

FORTUNE IN BLOOD

Written by

Phil Philips

Based on the novel by Phil Philips

FADE IN:

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

A white Ford painters van with dark tinted windows rolls up to the curb and parks. A logo with the words 'No job too big or small' appears on its side.

INT. PAINTERS VAN - DAY

Ammo clips are smacked into hand guns. Four men, dressed in disposable head-to-toe white overalls and ex-president masks.

MAT/BILL CLINTON

I did not have sexual relations
with that women.

ROB/BUSH

Oh, yes you did, you sick bastard.

PHIL PERUGGIA, 35, gangster, raised to lead and ruled with an iron fist, smiles, looks down at his watch. Time is 3.55pm.

PHIL

Five minutes.

Phil notices his younger Brother JOEY PERUGGIA, 25, blue eyes, sun bleached hair, stare out of the grimy window while tapping his foot with a nervous twitch.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Are you okay, bro?

Joey nod his head, but his knees still continue to shake.

Phil reaches behind his back and takes out a German-built 10mm Glock. He made sure it was loaded and gave it to Joey.

PHIL (CONT'D)

That's yours, all you need to do is
point and shoot if you have to.

Joey focuses his attention on the weapon, he weighs it in his hand, trepidation in his eyes.

PHIL (CONT'D)

It's too late to bail out now.
Remember you wanted to be a part of
this.

JOEY

No, I'm good.

PHIL
Okay then stop shaking and prepare
yourself. Time is ticking.

Two minutes later a red Ducati Super-bike sped past the van. It came to a stop at the intersection of Wilshire Boulevard and Ocean Avenue and parks on the footpath.

EXT. FOOTPATH - DAY

ALEXANDER PERUGGIA, 62, the mastermind. He towers six-foot-three inches, solid, well-built physique, a man you would not want to get into a fight with. He steps off his bike, stretches his neck and glances over at the van in position.

Alexander bumps out a cigarette and lit up, as if in slow motion. After a few puffs, he flicks it in the direction of the bank and flashes a sarcastic smile.

INT. PAINTERS VAN - DAY

Phil and Joey laugh at their father.

JOEY
What a show-off.

PHIL
He sure is something.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN CROSSING - DAY

Turning now to face Santa Monica State beach, Alexander saunters slowly across the pedestrian crossing on Ocean Avenue, leaving the keys in the bike's ignition.

PHIL (V.O.)
Keys are in place.

Alexander pushes back the sleeve to his black leather jacket to uncover a shiny gold Rolex. He glances up in the direction of the Santa Monica Pier, in all its glory, then back down to the ticking hand.

KABOOM ...

A large billowing explosion erupts from the Santa Monica Pier. It was chaos. The explosion creates panic, with people running everywhere. It's the perfect distraction.

EXT. CALIFORNIA BANK & TRUST - DAY

A wall of ex-presidents enter the bank's double-glass doors.

INT. CALIFORNIA BANK & TRUST - DAY

An elderly SECURITY OFFICER, busy chatting away to a ATTRACTIVE WOMAN is disabled with a hit to the head from a Glock 9mm handgun.

The ATTRACTIVE WOMAN wearing dark blue jeans and a pink striped shirt, screams, as the old man hits the hard surface.

ROB/George Bush, grabs ATTRACTIVE WOMAN by her long brown hair and hurls her to the floor.

Joey/Barack Obama, could see her gritting teeth. He could tell she wanted revenge, but a gun is waiting, so she turns away, defeated.

Phil/Donald Trump fires a burst into the ceiling. BRRRAAMM!

PHIL/TRUMP

Everybody, down on the floor, NOW!

Rob/Bush and Phil/Trump with force, handle the BANK EMPLOYEES and CUSTOMERS down on the ground.

ROB/BUSH

Don't you even think about it.

Joey/Obama watches the door and confiscates a small paper bin near the front counter.

MAT/Bill Clinton, bolts to the surveillance cameras and shoots them down.

PHIL/TRUMP

One at a time, stand up and throw your smart phones in the bin held by president Obama, then move to my left away from the windows.

Joey/Obama holds out bin. One at a time the scared Hostages place their devices inside and move as instructed.

One STUPID MAN refuses and cops the butt of Rob/George Bush shotgun to the face. Blood gushes from his mouth as his hands hit the marble first, followed by his overweight frame.

Phil/Trump glances around, faces his Hostages and speaks to his shaken crowd in a calm voice. His calmness demonstrates his control and authority without the need to shout.

PHIL/TRUMP (CONT'D)

As you may have witnessed, we are wearing Ex-President masks like in the movie Point Break. But, let me make something clear. This is not a movie, the good guy doesn't get the girl. We are the real thing, so listen to what we say or die, it's that simple.

Matt/Clinton empties a large garbage bag. A pile of white painters' overalls, dark-framed glasses and backpacks mass the floor.

MATT/CLINTON

Suit up people, strap on a backpack and put on a pair of glasses.

No questions are asked, the petrified Hostages put on the white overalls and dress themselves.

Matt/Clinton pulls computer keyboards out of their sockets, grabs handfuls of photocopy paper and jams them inside the Hostages backpacks so they appear plump and full.

PHIL/TRUMP

Okay, I need Mr. Jason Smith, the bank manager. Please come forward and unlock the vault.

No answer.

Phil/Trump is not impressed with the silence. He shakes his head and walks over to a female BANK TELLER, 62, dressed in conservative white top and black trousers. He touches her grayish white hair, tied back in a ponytail. It makes her body shiver.

PHIL/TRUMP (CONT'D)

Tell me, how long have you worked for this bank, and how many children and grandchildren are in your family?

Joey/Obama listens to his brother's bizarre question and pauses to pay attention.

BANK TELLER

I have worked for this bank for over twenty years. I have three kids, plus four grandchildren who I love deeply.

PHIL/TRUMP

A family women. I'm so sorry my dear, but we're going to have to let you go.

Theatrically, Phil/Trump points at the bank teller as if she is on The Apprentice show.

PHIL/TRUMP (CONT'D)

You're fired.

Rob/Bush, steps forward and without a trace of remorse fires into her chest from point-blank range sending her to the floor. The crowd frantically screams in horror.

JOEY/OBAMA

What the fuck, man! I didn't sign up for this shit.

PHIL/TRUMP

Go back to your position!

JOEY/OBAMA

This is wrong.

PHIL/TRUMP

We just blew up the Santa Monica Pier to shit killing dozens of people and you're worried about one stupid old lady.

JOEY/OBAMA

Come on.

PHIL/TRUMP

No, you come on, you wanted to be one of us, so fucking suck it up! Now give me a YES WE CAN.

JOEY/OBAMA

You're crazy.

PHIL/TRUMP

All these years and now you worked that out little bro.

Joey/Obama scared of his brother steps away.

PHIL/TRUMP (CONT'D)

I can do this all day long, people. Mr. Jason Smith.

A frightened, frail older man in his late sixties, with a white beard and bald head steps forward.

JASON SMITH

I am Jason Smith. Please don't kill anyone else.

Phil/Trump points at the direction of the vault.

PHIL/TRUMP

You have thirty seconds to open the vault, old man, or another person dies. Go - time starts now.

INT. VAULT ENTRANCE - DAY

Mr. Smith opens the first gated iron door in which he uses the keys found in his pocket pants. He punches a ten-digit code in the keypad, the door makes a sound of hydraulic motors releasing air and the large impenetrable safe opens.

INT. INSIDE VAULT - DAY

Matt/Clinton and Rob/Bush do not hesitate. They run straight inside and shove the frail bank manager to the polished timber floors where he knocks his chin.

Stacks of hundred-dollar bills wrapped with paper bands sat on a steel shelving unit, eight million dollars in total.

MATT/CLINTON

Lets load up and get the fuck out.

Their hands a blur as fat stacks of hundred-dollar bills are shoveled straight into four backpacks.

ROB/BUSH

Okay ... I'm done, let's go.

Matt/Clinton and Rob/Bush, rush out of the vault towards Phil/Trump and Joey/Obama.

INT. CALIFORNIA BANK & TRUST - DAY

A call comes in from a police scanner, in Phil/Trump's painter's pouch.

POLICE SCANNER (V.O)

All units in pursuit of the California Bank & Trust on Wilshire, possible robbery, proceed with caution.

Phil/Trump begins to laugh.

PHIL/TRUMP

It's time to have some fun. Barack
as discussed kill the lights.

Joey/Obama, flicks the lights off and moves in position among a bunch of people wearing identical white overalls. He removes his mask and replaces it with black glasses. His face still hidden by his hood.

The rest of the gang do the same. Their plan is simple: blend in and not to be identified as bank robbers.

Phil steps forward, his face in shadow.

PHIL

I have one more favor to ask you all, and then we're out of your lives for good. What I need you all to do is run toward the beach. After crossing the road on Ocean Avenue run to your left. I repeat, to your left, until you see a bridge overpass. This will lead you over onto the sandy beach. Do not stop! I repeat, if you stop I'll kill you, just like the lady with the three kids and four grandchildren. Do not look back and do not stop, until you can feel the ocean water underneath your toes. When you hit the water you'll be safe, that's my promise, but you must do what I say if you want to live

Phil strolls over to a woman who has two young kids by her side. She tries not to look up at his face, only hidden with dark glasses and a hood covering his dark brown hair.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Mommy, what are you going to do?

MOMMY

Run to the beach!

PHIL

Good. I'll be watching you.

Phil turns to a YOUNG MAN, 21, who is standing adjacent to the mother, points his 9mm at his neck.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

YOUNG MAN

Run to the beach! Run to the beach!

PHIL

Good, that's the correct answer. Do not disobey me and do not attempt to outsmart me, or I will not hesitate in blowing your brains out. If you want to live, it's simple: just do what I say. Now go ... RUN!

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Two veteran detectives LEONARDO VANCINI, 62, Italian American, workaholic next in line to be Chief of Police.

PETER HARRIS, 61, American, weave aggressively in and out of traffic, hurrying to be the first at the scene.

LEONARDO

This smells like Alexander.

HARRIS

You think everything smells like Alexander.

LEONARDO

I don't believe in coincidences.

HARRIS

What ... you think the bomb at the pier is related?

LEONARDO

Think of the diversion. It would allow them time to empty out the vault, while we're all running around trying to work out if it was a terrorist attack.

HARRIS

I guess we'll find out soon enough.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

A large cluster of People coming from Wilshire Boulevard sprint across Ocean Avenue. They all head towards the left, wearing white painters' overalls, black glasses and backpacks strapped to their backs.

The two detectives exit the vehicle, leaving the car in the middle of the street. Leonardo forces two runners down on the asphalt, but unlucky for him, no bad guys, no money bags.

LEONARDO

Go after them!

Blue-eyed Detective Harris starts the chase. They turn onto the concrete bridge overpass and advance towards the beach.

EXT. BRIDGE OVERPASS - DAY

Harris catches his first victim, tackles him onto the metal chicken wire that forms an igloo shape on the bridge.

YOUNG MAN

I'm not a bank robber ... They told us all to run to the beach.

Harris unzips the backpack, there is no money, just a pack of white copy paper.

HARRIS

Shit!

EXT. SANTA MONICA STATE BEACH - DAY

Harris' black leather boots hit the dry sand. His next suspect is in sight. A hundred-dollar bill sticks out from the backpack zipper flapping in the wind.

Rob turns his head and glares at Harris with an intense expression.

HARRIS

Stop or I'll shoot!

ROB

Fuck you.

Going in for the tackle, Harris anticipates a gun swing back to take a shot. Harris responds with a dive on the sandy beach, followed by a commando roll to dodge the incoming bullets. Regaining his momentum, he comes out of the roll and shoots back at the perpetrator who had the sun in his eyes.

Rob took the bullet in his chest causing his painter's hood to fall back from his head, exposing his bleached hair as it hit the soft sand.

On the horizon a thirty-foot speedboat is waiting. A man stood by waving his men to hurry up. The getaway vehicle.

Harris pushes on.

Harris could now see the man in the speedboat. It's Alexander Peruggia. His partner was right all along.

All of a sudden, Harris finds himself in danger. The next gunman, Matt, stops running, turns around and squeezes the trigger. Two bullets zing low over the detectives head.

Harris fires back. Matt, is catapulted backwards by the bullet's impact that hits him in the eye. Harris jumps over his dead corpse and continues for the waters edge.

EXT. WATERS EDGE - SPEEDBOAT - DAY

Joey reaches the water's edge with the fear he might not survive this. An onslaught of bullets made him trip over as he enters knee-deep in water. Bullets enter the water around him as he falls under an incoming wave.

ALEXANDER

Get in, Joey! I've taken out the anchor.

The current drags the boat deeper into the ocean, making it hard for Joey to force himself on board with the heavy money bag on his back.

JOEY

I can't get up.

ALEXANDER

Throw the bag in the boat, son.

Having to move out of harm's way, Joey lets go of the money bag as boat fragments chip and fly all around him.

Alexander pulls out a double-barreled shotgun from under his seat. He shoots twice at the man with the badge, but the cop is too persistent. He continues to fire, like an unstoppable force.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Fuck! Stop, okay you win.

HARRIS

Hands where I can see them!

Alexander raises his hands high in the air and Joey, half-submerged in water, does the same as he wades ashore.

JOEY

Sorry, Dad.

ALEXANDER

Okay, you got me. Good for you.

Harris catches his breath.

HARRIS

You have the right ...

ALEXANDER

Yeah, yeah, yeah. How about you let us go, Officer, and we'll be happy to give you a share of the money.

HARRIS

No thanks. I'm not like other corrupt officers you have on your payroll. I don't make deals with criminals.

A cold smile spreads across Alexander's face.

ALEXANDER

You killed two of my men and nearly killed my youngest son. You're like a cockroach that needs to be squashed, a pain in the ass, but one thing you don't seem to realize. I am Alexander fucking Peruggia! I will never be prosecuted and will never see the inside of a cell.

After his melodramatic speech, Alexander places his leg on the stainless-steel railing starboard side and smiles.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Looks like your backup is here.

HARRIS

Then why are you so happy?

Harris, turns to face the sandstone cliff wall separating the beach and the city.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You have the right to remain silent, anything you do-

Alexander watches his son shut his eyes.

A shadow appears on the detective's opposite side, and then a loud shot rang out. Bang! The detective is killed instantly.

The shooter is a hostage. The lady who distracted the security guard when they entered the bank. She wore dark blue jeans and a pink striped shirt. She is Alexander's girl, and her name is VICTORIA.

ALEXANDER

He should've taken the deal. Let's go.

JOEY

What about the backpack it went under the boat.

Alexander looks up at the sandy beach to see a fleet of policemen fast approaching.

ALEXANDER

It's too late, we need to go now!
Let's hope Phil got away, because he's the only one with a fucking money bag.

The throttle is pushed forward and the speedboat disappears behind the distant mountains.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

A battalion of police cars arrive at the scene.

LEONARDO

Go help Harris, his on his own down at the beach.

As Leonardo instructs his fellow policemen, he caught a glimpse of a man step on a red sports bike wearing faded jeans, a white t-shirt, black jacket, glasses and a backpack.

LEONARDO (CONT'D)

Hey, you ... on the bike.

Phil instinctively whips out from his inner jacket a Beretta 38 and lets loose at the detective's small frame.

Leonardo dives away from the gunfire.

Pedestrians scatter and scream at the sound of gunfire.

Leonardo leans his elbows over a car's bonnet and fires off one single shot. The bullet hits Phil in the abdomen.

With one hand steering the bike and the other gripping a fistful of shirt, the Ducati propels itself forward on the council strip and onto the main Ocean Avenue.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Leonardo enters a patrol car and plants his foot down hard on the accelerator swerving in and out through traffic.

POLICE CAR SCANNER (V.O)
Man down, man down, Detective
Harris has been killed.

LEONARDO
Mother fucker! You're going down.

