and twists. Blanco shoots.

BANG. The bullet breaks the passenger window. Blood splatters on the cracked glass. Vincent is in shock. His shoulder has been grazed.

(CONTINUED)

Blanco looks at him apologetically, in terror. A CAR HORN blares. Vincent sees headlights penetrate the windshield.

Blanco has veered across the median.

CRASH! Blanco is killed on impact.

CUT TO:

Vincent comes out of a daze. He plugs his wound with his middle finger. He pulls his hood over his head.

Sirens blare. Vincent limps out of the car and out of the street. He runs in the rain. He stumbles and hits the ground.

Vincent GRUNTS. He gets back on his feet and sprints for his life.

INT. MARISOL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marisol leaves a dirty dish on a pile of more dirty dishes. Something catches her eye.

MARISOL

Vincent?

Vincent stumbles up the stoop to her door. He rings the bell several times. Danny appears by the stairs near the back of the house.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Wait there, Danny.

Marisol opens the door.

VINCENT VISARI

Holy fuck! ... Oh my God! Blanco's dead. Blanco's dead, he died in the car. He shot me when he died.

Vincent takes deep breaths.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

I had to run. Where's Reina? Hey, Danny. Where's Reina?

Vincent is exasperated. He brings his hands to his head, and gets blood on his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

MARISOL

Oh my God, you're bleeding. Vincent sit down.

VINCENT VISARI

She's not here?...

MARISOL

Slow down, what are you talking about? Danny, go up stairs.

Danny goes around the corner to hide from his mom. As soon as she turns back toward Vincent, he pokes his head back out.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Vincent? Vincent!

Vincent is dazed.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Did you hit your head? What happened to you.

Vincent's one eyed stare pierces Mari. She is stunned.

VINCENT VISARI

You have to go. You have to get out of town. You have to run. Reina and Roya have to run. I killed Pereira, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Mari, you gotta go she was supposed to come here.

Mari is taken aback by the clarity of Vincent's speech and the desperation in his voice.

MARISOL

Danny! Pack your stuff! Get your stuff, Danny, Vincent says so!

VINCENT VISARI

Shit! She's still at home.

Vincent springs into action. He runs out of the house.

MARISOL

Wait! Vincent!

EXT. MARISOL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vincent runs in the rain. Mari watches him through the open doorway for a second.

INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

Salas walks with purpose through the hallway of an ugly row house. He rounds the corner to find a group of five thugs waiting attentively.

He holds up a large glass bottle.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The sounds of furniture moving come from off-screen. Vincent slips through the back door in the kitchen.

Vincent moves toward the living room. The kitchen table is missing.

Armando struggles to lift his mattress onto the couch by himself. Vincent lifts one side. The men put it in place, covering most of the window.

ARMANDO VISARI
Jesus Christ.

Blood still drips from Vincent's shoulder. There is dried blood around his eye patch.

VINCENT VISARI
Where's Reina?

ARMANDO VISARI
She went to Mari's.

Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT VISARI
I was just there. I thought she was still here.

Vincent's eye follows Armando as Armando pushes the kitchen table toward the front door.

ARMANDO VISARI
It's for the best she's gone.

Armando stops. He looks at Vincent. Behind Vincent is the shrine to his other sons.

(CONTINUED)

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
What's in that clip.

VINCENT VISARI
It's full.

INT. SALAS' SPOT - NIGHT

A row of bottles are filled with gasoline. In assembly line fashion the bottles are stuffed with rags.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D) (V.O)
What do you have?

Salas and a few THUGS load guns.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The cylinder of a revolver spins. Armando and Vincent stand beneath the shrine.

ARMANDO VISARI
A few empty chambers.

Armando looks from the gun to Vincent.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)
Let's get that cleaned up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Armando bathes the wound in iodine. The skin bubbles.

ARMANDO VISARI
Sorry.

Vincent is not interested in the pain. He looks into his father's eyes.

VINCENT VISARI
Do you feel like you're drowning?

Frequent deep breaths interrupt the flow of his speech.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)
My whole life... I felt like I was drowning. Like I'm being held down in a river bed, and I got a rock in my hand.

(CONTINUED)

Vincent's fist clenches. Armando leaves Vincent's side. He kneels down and looks through a cabinet. He pulls out a big glass bottle.

VINCENT VISARI (CONT'D)

You know what I mean?

ARMANDO VISARI

Yes. You're brother's felt the same way. They took the rock and swung at me, because I held them down. You've done the same. I've done it too. It's our curse... because...

VINCENT VISARI

Because I can't hit you, or the VA, the Taliban, the streets...

VINCENT AND ARMANDO

I keep hitting myself. I'm the one holding me down.

Armando fills the glass bottle with gasoline. The container is empty. He rips part of Vincent's bloody shirt and stuffs the cloth in the bottle.

ARMANDO VISARI

My son, if I can have one thing right in my life, it's that you leave this city alive tonight.

