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# Detroitus

Evan Romansky

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Detroitus

by

Evan Romansky

A thesis screenplay presented to the  
Faculty of the Department of  
Screenwriting  
Loyola Marymount University

In partial fulfillment of the  
Requirements for the Degree  
Master of Arts in Feature Film Screenwriting

May 5, 2016

**APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY**

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy  
for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Screenwriting

Student: Evan Romansky Date: 12-10-2015

Committee Co Chair (690): *Jack Hupp* Date: 12-10-2015

Committee Co Chair (691): *Bob DeL...* Date: 5/5/16

Advanced Screenplay Project Title:

~~Ashpan~~ Detroitus

Criteria for advancement to candidacy:

Student has demonstrated sufficient ability and knowledge to complete the thesis project.

Approved to Candidacy

Not Approved to Candidacy

Comments

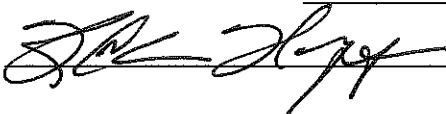
**ADVANCED SCREENPLAY PROJECT APPROVAL**

The Advanced Screenplay Project submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting submitted by the candidate fulfils the requirements and standards set forth in the University Bulletin by the Division.

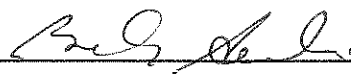
Screenplay Title: ~~Ashpan~~ Detroitus

Student: Evan Romansky Date: 12-10-2015

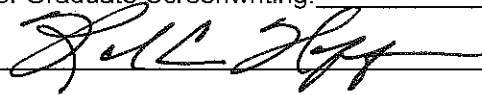
Committee Co Chair: SCWR 690 Karol Hoeffner

Signed:  Date: 5/5/2016

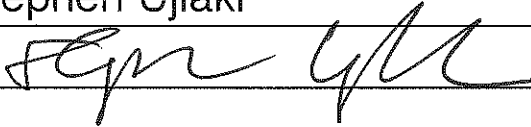
Committee Co Chair: SCWR 691 Beth Serlin

Signed:  Date: 5/5/16

Director of Graduate Screenwriting: Karol Hoeffner

Signed:  Date: 5/5/2016

Dean: Stephen Ujlaki

Signed:  Date: 5/5/16

This feature length screenplay written by

~~Screenwriter's Name~~

Evan Romansky

under the guidance of a faculty committee  
from the School of Film & Television at  
Loyola Marymount University, and approved  
by the members of the committee, has been  
presented to and accepted by the Graduate  
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis  
requirements for the degree of Master of  
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:

Committee Chair: SCWR 690



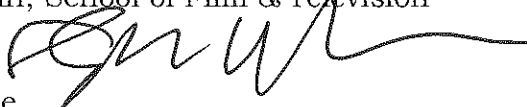
Committee Member: SCWR 691

 5/5/16

Director of Graduate Screenwriting



Dean, School of Film & Television



Date

5/15/16

Ashpan *Detroitus*

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A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,  
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

---

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

---

By

Evan Romansky

---



# DETROITUS

Written By:

**Evan Romansky**

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OVER BLACK:

*Detritus*

Noun | de-tri-tus |

*The pieces that are left when something breaks, falls apart, or is destroyed.*

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

A hulking FREIGHT TRAIN. The gears CHURN. Smoke bellows from the exhaust.

EDDIE (V.O.)

My mother always used to tell me  
that it's better to walk with a  
friend in the dark, than alone in  
the light.

The train barrels down the tracks where two young boys (13) walk side-by-side. One blonde and tall with a scar under his eye, YOUNG DAVID. The other brunette, short, and wearing a Tigers hat, YOUNG EDDIE.

YOUNG DAVID

Sterling Heights isn't that far.  
You and your mom should move up  
there too.

YOUNG EDDIE

I already asked. She said no.

Young David recognizes Young Eddie's sullen demeanor.

EDDIE (V.O.)

I never understood what she meant  
by that. Figured it was another one  
of her half lucid thoughts fueled  
by a fifth of Stoli.

As Young Eddie continues to drag his feet, Young David hits him on the shoulder to get his attention.

YOUNG DAVID

Hey, you see that?

Young David points to the RENAISSANCE CENTER in the distance, the tallest building in Detroit.



YOUNG DAVID (CONT'D)

When we're old and fat, we're gonna  
live on the top floor. And we're  
gonna be kings of this city.  
Because no matter which  
neighborhood we're in, this is our  
city. Okay?

Eddie nods before the tracks RATTLE FEROCIOUSLY. The incoming  
train's horn SOUNDS.

Young David and Young Eddie separate. David to the north side  
of the tracks, Eddie to the south. Young Eddie stares  
longingly at his friend.

EDDIE (V.O.)

But I understand now.

The freighter WHIZZES by. And now we're following THE TRAIN  
as it snakes down the winding steel tracks--

--And through a railroad crossing where a BROWN AND WHITE  
COYOTE watches it pass. The train SCREAMS through the  
depressing industrial sector of Detroit.

STILL FOLLOWING as the lumbering mass tears past a SECTION OF  
RUN DOWN HOUSING.

Where we focus on one shoddy house in particular. EDDIE (now  
33) trots down the eroding steps. His long, greased hair  
emerging from a newer, but still weathered Tigers hat.

He climbs into his RUSTED FORD--

I/E. EDDIE'S CAR/DETROIT - DAY

As Eddie drives, he munches on a Hot Pocket. Looks out the  
window as he passes MICHIGAN CENTRAL STATION, then FORD  
FIELD.

He stops at a traffic light as COMERICA PARK lurks in the  
distance. A HAITIAN SCALPER (20's) flashes tickets in Eddie's  
window, really pushing his pitch--

SCALPER

Jays, Tigers. Third row. 100 for  
the pair. You can't pass that up.

EDDIE

Tell Vic he needs to lower his  
prices if he wants to sell  
anything.

Eddie rolls up his window and keeps driving, now into an unsavory part of town where we see--

--Crumbling infrastructure.

--Police tape cordoning off crime scenes.

--Abandoned auto factories, running rampant with squatters.

Before he pulls off into the parking lot of--

EXT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Where LATIN (18)-- Mexican, inexperienced and eager-- tries to keep warm. Eddie hops out of his car and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Hands one to Latin.

LATIN

This fuckin' city man. Can't even feel my toes.

They each light before Eddie unlocks the chain link gate.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Eddie and Latin stroll into the cluttered garage. Latin flips on the lights. A TRUCK is up on the jack. Another CAR has its door removed. Mechanics tools are scattered around. PARTS line the walls.