After a short chase down, Leonardo rams into the Ducati causing it to skid in front of the famous Penmar Golf Course.

EXT. PENMAR GOLF COURSE ENTRANCE - DAY

Phil grazes his right arm on the asphalt and struggles to get up, dragging his hurt hip and holding his bloody stomach.

Exiting his vehicle, Leonardo jumps on top of Phil, but is quickly overpowered. Now on top, Phil punches him in the face, blood pools from the detectives mouth.

Leonardo digs his finger into Phil's bullet wound.

Phil lets out a howling scream of unbearable pain, extracts a pocketknife from his jeans and stabs Leonardo in the back.

Leonardo falls to his knees, defeated.

Police sirens are getting louder. Phil retrieves his bloody knife, grabs the money bag and darts into the golf course.

EXT. PENMAR GOLF COURSE - DAY

Phil is trapped inside. The entire perimeter is hedged with a wall of manicured trees. Once inside there is no getting out.

Searching for an exit, near the ninth hole, Phil see's a small opening, he lies on his back and squeezes through. On the other side, he wedges a fallen branch to conceal the opening to prolong his chance of escaping.

EXT. MARINE PARK - DAY

Now in the famous Marine Park, a large lavish playground for all ages, Phil spots a small cubbyhouse in the far distance, a place he can hide and rest.

INT. MARINE PARK CUBBYHOUSE - DAY

Phil steps inside and closes the swinging door shut. He's tired and weak, his skin a pale yellow. He closes his eyes.

INT. FLASHBACK - LOCAL CAFE - DAY

MONICA ANTON, 35, ex-military, FBI intelligence analyst, attractive, deceptive, honey brown hair, Phil's girlfriend.

MONICA

Come on, Phil give it a try, it's easy.

Monica demonstrates on a napkin the art form of anagrams.

PHIL

Babe, seriously, when will I ever use this shit?

MONICA

You never know. Remember, knowledge is power.

PHIL

Okay, let's see.

Phil grabs a fresh napkin and pen, glances down at the table to a large bowl of Fries, Sauce and Salt shaker.

PHIL (CONT'D)

The word *Fries* turns to *Fires*.
Sauce is *Cause* and *Salt* becomes
Last ... That's too easy.

Monica smiles at him.

MONICA

Sometimes, in rare cases, a word can actually be described in an anagram.

Phil frowns, not sure what she was talking about.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I'll explain what I mean. The word *astronomer* translates to *moon starrer*, which is what astronomers do: stare at the moon. *Debit card* translates to *bad credit*! *The eyes* translate to *they see*! And my favorite, wait for it: *mother-in-law* translates to *Woman Hitler*!

Phil laughs and leans in to give his girlfriend a kiss.

Flashback ends.

EXT. MARINE PARK CUBBYHOUSE - NIGHT

THREE HOURS PASS

Phil regains consciousness, woken up by a vibrating tingle buzzing in his pocket pants. He reaches for his phone and reads the text message from Monica.

Babe, it's been hours hope you're okay, remember we're all meeting up tonight at the Trinity church 8pm.

EXT. MARINE PARK - NIGHT

Phil decides to hide the money. He can retrieve it later on. After considering his options, he disposed of the bag. The hiding spot, clever and worthy of a clue.

It lies beneath the third, P.ENIMAR GC.

Phil sends Monica a text message, but it does not go through due to lack of battery.

PHIL
Piece of shit.

Phil places phone into his jean pocket. Holding his wound, he walks out of Marine Park unnoticed and hails a cab.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

PHIL
Trinity Church, please.

The CAB DRIVER does not stop scanning his rear-vision mirror.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?

CAB DRIVER
Nothing, you're bleeding.

PHIL
I'm okay, just keep driving.

Coming to a stop at the next red lights on Lincoln Boulevard three-quarters of the way to his destination, the driver decides to get out of the car and make a run for it.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hey! What are you doing?

Alone in the backseat Phil checks his phone again. The battery now completely drained out, a black screen.

Phil loses focus for a brief moment and blacks out, the phone slips out from his hand. He doesn't notice.

A bright flashing light and a loud beeping horn brings him round. He climbs over into the driver's seat and heads for the Trinity Church.

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - NIGHT

7.30pm.

Phil parks the yellow cab up on the curb and leaves his driver's door open, marking the window with his bloody handprints.

Phil forces himself up the last fifth concrete step to the church and reaches for the door handle. Before he is able to pull it backwards, the doors swings outwards.

A beaten man steps forward shadowed by another holding a gun.

Phil's smile turns into a frown and he steps back. His face is puzzled.

PHIL
What are you doing?

The mystery person with the gun does not hesitate and two bullets are fired.

8.00pm.

Alexander arrives at the church with his crew, Muscles JAMES, Technician FRANK, Wise Guy TONY, young Joey, Explosives-Expert IAN and Crazy MARCO, who park their two four-wheel drives near the abandoned cab.

Monica parks her Mercedes close by and jogs over to the team.

Joey points to the abandoned cab. Worried it could be his brother, Joey rushes to the front door of the church.

JOEY
What the fu-?!

Monica screams in horror.

FRANK

It's Phil.

Phil is tied up against the large church door handles, strapped with an elaborate explosive device hanging off his neck. His hands lifted high, while his head is weighted forward facing the ground. His chest multiple bullet holes.

IAN

I don't know, boss, the bomb on his chest looks like C4, enough to blow this whole street.

ALEXANDER

I don't care, someone check.

JOEY

I'll go, dad.

MONICA

No you won't. It's too risky.

MARCO

Shut up and move back, you two, I'll go.

Joey ignores Marco and walks forward, he is quickly restrained by Monica and she forces him to the ground.

MONICA

It's too risky, wait.

JOEY

Let me go, Monica, it's my brother.

MONICA

Yes, but wait.

ALEXANDER

Joey, Monica's right, shut up.

Joey watches Marco reach Phil's body. By the look on Marco's face, Phil was a mess, barely recognizable, beaten to within an inch of his life.

A noise is heard within the church.

MARCO

Someone's inside. I'm going in.

Marco cocks his semi-automatic pistol and opens the door.

IAN

Wait, no!

But it's too late.

An ear-shattering blast erupts. The front section of Trinity Church explodes in a billowing cloud of concrete.

Marco is instantly killed.

Alexander and his crew are forced backwards by the strength of the detonation.

Joey helps his father up and pats down the flames still burning on his jacket.

MONICA

It can't be.

Joey and Monica comfort each other with a hug as they watch parts of the church still standing burn to the ground.

Alexander see's a familiar shiny object near the steps. It's Phil's gold cross. He protects his face from the heat of the fire and picks it up.

FRANK

James, get Alexander, we need to leave now.

Frank, Tony and Ian run back into their car and grab Joey for a quick getaway.

JAMES

Alexander, we need to leave before the police arrive.

Alexander is picked up by James and forced into the second four-wheel drive.

Monica also gets into her Mercedes and leaves in a hurry, not wanting to have to explain herself to her superiors.

TRINITY CHURCH 8.30pm.

Reporters set up in front of the burning church.

Lead investigator Detective LUKE TAYLOR, 45, tall, all-American good guy, arrives at the scene and is briefed by a YOUNG OFFICER.

Taylor peeks inside the cab using his iPhone as a torch.

YOUNG OFFICER

We believe this cab was used by the bank robber, sir.

TAYLOR
Sure looks like it.

YOUNG OFFICER
Sir, bloodstains have been found in the backseat, the window and also on the steering wheel.

TAYLOR
Okay, make sure the blood and fingerprints are tested.

YOUNG OFFICER
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
Hang on, what's that under the seat?

YOUNG OFFICER
What do you mean?

TAYLOR
I found a phone. Give me some gloves.

The Young Officer passes over a pack of blue latex gloves and the phone is bagged as evidence.

YOUNG OFFICER
Whose do you think it is?

TAYLOR
I don't know, son, but it's the only real evidence we have.

TRINITY CHURCH - CBS LIVE NEWS

TRACEY HENDERSON
Today has been a busy day for the Los Angeles Police Department. At 4 pm today an explosion erupted at the Santa Monica Pier, killing eleven and injuring over twenty people. Soon after this, an attempted robbery was staged at the California Bank & Trust on Wilshire Boulevard, where eight million dollars was taken. Veteran Detective Peter Harris managed to kill two of the suspects, recovering six million dollars, but was sadly killed in the line of duty.

(MORE)

TRACEY HENDERSON (CONT'D)

And now the Trinity Church explosion behind me, all happening on the same day. The question on my mind leads me to believe one thing. Could all these three events possibly be linked in some way. If I'm correct and there is a connection, do the police have any suspects? It has been reported that two of the robbers killed this afternoon were linked to the infamous Alexander Peruggia. Could he be involved or be behind this? Is he the number-one suspect? And where is the missing two million dollars? There are more questions than answers. Coming to you live, I'm Tracey Henderson, CBS news.

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - DAY

VINCE VANCINI, 22, average height, tanned European complexion, who works two part time jobs to pay his way through college, is interrupted by a POLICE OFFICER who held his police hat to one side, a sign of bad news to come.

VINCE

Is my father dead?

POLICE OFFICER

No, but your father was stabbed in yesterday's bank robbery and rushed to hospital.

VINCE

Is he okay?

POLICE OFFICER

He's fine, son, but we need you to come to the hospital, discharge him and take him home.

Vince leaves with the Officer, who drops him off in front of the Ronald Reagan UCLA Medical Center, a short stroll away.

INT. Ronald Reagan UCLA Medical Center - DAY

After taking a lift to the second floor, Vince enters his father's hospital room.

LEONARDO

What fucking took you so long? Get me out of this place.

VINCE

Nice to see you, too, Dad. Come on
let's go.

Vince signs all the release forms and as they walk out of the hospital's outer sliding door, LEE DAVIS, 65, the Chief of Police, stood waiting with his arms crossed.

DAVIS

Hello, Leonardo, good to see you up
on your feet.

LEONARDO

Hey, boss, what brings you here?

DAVIS

You're going to look after
yourself, right?

LEONARDO

Of course.

Leonardo points at a waiting cab.

DAVIS

I know you want to get the fucker.

LEONARDO

What?

DAVIS

Don't *what* me, you know what I
mean.

LEONARDO

Who's leading the case?

DAVIS

I put Taylor on it. It's in good
hands. Let it go.

LEONARDO

You know it was Alexander Peruggia.

DAVIS

We can't prove shit, stay away. I
mean it.

LEONARDO

If his son Phil was involved,
believe me Alexander was behind
this and you know it.

DAVIS

Take care of your old man Vince.
Keep him out of trouble.

VINCE

I will, sir.

The cab sped away, leaving the Chief in the distance.

INT. CAB - DAY

The first two minutes of the cab ride proceeds in complete silence. They are like strangers sitting at a bus station.

Leonardo text messages detective Taylor: *After work please come over my place. We need to talk.*

VINCE (CONT'D)

So did the bank robbers get away
with any money?

LEONARDO

Two million.

Vince lifts his eyebrows in surprise.

LEONARDO (CONT'D)

Actually, the money was never
recovered. Phil managed to hide it
somewhere.

VINCE

So two mill is out there somewhere.

LEONARDO

It would've been eight mill, if it
wasn't for Harris.

VINCE

Champion. Where is Uncle Harris?

LEONARDO

I'm sorry son, Harris was killed
yesterday on the chase.

Vince's shoulders shook in disbelief, his eyes now watery.

LEONARDO (CONT'D)

Vince, the funeral is tomorrow. The
police force has organized a
traditional ceremony. I need you to
come with me. I don't know how I'll
cope seeing Nadine, Justin and
Maria alone.

VINCE
Of course.

INT. FBI BUREAU - DAY

Monica bumps into a female colleague, KATIE, 38, dressed in a black suit.

KATIE
Hey Monica, I heard Phil was
killed. You still undercover?

MONICA
I am. I'm like a family member now.

KATIE
It must have been difficult being
romantically involved this whole
time to a cold blood murderer.

MONICA
Someone had to do it.

KATIE
I'll give you that. You are
mentally much stronger than I am. I
couldn't be around such corruption.

MONICA
Believe me Kate, I've seen far
worse in the force. If you even
knew how many corrupt cops we have
you wouldn't sleep at night.

KATIE
And how about yourself, how do we
know you haven't switched sides?

MONICA
You don't.

Monica walks away leaving Katie wondering.

EXT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - COURTYARD - DAY

Sitting underneath a large umbrella outside his father's beach club, Joey buries his toes in the soft sand, drinks beers from his cooler. Phil's death plays over in his mind.

Monica approaches carrying a plate with burger and fries.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Can I join you?

JOEY

It depends, is that for me?

Monica hands over the plate and sits down beside him.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You're FBI, what's your outlook on all this? Who do you think killed my brother?

MONICA

Who the hell knows?

JOEY

I know how analytical you are, you must have suspects in mind.

MONICA

Look, I'll tell you, but eat. Tony is worried you haven't eaten. His fat head is probably fixed at us now through the window.

JOEY

Tony's a good man.

Joey took a bite from his burger and some lettuce fell off to the side. He hadn't realized how hungry he was.

MONICA

There are many people who could have been involved in your brother's death, he had many enemies and so does your father.

JOEY

That's true, but why not go after my father if it was about him?

MONICA

Maybe it's personal. Having to bury your own child would be the worst thing for any parent to deal with. Maybe they wanted Alexander to suffer, killing what he loved most.

JOEY

It must be hard for Dad.

MONICA

You think?

JOEY

Yes, I do, why do you say that.

MONICA

I don't see your dad starving himself though.

JOEY

How am I starving myself? Only yesterday we found out Phil was killed.

MONICA

I have two suspects in mind.

JOEY

Go on.

MONICA

Here it goes: the first is your father himself.

JOEY

What! That's absurd, why would he kill his own son?

MONICA

That's the question you should be asking yourself.

JOEY

I know they had their issues, but-

MONICA

Listen, Joey, Phil confided in me, and he was very upset with your father. A week before the robbery, they had a big argument. Maybe your dad felt disrespected, distraught that his eldest son was planning to leave the Peruggia clan for good.

JOEY

I didn't know Phil wanted to leave.

MONICA

He did and your father reluctantly agreed but not before one last heist, the California Bank & Trust robbery.

JOEY

Dad, did put all the emphasis on the distraction and not enough on the actual escape. Was he setting him up to fail?

MONICA
Just speculating, Joey, keep it
between us, okay?

JOEY
You said you had two possible
suspects. Who is the other?

MONICA
You.

Joey spat out the french fry and wipes his mouth.

JOEY
Me? Why would I want to kill my own
brother, Sherlock Holmes? I love -
loved my brother.

MONICA
You could've easily arranged the
explosion. As for a reason why,
it's simple. Your father has always
favored Phil. Maybe you were
jealous. People have killed for far
less.

Joey stares down at her like she is the enemy, not liking
what he was hearing.

Monica stood up and leans in for a hug. Joey reluctantly
reciprocates.

MONICA (CONT'D)
I don't believe it was you, Joey.

JOEY
Of course it wasn't me, smart ass.
Maybe it was you?

MONICA
Ha. Ha. I think you've had way too
many beers.

JOEY
Yeah ... you might be right.

MONICA
I promise you I'll find the person
involved.

JOEY
I know you will.

Monica grabs the empty plate and his beer cooler and walks back to the beach club.

MONICA

No more drinking. Your brother wouldn't have liked seeing you like this.

INT. LEONARDO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vince opens door and Detective Taylor enters the double story house located on a quiet tree line street.

TAYLOR

Hey Vince, hows your old man.

VINCE

Same shit, obsessed with work.

Leonardo walks into the room.

LEONARDO

So tell me, what do you have?

TAYLOR

You never were one for small talk.

The detective sits down on the nearest couch.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Okay, we know Alexander's son Phil led the robbers into the bank. The two men killed by Harris were Matt Stevens and Rob Matino, known members of the Peruggia Blood.

VINCE

What's Peruggia Blood?