INT. SALAS' CAR - NIGHT

Salas and five thugs ride through the night. Music bumps in the vehicle. A killing moon sits low above the horizon. The malatav cocktails clank around in the back.

INT. ARMANDO'S BEDROOM

Armando pulls another plastic container of gasoline from out of his closet.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)

Did you turn a light on upstairs?

VINCENT VISARI (O.S.)

Yeah.

Vincent enters the room. Armando is holding the gasoline.

(CONTINUED)

ARMANDO VISARI
We have to make sure it lights.

EXT. SALAS' CAR - NIGHT

The music from within the car quiets and turns off completely. The car glides closer to Vincent's home.

INT. SALAS' CAR - NIGHT

The thug in the front passenger seat grins at the light on. Salas comes to a stop and motions for the men in back to assume their positions.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - MOONLIT STREET - NIGHT

Two thugs quickly shuffle across the face of the house to the far side. They set up by the driveway. Two others take position on the near side.

The fifth passenger brings out the case of malatav cocktails.

On Salas's signal, a burning cocktail flies through the air.

INT. LIVING ROOM/EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Vincent and Armando stand on either side of the mattress, each with a view out the window. They see the flame fly high above them.

When the bottle explodes on the roof, Armando and Vincent break holes in the glass.

The first men on each flank approach while the next cocktail is in the air.

Armando aims as a thug crouches by the fence. The thug picks up his head and Armando fires.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Salas turns his head in surprise.

Vincent takes out the leader on the opposite flank.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A steady round of bullets enters the window from the remaining thugs.

Holes burst through the mattress. The sound of burning gets louder. Armando and Vincent crouch safely on either side of the window.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Salas retreats. The front yard is on fire, a small cluster of flames burns on the roof.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent stares through the inferno. He follows a shadow. Two shots drop his target to the ground. A return volley sends a splinter of wood across his cheek, slicing it superficially.

Armando turns to take aim. He fires.

Shadows still move toward the fence. Vincent fires. The pesky shadow beyond the flame is in flight. Vincent fires two rounds.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Salas sees the thug drop on the ground. Four are dead.

Salas tosses the remaining thug an Uzi. The fire on the roof is spreading.

Vincent fires. The last thug is clipped in the wing.

The thug opens fire.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent and Armando lie flat on their stomachs as the window and mattress are blown apart by the incessant stream of bullets.

Padding from the mattress rains down and the fire from the roof enter through the window.

Vincent's upperbody points toward the opposite wall. He watches as the wall to Armando's room is splintered by the barage.

(CONTINUED)

He looks over to his father.

ARMANDO VISARI
Stay down! Get out of here!

Vincent shakes his head. He rolls to his right. And lunges for the stairs as bullets trail behind him.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The thug can barely stand. His aim falters, and the bullets stream to the second story.

INT. ROYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vincent hits the deck as the window shatters and the bookcase by the wall is splintered.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The Uzi's continue to blast off. Sirens blare in the distance.

SALAS (O.S.)
Throw the last one!

The wounded thug can't hear him.

SALAS (CONT'D)
Throw the last one! I'll cover you!
We gotta get out of here!

The wounded thug lowers his Uzi, and looks confusedly at Salas. He's suffered heavy bloodloss.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Armando springs into action. He raises his revolver to the window. He squints as he tracks the body through the flame. He fires.

INT. ROYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent hears the shot from downstairs and sees the wounded thug drop. He can hardly see through the smoke. Salas is concealed by some combination of smoke, flame, and darkness.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

A spray of fire issues from Salas' Uzi.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Armando is hit. He dives away from the window and lands on his back. He's hit in the liver. Dark blood pools around his abdomen.

He uses his feet to move himself into the center of the empty, burning room.

The sirens of police and emergency vehicles blare in the ever-nearer distance.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Salas continues to blast the house. A shot from Roya's room hits Salas in the femur.

Salas crawls along the ground, trying to get toward his car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is an inferno. Vincent sees his father push himself along the ground.

VINCENT VISARI

Dad!

Vincent rushes to Armando's side. He puts pressure on the wound.

ARMANDO VISARI

Go. Go!

Armando lifts his revolver to his own head. He pulls the trigger, it clicks.

He pulls it again, it clicks. The chambers are all empty.

Armando gasps. His view is of the shrine. The flames of the house reflect in the glass of the frames. The photos bubble around the edges in the heat.

Vincent looks from the shrine to his father.

He points his gun at his father. He can't shoot. Armando looks up at him.

(CONTINUED)

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)

Do it.

Vincent can't.

The sirens are close. Armando lunges up and drags Vincent's extended arm toward his own head with bloody hands.

ARMANDO VISARI (CONT'D)

Use the rock. Don't let me burn.

Vincent's face is a void.

BLAST.

EXT. BACKYARDS - NIGHT

Vincent runs through the rain, "go" bag slung over his shoulder. Smoke billows out of the burning prison behind him. A small explosion from within adds to the tremendous spectacle.

Sirens begin to blare from seemingly all directions.