LATIN

You know my cousin's in Miami. Supposed to be 83 today. 83! I don't think it's ever been that warm here. You ever been there?

EDDIE

No.

LATIN

I'm going. Soon as I get enough money, I'm there.

Eddie laughs.

LATIN (CONT'D)

What's so funny about that?

EDDIE

My old man was a piece of shit. But he taught me that there's only two ways out of Detroit, prison and death. So I'd get a warmer jacket, cause you're not going anywhere.

Eddie walks over toward the office door, unlocks it. Upon opening it he finds--

DOM (50's)-- fat, bearded-- drunkenly asleep on the 70's era couch, empty bottle of whiskey next to him. The look on Eddie's face letting us know this is a common sight.

FRONT OF THE GARAGE

Latin checks a mail slot. Inside... there's a set of KEYS before Eddie emerges from the office.

LATIN

Hey... I think we've got one.

EXT. DOM'S GARAGE, SALVAGE YARD - DAY

Eddie and Latin parade around the salvage yard, rich with HUNDREDS OF RUSTED CARS.

Eddie finishes his cigarette and flicks it to the ground. Latin does the same, imitating him.

They settle in front of a car covered in a blue tarp. Together, they whisk it off, revealing a BLACK FORD TAURUS.

Eddie stares inside. BLOOD SPATTER coats the backseat.

LATIN

Looks like a mess.

Eddie inserts the key and POP goes the lock. He opens up the passenger door as Latin leans into the driver's side.

Eddie opens the glove compartment. Inside, an ENVELOPE. He opens it up, a thick stack of hundred dollar bills.

EDDIE

You good at math?

LATIN

Made it through sophomore year.

Eddie tosses the envelope to Latin.

EDDIE

Longer than me. Count it up. If it's over ten thousand that means it's stolen and they'll want it gone as soon as she's ready.

LATIN

Who's they?

EDDIE

We don't ask. Keeps us from knowing too much.

Latin eagerly rushes back toward the garage.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

A WEDDING PHOTO. Of DAVID and a beautiful blonde STELLA.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Protestors are calling for the resignation of Captain Greg Deemer following the suspension of two Detroit Narcotics officers...

Another PHOTO: of David graduating from the Police Academy.

And lastly, a PHOTO of an adult David and Eddie at a Tigers game. Happy, smiling. Arms around each other like brothers.

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

Who are alleged to have been employed by the Giacalo crime family for several years.

STELLA (30's)- blonde, beautiful- lies half-naked. She watches the news as the faces of OFFICERS MENDEZ (Hispanic 30's) and FORRESTER (white, 40's) are shown.

STELLA

I was thinking we could try that new restaurant over on Barrington tonight. Barbara raves about it.

DAVID (33)-- thick build, scar under his eye-- peeks out from the bathroom as he brushes his teeth.

DAVID

You know it's me and Eddie's night at The Yard tonight.

Stella lifts herself off the bed as David emerges.

STELLA

I know he's your friend, but--

DAVID

--He's not a friend. He's family.

STELLA

Family doesn't only come around  
when he needs money.

David brushes past her, sneaking glances of the broadcast as he throws on his dress shirt.

FIELD REPORTER (V.O.)

The decorated officers are  
scheduled to appear at a deposition  
today which will determine whether  
they will face formal charges  
ranging from racketeering to first  
degree murder.

DAVID

I told you not to watch this.

He quickly turns off the TV before throwing on a tie. He fumbles with it, clearly a bit anxious.

STELLA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hit a  
nerve. We'll do it another night.

Stella wraps her arms around him and starts to tie the tie.

DAVID

Am I crazy for going ahead with  
this?

STELLA

Cops are supposed to enforce the  
law, not break it.

DAVID

Six months ago they would've taken  
a bullet for me. Now I wouldn't be  
surprised if they try and put one  
*in* me.

STELLA

You don't mean that.

Stella senses a vulnerability in him. She lifts up his chin.

STELLA (CONT'D)

If anyone does come after us, we'll fight back. Because I want our future children to know that their father will do whatever it takes to protect what is right.

He gives Stella a kiss as they embrace.

OVER: THE SOUND OF A POWER DRILL.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

--Eddie lays the drill into the license plate of the Black Taurus, removing the screws. He pulls it off.

--Latin carefully counts and organizes the cash.

INSIDE THE TAURUS:

--Eddie unravels a tarp and covers the bloodied backseat.

--He searches cupholders, the glove compartment, etc. Looking for whatever valuables he can find. He comes across a cheaply made GOLD LOCKET. He pockets it.

--Lastly, he fastens a POLICE SCANNER onto the dash.

He flips it on. STATIC. He messes with the frequency when Latin walks over.

LATIN

\$12,000. I counted it twice.

Eddie peeks out from the car as the Scanner finally CRACKLES.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

92, we're gonna need your assistance outside of the station. The crowd is turning ugly.

EXT. DETROIT P.D. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A MOB-LIKE CROWD CURSING, CHANTING.

Signs say, "END THE CORRUPTION". "SAVE DETROIT".

David peers down from his office window.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

There are boxes filled with belongings, looking like he's just moved in. His desk covered with STACKS OF FILES.

He unloads a picture. It's of him and TWO OTHER COPS, MENDEZ and FORRESTER, the same faces from the news broadcast.

He looks out toward the hallway, notices a LARGE OFFICER strolling by who gives David a sinister glare.

CAPTAIN DEEMER (O.S.)  
You're not their friend anymore.

In the doorway, CAPTAIN GREG DEEMER (50's)- tall, thin, brooding. David quickly tucks the photo back into the box.

CAPTAIN DEEMER (CONT'D)  
They feel like you've hurt them,  
but with all wounds, it only takes  
time to heal.

DAVID  
Thought you'd be far away from here  
today, Captain.

Deemer struts to the window, stares down at the crowd.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
Oh, Diane wanted me to stay home,  
but I won't let them back me into a  
corner. Two hundred attention  
seekers, trying their best to feel  
empowered for the day, so they come  
down here and call two good men  
murderers, our department corrupt,  
not knowing a lick of the truth.

DAVID  
To be fair, the truth seems a bit  
ambiguous right now.

Deemer looks on at David, unfettered.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
Forrester and Mendez have been two  
of my best officers for years. You  
know that better than anyone.

Guiltily, David refuses to make eye contact.

CAPTAIN DEEMER (CONT'D)  
 All I'm saying is before you walk  
 into that deposition, just do  
 yourself a favor... know for sure.

DAVID  
 Anything else, sir?

Deemer holds up a NAMEPLATE.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
 Mistakenly got delivered to us.  
 Thought you might want it.