TAYLOR

Peruggia Blood, son, is what Alexander calls his gang members. Every member has a Peruggia Blood tattoo on their arm. It symbolizes unity, respect, blood brothers. He's created his own family of soldiers.

VINCE

So what's the tattoo of?

TAYLOR

It's the Vitruvian man.

VINCE

Yeah, I know the one. The man who's superimposed with his arms and legs apart in a circle. What's the relevance of it though?

TAYLOR

It's relevant to them cause Alexander's grandfather Vincenzo Peruggia was the man who stole the Mona Lisa back in 1911. Look it up, kid, it's a cracking read.

Vince nods his head, interested.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Even though we know Alexander was involved, knowing isn't enough, we have nothing on him.

LEONARDO

But weren't two of his men found dead at the scene?

TAYLOR

If we tried to convict with only that, we'd have no chance. We'd lose. Alexander would play the dumb card and be excused, he's not responsible for his mens actions.

LEONARDO

What about Phil?

TAYLOR

Another dead-end. He was killed in the explosion at the church.

LEONARDO

Did you find his body?

TAYLOR

The only remains found were two of his teeth confirming his identity through dental records.

LEONARDO

So nothing.

TAYLOR

Hang on, I didn't say we found nothing. Phil's phone was discovered in an abandoned cab.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

And a cryptic text message was sent by his girlfriend and FBI Agent, Monica Anton.

LEONARDO

FBI ... What? Why?

TAYLOR

The text message is interesting, we believe it tells us the location to the two million dollars that was unaccounted for.

VINCE

But don't you think Monica would have it by now, if Phil sent her the text message?

TAYLOR

Actually no. Here's the kicker. Unlucky for Phil and his girlfriend, the message didn't reach its target. Who knows, bad reception or no battery life most likely caused it to fail.

LEONARDO

So what did the message say?

TAYLOR

It lies beneath the third
P.ENIMAR GC

Vince repeats the message.

VINCE

It lies beneath the third ... So he buried it somewhere under the number three.

TAYLOR

That's good, Vince. We believe P.ENIMAR GC is referring to the Penmar Golf Course. The last place your dad had an altercation with Phil and was stabbed.

LEONARDO

The fucker got lucky.

TAYLOR

We think he buried the money around the third hole of the golf course.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

We are currently digging around the site, nothing has been found.

LEONARDO

The question you should be asking yourself is why did Phil send the text message to his girlfriend and not his father or his brother? Who is this lady? What does she do at the FBI and can she be trusted as an ally? If I was you, I'd keep all findings to myself, which includes the discovery of Phil's phone and the message, until you know who to trust.

Taylor shook his head and agrees to keep the info a secret.

EXT. WOODLAWN CEMETERY - DAY.

MAUSOLEUM

The procession began and the priest could be heard through the amazing acoustics created by marble and granite walls.

Vince and Leonardo stand wearing dark sunglasses.

In the distance Leonardo spots a plethora of limousines. One limousine has two men standing over it like bodyguards.

They open the door and to his surprise, out walks a tall, olive-skinned man. Alexander Peruggia in the flesh.

VINCE

Dad, you okay?

LEONARDO

Ah, stuff this.

On impulse Leonardo walks out of his partner's service and heads up the hill to where Phil's service is taking place.

Vince and detective Taylor follow, as backup.

UP THE HILL

An intriguing woman steps in Leonardo's way and places her palm on his chest.

MONICA

Now's not the time.

LEONARDO

No, now's the perfect time, miss.

Ignoring her, Leonardo steps in front of the much taller Alexander Peruggia and it becomes a staring standoff.

ALEXANDER

If you don't mind, pig. I'm trying to bury my son that you fucking shot, so get out of my face before I squash you like a bug.

LEONARDO

What with an empty casket?

ALEXANDER

My son deserves a proper burial and a blessing from the priest.

Frank, Ian, James and Tony surround the detective, handguns visible underneath their suit jackets.

Joey stands besides his father.

Detective Taylor and Vince now stand a couple of meters behind Leonardo and watch with trepidation.

LEONARDO

You killed my friend, my partner. This is personal. I will not rest until you are behind bars for life. Where you'll be fucked by a three-hundred-pound Mexican and love it.

Alexander moves his face even closer, bending his knees to get to Leonardo's height.

ALEXANDER

Listen, you can do whatever you want, but you have no proof of anything. You think you know pain, losing your friend? How about losing your son? My own flesh and blood, the one who was going to take over the family business.

Joey looks down to the ground understanding he would never be the favorite in his fathers eyes.

LEONARDO

Come on, I dare you. Hit an officer.

ALEXANDER

Listen, midget, you had your fun,
now go on your merry way.

Without warning, Vince grabs his dad on the shoulder and pulls him backwards.

VINCE

Dad, let's go.

ALEXANDER

Oh, you have a son? He's a little taller than you, he obviously got his good looks from his mother.

LEONARDO

Be careful.

ALEXANDER

I never pictured you as a family man. It's good to know you have a weakness, an Achilles' heel. Now get out of my face, before you're not the only father grieving his dead son today.

LEONARDO

What did you say?

Leonardo punches Alexander with a right hook. Alexander falls to his knees. Leonardo grabs his suit collar by the neck.

LEONARDO (CONT'D)

Don't you ever fucking threaten my boy, you hear me.

Muscles James retaliates and pulls the detective off, and throws him hard onto the grass like a rag doll.

Vince moves forward to help his father, but Joey steps in Vince's face. Son against son.

TAYLOR

Stop! Everybody stop!

Alexander picks himself up and dusts the dirt off his hands. He readjusts his jaw and smiles before commanding his men to back down and let them go.

Detective Taylor forces Leonardo away.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Are you crazy? You don't want to provoke this man.

LEONARDO

He's planning something, Taylor, I can feel it.

VINCE

Dad, you're crazy! And you call me stupid.

LEONARDO

Now he knows I have a son. That's why I keep my work to myself and don't involve my family.

VINCE

What family, Dad? I never saw you growing up. Even poor Mom didn't want anything to do with you. You were never there for us. Maybe you should've thought of the danger you were putting me in before reacting and putting your selfish needs first, as always.

Vince walks back to the mausoleum upset.

MAUSOLEUM

Veteran Peter Harris is lowered six foot under. Leonardo positions his partners badge on top of the closed wooden casket, makes the sign of the cross with his three fingers.

LEONARDO

See you in the next life, brother, rest in peace.

INT. SANTA MONICA POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The smell of fresh cinnamon donuts is in the air, a regular scent at the Santa Monica Police Department.

The Chief of Police is on the phone to the COMMISSIONER, 65, overweight. He appears irritable and very apologetic.

Detective TARN MOSTROM, 39, known bad boy in the department who wasn't a stickler for the rules, looks over to his right where Detective Taylor sat at his desk.

TAYLOR

I bet this is about the funeral this morning. Leo shouldn't have punched him in the face.

TARN

Alexander's fucking untouchable man. How many years have they gone after him?

TAYLOR

His time will come.

TARN

You reckon?

TAYLOR

What are you, a fucking fan now? Don't worry, he'll make a mistake. They always do, and when he does I'll be there.

The chief's door swings open.

DAVIS

I need everyone to stay calm, not to react.

TAYLOR

What's up, boss?

DAVIS

We have a visitor entering the department, any minute now.

TAYLOR

Who is it?

DAVIS

It doesn't matter, just stay calm. I have orders from the Commissioner to let this person in unscathed.

TARN

It's Alexander, isn't it.

The Chief didn't respond, he didn't need to.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Five men enter the police department. Alexander is in an expensive Armani suits, shiny pointy leather shoes and a pair of Versace glasses.

Joey is to his left, Frank and James to his right and upfront leading the way a frail-looking man with glasses, carrying a briefcase, the high-priced attorney.

Taylor stands up. His hand instinctively reaches for his gun in its holster.

Alexander walks by and eye-balls him through his penetrating eyes. Alexander smiles when he notices a box of donuts. A stereotype with some truth to it.

Tarn stands in Alexander's path and holds his ground.

ALEXANDER

You have balls.

TARN

Big enough to hang around your neck.

Alexander cheekily smiles and walks around him.

Alexander is greeted by the Chief of Police and their meeting begins. The lawyer hands over legal protective-order documents issued by the judge. Alexander is quiet and lets his lawyer do all the talking.

The meeting is over in ten minutes.

On the way out Taylor blocks Alexander's path and places his hand on his chest.

TAYLOR

I'll be watching you.

ALEXANDER

Get out of my face, before I put a restraining order on you, too.

Alexander pushes the detective's hand away with his forearm and continues to walk out of the police department.

Davis gains everyone's attention with a loud whistle.

DAVIS

The Feds are on my back. It's official, people. We cannot touch or go near Alexander Peruggia, period. He has filed a restraining order against Detective Vancini for punching him at his son's funeral, as well as the police department for the constant harassment over the years, causing him to lose an abundance of new business.

TAYLOR

What?!

DAVIS

We all know it's bullshit. But it's final. To go near Peruggia we need solid evidence, because if we don't the mayor and the commissioner will be on my ass quicker than a fly on shit. I don't like getting my ass fucked, so please get me something I can use or stay away, capiche?

Taking out his cell Davis sends Leonardo a text message.

Leonardo, I need you to come into the department ASAP. Bring your badge and gun. I'll explain everything when you get in.

INT. SANTA MONICA POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Leonardo enters the Chief's office.

LEONARDO

What the hell is going on?

DAVIS

Alexander Peruggia came here this afternoon with his lawyer. He has filed a restraining order against you for physically abusing him at his son's funeral.

LEONARDO

Come on!

DAVIS

And also the department for ongoing harassment. Leonardo, this is no joke. If the harassment continues, he'll sue the police department for millions.

LEONARDO

Is that why I'm here?

DAVIS

The Commissioner is trying to avoid getting sued. I've been warned, and I'm warning you now.

LEONARDO

How can we allow this to happen? We're supposed to be the good guys.

DAVIS

I need your badge and gun. You are suspended immediately until further notice.

Leonardo takes out his badge and gun, leaves them on the Chief's table and walks out. Disappointment written all over his face.

Leonardo approaches Taylor who is knee-deep in paper work.

LEONARDO

What's the latest on the case? Any leads?

TAYLOR

Leo, let it go. Didn't you hear the Chief? We can't investigate or even seem to interrogate Alexander. Besides, Peruggia isn't the only rich person who is filing against the police department. It's a touchy time.

LEONARDO

What do you mean?

TAYLOR

The Penmar Golf Course owner is up my ass since we dug up his entire course looking for the bank's money. He claims he's lost thousands of dollars and we've upset his regular customers. He wants compensation for his losses. Fuck, if I was him I would, too.

LEONARDO

So that's it? We're just going to give up and let him walk?

TAYLOR

For now, yes. Don't do anything stupid.

Leonardo shook his head and left the department.

INT. LEONARDO'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving home, Leonardo answers his cell to an anonymous caller.

MONICA

Hello, Mr. Vancini, I confronted you at the Woodlawn Cemetery.

LEONARDO

Who is this?

MONICA

My name is FBI Agent Monica Anton. I infiltrated Alexander Peruggia's crew and maintained a relationship with his son Phil.

LEONARDO

Good for you. Why are you calling me?

MONICA

Leonardo, I know about your situation. Even though your department closed all surveillance on Alexander, that doesn't mean we have. On the contrary, I have information you might be interested in.

LEONARDO

I'm listening.

MONICA

Today at the funeral I overheard a conversation between two of Alexander's men about a transaction taking place tonight at his beach club.

LEONARDO

Why are you telling me this? Why don't you organize a team and intercept the transaction?

MONICA

The FBI will get involved in due time. I just wanted to keep you in the loop, since I know you're a man who's after retribution.

Phone ends.

EXT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - PARKING - NIGHT

Leonardo parks in the parking lot, opens his trunk, picks up a backup 9mm handgun and conceals it in an ankle holster.

Within minutes, muscles James approaches and Leonardo retrieves his ankle gun, fearing the giant in front of him.

JAMES

We've been expecting you. Please.

James gestures the way inside to the clubs entrance.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Mr. Peruggia has requested a meeting with you.

Leonardo hesitantly agrees and walks cautiously inside the club with the towering giant, James at his back.

INT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - FOYER - NIGHT

Ian confronts Leonardo with a pat-down and removes his concealed weapon.

IAN

Sorry, I know you're a man with a badge, but there's no way I'm letting you walk in here armed.

Joey steps up to face the detective leans in and punches him hard in the stomach, causing him to fall to his knees.

LEONARDO

What was that for?

JOEY

That's for my brother, you fuck.

Leonardo gets up on his feet and proceeds to the Bar room.

INT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Alexander is sitting in a booth with Victoria, who stands up and walks away letting the detective sit down.

Leonardo rubs his stomach and joins Alexander.

LEONARDO

Is that how you treat all your guests?

ALEXANDER

Joey is the least of your worries, believe me.

LEONARDO

Whats going on?

ALEXANDER

Before we get into our meeting, eat something. Can we offer you some champagne? We need to celebrate and raise our glasses.

LEONARDO

And what are we celebrating?

ALEXANDER

Our new arrangement.

Leonardo laughs, it's like negotiating with a terrorist.

LEONARDO

Sorry, I don't make arrangements with criminals.

ALEXANDER

You have balls walking into my domain. I could kill you right now. But I won't, it's too easy. I would like to make a truce with you. I have a proposal I hope you will consider.

A waiter pours a Château into two chilled flutes.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

All I want is for you to look the other way. Stop trying to come after me and you'll be rewarded generously with \$200,000 in cash. You're not the only police officer I have on my books, so why not help your son pay off his school fees, pay off your home loan, and retire with a reasonable sum of money in your bank account?

Leonardo glances around the room.

LEONARDO

You have an incredible club. I hear your gym is state of the art.

ALEXANDER

You should become a member. No more donuts, though.

Leonardo smiles at his comment.

LEONARDO

Thank you for your offer, but I will graciously decline. I will continue to play this game, whatever it is we are playing. The money you're offering me is blood money. Money that was inherited from drugs and corruption. I will not stop until you are behind bars where you belong. Sooner or later you'll make a mistake and I'll be there to get you.

ALEXANDER

It's up to you, my friend. But if I was you I would take the deal I offered you and everyone will be happy. Don't be stupid. If you continue playing games with me, you'll lose. I can turn your life upside down, so don't tempt me.

LEONARDO

Do what you like. Remember, even the best chess players make mistakes, and I'll be there when you make yours.

ALEXANDER

So you want to play games, huh? Okay, let's play ... do you realize I have a restraining order against you and you're technically not allowed to come within three hundred feet of me.

Alexander glances over to wise guy Tony, who positions himself behind Leonardo, wearing latex gloves and now holding the detectives gun.

Leonardo is held either side by Frank and James.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Just as we planned.

Monica, Victoria and Joey leave the room.

Ian is waiting in the bar service area.

LEONARDO

I am a police officer.

Tony points the gun at the detective then turns to Alexander.

Alexander prepares himself and gives the all okay.

Tony fires a single bullet.

LEONARDO (CONT'D)
What kind of bullshit is this?

Tony dashes over to make sure his boss is alright and places a small towel over his grazed shoulder wound. Perfect shot.

TONY
Still got it after all those years.

ALEXANDER
I warned you not to fuck with me.
If we were playing a game of chess
right now, I would've just taken
your queen.

Ian, dials 911.

IAN
Please come quick. Alexander
Peruggia has just been shot by
Detective Leonardo Vancini.

James forces Leonardo to the floor while the men in blue come to arrest him for the attempted murder of Alexander Peruggia.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

Leonardo's rights are read and he is escorted out of the premises and taken into custody.

INT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - GYM - DAY

Alexander walks into his gymnasium, ready to go a few rounds with Joey, even though his wound is still fresh. He wants to test him, to see what he is made of. He steps inside shirtless, his shot arm wrapped tight in bandages.