Vincent is lost in the night.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Flame consumes the room. It roars loudly as it destroys everything. The candles by the shrine to Marcos and Facundo are melting fast and then they are gone.

EXT. BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF VISARI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Fire trucks and emergency vehicles barrel toward the fire. Their flashing lights fill the night. They arrive at the scene of the fire.

Flames roar from within the house, they emanate from the second floor windows, flickering intensely.

TELEVISION

Rachel Tzu speaks behind her news desk:

RACHEL TZU

The case surrounding the
assassination of Philadelphia
business man Tomas Pereira, by

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL TZU (cont'd)
Camden-area street-gang affiliates
has taken yet another dramatic
turn. Following Pereira's death,
which was caused by a bullet from a
tactical sniper rifle that fired
880 yards across the Delaware
River...

Footage of the blast caught on camera plays. It is followed
by a montage of the chase that includes the near car
accident at the intersection.

RACHEL TZU (CONT'D)
A harrowing pursuit ensued, and the
life of Officer Reginald Darrow was
lost.

A picture of a young Darrow, fresh out of the academy, comes
on screen.

RACHEL TZU (CONT'D)
Andy Bennet was first to break the
news that two of Marcelo Machado's
accomplices were likely still at
large. Brace yourself for one of
the most elaborate, brutal, and
horrific stories of gang violence
that the city of Camden has ever
seen. Here's Andy Bennett with the
latest.

Andy Bennet is at the scene of the fire.

ANDY BENNET
Rachel this story gets worse and
worse as more shockingly violent
details are revealed. Reports from
the city Police Department confirm
that Marcelo Machado has identified
one of his accomplices as David
"Blanco" Hernandez, a 24-year-old
gangmember with priors for weapons
charges and drug-dealing.

Picture's of Blanco from his arrest report appear on screen.

ANDY BENNET (CONT'D)
Last night, after reportedly
running a red light, Hernandez
swerved into an oncoming minivan on
South 10th street. He was
pronounced dead by the city coroner

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDY BENNET (CONT'D) (cont'd)
on site. The driver of the minivan
is mercifully in stable but
critical condition.

RACHEL TZU
Unbelievable.

ANDY BENNET
Rachel, that's hardly all of it.
I've yet to explain what I'm doing
here, on 8th Street, in front of
the charred remains of this
residence. Reports suspect that the
fire, which was visible from as far
north as the Benjamin Franklin
Bridge - where this whole ordeal
pretty much started - is an act of
arsene perpetrated by fellow
gangmembers against the third
member of Marcelo Machado's death
squad. This was the residence of
Vincent Visari...

Vincent's picture comes on screen. He is smiling, young, and
handsome. With two eyes he appears to be 100% man and 0%
monster.

ANDY BENNET (CONT'D)
...A former Marine Scout Sniper who
spent four years fighting in
Afghanistan. All reports are
unconfirmed, but given Visari's
past and pedigree, authorities seem
to like him as the shooter in the
Pereira assassination of yesterday
morning. One Marine Corps official
refused to comment on the possible
link between the veteran and the
assassination, but described the
shot that killed Tomas Pereira as
"no less incredible than it is
regrettable." ... Let me keep
going, because there's far more. Up
until only hours ago, this property
was grave yard. The corpses of five
gangmembers littered the street and
front yard, each with bullet holes
suggesting the cause of death.
These bodies have yet to be
identified. Inside the house, one
body was claimed by the fire. Given
that there are no survivors or

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDY BENNET (CONT'D) (cont'd)
witnesses, initial police reports
are suggesting these are the
remains of the Pereira sniper:
23-year-old Vincent Visari.

SALAS (O.S.)
What's the play, boss?

INT. HUGO'S OFFICE DAY

Hugo shakes his head. He is sitting at his desk. The reflection of the television is visible in the window behind him.

HUGO
What a clusterfuck.

Salas awaits an answer. He stands on crutches. His pant leg covers the bulge of a bandage over his quand.

Hugo rubs his forehead.

RACHEL TZU (O.S.)
So is this an open and shut case?
What more do the authorities have
to work with?

Salas turns to the television, Hugo also watches attentively.

ANDY BENNET
Unfortunately a lot of troubling
questions have yet to be answered.
No report on either the rifle, nor
the getaway cars of Visari or
Hernandez has been filed to this
point. For the moment it appears as
though the weapon, a crucial piece
of the investigation, is still
missing.

HUGO (V.O.)
Find the rifle.

EXT. ROUTE 130: VINCENT'S GETAWAY CAR DAY

The trunk of Vincent's getaway car fills the frame. The brake lights go on as Vincent approaches "stop and go" traffic.

INT. VINCENT'S GETAWAY CAR DAY

Vincent drives with his "go" bag on the passenger seat. He comes to a full stop. A hood is pulled over his head to decrease the visibility of his eye.

He stops behind a truck. The trailer gate reads: Premium Select Furniture.

Vincent's sits perfectly still, he keeps his eye unflinchingly forward.

The engine purrs as he accelerates smoothly.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END