Deemer places the nameplate on David's desk reading: *David Remur, Internal Affairs.*

CAPTAIN DEEMER (CONT'D)  
 They come in handy... in case you  
 forget who you are.

OVER:

CAR 71 (V.O.)  
 Dispatch, this is car 71, can you  
 give us that address one more time?

INT. BLACK TAURUS - DAY

Eddie drives as the Dispatcher plays over the Scanner.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
 1242 Lincoln.

Eddie pulls up to a red light. Peers out his window. TWO COPS  
 exit a convenience store and walk alongside his car.

Eddie grips the wheel a little tighter. He waits for the  
 light to turn green as the cops walk past, not paying  
 attention. Finally, he's back on the move.

He keeps his head on a swivel. A sense of nervousness and  
 professionalism as if he's done this before.

His eyes gravitate toward the rearview mirror, where he  
 notices a POLICE CRUISER a couple of cars back.

Eddie breathes a little heavier now. He quickly makes a left  
 turn, pulls down an empty side street.

Waits for it. Waits for it. Finally, the cruiser does the  
 same. He makes a right. And then another quick left.



Peers in the rearview mirror.. the cruiser FOLLOWS.

EDDIE

Shit.

Eddie's breath QUICKENS.

As the cruiser speeds up, Eddie's foot lays on the gas a little more emphatically.

Up ahead, a yellow light changes to red. He speeds up, not looking like he's going to stop. Faster... until finally he lays on the brakes and the car SCREECHES to a halt.

CAR 91 (V.O.)

Dispatch this is car 91, I'm following a Black Ford Taurus with temporary tags JZP541. Think you can run them for me?

DISPATCHER

Yes Car 91, running now.

Eddie's hands are sweating now. It drips off the wheel as he peers up at the light, begging it to turn green.

Finally, it changes. Eddie drives, this time getting onto the entrance ramp of the freeway.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

91, those tags are for a 2004 Ford Explorer.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Taurus pours onto the highway, followed by the Cruiser.

CAR 91

Copy. I'm seeing them on a Black Ford Taurus. Gonna check it out.

The cruiser lights SWIRL as Eddie heart drops.

Eddie puts his hand on the GLOCK tucked into his waistband as he lays his foot on the gas. The speedometer burns past 40, 50 before--

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

91, we have a robbery suspect on foot, corner of Willmore and Washington. Can you to respond?

CAR 91 (V.O.)  
Car 91 responding.

The Cruiser quickly pulls around Eddie's Taurus and speeds onto the exit ramp. Eddie relinquishes his grip on the gun as he can take a deep breath.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David pulls out a file marked FORRESTER/MENDEZ.

**INTERCUT WITH--**

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Out in the wilderness, Eddie leans against the hood of the Taurus watching a FREIGHT TRAIN buzzing by in the distance.

--David flips the file open. The first page, the two photos of his former colleagues. The same mugshots we already saw.

Once the train is out of sight, Eddie reaches into the backseat and pulls out a cannister of gasoline.

--David flips to the next page, words popping out: ***Informant states he witnessed Officer Forrester pull the trigger inside the vehicle.***

Eddie dumps the gasoline all over the car. Inside, outside, he covers every square inch.

--David flips to the next page. A WOMAN'S BLOODIED BODY.

Eddie lights a cigarette, takes a drag and tosses it onto the car. It immediately ERUPTS into FLAMES.

--David flips to the next page. The MISSING CAR. And it's the BLACK FORD TAURUS Eddie was driving.

Eddie stands back and watches the flames CRACKLE and POP.

INT. DOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Dom sits in his chair, watching his out-of-date Box TV. Eddie slides into the doorway. Dom doesn't even look up.

DOM  
You've been here long enough to  
know we don't move stolen cars when  
it's light out. It's too risky.

EDDIE

I ran the plates. There was nothing on it yet.

Dom tosses him an envelope. Eddie sifts through the cash.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ten percent is 1200. This is 600.

DOM

Break a rule, you lower your cut.

Eddie angrily hits off the TV, forcing Dom to look at him.

EDDIE

That's bullshit. We had an agreement. I come on for ten percent of every job.

DOM

I'll tell you what, you call your lawyer, I'll call my lawyer. We'll have the two Jews battle it out. Hell, we can even bring in a judge to rule on my payouts to you for destroying moving crime scenes. Sound like something you're interested in?

Eddie sinks his head as Dom flips back on his TV.

DOM (CONT'D)

Your father told me to look out for you and that's what I'm doing. And if you don't like it, go back to the factory I found you at... I think there's still a few bricks left standing.

Eddie shakes his head and walks out.

EXT. EVERLEIGH HOSPICE CENTER - DAY

Eddie's Ford pulls into the sparsely filled parking lot.

INT. EDDIE'S FORD - DAY

Eddie sifts through his cut of the money. He pockets a twenty, putting the rest back into the envelope.

INT. EVERLEIGH HOSPICE CENTER, COMMON ROOM - DAY

Eddie nods at the overweight receptionist, BERTIE (50's).

EDDIE  
Morning, Bertie.

He scans the common area, walks up to a beautiful, dark skinned woman sitting at a Nurse's station, SUGAR (30's).

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
How's she doing today?

SUGAR  
She'll be happy to see you.

Sugar notices the gold chain hanging out of his pocket.

SUGAR (CONT'D)  
Is that for me?

EDDIE  
What? Oh... uh this?

Eddie pulls out the locket. Sugar lights up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah... call it a one month anniversary gift.

SUGAR  
Actually, it's only been 23 days, so let's call this the three week gift and then next week, I'll expect something bigger and shinier.

Eddie and Sugar share a smile before she opens up the locket, a picture of a five-year-old girl inside.

SUGAR (CONT'D)  
And without a picture of someone else's child...

EDDIE  
Sorry. I should've looked in it before I bought it.

She kisses Eddie on the cheek.

SUGAR  
Thank you. I'll buzz you in.

The doors BUZZ and Eddie walks through, Sugar smiling at him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie struts down the hall. An administrator, MRS. CLIFFTON (50's)-- stern, no nonsense-- tails him.

MRS. CLIFFTON  
Mr. Bankowski.

Eddie doesn't even turn around.

EDDIE  
No thanks on your daughter's Girl Scout Cookie's Mrs. Cliffton. I'm already stocked.

MRS. CLIFFTON  
Mr. Bankowski.

Finally, Eddie turns around, a principal scolding a student.

MRS. CLIFFTON (CONT'D)  
I need to see you in my office.

INT. MRS. CLIFFTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. Cliffton grabs a seat behind her desk. Eddie fishes the envelope out of his pocket and tosses it to her.

EDDIE  
There's 580 right there. From what I owed for last month.

Mrs. Cliffton stares at the wad of cash.