Frank, James, Tony and Ian watch on as Joey circles around his father. The men outside the ring cheer him on.

TONY
Alexander watch your shoulder.

ALEXANDER
It's a flesh wound, relax.

FRANK
Let's see if he can make it past
the first round.

JOEY

You're not helping, guys.

IAN

You have no chance, boy. Your father's an old-school fighter. He fought against countless boxers and could go the rounds with the best of them. Soon you're going to understand what it feels like to be on the receiving end of one of his punches.

The bell rang.

JOEY

You look really good for an old man.

Alexander moves left and right like a well-trained boxer.

Joey's head moves to Alexander's left to escape the right. But the left caught his cheekbone and snaps his head to the right. There, another of his father's rights is awaiting.

ALEXANDER

Okay, did you see what happened there, son?

JOEY

Ouch! I've just lost all feeling in the left side of my face.

JAMES

Take it easy on him, boss. Or you'll have no sons.

Alexander smiles.

ALEXANDER

This brings back so many good memories with your brother. He was the only one who could beat me.

Joey squeezes his lips together, lowers his strong brow and unleashes a feisty left uppercut. Alexander moves his head to the other side, when Joey follows with a right hook.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

That's it! See, you do have Peruggia blood in you.

James and Frank cheer as the youngest member of the family stood toe-to-toe with his father.

TONY

You have balls, kid, I'll give you that.

While Joey has his father protecting his face, he manages to sneak in a right, which catches him on the chin. Alexander steps back. He isn't laughing anymore.

JOEY

Come on, old man.

ALEXANDER

You like it dirty, my boy. I like that, I won't make that mistake again.

Alexander connects with a right uppercut that send Joey to the floor, blood seeps from the corner of his mouth.

Alexander stood over him and offers his hand.

JOEY

Thanks for going easy on me, Dad.

ALEXANDER

Life was not meant to be easy, son. You did alright for our first match. Remember the rules. When the gloves come off, you leave the fight behind. No hard feelings, boy, capiche?

INT. LEONDARO'S HOME - TV ROOM - DAY

Telephone conversation.

TAYLOR

Hi Vince, I have bad news. You're father has broken his restraining order last night and to make matters worse he shot Alexander Perrugia.

VINCE

What! Did he kill him.

TAYLOR

Thank god he didn't kill him, but in a weeks time he'll be sentenced for attempted murder. In the mean time he's being held in lockup unless you have one hundred thousand dollars to bail him out.

VINCE

Far out. No, I don't.

TAYLOR

Hang tight, kid. If anything comes up I will keep you informed.

End of conversation.

Vince finds himself staring at a commercial. A public invitation to come along, help raise money for disabled kids.

The location: Marine Park - 1406 Marine St, Santa Monica. Adjacent to LA's famous nine-hole golf course, The Penmar Golf Course.

The commercial jots something in his memory. A pattern? He grabs a piece of paper and a pen and writes down:

It lies beneath the third?
P.ENIMAR GC?

Vince underlines the second sentence. P.ENIMAR GC

VINCE

Hang on ... Penmar Golf course is not spelt with an I.

He draws a line through the letter M and wrote it again below. Then another line through the letter A, and wrote it below. He continued with the letters R, I, N, then E. Vince completed the word 'Marine.'

VINCE (CONT'D)

P.ENIMAR is Marine Park. It's an anagram.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - JOEY'S ROOM - DAY

The morning sun hit Joey directly in his bruised and inflamed eye. He stood up to face the panoramic beach view from within his luxurious bedroom suite. Outside in the sandy courtyard, of tables a meeting is being held.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - COURTYARD - DAY

Alexander, Tony, Frank, James, Ian and Victoria are out in the sun enjoying each other's company and having their usual five-star breakfast catered for by the club.

Joey sat down in an empty chair with a swollen eye.

ALEXANDER
Look, it's Rocky Balboa.

James held his fist in the air and yells.

JAMES
Adrian!

JOEY
Ha, ha. Very funny.

Laughter feels the air.

VICTORIA
Leave him alone.

Victoria pours Joey a fresh cup of coffee.

ALEXANDER
Ok listen, we're breaking into the
downtown LAPD headquarters.

TONY
What? Why?

FRANK
Because the six million dollars we
lost at Wilshire is there.

ALEXANDER
That's absolutely correct. All
recovered money, by law, needs to
be counted and documented before
it's returned to the bank it was
taken from. It's an insurance
thing.

IAN
How long is it there for?

ALEXANDER
The police must hold onto the
stolen item for seven working days,
which means we have until Monday to
get our money back, less the two
million that Phil hid, of course.
That's gone.

VICTORIA
I can't believe Phil didn't leave a
note or something to the
whereabouts of the two mill.

Alexander pauses, nods his head agreeing with her.

TONY

How do you know all this information, boss? I'm intrigued by your knowledge of police procedure.

ALEXANDER

Tony, Tony, Tony, I'm the hand up the Mona Lisa's skirt, I know and hear everything, my friend.

Joey and Frank laugh.

Victoria playfully pushes Alexander forward.

VICTORIA

What are you doing with your hand up the Mona Lisa's skirt.

Alexander playfully winks at Victoria then refocuses.

ALEXANDER

Do you realize the police have been after me for over ten years, but never had any substantial evidence to arrest me? I have detectives on my ass waiting for me to make a mistake, like Vancini, and look at him now.

JAMES

So who's taking the lead? Phil was irreplaceable.

JOEY

How about me?

FRANK

Alexander, I think you punched Rocky Balboa over here too hard.

ALEXANDER

You ready for the big league, kid?

Tony and Frank look at each other.

Joey could sense their nervousness and apprehension.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Why the worried face, Tony?

TONY

No disrespect, Joey, but you're no leader. Your brother was a leader.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

His presence alone demanded respect. You look out of place, like a skinny kid trying out for the quarterback.

VICTORIA

Tony!

Frank and Ian laugh.

ALEXANDER

That's harsh, don't hold back, old man.

TONY

Sorry, Joey. I'm just stating the obvious.

JOEY

It's okay, Tony, I understand.

FRANK

Okay, hang on, before we all get too excited, you realize the security system is state of the art. It's the police headquarters, for God's sake.

ALEXANDER

I have someone on the inside.

FRANK

Can he give us universal access to all levels of the building? Or will I be needed to do my thing?

ALEXANDER

One hundred percent full access.

JAMES

Full access, who is it, Tarn?

ALEXANDER

No, not using Tarn this time. Think more senior.

Alexander watches the men contemplate who it might be.

JOEY

Your inside man is the Chief of Police isn't it?

Alexander smiles at his son and touches his nose.

FRANK

I can't believe you have the Chief of Police on our side. This heist might stand a chance.

ALEXANDER

Lee Davis is going to become a wealthy man. His role is simple: shut down all security cameras and turn off the alarm system to allow us into the building undetected.

TONY

But can we trust him? It could be a trap.

ALEXANDER

No, it's not a trap. Lee will help us. If it makes you feel any better, this is not the first time I've done business with Lee. He's been a vital player in my reign these last couple of years. I've been using Monica as my direct link with him.

TONY

I don't know, this one concerns me, boss.

ALEXANDER

Everything concerns you, Tony.

FRANK

You're always fucking worried about something, your cholesterol, the sun, food. The list goes on and on.

TONY

I'm just playing devil's advocate here, what if he jumps ship?

ALEXANDER

He won't. I sent in Monica to make sure of that.

TONY

What, Monica? I know she was your son's girl, but she can't be trusted either. There's something about her, the way she stares at me with those cat eyes.

JOEY

You can trust her, she's family.

ALEXANDER

We have no choice, this job is crucial to keep the club. The last thing I want to do is sell it ... Monday night we go.

Alexander points out the gang members.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Frank, James and Victoria this is your heist. Joey, you're taking the lead. Make me proud.

EXT. MARINE PARK - DAY

Vince walks into the sandy playground in search of the money. He carries a backpack packed with a pair of binoculars, a set of screwdrivers, a cell phone and a bottle of water.

An hour passes, he is not getting anywhere.

Desperate, he walks into the male then female toilets to check and when he exits an Elderly Woman looks at him with a suspicious eye.

ELDERLEY WOMAN

What are you doing, boy? This is the ladies.

VINCE

Sorry, ma'am, when you gotta go, you gotta go.

Facing the open field Vince see's a bridge, seesaws, climbing structures, various other playground equipment and five colorful wooden cubbyhouses. The one painted in *gold* catches his attention.

VINCE (CONT'D)

GC ... Gold Cubbyhouse, I wonder.

Vince approaches the small wooden house with a bounce in his step. Two children are inside playing. Wooden slats form the base that sat on top of a sandpit. He waits for the children to leave, as their parents are watching.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Come on, kids, go.

A three-year-old GIRL wearing a pink dress and pink Dora the Explorer shirt is chatting away to her MOTHER as she plays.

GIRL
Mommy house number two.

MOTHER
What's that, Kiara?

GIRL
It's number two.

MOTHER
That's right, Kiara, that's the
number two cubbyhouse.

Vince rose to take a proper look. The child was right: the number two was branded on the side of the house.

Vince grabs the binoculars from his backpack.

VINCE
It lies beneath the third. Where
are you?

In the distance beside a cluster of palm trees is the number three cubbyhouse and it's painted *Green*.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Shit, that's it.

EXT. MARINE PARK - GREEN CUBBYHOUSE - NIGHT

Vince ducks inside the entrance, no children in sight. Using his phone as a torch and a screwdriver, he removes the wooden slats one at a time and begins to dig into the soft sand below with two hands. His fingers touch something.

A black backpack is pulled upwards, Vince opens it to reveal the lost two million dollars.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

A formal black-tie event is being held in the large Grand Royal Function Room, designated mostly for weddings. Cotton napkins folded into swans and perched in front of every seat, the initials ABC embroidered on their side.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

While tonight's events are unfolding in the adjacent room, Joey sat with his father at the Bar and together they drain a bottle of Sullivans Cove whisky.

JOEY
Here's to Phil.

ALEXANDER
Cheers to that, my boy.

Joey smiles and pours some more.

JOEY
Finally a game I can beat you in.

ALEXANDER
I'm glad we did this.

JOEY
Me, too.

ALEXANDER
You know I love you.

JOEY
You're not one of those drunks who gets all lovey-dovey, are ya?

ALEXANDER
Maybe.

The bottle is finished. Both men are drunk. Joey helps his father stay upright on the stool and laughs. Great moment shared for the two of them.

JOEY
You're human after all. I think you should call it a night.

Alexander regains his focus, grabs his son's head between his hands and looks into his blue eyes.

ALEXANDER
All this will be yours one day, son. All of it. I have treasures in this place you wouldn't dream of. One day, my boy, you'll see her face.

JOEY
Dad, you're not making sense.

Alexander laughs some more.

ALEXANDER

Look, son, this is your chance to step up and prove to the boys you're a leader.

JOEY

I'm no leader, Dad, you're talking to the wrong son.

ALEXANDER

You're my only son now, you can do it. We can't let go of this place yet, it's too important to keep her safe.

JOEY

What the hell are you talking about?

All of a sudden a distressed Female Employee can be heard yelling in the outside marbled hallway.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

Ahh, stop it!

Joey and Alexander turn their stools to listen.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stop it, get you hand off me, you drunk!

Alexander stands up like a man who isn't intoxicated. Joey see's his demeanor change. He is not drunk anymore but serious and in control of his actions.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A waitress is being sexually abused up against a wall.

Alexander grabs the DRUNK MAN, 25, from behind his neck and digs his thumb deep into his carotid artery. The pressure drops the Man to his knees, allowing the girl to step free.

DRUNK MAN

Aw, you motherfucker.

ALEXANDER

You piece of shit just picked a fight with the devil himself.

DRUNK MAN

She wants it, man.

ALEXANDER

Who said you can touch my girl like that?

JOEY

Compose yourself, Dad, people are watching.

Alexander reassures everyone watching with a smile.

ALEXANDER

Everything's okay, please carry on with the festivities.

The curious People leave the hallway and return to their event closing the door to the Grand Royal Function Room.

Alexander then leans into Joey's ear and whispers.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Take him out back and dispose of him.

JOEY

What do you mean *dispose*?

ALEXANDER

It's exactly what you think it means.

JOEY

Can't we just give him a beating and throw him in the gutter?

ALEXANDER

No, I want him dead. Don't question my authority. This is a chance for you to show your mettle.

DRUNK MAN

Who do you want dead? Please let me go. I won't do it again, I promise.

ALEXANDER

Joey, if I let him go, what's stopping him coming in tomorrow with a machine gun and killing us all. That girl is someone's niece, someone's sister, someone's child.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I have not made it to where I am
just to see it all go to shit
because I grew a conscience.

JOEY

Sorry, Dad, I can't do that.

ALEXANDER

Your brother would have done it
already.

JOEY

I'm not my brother.

Alexander pokes Joey harshly in the chest.

ALEXANDER

Clearly, you ain't ...
You fucking wait here!

Alexander drags Drunk Man by the scruff of the neck into the
bar area. They enter the room and the door shut behind them.

JOEY

I can't be a part of this shit.
What am I doing.

Two minutes later. Joey watches his father walk out alone,
fixing his tie back in place. He frowns and steps up close to
face his disobedient son.

ALEXANDER

I need you to man up. Be the person
you were born to be. You are a
fucking Perrugia. Now get Frank,
he'll know what to do.

Alexander gives Joey a friendly slap on the face and went
into the Function Room to do his thing, business as usual.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Joey opens the thick oak door to the Bar room. Face down on
the floor the Man lay still, choke marks around his neck.

INT. FLASHBACK - SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Six months ago.

Monica is in Surveillance Van listening to wires placed
inside Alexander's Beach Club, facilitated by FBI tech guru
OLIVER, 50, who wears thick framed glasses.

OLIVER

So after a month on these guys you believe you've uncovered a pattern.

MONICA

Tony, restocks the clubs kitchen restaurant every Friday night with a phone call to their supplier. What I found weird, after rattling off various ingredients he would ask one final question.

OLIVER

What's that?

MONICA

How about mascarpone cheese, do you require any this week?

OLIVER

That's an innocent enough question.

MONICA

I believe the last request is a drug-ordering system, disguised as an ingredient.

OLIVER

But Alexander has never been known as a drug dealer. Armored-guard trucks and bank robberies are more his thing.

MONICA

This same request has been asked three times now. Something's not right, that's why we're here.

Tony calls the supplier.

OLIVER

Lets see if he says it again.

TONY (V.O.)

How about mascarpone cheese, do you require any this week?

Oliver turns to Monica surprised.

MONICA

Lets keep an eye open and see who visits the Club.

One hour later, three distinguished gentlemen in their sixties, enter the venue.

District Attorney STEVEN KENNEDY, Judge CARK BURHAM and the Chief of Police, Lee Davis.

OLIVER

What's the Chief of Police doing here.

MONICA

Now I understand why Alexander is untouchable. He has influential people at his disposal. Your right, he's not a drug user, he just caters for people he needs to use to maintain his lifestyle and status.

OLIVER

You know we can't use this information.

MONICA

I know. It's not enough. But I bet if we were to raid the houses of these men we'd find payouts of drugs and large sums of money.

INT. FLASHBACK - MONICA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: One week later.

Monica realizes a change in the restaurant's routine. At the end of a order, no mascarpone cheese is ever mentioned again.

Someone tipped them off.

Her phone rings, but no one answers on the other end. Someone is keeping track of her whereabouts.

INT. FLASHBACK - LOCAL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Monica orders a cocktail and waits alone, ready to confront whoever is going to be sent for her.

Phil walks into the bar, with Rob and Matt who follow behind like sheep. Everyone in the bar is aware of who it is, with a second look and stare. Phil's reputation enough to make most men tremble in fear when confronted.

The BARTENDER, pours Phil a free cold beer as he sits down on a stool beside Monica. She is not intimidated.

MONICA
You know who I am?

PHIL
I know who you are.

MONICA
So am I going to be found in a
rubbish bin tomorrow?

Phil smiles slightly.

PHIL
You have balls.

MONICA
Are you going to kill me?

PHIL
Maybe. My father's not happy.

MONICA
Let me tell you something: your
father doesn't run your life. From
an early age you were subjected to
this life and it has become you.
Don't you want something better for
yourself? I know your mom would've
wanted that for you.

Phil's smile disappears. He grips her arm tight.

PHIL
Don't you ever talk about my
mother, you have no idea!

MONICA
Ahh, let go of me.

PHIL
You've drunk your last cocktail.

Phil pulls her off her chair.

MONICA
Before you kill me, I have one
thing I need to tell you, then I'm
all yours.

PHIL
What is it?

Monica leans in close to his ear and whispers something only he could hear.

Rob and Matt stand and watch.

Monica utters words into Phil's ear and instantly knew she had grabbed his undivided attention. His frame droops and his grip loosens. He is paralyzed by her words.

INT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - RESTAURANT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Present day.

Alexander sits alone in his booth eating his favorite pancakes with a cup of coffee. He appears to be down.

ALEXANDER
They taste different.

TONY
It's the same ingredients I've used
for years for you and the boys.

Alexander smashes a fist on the table.

TONY (CONT'D)
Okay, boss, I'll make some fresh
ones, no problem.

Tony grabs Alexander's shoulder warmly.

TONY (CONT'D)
I'm here for you, Lex, I just want
you to know that.

ALEXANDER
No one should ever have to bury
their own son.

Tony didn't reply. He just pat him on the shoulder as if to say he understood.

Ten minutes later, in walks Ian, Frank and James. Tony confronts them before they approach Alexander.

TONY
Be careful, he rejected my
pancakes.

FRANK
Maybe they were bad.

TONY

Shut up you, nothing's wrong with them. He's not having a good day.

They approach hesitantly at Alexander's booth.

JAMES

Hey Alexander, where's Joey.

ALEXANDER

He's in the gym again getting boxing lessons.

JAMES

The kid's improving, but he's no Phil.

ALEXANDER

Listen, I don't want you three to give Joey a hard time. Make him feel like he is in control.

He receives three apprehensive nods.

FRANK

We stole a white van, filled it up with gas, changed the number plates and tinted the windows.

JAMES

Already to go, boss.

ALEXANDER

Excellent, this needs to go smoothly. Ian, your not going because I want you to do something for me. It's personal.

IAN

Anything, you name it.

ALEXANDER

I want revenge ... I need revenge. Kill for me Leonardo's kid.

FRANK

Do you think that's even necessary ... due to the timing.

ALEXANDER

Eye for an eye. Son for a son. I want this fucker dead!

IAN

Yes sir, I totally understand. I have the perfect explosive device for the job.

INT. LEONARDO'S HOME - VINCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vince writes down a want and need list on a piece of paper. Father's bail, UCLA tuition and fees, laptop, car.

He hears a sound coming from the hedges outside his bedroom window. He takes a quick glance and spots a hooded man throw a silver briefcase under the house.

VINCE

Holy shit!

Vince reacts with haste, sprints down the stairs, opens the front door, just as the house explodes. KaBoom!

EXT. LEONARDO'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Vince can feel the radiating heat on his face as the orange flames continue to burn behind him.

All of a sudden, a cold barrel of a silencer presses up against the pulsating vein of his temple.

IAN

Good buy, Vince.

VINCE

No wait, don't do it. I found the money ... I have it.

IAN

What are you talking about?

VINCE

The two million, I found it. Please, Don't kill me, I'll give it back.

INT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Alexander is enjoying a cigar from his exquisite rooftop penthouse with breathtaking views of the sea. Victoria is throwing on a dressing gown, the bed sheets unmade.

Alexander's cell phone rings, it's Ian.

ALEXANDER

Is it done.

IAN

I have good news and bad news.

ALEXANDER

What's the bad?

IAN

I didn't kill Vince, but I have him with me.

ALEXANDER

So what's the good news?

IAN

The two million dollars, Vince found it.

ALEXANDER

Hang on, let me get this straight. You're telling me that Leonardo's fucking son has my money?

IAN

Yes, sir.

Alexander laughs.

ALEXANDER

That little shit ... Bring him to the club. I need to pay a close friend a visit first.

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Leonardo is not expecting any visitors, so he is more than surprised when he see's Alexander Peruggia walk in dressed in his usual expensive suit and tie.

LEONARDO

What do you want? How the hell did they even let you in?

ALEXANDER

The sheer absurdity, after serving the city for decades as a cop, you are the one behind bars.

LEONARDO

The system is screwed. Especially when it can be bought.

ALEXANDER

My old friend, I just recently was alerted to news that blew me away. Fantastic news that I never expected or saw coming in a million years.

LEONARDO

(sarcasm)

And what is that, my friend?

ALEXANDER

Do you remember the two million dollars hidden by my late son, that was never found?

LEONARDO

Do you mean the son I shot, who was blown up at the Trinity Church?

Alexander frowns a little, otherwise kept his anger in check.

ALEXANDER

That's the one. That money has been discovered. Isn't that great?

LEONARDO

Congratulations. You came all this way to tell me that? Why?

Alexander's grin widens.

ALEXANDER

Think, genius. I'm telling you this because the person who deciphered Phil's clue and found the money was ...

LEONARDO

Vince.

ALEXANDER

Bingo.

Leonardo stood up, gripping a fist on the cell bars.

LEONARDO

If you touch one hair on my son's head.

ALEXANDER

You'll do what? You're in no position to threaten me.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

It's ironic how your son found his way into our little game. It's beautiful, it's karma. Now I will return the favor.

LEONARDO

What favor?

ALEXANDER

Now it's my turn to play cat and mouse with your son, chase him down like a little pig, as you did with mine.

LEONARDO

You just wait until I get out, you just wait. I'm coming for you. You're dead! You hear me, you're fucking dead!

ALEXANDER

I'll be waiting.

Alexander straightens his tie and leaves the holding cell.

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL - PHONE - NIGHT

Leonardo's persistence pays off and is allowed one call to the Chief of Police.

Telephone conversation.

LEONARDO

Hey, Lee, it's Leonardo. I need your help, I don't have time.

DAVIS

What in the hell have you done now? You're behind bars, for Christ's sake.

LEONARDO

It's not what I've done. It's Vince, my boy, he's in trouble.

DAVIS

Trouble, what kind of trouble?

LEONARDO

I was just visited by fucking Alexander Peruggia.

(MORE)

LEONARDO (CONT'D)

I don't know if it's true or not,
but he claims Vince found the two
million dollars his son hid before
he was killed.

DAVIS

You've got to be kidding me.

LEONARDO

Like I said, I don't know if it's
true. He could be playing me again.
It wouldn't be the first time, but
either way he's in trouble.

DAVIS

Okay, so what would you like me to
do?

LEONARDO

If it's true, he's a target. I need
your help to keep him safe, move
him somewhere, protective custody.
Whatever you have to do, until I
get out.

DAVIS

Don't worry, I'll keep him safe.

Phone conversation ends.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - FOYER - NIGHT

Monica walks into the beach club, wearing black Versace
glasses, worn-out tight blue jeans and a dark blue shirt. Her
hair is tied back in a ponytail. She dangles something in her
right hand, something important.

STAFF MEMBER

Good afternoon, Miss Anton.

MONICA

Would you happen to know where Mr.
Peruggia is?

STAFF MEMBER

Yes, of course. He's outside in the
courtyard, the usual place.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - BALCONY - NIGHT

Monica steps outside and takes a moment to observe the sparkling sea that is the Pacific Ocean. She spots Alexander surrounded by James, Tony and Frank who all face him.

Victoria is behind Alexander massaging his shoulders.

Monica removes stilettos and steps onto the sandy courtyard.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - COURTYARD - NIGHT

ALEXANDER

Good, you brought the tag.

VICTORIA

Who's is it?

MONICA

It belongs to Detective Vancini.

Alexander smiles reaches forward and grabs the tag.

ALEXANDER

Don't worry he won't be needing it anytime soon.

MONICA

So where's Joey?

Frank points in the direction of the beach.

FRANK

He's taking a long walk, gathering his thoughts.

JAMES

He has big shoes to fill tonight.

ALEXANDER

Joey's nervous. He's concerned this heist might end up like the last one. He needs to realize if he wants all this to be his one day, he needs to step up.

Monica leaves the group to approach Joey.

TONY

She's not doing him, is she?

JAMES

Fuck, if that's true she moves fast. It's only been a week. I might have a chance.

FRANK

No, I have dibs on that ass next.

JAMES

I'll fight you for it.

VICTORIA

You guys are disgusting.

James tackles Frank off his chair onto the ground. A childish play fight erupts as they roll in the soft sand.

Alexander continues to laugh.

EXT. SANDY BEACH - NIGHT

Joey walks back and forth over his own footprints already dug in the sand. He see's Monica approach him with a smile.

MONICA

Whats up, Joey, you seem stressed.

JOEY

My father thinks I'm nervous about tonight's job.

MONICA

Are you?

JOEY

No! I just don't want to live a life like this anymore. I'm over it.

MONICA

It's funny you say this now. A week ago I remember you begging Phil to join his team.

JOEY

Now I know why he kept me guarded all those years, to protect me from this shit, and now I've become him. He's probably shaking his head up there.

MONICA

Joey, things will change. I promise you, but for now you need to man up and go ahead with the heist. Listen, you'll be okay, be strong, I have your back.

JOEY

Yeah, I know.

MONICA

Let's get back to the group, but give me a hug first.

After a quick sisterly embrace, they head back to the wolves.

INT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ian walks over to Alexander sitting at the head of the table and whispers in his ear.

Alexander nods his head and Ian takes a seat.

The entire Peruggia family, Monica included, are ready to have their last meal before the big heist only hours away.

MONICA

That smells amazing.

JOEY

Tony's lasagne is the best in LA.

TONY

This recipe was passed down by my father, not my mother. Did you know the men are the best chefs in the world.

MONICA

I'm sure they are.

Monica smiles and grabs a serving.

FRANK

That's not the only thing Italian men are good at.

Frank winks in Monica's direction.

JAMES

You're an idiot.

While the gang continues to enjoy their meal, Alexander stands up, walks over to Joey still sitting and places both hands on his shoulders.

JOEY

What's up, Pop? You going to shoot me in the back?

ALEXANDER

No, I need to give you something.

Joey turns in his seat.

Everyone stops to watch Alexander reach deep into his pocket and retrieve a beautiful gold necklace attached to a twenty-four-carat-gold cross.

By the look on Joey's face and the tears brimming in his eyes, he is familiar with the piece.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I think your brother would have wanted you to have this.

Alexander places the cross over Joey's neck.

Joey felt like he is being knighted by the King himself.

JOEY

Thank you, Dad.

ALEXANDER

Tonight you will be great.

Alexander turns to Monica.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

After dinner can I have a word.

MONICA

Of course.

Alexander walks back to his seat, everyone digs into their meal. Happy faces all-round.

TEN MINUTES PASS

TONY

Okay, who's ready for tiramisu?
Frank ... you're a skinny piece of
shit have a slice.

FRANK

Yeah, so I can end up like you, you fat bastard.

Laughter fills the room.

Alexander stands and waves for Monica to come join him in the bar room.

Joey tags along like an overprotective brother.

INT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Entering the bar, Monica and Joey see Vince handcuffed against the refrigerator handle with tape around his mouth.

MONICA

What's he doing here?

ALEXANDER

Believe it or not this little shit found where Phil stashed the two million dollars.

JOEY

Do you have it?

ALEXANDER

No not yet. Monica, I want you to take Vince and go retrieve it.

MONICA

Can this money be my cut. If it weren't for my intel, tonight wouldn't be possible.

Alexander doesn't say a word and stares straight into her hazel eyes.

Monica can only imagine the negative thoughts going through his mind this very second.

ALEXANDER

The money is all going to the club!

JOEY

But, dad. I think she deserves it.

ALEXANDER

Joey, go get yourself ready, you're on tonight. Don't fucking let me down.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

And you miss FBI, you want to be part of our family. Then go fetch me my money.

Alexander storms out of the room.

INT. AMG MERCEDES - NIGHT

The wheels spin, leaving black rubber on the road. Vince is still handcuffed, tape over his mouth in the passenger seat.

Monica calls detective Taylor using the inbuilt car phone.

MONICA

Hey Luke, it's FBI Agent Monica Anton, I need your help.

TAYLOR

Monica Anton! What an unpleasant surprise. What the hell do you want?

MONICA

Listen, at midnight tonight it's going down. The LAPD headquarters holding six million dollars will be robbed.

TAYLOR

So what do you want me to do about it?

MONICA

What do you mean? You have the upper hand, the element of surprise.

TAYLOR

You know, Monica, you seem to know a lot for someone who's claiming to be on our side. Sorry, but I don't trust you.

MONICA

Look, I understand. But you have no idea what danger I've put myself in just by talking to you. If you knew the key players involved, you'd be responding differently.

TAYLOR

Okay, so why don't you cut the bullshit and enlighten me. If what you're saying is true.

MONICA

Okay then, Lee Davis, for one.

TAYLOR

What?! Come on, you're talking about the Chief of Police.

MONICA

Exactly. Unbelievable as it may sound, this goes right to the top of the food chain. How else has Alexander Peruggia stayed afloat for so long? Think about it, don't be stupid. He's been protected by the big dog himself.

Taylor takes a deep breath. He stares blankly at his wife washing the dishes, trying to rationalize all this.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I've been in the middle of Lee and Alexander for way too long and tonight could be my way out, so please, I need your help. It's up to you now to decide what you're going to do with the information. I hope you'll keep an open mind.

End of conversation.

The car pulls up at the UCLA Student Activities Center's empty parking lot.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I'm going to un-cuff you, don't give me any problems unless you want a bullet in your head.

Monica extracts key, removes cuffs and the tape across Vince's mouth, while pointing a gun in his direction.

VINCE

I can't believe you're doing this. Arn't you FBI. You are supposed to be the good guys.

MONICA

No such thing as good guys and bag guys, Vince.

(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)
Sometimes in life you need to do
bad things to get ahead in life.

Vince doesn't reply and takes in what she just said.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Get out of the car.

Vince steps out.

EXT. UCLA STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER - NIGHT

MONICA
Where is the money?

VINCE
It's in my locker, in the men's
change room.

MONICA
Go on, lead the way.

Vince reaches for his wallet and Monica is quick to respond,
with her Glock aiming at his head.

VINCE
Relax, I'm just getting my card.

MONICA
Hurry up.

Vince swipes his card, the doors open and all the lights
automatically switch on.

INT. UCLA STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER - NIGHT

Vince and Monica walk past an eight-lane swimming pool and
toward the white lockers in the change rooms.

VINCE
The lockers work on a magnetic
system that activate when you swipe
your card.

MONICA
Okay, no funny business. Go get my
bag.

The sound of muffled laughter is heard from outside. Monica
swiftly goes to have a look, leaving Vince alone.

With only seconds to spare Vince swipes his locker door, grabs the backpack, extracts two bundles of hundred-dollar bills for himself, leaving the cash behind in his locker before shutting the door.

VINCE
Here's your money.

Vince tosses the bag between her legs.

Monica kneels and opens it. A smile flashes across her face.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Are you going to kill me now? You wouldn't be so tough if you didn't have that gun in your hands.

MONICA
Move, let's go. In that room.

INT. ACTIVITIES CENTER - AEROBICS CLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Monica places her gun onto a nearby table.

MONICA
Okay, Vince, no gun. Let's see what you've got.

VINCE
Are you serious?

MONICA
Let's go. I feel like releasing some tension.

Monica shapes up like a boxer and circles around Vince. She attacks him with a jab to his sternum, then with a right swing-kick to his side. The kick is partially blocked by vince's arm, but the blow still winded him and he winces in pain.