MRS. CLIFFTON  
Typically accounts are set up so money can be deposited. Checks are acceptable as well.

EDDIE  
I've never been one for the banks.

MRS. CLIFFTON  
Regardless, this isn't even close to what you owe. Our records show you're backlogged over \$1500.

EDDIE  
Well to be fair, the doctors didn't give my mom this long. The stubborn Pollock in her just won't quit.

MRS. CLIFFTON

We've given you more than enough time to get your financial situation in order. We have a waiting list fifty names long with those who are able to meet our requirements.

She pulls out a pamphlet and slides it across to him for another hospice center, SUNNYDALE ACRES.

MRS. CLIFFTON (CONT'D)

She'll get the same level of care but at a lower monthly cost.

EDDIE

I put her here because she deserves the best... these other places, I've done my research, alright? There's abuses, the food is shitty, they don't even shower them sometimes... she don't deserve that. Please, what can I do?

Mrs. Clifton has a moment of weakness but remains firm.

MRS. CLIFFTON

Get the money by Friday. Or else there's nothing more to be done.

INT. DORIS' ROOM - DAY

Eddie stares at his mother, DORIS (70's)- oxygen tubes running through her nose. She sits in a rocking chair, as she rattles off at the mouth, clearly not all there mentally.

DORIS

They come and they tell me Father Murphy is going to bless me and say some prayers when obviously he's a faggot and I just wanna know who's making these decisions?

EDDIE

I don't know, ma.

Doris momentarily calms down as she eyes Eddie.

DORIS

You know who visited me the other day? Your father.

EDDIE

No he didn't, ma. He's dead.

DORIS

As God as my witness, he was sitting right there. He looked so handsome, like a Jimmy Stewart.

EDDIE

How would you even know what he looked like? He was barely around.

DORIS

(angrily)

Yeah because you were a faggot. I didn't even want a son, have I told you that? A curse you were.

Eddie maintains his calm as he kneels beside her, sincerely.

EDDIE

Ma, you don't mean that.

DORIS

Yes I do.

EDDIE

Ma.... Look at me.

Doris makes unwilling eye contact with him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You don't mean that.

The longer she stares, the more she realizes what she said. Her eyes well up as she places her hand on Eddie's cheek.

DORIS

I'm sorry.

Doris SOBS into her son's shoulder as we see Sugar standing in the doorway, watching it all transpire WHEN--

Sugar's phone BUZZES. From UNKNOWN. She rejects the call.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

David sits alongside DISTRICT ATTORNEY WALTERS (40's) and JUDGE CANTON (60's) as they sit across from a lawyer MCGILL (40's).

David TAPS his pen on the desk as he looks at the TWO EMPTY CHAIRS for Forrester and Mendez, disheartened.

JUDGE CANTON

I'm going to grant Mr. McGill's request for a 24-hour stay, at which point, if Mr. Forrester and Mr. Mendez fail to show even a minute late, they will be held in contempt of court.

Judge Canton slams his GAVEL.

EXT. CITY HALL, PARKING LOT - DAY

David walks to his car, a BLACK CHRYSLER. He opens up the door when he notices his front left tire is FLAT. It's clear it's been slashed. David SLAMS his door shut in frustration.

EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

A neighborhood dive nestled near the railroad tracks.

INT. THE YARD - NIGHT

Eddie sits at the bar nursing a beer as he solemnly glances down at the pamphlet for Sunnydale Acres. All of a sudden, someone grabs him.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're under arrest motherfucker.

EDDIE

What the--

Eddie turns around to find David.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You asshole.

They exchange a laugh as they hug, one that feels more brotherly than friendly. David greets the bartender JIMMY.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Where the hell've you been? I was waiting for over an hour.

DAVID

Which means I need two doubles to catch up.

Jimmy places a bottle of Jameson down and pours two doubles. David quickly slings them both back without hesitation.



INT. THE YARD - NIGHT

David wobbles back over to the pool table where he and Eddie are knee-deep in a game. Eddie buries a ball in the corner pocket. He's clearly got some skill.

EDDIE

Been a while since you've come all the way downriver. I see you more on TV than I do in person... Those cops really guilty?

DAVID

I don't wanna talk about work. How's your ma?

Eddie lines up his next shot as his demeanor sours.

EDDIE

Cancer's back again.

DAVID

Shit. I'm sorry.

Eddie buries another ball, before lining up his next shot.

EDDIE

I got her over at Everleigh, at least for now. You wouldn't believe how much costs to keep someone alive.

DAVID

You need some money?

At the sound of the question, Eddie MISHITS the shot.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know the plant closed down and... I just want you staying out of trouble.

EDDIE

Christ, I did my six months at Newberry and I swore to you I wasn't going back.

David pulls out his checkbook and scribbles. He rips it off and hands it to Eddie. A BLANK CHECK.

DAVID

Hold onto it... just in case.

Eddie stares at the check in his hand. The answer to his problems. But he hands it back.

EDDIE  
I don't wanna be your charity case  
anymore, Davey.

Surprised, David tucks the check back into his pocket.

DAVID  
Well, then shots on you.

EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

Eddie drags the drunken David out of the bar. Stella waits in David's Chrysler and opens the passenger door.

STELLA  
This looks promising.

EDDIE  
(joking)  
Don't worry, I paid off the hookers  
so they wouldn't say nothing to  
anyone.

STELLA  
As if you had the money to actually  
do that.

The drunken David finally climbs into the car. As Stella walks around to her side, Eddie sincerely grabs her arm.

EDDIE  
I know you don't think much of me  
right now. But pretty soon, David's  
gonna be all the family I've got.  
And I just want you to know that  
I'm not gonna mess that up. Okay?

Stella nods, somewhat surprised by him. She climbs in.

STELLA  
Goodnight, Eddie.

EDDIE  
Take care of him. He's my brother  
from another mother.

David's nearly passed out. Eddie waves as Stella drives off.

INT. STELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

A few moments of silence before--

STELLA  
How much did you give him?

David doesn't respond, staring out the window.

STELLA (CONT'D)  
We're trying to save money for a  
family, David--

DAVID  
--I didn't give him anything, okay?  
I tried to, but he didn't take it.

For the first time, we see some tension between the two.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie digs through his closet until he removes a LOCKBOX. He opens it up and rifles through the spare bills and change. There's nothing more than TWENTY DOLLARS.

Eddie drops his head, wondering what his next move is.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David's Chrysler pulls into the driveway behind the silhouette of a WHITE CAR.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stella drags David into the bedroom before he drunkenly flops onto the mattress.

STELLA  
Barbara's having a rough night. I  
think I'm gonna go check on her.  
But if you need anything just give  
a call.

She's about to walk out before--

DAVID  
Someone cut my tire today...

This stops her.

STELLA

Who?

DAVID

I don't know. But they're trying to  
get in my head.

Stella walks back and kisses him on the forehead.

STELLA

Then, don't let them.

Before heading toward the door.

DAVID

I love you.

Stella stares back, like it's the last time she'll see him.

STELLA

I love you too.

She turns off the lights.

EXT. DOM'S GARAGE - MORNING

Eddie walks toward the entrance with a cigarette hanging out  
of his mouth. He walks into--

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Where he moves through the floor and pokes his head into  
Dom's office...

Only to find Latin, counting STACKS OF CASH.

LATIN

We got a big one.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

David wakes up and rolls over, looking to spoon with  
something... but all he's got is a pillow. He opens his eyes  
to find nothing but untouched sheets next to him.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

David stumbles down the steps, still a bit out of it.

DAVID

Stella?

He puts on a pot of coffee, rubbing his temples, hungover.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Stella?!

EXT. PORCH - DAY

David opens the front door, coffee in hand. Looks toward the driveway. Only sees his Chrysler. The other car is gone.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Eddie stands next to Latin and Dom as they stare at... a 2009 WHITE COROLLA.

Eddie inspects it. The inside, clean. No blood. The outside: no dents, not even a scratch mark. The windows, spotless.

EDDIE

You run the plates?

LATIN

They're clean.

DOM

Regardless, it doesn't move until tonight... You got it?

Eddie and Latin both nod.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

David sits on the edge of his bed, staring down at his phone. No MISSED CALLS. No NEW MESSAGES.

He dials Stella's number. It goes straight to VOICEMAIL.

STELLA (O.S.)

Hey it's Stella, sorry I--

He hangs up. Tries another number.

DAVID

(into phone)

Hey Barbara, it's David. I can't remember if Stella said she was staying over at your place.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)  
If you could give me a call, that'd  
be great. Thanks.

He hangs up his phone, bothered but not yet overly worried.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

-Eddie takes the drill to the license plate and unscrews it,  
removing a PENN STATE NITTANY LIONS ALUMNI frame.

LATIN  
Penn State fan? The son of a bitch  
deserves whatever he got.

EDDIE  
Don't talk about what may or may  
not have happened in these cars.  
Assumptions get you into trouble.

Latin nods as he plants a police scanner on the dash.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

David, Walters, and Judge Canton wait as Forrester's and  
Mendez's chairs remain EMPTY.

JUDGE CANTON  
I'm officially holding Officers  
Alan Forrester and Joaquin Mendez  
in contempt of court.

David's not paying attention. Constantly checking his phone.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

David empties into the hallway alongside the irate Walters.

WALTERS  
Complete bullshit. McGill knew they  
weren't gonna show. Imagine when  
this gets out how this'll look.

DAVID  
We'll find em'.

Walters peels off before David's phone RINGS. He quickly  
scrambles to answer it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Barbara.

BARBARA (O.S.)  
I'm sorry to return your calls so late, I had a doctor appointment.

DAVID  
Did Stella take you?

BARBARA (O.S.)  
Stella? No, Gloria.

DAVID  
When did Stella leave last night?

BARBARA (O.S.)  
She never came. I figured she fell asleep. Why?

David's face goes pale.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

David walks past VARIOUS OFFICERS bustling back and forth, some of which are less than thrilled by his appearance.

He approaches an office door for COLBY HARRIS: LIEUTENANT. He knocks before opening the door, COLBY (late 30's) wrapping up a phone call.

COLBY  
(into the phone)  
I assure you we're doing everything we can to find it. Okay. Bye.

He hangs up the phone as he jots down some notes.

COLBY (CONT'D)  
Call after call about a sighting of a Mexican coyote that animal control insists doesn't exist. You're lucky you're off beat. What's up?

DAVID  
Stella never came home last night.

Colby immediately perks up.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
She said she was going to Barbara's but she never made it there.

COLBY  
Is there reason she'd be gone?

DAVID

Of course not. I mean, I don't know, we may have had a disagreement last night but I was drunk so--

COLBY

You were drunk, which means she could've told you something that you may not have remembered.

David is getting visibly frustrated.

COLBY (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is if I reported all the missing spouses that have "disappeared" for a few hours, I'd never be able to sleep.

DAVID

Mendez and Forrester never showed for their deposition.

COLBY

If you're insinuating that they have something to do with this, then this isn't the time or place to be throwing around farfetched accusations like that... Look, I understand you're worried, but until it's been 24 hours, my hands are tied.

Colby hops back on the phone, leaving David defeated.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sugar straddles Eddie as they make out on the couch. It's getting more intense. More passionate.

She slips off her shirt. He kisses her abdomen, slowly moving his way up. Her lips open in pleasure.

But as he gets closer to her breasts, she shudders and quickly hops off of him. Eddie sinks his head, disappointed.

SUGAR

I'm sorry. I thought I was ready.

He walks over to her and she turns away in embarrassment.



SUGAR (CONT'D)

Look, if you don't wanna keep doing this, I understand. I don't know what's wrong with me.

EDDIE

Nothing's wrong with you. You laid out what you'd been through when we met... I just wish you would tell me his name.

SUGAR

You know I'm not gonna do that.

Eddie faintly smiles.

EDDIE

Look, I've gotta go anyway. Got a Camino that needs a turnaround by morning.

Eddie slips on his clothes before he gives her a big, passionate kiss.

SUGAR

What was that for?

EDDIE

Just in case I can never do it again.

He walks out of the apartment as Sugar's smile fades. She slips her phone out of her pants and scrolls through the FIFTEEN MISSED CALLS from UNKNOWN.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE, LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie sits at his locker, pulls out a GYM BAG. Unzips it and pulls out a Glock. He loads a fresh magazine into it before snapping it back into place.

Latin appears in the doorway.

EDDIE

Wait a half hour before meeting me at the quarry.

Latin nods, taking his responsibility seriously.

EXT. DOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

RAIN has started to fall.

We see the Corolla slowly pull out of the parking lot.

INT. COROLLA - NIGHT

Eddie drives, hand gripping the wheel tightly, smoking a cigarette. The city lights distancing behind him.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David walks in the door, anxiously.

DAVID  
Stella?!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He flips on the light. Just the way he left it. He quickly dials on his phone.

DAVID  
(into the phone)  
Colby, it's David.

INT. COROLLA - NIGHT

Eddie drives as it starts to RAIN HARDER. His windshield wipers work feverishly. The police scanner picks up STATIC--

DISPATCHER  
All post bulletin, all post  
bulletin--

It starts to CUT OUT. Eddie tinkers with it WHEN--

THUMP. Where did that come from? He waits... then another THUMP, this time LOUDER.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Eddie pulls the Corolla to the side of the country road. He walks out, waiting for the sound... but doesn't hear it.