Vince responds with left-right blows to her head. Both of which are blocked and she retaliates with a hard push-kick to his abdomen.

Vince unbent himself and tries to suck in some air.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Come on, Vince, this is what you wanted, isn't it?

VINCE
Stop, okay, you proved your point.

MONICA

Listen, I'm not going to kill you, relax. It might look like I'm the bad guy here, but believe me, I'm not.

Monica retrieves the bag and gun and gestures to the door.

VINCE

Where are you taking me, then?

MONICA

You need to trust me.

VINCE

Trust you? You got what you wanted, it's over, let me go.

MONICA

It's not over ... Now, let's go! Things are going to get interesting tonight and I'm not done with you yet.

INT. ALEXANDERS BEACH CLUB - JOEY'S EN SUITE - NIGHT

Joey splashes cold water onto his face. As water drips down his chiseled jaw line, he see his older brother's reflection in the mirror. He had become him.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - PARKING - STOLEN VAN - NIGHT

Frank, James, Alexander and Victoria are indulging in a twelve-year-old single malt to relax before the big event.

FRANK

What's taking him so long, probably puking his guts out?

ALEXANDER

Give him a chance, Frank.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - JOEY'S EN SUITE - NIGHT

Joey is about to close his bedroom door when he hears a chime incoming mail from his laptop. He quickly checks. An image is attached to the email, sent from an anonymous Google account.

It's a picture of his mom. A thirty year old photo he'd never seen before. She is with a strange man. The two display affection, their cheeks touching side by side.

The man in the photo is handsome, with a chiseled jaw line, blue eyes and straight blond hair.

JAMES (V.O.)
(shouts)
Hey, Joey, let's go!

EXT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - PARKING - STOLEN VAN - NIGHT

Joey joins the group all dressed in black.

A white sports Mercedes screeches to a halt in front of the van. Frank, instinctively steps in front of Alexander, his weapon moves to the drivers seat.

ALEXANDER
It's okay, Frank, it's Monica.

VICTORIA
Yeah, but she's not alone.

Monica steps out of vehicle.

MONICA
Don't shoot, it's me. I'm with
Vince. I Have something for you.

Monica lifts up the black money bag for all to see.

ALEXANDER
Good, you brought my money. Get the
boy out of the car.

MONICA
Vince, get out.

Monica gives Vince a shove and forces him to stand in front of the much tall, Alexander.

JAMES
We are on a deadline, guys. We
don't have time for these games.

MONICA
Alexander, as discussed, here's
your fifth.

JOEY
Fifth? Dad, what's she talking
about?

ALEXANDER

It means, Vince is taking a ride with you all tonight. He's my insurance.

JOEY

Is this necessary? Won't he just get in the way?

MONICA

Joey, your team is entering the LAPD headquarters. Don't you think it's wise having a backup plan just in case something goes wrong?

VINCE

What if I refuse to go?

Alexander steps forward, grabs Vince by the neck and squeezes.

ALEXANDER

You do what I say, when I say it.

Vince feels his windpipe crushing, pain all over his face.

JOEY

Dad!

MONICA

Stop, Alexander, he's had enough.

Alexander lets go and Vince falls to his hands and knees, gasping for breath.

ALEXANDER

Vince is going with you guys. Shit happens and I want to make sure we have a plan B. No mistakes this time.

Alexander launches his body forward, throws his hip into a violent kick in to Vince's stomach.

VINCE

Ahhh!

Vince struggles to breathe.

JOEY

Dad! Stop!

Vince rolls up in a ball, wounded and winded.

ALEXANDER

Pick him up. I need to have a word.

James helps Vince off the ground.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Tonight you will accompany my men. You will help Joey and do whatever he tells you. You will listen and not cause trouble, and if you don't obey, you and your dad will get a bullet in the head. Do you understand me?

Vince agrees with a nod.

MONICA

Do as asked, Vince, and everything will be fine.

VINCE

And you said I can trust you ... How can I when you're just another one of them.

VICTORIA

Let's get going.

ALEXANDER

Remember, son, Lee will give you guys a ten-minute window after midnight. Bring me back my money.

Vince and Joey enter the van, the sliding door shuts and they speed off into the distance.

Standing alone in the empty parking lot, Alexander turns to Monica holding onto the backpack.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I see you're still driving the Mercedes Phil bought you.

MONICA

I love that car.

ALEXANDER

When Vince comes back, kill him. I want no witnesses.

MONICA

Anything else?

ALEXANDER

Lee will be with us shortly after he plays his part. Why don't you come inside and join us for some of Tony's late night desserts.

MONICA

Why not.

Monica accepts the invitation and they walk inside the club.

INT. STOLEN VAN - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: LAPD headquarters, 11.58 pm

Joey, Frank, James and Victoria arrive with new member, Vince, at the downtown LAPD headquarters.

Ex presidents masks are on. Vince has no mask.

They cruise down the steep ramp where they are blocked by a high-security, steel-reinforced roller gate.

JAMES/TRUMP

Cameras?

Frank/Clinton looks up at the surveillance cameras mounted on the walls. A small red light flashes.

JOEY/OBAMA

Time.

FRANK/CLINTON

Five, four, three, two, one, time.
It's midnight.

The camera red lights switch off.

VICTORIA/BUSH

Good to go, cameras are off.

JOEY/OBAMA

Okay, here we go. Ten minutes in and out.

James/Trump slides open the van's door, and in a flash Joey/Obama leaps out with Leonardo's magnetic tag.

EXT. LAPD - ROLLER GATE - NIGHT

Joey/Obama swipes across an intercom mounted on a concrete pillar. The large roller gate starts to slowly lift.

Joey/Obama ducks under.

INT. LAPD - UNDERGROUND PARKING - NIGHT

The Stolen Van enters the underground parking lot and the rest of the team, including Vince step out.

JOEY/OBAMA

Okay, door two. Vince keep up.

INT. LAPD - FIRE RATED DOOR - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Joey/Obama leads the group to Fire Rated Door. He swipes card again, a green light flashes up the computer-coded door lock.

The team sprint up the stairwell to a third entry door decorated with a glass panel in its center.

INT. LAPD - GLASS ENTRY DOOR - NIGHT

Frank/Clinton takes out a pair of infrared goggles and searches inside.

FRANK/CLINTON

No active cameras. No laser beams.
The coast is clear.

JAMES/TRUMP

My turn.

James/Trump elbows the glass and smashes it, creating a hole.

Joey/Obama moves in and snakes his gloved hand through it, unlocking the door. The team move inside.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Joey/Obama cranes his neck to study the vast space.

VICTORIA/BUSH

So far Lee has played his role.

FRANK/CLINTON

This is gonna be a walk in the park.

JOEY/OBAMA

Remember, we have ten minutes to get in and out.

The team moves further inside the bureau.

JAMES/TRUMP

I can't have this on anymore. It's too fucking hot. All this running has worn me out.

James/Trump removes his ex-president mask.

FRANK/CLINTON

Ah, what the hell!

Frank/Clinton removes his mask.

JOEY/OBAMA

What are you all doing? Put your masks back on.

JAMES

No one's in here, boy. Let's just get what we're after and get out.

JOEY/OBAMA

You would never disobey Phil.

JAMES

You're not Phil.

Victoria/Bush removes her mask and follows Frank who takes the lead and they move forward at rapid pace.

James is in third position, but not in any hurry.

Joey/Obama tread with caution, slowly walking with Vince by his side, his eyes roaming the walls.

VINCE

So you know, after this, your father's going to kill me.

JOEY/OBAMA

Just do as you're asked, Vince, and I'm sure he'll let you go.

VINCE

You sure don't know your dad, do you?

Joey/Obama points the P99 pistol at Vince's head.

JOEY/OBAMA

Shut up and move!

INT. LAPD - EVIDENCE ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Frank held the door handle and waves at Joey to hurry.

FRANK
Hurry up, I need the tag.

As his anticipation peaks, Frank pushes down on the handle and to his surprise finds the door is unlocked.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Fuck, the door's open.

VICTORIA
Let's go.

Frank and Victoria don't wait and enter the room.

INT. LAPD - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The evidence room is like being in a large Costco store, framed with rows of floor-to-ceiling shelving units.

Detective Taylor steps forward, aims his Smith & Wesson directly at the suspects, taking them by surprise.

TAYLOR
Don't move, put your hands up in the air.

FRANK
Motherfucker!

Victoria's right hand sneaks down towards her gun.

TAYLOR
Don't even think about it, missy.

FRANK
How did you know we would be here?

VICTORIA
We've been set up.

TAYLOR
Shut up and tell me how many of you are outside?

Frank and Victoria do not say a word.

VICTORIA
You're not going to get away with this.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

We've seen your face, Detective.
You realize now you either have to
kill us all, or your family will
suffer.

The handle turns and into the darkness steps, Muscles James.

Frank takes a gamble and dives behind a shelving unit.

Taylor reacts, aims and fires. But the bullets hit nothing
but metal, ricocheting in the darkness.

Victoria's slow reaction enables Taylor to unload two bullets
into her chest. The force sends her flying backwards, her
body landing on the cold concrete floor like a rag doll.

After killing Victoria, Taylor swings back to James who
charges at him.

JAMES

Who are you, pig?

Taylor fires twice and hits James in the hip and another
bullet smashes into his chest. It slows the big man but
doesn't stop him.

A rage washes over James as he fires his shotgun in Taylor's
direction, forcing him to retreat and hide.

OUTSIDE EVIDENCE ROOM DOOR.

JOEY/OBAMA

Shit! What the fuck's going on.

VINCE

You've been setup.

JAMES (O.S.)

Joey, get in here, I need your
help.

Joey aims his gun at Vince.

JOEY/OBAMA

You follow my lead, don't you dare
leave my side.

INSIDE EVIDENCE ROOM DOOR.

Joey/Obama and Vince step inside and reach James.

JAMES

Take that fucking mask off and
watch my back, boy.

Joey removes his mask.

Cautiously, Joey, Vince and James, walk past the next shelving unit in search of the man trying to take them out.

James pauses for a moment, still armed, and leans against a shelf to take a breather.

JAMES (CONT'D)
My hip is burning.

James glances down at his wound to see blood gash out. With his free hand, he hold tight up against his skin.

JOEY
You've been shot. You need help.

James ignores Joey and moves on.

JAMES
Whoever you are, I'll find you and wring your fucking neck! Come on, show yourself, pig.

Joey and Vince felt safer standing behind James's shadow, obstructed by his larger-than-normal frame.

Gunfire ricochets off metal in the far-right corner of the room. Grunts of men can now be heard in a struggle.

FRANK (O.S)
Motherfucker, I'm gonna kill you.

JAMES
I'm coming, Frank.

Another gun shot is heard.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Frank?

James reaches the far-right corner. A body lay face down and it is not the detectives.

TAYLOR
Drop your weapon. Now!

Taylor aims his gun at James.

JOEY
No, you put your gun down.

Joey steps out from the shadow and shoves his hostage forward, his gun wedged in the back of Vince's neck.

VINCE

Alright, I'm going, relax.

Joey is now face to face with a hardened detective, but he has a bargaining chip. The son of a legend in the department and the reason why he'd been hauled along for the ride.

TAYLOR

Don't do anything stupid.

JOEY

Put your gun down.

TAYLOR

I can't do that. Vince you okay?

VINCE

I've had better days.

TAYLOR

Don't worry we'll get out of this.

James stood there waiting as blood drains his body.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Okay, this is what we're going to do. Joey, you leave and I will not come after you, but let Vince go.

JOEY

You're in no position to give orders.

Frank pushes himself off the ground. Blood trickles from the side of his mouth. The gun in his trembling hands wavers as with a final exertion of energy, he squeezes the trigger, sending a bullet into the back of the detective. One last smile passes across his face before he collapses and dies.

Taylor falls to the floor grasping his back.

James does not hesitate, grabs Taylor's head and twists it until it snaps. A loud crack echoes as his vertebrae parts, killing him instantly.

JOEY (CONT'D)

This was supposed to be an easy in-and-out job ... no deaths.

VINCE

Looks like you got played.

JOEY

I need you to help me, or I swear
I'll fucking kill you where you
stand. Find the light switch.

VINCE

Okay, okay.

The lights flickered on, three corpses come into view,
splayed out across the concrete floor.

JAMES

Shelf W. The money.

JOEY

You heard the man, W. Find it.

Within a couple of minutes searching the long shelf, two
briefcases are found. A note is stuck on the bags that read:
*To be returned to California Bank & Trust. Seven-working-day
holding period ending with tomorrows date.*

JAMES

I feel weak.

JOEY

Hang in there James. Vince go on
that side and grab a briefcase.

Vince slung James's arm over his shoulder while Joey did the
same on his left and together they drag his large frame back
to the underground parking lot.

VINCE

He's so heavy.

INT. LAPD - UNDERGROUND PARKING - NIGHT

Heading towards the get away vehicle an ear-shattering alarm
blasts off.

INT. STOLEN VAN - NIGHT

Joey and Vince struggle but manage to get James inside the
van. The big man slumps to the floor and groans in pain.

JOEY

Go - drive!

Vince turns the key and his foot presses hard on the
accelerator. The van screeches in the underground car park.

VINCE

The roller door is down.

JOEY

Ram it, do it now!

The van smashes into the gated door and takes most of it with them as it bounces out of control.

James gulps his last breath and dies.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - BISTRO - NIGHT

Monica sat with Alexander and ate another tiramisu that is served in a glass cup.

MONICA

This is the best I've had.

TONY

Off course. Two things I don't mess around with. My money and my food.

Monica smiles at Tony as he disappears back into his kitchen.

Ian, lets in Lee Davis who sits down in the bistro and orders a late-night espresso.

TWENTY MINUTES PASS

ALEXANDER

They should've been back already.

MONICA

It's true, they've taken a little longer than expected.

DAVIS

They'll be here.

ALEXANDER

They should've been here twenty minutes ago.

DAVIS

Don't look at me like that, I did my part. I shut down the security systems and gave you easy access into the building.

Ian reaches for his gun and checks to see that his cartridge clip is full. Sixteen in the clip and one in the chamber.

ALEXANDER

You backstab me, Lee, or set me up,
and I'll cut you up into small
little pieces and toss you into the
ocean for the sharks.

Monica observes Davis, who sat deep into his chair, rubbing
the back of his neck.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

The same goes for you, Miss FBI.
Don't you ever fuck with me or I'll
leave you in the street with your
pretty eyes cut out from their
sockets.

Monica does not react as Davis did. She slides herself away
from the source of anger and stood up against the large glass
windows, ignoring his outburst. He did not intimidate her.

INT. STOLEN VAN - NIGHT

The van crashes and submerges its front tires into the
sandbank that is the Alexander Beach Club side-gate entrance.
Joey is thrown around the back of the van like a rag doll.

JOEY

What the fuck, Vince?

Joey regains his balance and sees Vince bolt out of the van.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Don't you even.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - BISTRO - NIGHT

A loud crash noise is heard.

MONICA

It's them. The van is beached in
the sand.

DAVIS

Who's that running away?

MONICA

That's Vince, something's wrong.

ALEXANDER

Let's go.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S BEACH CLUB - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Alexander, Monica, Davis and Ian run to the courtyard to see Joey sprint past, clearly after Vince.

ALEXANDER
He's a slippery little fucker. But
where are the others?

MONICA
(shouts)
Joey, where's the money?

JOEY
(shouts)
The van!

MONICA
Let's go.

EXT. STOLEN VAN - NIGHT

Gun first, Davis peaks inside the stolen van. Lying dead in a pool of his own blood is James accompanied by two briefcases.

DAVIS
What in the hell happened here?

IAN
James is clearly dead.

Ian retrieves the briefcases.

ALEXANDER
You set me up, that's what
happened.

Alexander grabs Davis and shoves him up against the vehicle.