EDDIE  
Piece of junk.

He's about to climb back in when THUMP! Loud enough for him to know that definitely came from the trunk.

He tries the latch. But nothing pops open.

He ambles toward the trunk, stares at it. Tries to pry it open with his fingers. It doesn't budge.

THUMP. THUMP.

Eddie moves back to the driver's door. He notices the loose screws on the cover for the latch. He twists them until the cover breaks free.

He pulls back the flooring when the shine of an object catches his eye. He picks it up. It's a SILVER CUFFLINK.

He spots various CABLE LINES spidering from the latch.

THUMP. THUMP.

He notices one of the cables has been CUT. He grabs one of the loose ends and gives it a forceful tug when POP.

He looks back as the trunk is slightly ajar. He cautiously shuffles over toward it and lifts up the door when--

BANG! A blast of RED FIRE bursts in front of his face as he narrowly avoids being hit by the ROAD FLARE.

The TERRIFIED FIGURE quickly hops out and starts running.

Eddie tries to regain his vision as the WOMAN SCREAMS.

WOMAN  
HELP! HELP!

He gets his bearings and runs after her. The rain pelts him in the face as he can barely see the silhouetted figure sprinting toward the woods.

EDDIE  
Hey!... Hey!...

EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

He narrowly avoids branches and trees, but still maintains a diminishing visual on the Woman.

He runs faster, his boots SLOPPING in the mud. Finally, he catches up and tackles her to the ground. THUD.

She flops onto her belly, her blonde hair now embedded with mud, sticks, and leaves. She tries to crawl away but Eddie holds on tight, before he pins her.

EDDIE  
Calm down! Calm down!

WOMAN

Help! Help!

Eddie pins her head deeper into the soil, almost suffocating her, trying desperately to quiet her.

EDDIE

I'm not gonna hurt you!

But she notices a JAGGED ROCK a few inches out of her reach. She stretches her hand when finally she grabs hold.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You have to believe me, I had no--

THWACK! She cracks him upside the head, knocking him off of her. She runs back toward the road.

WOMAN

Help me! Please, somebody help me!

Eddie rolls around on the ground in pain, clutching his forehead, blood pooling in his hand.

EDDIE

Fuck!

He holds up his gun and FIRES it into the air. A warning.

As the shot fires, the Woman trips on a tree branch and careens down a ditch, STRIKING her head on a sharp rock.

A DEFEANING SILENCE follows save for Eddie's PANTED BREATH, and the PITTER PATTERN of the falling rain.

He staggers to his feet and shuffles over to the ditch, the woman's motionless body coming into view.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

As he nears, HEADLIGHTS shine in the distance.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

The car nears. Eddie ducks out of sight. He can't risk it.

He climbs back into the Corolla. Tries to put the key in, but he fumbles with it, the blood making his hands slick.

He tries to start the car as it TICK, TICK, TICKS...

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Come on!

The engine ROARS to life. Eddie flips the car in drive and SPINS his tires as he PEELS out onto the road.

EXT. QUARRY - DAWN

The sun is just breaking on the horizon. Latin stands outside of his car smoking a cigarette when the Corolla frantically pulls into view, zig-zagging across the field.

Eddie brings it to a SCREECHING stop.

LATIN

Where the hell were you? I've been freezing my ass off.

Eddie puts the car in neutral and climbs out. Bleeding from the head, blood on his clothes, Latin is taken aback.

LATIN (CONT'D)

Holy shit, what the hell happened?

EDDIE

Just fucking help me!

Latin ditches his cigarette and teams up with Eddie as they push the car with all their might toward the steep drop off.

It gets to the edge and tumbles down into the dark abyss. Latin stares at the blood streaming down Eddie's face.

INT. LATIN'S CAR - DAWN

Latin drives, clearly distraught. Eddie sits in the passenger seat, morose trying to remain calm.

LATIN

Fuck man, I didn't take this job to be a part of an actual murder. I just thought we were getting rid of cars.

EDDIE

(defensive)

I told you, I didn't kill her. She tripped and hit her head or something.

LATIN

Yeah, tell that to the cops.

EDDIE

No one's going to any cops.

Eddie pulls out his gun and trains it on Latin's head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No one's going to any cops, Latin.  
You're a part of this, now. And I  
need to know I can trust you.

Latin nervously nods his head.

LATIN

I'm not saying nothing.

Eddie lowers the gun before he pulls the silver cufflink out of his pocket, the engraving of ST. MICHAEL.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Eddie storms into his house. Puts the gun on the table.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

He takes a shower, scrubs himself vigorously. The water puddling at his feet, tinted crimson.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAWN

Eddie has a gauze patch over his wound, stained with blood.

He dumps his bloody clothes into a trashcan, douses it in lighter fluid, then tosses in a match. It begins to flame.

The shine of headlights break his gaze. Who is that? He hears a door SHUTTING and FOOTSTEPS toward his front door.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

He cautiously steps inside when he hears the KNOCK, KNOCK.

He grabs the gun off the table and readies it, apprehensively. KNOCK, KNOCK.

He pulls back the curtain. It's Sugar. He thinks fast, slides the gun underneath the couch. Steadies himself before he cracks open the door.

SUGAR

Hey. I was on my way to work and saw your car. Figured after working all night you could use breakfast?

She holds up a bag of bagels.

EDDIE

Um... I'm pretty tired and--

Now, Sugar can see bloodied gauze on Eddie's head.

SUGAR

Oh my God, what happened?

EDDIE

Oh, uh... took a wrench to the head. It was a clumsy reach.

Sugar immediately invites herself inside, concerned. Peeling back the gauze pad. The open wound filled with blood.

SUGAR

Do you need to go to a hospital?

EDDIE

I'm fine, I'm fine. Just... tired.

SUGAR

Well, it at least needs to be stitched up.

Eddie reluctantly closes the door.

INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sugar carefully runs the stitch through his skin, closing up the wound. A grimace of pain on his face.

SUGAR

I knew being a mechanic could be dangerous.

Eddie doesn't respond as he somberly sinks his head.

EDDIE

What are you doing here?

SUGAR

I wanted to thank you for last night. Most guys would've left by now. But you're different. You're one of the good ones.

Eddie sinks his head, can barely make eye contact with her.

EDDIE  
I'm not that good.

SUGAR  
Yeah, you are. You care about more than just yourself. That's why I talked to Mrs. Cliffton. The Friday deadline is gone.

EDDIE  
Don't say that.

Eddie immediately backs up to the wall in frustration.

SUGAR  
You can pay her back on your time.

EDDIE  
Don't say that! Not after...

SUGAR  
Not after what?

Eddie catches himself and covers his tracks. He calms down.

EDDIE  
I just had a rough night at work...  
(re: wound)  
Clearly. I'm sorry. Thank you.

Sugar brushes her hand across his cheek, studying his eyes.

SUGAR  
You're sure you're okay?

Eddie stares distantly, unsure of the answer himself.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

An ENVELOPE slides across a desk. Eddie picks it up, sifts through the stack of cash.

DOM  
Ten percent. Like we agreed... You did good kid. Your old man would be proud.

EDDIE  
I'm not doing this for him.



Dom gives him a fatherly pat on the cheek but before Eddie can leave, his attention falls on a news report on Dom's TV.

ANCHOR (O.S.)  
Our top story, a woman found  
bludgeoned to death on Route 33 has  
been identified as 33-year-old  
Stella Remur.

Eddie's face goes pale as the envelope drops from his hand.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

David stands in front of a mirror. Colby next to him.

COLBY  
Are you ready?

David nods. Colby signals for them to pull the curtain. We can see Stella's body in the reflection of the window. David holds back every instinct to completely break down.

DAVID  
That's her.

EXT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Eddie quickly walks to his car, opens the door.

ANCHOR (O.S.)  
Authorities are asking those with  
any information to contact our  
crimestoppers tipline.

He buckles over and VOMITS onto the ground.

ANCHOR (V.O.)  
Our thoughts and prayers are with  
her family.

Eddie looks back to find Latin standing a few feet away. Eddie wipes the saliva from his mouth.

EDDIE  
Somebody set me up. They knew she  
wasn't dead. They wanted me to  
finish the job.

LATIN  
What makes you say that?

EDDIE  
Cause I knew her.

OVER: A Woman's voice SINGS Amazing Grace.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

The sun's rays give the chilled air a soothing warmth.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Eddie sits in his car, staring out at the police station looming in the distance, as if debating.

He watches as they lead a handcuffed MAN through the doors. Guiltily, Eddie lowers his head and STARTS up his car.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A LARGE CROWD gathered around Stella's final resting place. Beautiful, vivid flowers are laid across her casket amongst the lush green landscape of the cemetery.

BARBARA (50's)- bound to a wheelchair- belts out Amazing Grace as David stares at the casket.

Nearly every member of the department is there including Deemer and Colby as the PRIEST gives the final commendation.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

The service is over. The CROWD disperses as David watches Eddie climb into his car.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Still in his suit, Eddie opens the refrigerator. He pulls out a beer and cracks it open. He hangs his head before we--

FLASH! Stella tripping on the branch, SMASHING her head.

Eddie can barely stomach it when there's a KNOCK on his door.

He opens it up and finds David standing in the doorway.

EDDIE  
(surprised)  
Davey.

A moment of SILENCE before David gives Eddie a big hug.

INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

David sits on the couch as Eddie hands him a beer.

EDDIE

I was gonna stick around but you  
looked busy with all those people.

DAVID

They didn't give a shit about her.  
They were only there because of who  
I am... What happened to your head?

EDDIE

Got clumsy at the shop.

Eddie quickly changes the subject.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Cops have any idea what may have  
happened?

David takes a swig of his beer.

DAVID

They found a road flare. So they  
think she drove herself out there.  
Something happened with the car.  
Her phone was dead. Tried to flag  
someone down for help. Only whoever  
stopped... killed her.

Eddie nods as he takes his swig of beer, a little at ease.

EDDIE

I'd buy that.

DAVID

I don't... Toxicology report said  
she had sleeping pills in her  
system. Restoril. She'd never taken  
one for as long as I knew her.

EDDIE

You think she was drugged?

DAVID

They drug her, stuff her in the  
trunk. They drive her out to God  
knows where--

EDDIE

--Woah, woah, "they"?

David puts down his beer and moves up to the edge of the couch, getting closer to Eddie.

DAVID

Those two cops I'm investigating... they never showed for their deposition the day she went missing... We need to track them down.

EDDIE

We? You've got an entire police department--

DAVID

That's eighty percent corrupt. And the other twenty percent knows about the eighty percent, but are too scared to do anything about it.

EDDIE

I don't think it's something I should be involved in--

DAVID

--Look Eddie, you're the only one left in this city that I can trust... Will you help me?

The uncertainty in Eddie's eyes is obvious.

EDDIE

Sure... I'll help you, Davey.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

The Detroit skyline shimmers under dull April skies.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

--David stares at open drawers, Stella's clothes neatly folded.

--In the bathroom, her makeup remains on her vanity.

--In the closet, he runs his fingers along her dresses.

FLASH! His last image of her. Stella smiles at him before turning off the lights.

David's hand trembles as his eyes well up with anger.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sugar lies on top of Eddie, half naked, making out with him. It's intense, passionate. Sugar's more comfortable. But Eddie's distant. She can tell.

She takes off her shirt... then her bra. She grabs his hands and places them on her bare breasts. But Eddie only stares up at her with an empty gaze.

SUGAR

You're not even trying.

Eddie rolls Sugar over so he's on top as he makes out with her. Things are finally coming together until--

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

Ignore it.

He continues to kiss her. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

EDDIE

Shit!

Eddie gives up, peers through the blinds. Sees David standing on his porch.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

SUGAR

(desperate)

No, no, no--

Despite her attempt at pulling him back, he's out the door.

INT. PORCH - DAY

Eddie cracks open the door, still half naked.

DAVID

Throw on some clothes and let's go.

EDDIE

Go where?

DAVID  
You said you'd help me find them.  
So it's time we start.

Eddie peers behind him, debating.

EDDIE  
This isn't the best time.

DAVID  
I can't do this on my own.

Finally, he's guilted him. As much as he doesn't want to--

EDDIE  
Give me two minutes.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Eddie walks back inside the room. Starts putting on clothes.

EDDIE  
I gotta go.

SUGAR  
Go where?

Eddie slips on his shirt and jacket.

EDDIE  
I forgot I'm supposed to help a  
friend with something today.

Sugar takes another peek out the blinds.

SUGAR  
I've seen him on TV. That's the cop  
who's wife was murdered... He's  
your friend?

EDDIE  
Yeah. And he needs some help with  
the case.

SUGAR  
You're not a cop--

EDDIE  
(irritated)  
--Look... I don't have time to  
explain. I just gotta go. Okay? I'm  
sorry.

He gives her a kiss and just like that, he's out the door, leaving Sugar speechless.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David drives. Eddie tries to light his cigarette but fumbles with the lighter, nervous.