DAVIS
I don't know what you're talking
about. Why would I jeopardize the
operation? I'm just as at risk as
you are!

Davis reacts, whips out a Glock tucked down the back of his trousers and pushes the muzzle into Alexander's chest.

Alexander moves back, staring into the gun's barrel.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
You're not so tough now, are you?

ALEXANDER

Go fuck yourself, Lee.

MONICA

Relax, boys. Let's see what Joey has to say first, before we all kill each other.

Ian drops the briefcases and grabs his gun ready to act.

DAVIS

Don't you even think about it, Ian. I can kill everyone here right now and walk away with the lot?

MONICA

And why would you want to do that?

DAVIS

It looks like you leave me with no choice.

MONICA

Listen, don't be stupid. We can work this out. It's just a misunderstanding, that's all. Put your gun down.

ALEXANDER

Misunderstanding my ass.

MONICA

You're not helping, shut up.

Monica steps forward, blocks Davis's line of fire. His gun now presses against the olive skin of her chest.

DAVIS

I don't understand why you would defend someone like him?

MONICA

Look, Lee, everyone is a little on edge tonight, all we need is -

Before Monica utters another word, she grabs his wrist, twists it until the gun falls from his hand. An elbow quickly follows, landing and fracturing his nose with a crack.

DAVIS

Ahh! You broke my nose. Ahh shit, it hurts!

MONICA

Shut up, you brought it on
yourself.

Alexander smiles at the idiot bleeding in the sand. He reacts, runs forward and lands a kick in Davis's genitals.

ALEXANDER

You pigs are all the same.

Davis collapses to the ground his knees up against his chest.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Ian, take the briefcases to my
suite.

Ian leaves with the money bags.

MONICA

Come on, get up, Lee.

Monica helps the Chief of Police to his feet.

DAVIS

You're blind if you think you can
trust him.

MONICA

He should be the one who's worried.

ALEXANDER

Let's go speak to Joey and find out
what happened tonight. I'll then
decide if you deserve to live or
die.

EXT. SANDY BEACH - NIGHT

JOEY

Vince, stop or I'll shoot.

Joey raises his gun in the sky and fires a warning shot.

Vince stops and raises his arms as Joey approaches.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I can't believe you made me run!

VINCE

Why don't you shove that gun up
your ass?

JOEY

Do you want some?

VINCE

Drop that gun and let's find out.

A showdown is about to take place, as they circle each other.

JOEY

Let's see what you've got.

Joey tosses the gun in the sand and runs at Vince. His shoulder collides into Vince's chest, winding him and causing them both to stumble in the sand.

Vince grabs Joey in a headlock and squeezes, he then swings his leg over his back and locks his legs around his torso.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Oh no, you don't,

Joey swings an elbow back into Vince's stomach, forcing him to let go.

They both push themselves to their feet and circle each other once more.

Joey connects with a left jab. Vince takes the hit and follows in strong with a right swing of his own.

Joey is shaken and falls to his knees.

VINCE

Is that all you've got?

Struggling to stand, Joey can see his father approaching. He closes his eyes for a second, knowing his father would not approve of him losing against a college student.

JOEY

That was a lucky punch.

VINCE

What can I say, I'm a lucky guy.

JOEY

You're so dead.

Joey sways left and right like a boxer. He lands a left jab, then another, then a jump-push-kick that throws Vince backwards on the sand.

Joey quickly leaps on Vince, straddling him like a horse and swingings blows to his head, one after the other. He is out of control.

Blood pours from Vince's nose and mouth. He is defeated but Joey continues to punch at his head.

VINCE
Stop! Stop!

Joey couldn't hear through the red fog of his rage.

Monica fires a shot into the sky.

MONICA
Get off him Joey, that's enough.

Joey stops, stunned, he looks at his bloody hands and the poor boy who felt his fury, his wrath. Who had he become?

Monica, Davis and Alexander stand around Joey. Alexander notices Joey's gun half buried in the sand and picks it up.

Monica pretends not to notice.

ALEXANDER
Come here, son.

Joey walks over to his father with his head held high, but wishes he could go back and change what just happened.

Monica drops to her knees to comfort Vince.

MONICA
You okay?

VINCE
Do I look okay.

ALEXANDER
What the hell happened tonight?
Where is Frank and Victoria?

JOEY
They're all dead. We were set up.

Alexander immediately turns to Davis.

DAVIS
B-bu-bu-but that's impossible.

ALEXANDER
How do you mean?

JOEY

Inside the evidence room, a detective was waiting for us. If I didn't use Vince as collateral, I'd be dead, too.

DAVIS

You have to believe me, Alexander.
It wasn't me.

Alexander slams the handle of the P99 pistol into the side of Davis's head and fires.

The Chief of Police falls to the ground, dead.

ALEXANDER

A general is only as powerful as the men at his disposal and tonight I've lost three.

Alexander, kicks sand over Davis's fallen body.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Okay, Joey, no more games. It's cleanup time. Take this and finish it. He's seen too much.

Alexander offers Joey his pocket knife.

JOEY

I can't do it, Dad.

ALEXANDER

Do as you're fucking told. Don't worry, we'll make it look like he was mugged.

JOEY

Please, Dad, don't make me do it.

MONICA

Leave him alone.

ALEXANDER

You shut up. I haven't even started with you yet. Do it, or do time.

JOEY

I'll do time, then.

ALEXANDER

Do it!

Joey lowers his head in shame.

Alexander swings, lands a backhand that sends Joey's head snapping to the side, leaving a red handprint on his face.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
You're too soft, kid, just like
your fucking mother.

JOEY
Fuck you, Dad.

Joey swings at Alexander who see's the punch coming, sways to his right and easily counters with a stiff jab to his jaw.

Joey grabs holds of his jaw line.

ALEXANDER
Aww come on, son, let's leave the
fighting in the ring ... How dare
you try to hit your own father?

MONICA
How dare you hit your son.

Monica, walks up to stand within inches of the tall bully.

ALEXANDER
I can't take your bullshit any
longer.

Alexander grabs Monica's neck in a bear's grip. His fingers press deep into her flesh, making her knees buckle.

MONICA
Ahh, let go!

Monica tries to escape and is sent sprawling ungraciously into the sand.

ALEXANDER
Stupid, conniving dog. I've wanted
to do that for a very long time.
Killing you is going to be a
pleasure.

Joey steps in his way.

JOEY
No, Dad.

ALEXANDER
Get out of my way. You're a
disappointment, Joey.

MONICA
What about the plan?

ALEXANDER
Plans change.

JOEY
What plan are you talking about?

MONICA
We were planning to set up the Chief. Frame him as the mastermind behind tonight. We have him on tape manipulating the surveillance cameras. It was our plan until your father over there killed him.

ALEXANDER
Three of my men are dead, I decide when the plans change.

MONICA
So, what are you going to do now, Alexander - kill us all? You have the money, it's over.

ALEXANDER
I'll tell you when it's over, Monica. Joey, move out of the way.

Joey continues to hide Monica behind his frame.

JOEY
No, you're not going to kill anyone else.

ALEXANDER
No?! Say no to me once more and I'll put one in your head.

JOEY
I can't believe it's come to this.

Alexander is at boiling point, filled with uncontrollable anger. He turns to Vince left helpless out in the open.

ALEXANDER
You little snake.

Alexander fires a single bullet into Vince's thigh.

Vince screams in agony.

Alexander moves the gun now towards Vince's head.

MONICA

Alexander, don't you even think
about it or your son gets it.

Monica has her gun dug into Joey's backside.

JOEY

What are you doing?

Alexander's focus now shifts back to Monica.

ALEXANDER

You sure are one clever bitch.

MONICA

I haven't even started yet.

ALEXANDER

And you call her your friend, son?

Monica smiles as she holds tight on to Joey's shoulder.

MONICA

I think it's time.

ALEXANDER

Time for what?

MONICA

Time for the truth to come out.

ALEXANDER

I don't know what Phil saw in you.

Monica, still hiding behind Joey, lowers her head and speaks
into her chest. A listening device is planted in her bra.
Someone is listening on the other end.

MONICA

It's time.

Alexander immediately scans the beach and the road in the
distance. Nothing, no sirens, no barking police dogs.

ALEXANDER

So where are your friends, witch?
You setting me up?

Monica gives a hint of a smile.

Alexander raises his gun and aims at Monica who ducks her
head, using Joey as a shield.

MONICA

Watch out now, your only son's life
is at stake.

Bang! A single shot is fired straight into Joey's right calf.

JOEY

Aagh! You fucking shot me!

Grasping his leg, Joey lands on top of Monica's small frame,
but the momentum sends him a touch over to the right.

Alexander approaches, gun ready.

JOEY (CONT'D)

No, Dad!

ALEXANDER

Now, you die.

PHIL

Stop! Put your gun down. NOW!

Alexander looks up, dumbfounded at the intruder. The figure's
silhouette gets larger with every step toward them.

MONICA

Oh my God, this is it.

Joey turns to see her expression. She is beaming. A huge
smile replaces the fear on her face.

MONICA (CONT'D)

This is it, I have waited so long
for this moment.

JOEY

Who is this guy?

MONICA

He's an angel sent from heaven.

Alexander raises his gun toward the stranger.

ALEXANDER

It can't be.

Alexander blinks several times.

JOEY

Is this a joke?

Alexander drops his gun hand as a tear falls down his cheek.

ALEXANDER
My boy.

JOEY
Bro.

MONICA
Baby.

PHIL
Hello, remember me?

Alexander and Joey stand frozen, lost for words.

JOEY
But you were blown up, I was there.
I saw you.

PHIL
No, brother. You mean you saw
someone who looked like me, wearing
my clothes, get blown up.

Joey left Monica's side to give him a bear hug.

ALEXANDER
So you're back from the dead. You
have some explaining to do. Why the
elaborate hoax?

Phil's demeanor changes he steps up close to face his father.

PHIL
I did all this to destroy you.

ALEXANDER
Destroy me? Please. What did I do
for you to hate me so much?

PHIL
You haven't been honest with us.

ALEXANDER
What are you fucking talking about?
What is this, a goddamn
intervention?

PHIL
Mom.

MONICA
Didn't I tell you the truth will
set you free?

Monica aims her gun at Alexanders head.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Vince ... Go ... you're free.

ALEXANDER
No, wait. He's seen too much.

MONICA
Drop your gun, Alexander. I
wouldn't be worried about him right
now. You have family issues you
need to deal with.

Alexander drops his gun in the soft sand.

Vince grunts in agony and pushes himself up to his feet and
hobbles in the direction of the road.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Joey, not so long ago before Phil
and I were a couple, I uttered
these words to him ... Your dad had
your mother murdered.

JOEY
What!? Is it true ...? Why?

ALEXANDER
I did. She was a whore. I caught
her cheating on me, that's why.

JOEY
So you fucking killed her?

Joey pushes his father in the chest.

ALEXANDER
Don't you dare lay a finger on me.

PHIL
Or you'll do what, Dad?

ALEXANDER
You planned all this to get back at
me, eh!?

PHIL
I couldn't be a part of this no
more once I found out the truth. I
was only a teenager when I killed
the man you said was responsible
for Mom's death. My innocence was
changed from that moment.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

It was all one big lie and you let me believe it.

ALEXANDER

So you faked your death?

PHIL

People wouldn't ask questions if I was dead, so I disappeared for a week. It gave me enough time to recover from my bullet wound and retrieve all my money!

ALEXANDER

What money? Ian's taken the briefcases to my suite.

Monica laughs.

PHIL

Ah, yes. Ian. You couldn't imagine his surprise when he saw me in your room. I took my time with him.

JOEY

Why?

PHIL

Because, little brother. Ian played a vital role in Mom's death twenty-five years ago. He now hangs from the wooden beams in Dad's suite.

ALEXANDER

What about Tony?

PHIL

Yes, sorry, fat Tony is dead too. A blade in the neck. Don't worry, it was quick, I liked him.

ALEXANDER

You're sick, son.

PHIL

And I wonder why that is.

JOEY

Monica, I understand why Phil wants revenge, what's your reason?

ALEXANDER

Son, don't believe anything she says. Her words are toxic.

MONICA

My father was the man your wife was having an affair with.

Joey's jaw drops.

JOEY

Oh my God.

PHIL

There's more, Joey, wait.

Alexander turns to Monica with menacing eyes.

ALEXANDER

Now I understand why you were so hard to get rid of. You want revenge this entire time.

MONICA

Alexander, after you found out your wife was sleeping with my father, you had Ian place an explosive in my house. But at the time of the explosion my father was not alone. My innocent mother, who had nothing to do with all this, was with him. God bless her soul.

ALEXANDER

I only intended to kill your father.

MONICA

Don't lie. You knew my mother had found out about her cheating husband and had her killed, too. No loose ends, that's your motto, right?

Joey shook his head.

MONICA (CONT'D)

To make matters worse, when I was taken to the police department for questioning, I let them know about the name I had heard. The name that played over and over in my head. They told me they were going to look into it, but they did nothing. That was the day my hatred for the police grew.

(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

That was the day I told myself I was going to get my revenge and do whatever it took to get ahead in this godforsaken world. I grew up without my parents and I've been waiting for this moment for a very long time. I could've killed you many times, Alexander, but that would've been too easy. I wanted you to suffer, as I did. I wanted you to have no family, no money and leave you broken from the inside out.

Monica aims her gun at Alexanders chest.

JOEY

Wait. You have all his money, killed all his men and now he's lost both his sons. I don't want anything to do with him anymore. You win. That's enough, no one else needs to die.

PHIL

Joey, that's not everything. There's more.

MONICA

I have one more thing to tell you. Then you can decide if you still want him dead or alive.

ALEXANDER

There's nothing else, that's it.

PHIL

You're a liar.

MONICA

Joey, Alexander isn't your biological father.

JOEY

What?

ALEXANDER

You are something else, lady.

JOEY

Dad, is it true?

ALEXANDER

Of course it's not true. That's absurd. I don't know what drugs she's on. Joey, you're my son, my blood. Phil, how can you let this bitch twist your mind like that? I thought I raised you stronger than that. They're all lies.

Monica moves toward Joey and places her hand on his shoulder.

MONICA

Joey, listen to me, your real father's name is Ross Anton.

JOEY

Anton!

MONICA

That's right, he was my father, too. Look at you. You look nothing like your father or brother.

JOEY

I can't believe this!

MONICA

Joey, you're my half-brother.

ALEXANDER

What a load of bullshit, if that's true why did I raise him.

MONICA

You didn't want to be laughed at and ridiculed. So to hide the embarrassment, you named him as your own and had his mother and real father murdered.

ALEXANDER

Don't listen to her. She has manipulated your brother and now is trying to do the same to you.

PHIL

Now do you understand, Joey, why I did what I did.

Alexander approaches Joey.

ALEXANDER

Yes, I admit it, I had her killed.
I'm sorry, son, but it had to
happen. Any woman that cheats on
her husband is not worthy to stay
alive. She broke my heart, but what
Monica is saying isn't true. I'm
your real dad.

MONICA

The photo that was emailed to you
recently was your real father.

ALEXANDER

What photo? Show me.

Alexander grips Monica by the neck. Her death would fill him
with so much pleasure right now.

JOEY

Dad, stop!

ALEXANDER

Ohh - I am your dad now? She's too
dangerous to be allowed to live.

PHIL

I'm going to kill you!

Phil lunges at his father, tackles him onto the ground. He
lands two blows to his father's head, leaving a trail of
blood that runs out from his nose.

ALEXANDER

Is that all you've got, son? You
betray your own father!

JOEY

Stop! You are family.

The fight escalates. Both men grunt as they take handfuls of
each other's clothing as they wrestle each other to the
ground. Elbows are thrown as well as knees.

Phil has the advantage, he is stronger and younger.

Alexander drops to one knee while holding an arm up to block
the blows, scoops up a handful of sand and throws it into
Phil's face.

PHIL

Ah, you fuck! I'm going to kill
you, old man.

Alexander slips out the deadly pocket knife, the same pocket knife Joey refused earlier on.

JOEY

No!

Joey sees all this unfold in slow motion.

Alexander charges with a mighty cry.

Phil just manages to open his eyes, but it's too late. The knife enters his chest in a downward blow. Deeper and deeper it sinks, right into his beating heart.

Phil stares into his father's regretful eyes in shock.

ALEXANDER

I'm sorry.

Phil's hands instinctively reach for the source of the searing pain. They wrap around his father's hands, still holding onto the hilt of the blade.

Joey screams as he runs to his brother's side, pushing his father away. Monica crawls over and kneels beside Joey.

MONICA

This wasn't supposed to happen,
Honey, stay with us.

Phil dies.

Joey stands up, his fists clench, his face twisted with rage. He turns and faced the man he had called, Dad.

JOEY

I hate you!

ALEXANDER

I know.

Alexander looks down at the knife in his hand and observes the blood run down the blade and drip off the end.

Thoughts of suicide creep in to his mind.

MONICA

Go on, do it. Save us all the
trouble.

JOEY

Look what you've done, to my life,
to me. My parents, now my brother.

Feeling dread and hopelessness Alexander does not speak.

Monica reaches for a gun and aims it right between Alexander's brown eyes.

MONICA

There is no escaping death for you tonight, Alexander. All I need is one shot. My parents will be avenged one way or the other.

JOEY

No, don't shoot. Look at him, he's defeated.

Joey jumps in front of his dad and holds up his hands.

MONICA

I don't care. He's going down. Move, Joey.

Head faced down the entire time, dejected and regretful, Alexander slowly raises his eyes to look at Joey.

ALEXANDER

I love you, son. Before she shoots me, I need to tell you something.

Joey hesitantly steps closer.

JOEY

What is it?

ALEXANDER

When I'm gone, you'll find out other truths, son. Truths not many people know about our family, especially your great-grandpa. In the bible, you'll find your answers.

JOEY

Dad, you're talking nonsense.

MONICA

What's he saying?

ALEXANDER

Don't trust her, son, it's all lies. You need to believe me.

MONICA

Enough, move away.

ALEXANDER

Just remember, son, it's in your hands now. Take care of her for me.

Monica's shadow is now cast under Joey's feet.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Joey, I'm -

His knife flashes in his free hand.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Your FATHER!

Alexander propels himself forward, using Joey as a shield. His knife hand punches outward, seeking Monica's neck.

Monica dives to the side in one fluid motion in the nick of time. She squeezes the trigger and empties the entire cartridge.

Alexander is hit several times in the chest, causing him to fly backwards with his arms flailing into the air, killing him and finally getting her revenge.

EXT. PROMENADE - NIGHT

On the main road, five police cars race to the promenade where Vince just steps foot. A black helicopter shines a bright light on him, then advances toward the beach.

A familiar face steps out of one of the patrol cars. His grin widens and tears run down his face as he recognizes the scruffy, unkempt man, it's his old man, Leonardo.

Leonardo approaches Vince and hugs his wounded son.

LEONARDO

Are you okay, son? You've been shot, sit down.

VINCE

I'm okay.

Suddenly Leonardo's radio sparks to life.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Detective Vancini, come in, over.

LEONARDO

Yes, go ahead, over.

HELICOPTER PILOT

We have three down, two targets
still standing, over.

LEONARDO

Keep your lights on them. Don't
lose them. I'm on my way.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Roger that.

LEONARDO

Vince, I need to know, is Alexander
out there?

VINCE

Who do you think shot me?

LEONARDO

I'm going to fucking kill him.

VINCE

Get a ticket, Dad. Listen, there's
something else you need to know, if
you don't know it already. The
Chief, Lee Davis, is corrupt.

LEONARDO

That's what I hear. That's why I'm
here.

VINCE

And Phil Peruggia is still alive.

LEONARDO

Phil! What? Stay here, don't move.
CHRIS, BILL, CRAIG, come with me.

Gun first, Leonardo Leads the way and jogs to where the
helicopter is shining its spot lights.

EXT. SANDY BEACH - NIGHT

MONICA

It looks like the boys in blue are
coming. Come here, you. It's okay.
Give me a hug.

Sheltered in Monica's arms, Joey glances down at his father,
brother and the Chief of Police.

JOEY

How are we going to get out of this? I can't go to jail.

MONICA

You won't, don't worry, I have your back. Just follow my lead. I promised your brother I'll take care of you and that's what I'll do.

JOEY

What do I say when they ask me questions. Do I lie?

MONICA

Just tell them nothing, no one saw you.

JOEY

What about Vince? He saw me.

MONICA

Don't worry about Vince, I'll take care of him. Trust me.

LEONARDO

Get down on your knees, place your hands on your head. This could be a trap, be careful. Eyes to the ground.

MONICA

This is no trap, Leonardo. They're all dead. We're lucky to be alive.

LEONARDO

Check their pulses.

CHRIS

No pulse, sir.

BILL

No pulse.

CRAIG

Same here. All dead, sir.

MONICA

Relax, Detective, it's all over. I'll have a full FBI briefing to your department explaining all this first thing. If you don't mind, I've had a rough day.

LEONARDO
I don't trust you.

MONICA
Geez, I haven't heard that before.

LEONARDO
You're like an octopus with
tentacles in everyone's business.
How can anyone believe you?

MONICA
I can explain.

LEONARDO
No, don't bother. Arrest them and
keep them locked up. I want
statements. Something is wrong here
and I don't like it.

After a pat-down, Joey and Monica are handcuffed and escorted off the beach.

Leonardo kneels down to take a closer look at the man who had been the bane of most of his police life. Alexander Peruggia.

The Commissioner of police approaches from behind.

COMMISSIONER
We got him?

LEONARDO
Yes, we did, sir.

COMMISSIONER
Who's this guy?

LEONARDO
That's Phil Peruggia, his son.

COMMISSIONER
Wasn't he killed a week ago?

LEONARDO
I guess he rose from the dead.

Leonardo looks down at the dead body of Lee Davis.

LEONARDO (CONT'D)
There's nothing worse than a dirty
cop, and you know there are
probably more lurking around.

COMMISSIONER

That's why I need someone like you to weed them out. I want you to be my next Chief of Police. How do you feel about that, Captain Vancini?

LEONARDO

Captain Vancini. I like the sound of that.

INT. POLICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAWN

Alexander leans forward, places his elbows on the metal surface that separates Joey and Styrofoam coffee cup.

JOEY

I hear your the new Chief of Police. Congrats.

LEONARDO

Thank you. So tell me Joey, what happened?

JOEY

What do you want to know?

LEONARDO

What's your role in all this?

JOEY

What role are you talking about?

LEONARDO

Don't play games with me.

JOEY

The only role you need to know, is that I saved your son from certain death tonight. I was the one who stood in a bullet's path for him. The rest don't matter.

Leonardo slams his fist hard on the table, causing the coffee in a Styrofoam cup to splash over.

LEONARDO

It does matter! Too many people have been killed including your father.

JOEY

I didn't kill anyone, if that's what you're asking.

LEONARDO

Tell me what happened, or I'll charge you with murder.

JOEY

Murder? I told you, I didn't kill anyone. You're fishing, you've got nothing.

LEONARDO

I have a witness. You're looking at life.

JOEY

When you say *witness*, do you mean your son, Vince? He's the only one I can think of. The rest are dead. If that's all you have, Chief, I don't like your chances.

LEONARDO

Why do you say that?

JOEY

No one is going to believe a kid who committed fraud by withholding two million dollars over an FBI agent.

LEONARDO

You sure sound like your father.

JOEY

I think I'd like my lawyer now.

LEONARDO

Just tell me, did Monica kill your father?

JOEY

It's all over, Chief, the good guys won, let it go.

LEONARDO

What about the money, who has it? We only recovered two million.

JOEY

Maybe you should ask your son, he's the schemer.

Leonardo reacts and knocks Joey off his chair and pins him down with an elbow in his neck.

LEONARDO
Where is the six million?

JOEY
I don't know. I thought Phil took it.

LEONARDO
Was Monica inside help? Tell me.

JOEY
No, it was Lee Davis.

LEONARDO
That's bullshit. I don't believe you.

The interrogation room door opens and in walks the Commissioner, two FBI agents and the FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Let him go, Leonardo. We're taking over now.

LEONARDO
What are you talking about? We made the arrest, it's ours.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
No, we made the arrest. Don't forget, Ms. Anton is one of ours. We appreciate all your help, but it's now in our jurisdiction.

LEONARDO
Come on, Commissioner do something. Don't let them pull this juristic-shit. You know this case is personal.

COMMISSIONER
Sorry, Leo, it's their case now, they have rank. You need to hand over Joey and Monica.

Leonardo shakes his head while the FBI agents pick up Joey and escort him outside to where Monica is waiting.

LEONARDO
But we have Vince, he saw everything.

COMMISSIONER

That might be so, but the FBI already questioned Vince an hour ago and asked him to write it all down. But he left the paper blank and took the Fifth Amendment in fear for his life.

LEONARDO

Monica got to him.

COMMISSIONER

It's over Leonardo, let it go. Alexander is dead. I promise you there will be more bad guys for you to go after.

TOP MORNING NEWS STORY ON EVERY STATION

Monica's report is leaked to the press. The report underlines everyone's involvement, it becomes the gospel to the events that unfolded, and one of the crucial reasons why Joey Peruggia was allowed to walk free.

The FBI paints her as a hero, giving her the FBI Medal for Meritorious Achievement, awarded for extraordinary or exceptional service in the line of duty.

In her acceptance speech, Monica thanks all her peers and superiors and announces she would be stepping down and resign from duty.

INT. UCLA STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER - DAY

SUPPERIMPOSE: One week later.

Vince returns to the routine of college life. His beaten face is improving with each day. He walks up to his locker, takes a deep breath, opens the door and smiles at the Benjamin Franklin before him.

VINCE (V.O.)

Sometimes in life you need to do bad things to get ahead in life.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - PROMENADE - DAY

Joey takes a long walk down the promenade of Venice Beach, filled with souvenir shops eateries and tourists.

He helps himself to sports drink. As he approaches the counter to pay, he spots many photo frames of various sizes.

Inside each frame is a picture identical to the next. The same two models are smiling at the camera, a man and a woman.

The image of the man is the same image Monica had sent him. The man who was supposedly his real father, her father. It was all a lie. She played everyone from the start.

INT. JOEY'S BEACH CLUB - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

After taking over his father's assets, Joey receives an email regarding an upgrade to the GPS tracking device, still active, attached to Monica's AMG Mercedes.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - UNION SQUARE - DAY

SUPPERIMPOSE: One month later.

The relentless rain fell without a break down the steep San Francisco roads like shallow rivers. The lightning and thunder continues as dark clouds roll over Union Square.

A WOMEN runs into her white sports Mercedes and places her shopping in the passenger seat. The car phone rings and is diverted to another location.

INT. AMG MERCEDES - DAY

Phone conversation.

JOEY (V.O.)
Hello, Monica, I know you're there.
You lied to me.

Monica opens her mouth to speak but quickly shuts it, thinking it is better to stay quiet and see what he had to say.

JOEY (V.O.)
I know Alexander was my real
father.

Monica can hear the rain and thunder pounding in the background at Joey's end of the phone. A loud siren flew past her, kicking up water which sprays over her side window. A second later Monica hears the same siren through the phone.

JOEY (V.O.)
You lied to me!

MONICA
Where are you, Joey? Show yourself.

JOEY (V.O.)

I'm going to make you pay. I lost everyone I loved because of you.

MONICA

Your father deserved to die.

JOEY (V.O.)

Yes, he did, but so do you.

MONICA

How did you find me?

JOEY (V.O.)

You forget it was Phil who gave you your Mercedes.

Joey shows himself a hundred feet away holding a detonator.

He now has a tattoo of the Vitruvian man on his risk.

JOEY

Never fuck with a Peruggia ... See you in hell, bitch.

Monica screams and the car explodes.

Joey smiles as he watches the fire burn uncontrollably. He enjoys it a little too much. He was a Peruggia after all. It was in his blood.

INT. BMW - DAY

The rain continues to pour. Monica sat back in a dark BMW and put her cell down. She watches Joey take his revenge from afar.

She takes in the gift Phil gifted her go up in flames. A gift she'd known would come back one day to bite her in the ass, if she continued to drive it.

Her final masterpiece was to lure Joey in.

Needing a body double to fake her own death, she hired a personal assistant, who resembled her in many ways. She had given her the keys to her Mercedes with a list of chores to do and followed her from afar this past week.

She glances over to the passenger seat and smiles at the six million dollars concealed in the two large duffle bags.

She had all the money in the world at her disposal. She drives away and smiles, finally free.

INT. JOEY'S BEACH CLUB - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

SUPPERIMPOSE: One year later.

MARIE Martino, 36, attractive, European, with olive skin, honey brown hair, hazel eyes. Lies in bed reading a thick book titled, *Art in Renaissance Italy*.

Joey approaches his girl. He stops to the sound of SCRAPING metal coming from behind the bookcase feet away.

JOEY

What the hell is that?

MARIE

What's wrong, babe?

Marie and Joey walk up to the dark-mahogany floor-to-ceiling bookcase with a built on slide ladder. A WHOP noise emits from behind the bookcase and then stops.

JOEY

Did you hear that? I think there's something behind this wall.

MARIE

See if you can find an opening.

JOEY

My dad spent millions on this place. It wouldn't surprise me if he built a panic room. The question is how do we get inside?

Joey looks around the bookcase. He pushes and pulls, but it will not budge.

MARIE

If there's a door, there has to be some kind of access point like a lever, or a button that opens it.

Joey takes encyclopedia volumes off the middle shelf and piles them on the floor. Dust from the books circulates.

Joey spots in the top right corner a dark brown, out-of-place Bible surrounded by books on yachts and boats.

JOEY

Hang on ... Could it be?

MARIE

What?

JOEY

Before my father died, he told me
I'd find answers I seek in the
Bible. I thought he meant I should
turn to religion. He was a staunch
Catholic. Now, I wonder?

Joey slides the ladder and climbs up toward the top shelf. He moves books to the left of the Bible and notices a hinged metal device built into the center of it.

Joey pulls the Bible toward him until it clicks into place. A MUFFLED sound from a mechanism comes from behind the wall.

A part of the bookcase opens slightly outward exposing a slit from an entrance. Dust flies.

MARIE

Shit, you found it.

JOEY

I wonder what's stashed inside?

INT. JOEY'S BEACH CLUB PENTHOUSE - SECRET ROOM - DAY

Joey steps in, Marie follows. An automatic sensor light turns on. The room is cold and large, ceiling and walls are reinforced with sheets of steel. A dark-mahogany bookcase unit with wood paneling wraps around the room with an array of old books: Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Botticelli, and more.

JOEY

Looks like he built a panic room.

MARIE

It feels like a vault in here.

A mahogany desk with a high-backed leather chair sits to one side. The desktop is covered with architectural plans of the California Bank and Trust and the LAPD Headquarters. A framed picture of Joey's brother Phil, sits on the desk. Next to the picture is an empty bottle of tequila and a 9 mm pistol.

JOEY

This must have been my dad's place
of solace after my brother died.

Marie pushes a button found underneath the desk. On one wall, a hidden panel slides open and a painting moves forward. It sits on a retractable ledge encased in a thin glass chamber. A single LED light on the ceiling angles down, switches on.

Joey and Marie pause to take in the masterpiece.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Isn't that the ...? It can't be ...
I don't understand.

MARIE

The brushstrokes are perfect, in
the old sfumato technique. The
flesh tones are rich and vibrant. I
can't see any flaws.

JOEY

What are you saying?

MARIE

Joey ... I think you might have
yourself a genuine Leonardo da
Vinci painting of the *Mona Lisa*.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END