DAVID

You shouldn't smoke. It could kill you.

EDDIE

Yeah, well there's a lot of shit in this world that can kill me faster so I'll take my chances.

Finally, he gets it lit and takes a drag.

DAVID

You mind?

David holds out his hand, Eddie hands it over. David takes a deep drag. Savors the taste.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I still remember when we were ten, and we lifted your old man's cigarettes. And he completely flipped out. You remember that?

EDDIE

Still have the scars.

David can tell he touched a nerve.

DAVID

He was a piece of shit. The world's better off with him gone.

David hands back the cigarette as Eddie takes a drag.

EDDIE

So how are we gonna go about finding these two pricks?

DAVID

We start with those who know them best.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

David knocks on the front door. Eddie stands uncomfortably on the porch.

The door opens as we see GLORIA (30s)- Mexican, nurse. Barbara appears behind her.

DAVID  
Buenos dias, Gloria.

BARBARA (O.S.)  
Is that Davey?

DAVID  
Yeah Barbara it's me.

David signals Eddie to step inside with him.

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Barbara rolls herself over to David and gives him a hug.

BARBARA  
Oh, Davey. It's so good to see you.

DAVID  
This is my friend Eddie. Eddie,  
this is Barbara Forrester.

BARBARA  
Didn't Stella tell you? I'm going  
back to my maiden name, Mainard. I  
don't want anymore association with  
that asshole.

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - LATER

Gloria chops vegetables in the kitchen. David and Eddie sit in Barbara's living room, filled with antiques.

Barbara hands David her phone. He reads a text message from Stella: **I'll stop over after I drop off David.**

BARBARA  
She sent me that at 10:30. I didn't  
know it was the last communication  
I'd ever have with her.  
(to Eddie)  
(MORE)



BARBARA (CONT'D)

We were so alike, she and I, we always joked that I was her twenty years in the future. God forbid without the palsy.

Eddie watches as Barbara grabs a tissue with ease before he gets up and paces around the room.

EDDIE

My mother had bouts of palsy growing up.

BARBARA

I always thought that would be the worst thing to happen to me... then I met Alan.

Eddie stares at PHOTOS. Some of Barbara and her ex-husband Alan Forrester. There's one of Stella and Barbara. Then he focuses on one of David and Alan in their Officer apparel.

DAVID

Have you heard from him?

BARBARA

Two months ago and that was through my lawyer. He was late with my alimony payments. He's always late even though he knows I can't afford my bills without it. Does he care? No. He only cares about himself.

Eddie paces the room when Barbara looks up at him.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You're bleeding.

We now see the blood dripping from his head wound.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Eddie flips on the faucet. Dampens a towel and presses it to his wound as one of his stitches has opened up.

He opens the medicine cabinet where we see a PLETHORA OF PILL BOTTLES. He rummages through until he finds fresh gauze pads.

He throws out the old one and reapplies a new one.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Freshly patched, Eddie exits the bathroom when he hears a THUMP coming from the end of the hall.

**INTERCUT WITH--**

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David sits across from Barbara, pleading with her.

DAVID

I really need to find him. Do you have any idea where he could be?

BARBARA

During our marriage any time I threw him out, he'd head over to his mother's house over in Plymouth. But she died in 09'. And he sold the house two years ago.

--Eddie hears it again. THUMP. He creeps closer and closer down the hall.

There's a FLASH in his mind of him creeping toward the trunk of the Corolla. Hearing the THUMP.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something Davey?... Is this about his contempt of court? Or is this about Stella?

DAVID

I'm just leaving every possibility open.

BARBARA

Alan was a flawed man who did a lot of bad things... but not what you think he did to that woman... and certainly not what happened to Stella.

--Eddie puts his ear to the grain. THUMP. He peers back down the hall. Coast is clear. His heart BEATS RAPIDLY.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Nothing good will come of what you're doing. Do yourself a favor and grieve.

DAVID

I can't until I know what happened  
to her.

--Eddie opens the door. THUMP. To reveal--

A LITTLE MEXICAN BOY (6) sitting on the floor. He wears a surgical mask and gloves as he holds a tennis ball in hand.

He locks eyes with Eddie, before he throws the ball against the wall. THUMP.

The ball rolls toward Eddie and settles between his feet. The little boy puts his finger to his lip, "Shhhhh".

Eddie is startled by the INCESSANT SCREAMING of Gloria. The boy covers his ears before she SLAMS the door shut.

EDDIE

I'm sorry. I heard a sound!

Barbara wheels herself down the hall as David quickly follows. Gloria continues to YELL. Barbara tries to calm her.

BARBARA

It's okay. Her son just has an  
immune disorder. He's very  
sensitive to outside germs.

Barbara calms Gloria down as Eddie looks flustered.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sugar stares at her reflection in the mirror as she puts in an earring. As she does, it fumbles from her grasp and TICKS onto the floor and underneath the couch.

SUGAR

Shoot.

Sugar lies down on the floor and stretches her arm underneath the couch, trying to feel around for the earring.

Sugar immediately stops, unsure of what she just touched. Slowly, she pulls out... Eddie's Glock. She drops it onto the couch. In shock of what she just found.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David drives as Eddie sits silently, smoking a cigarette. Eddie can tell something's on David's mind.

DAVID

When she talked about Alan, she used "was" instead of "is".

EDDIE

What do you think that means?

DAVID

I don't know. I've known Barbara for a long time. She'd protect Stella over Alan.

EDDIE

You didn't tell me you two were partners.

David takes a deep breath, not wanting to talk about this.

DAVID

That's cause there's nothing to tell. I didn't like him and he didn't like me. Only reason we kept it civil was for our wives... Now open up the glove compartment.

Eddie opens it up. TWO PISTOLS are inside.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This next stop won't be so friendly.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD, MEXICANTOWN - DAY

YOUNG MEXICAN KIDS (8-10) play soccer on a mostly dirt field. The PARENTS cheer on the sidelines.

One in particular CARLA MENDEZ (late 30's) cheers louder than the rest, as she's flanked by TWO EVEN YOUNGER KIDS, who fight with each other.

CARLA

Maria! Jose! I said stop!  
(to Alejandro)  
Keep control baby! Keep control!

EXT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David and Eddie sit in the parking lot, staring ahead at the bleachers. Watching Carla and the gang of THREE ROUGH LOOKING MEN that crowd around her.

DAVID

That's Mendez' wife, Carla. She's not like Barbara. She's loyal to him. Those guys flanking her...

EDDIE

Surenos.

DAVID

You know em'?

EDDIE

I was locked up with the shorter one. Goes by Jamon.

DAVID

Well the taller one is the guy to look out for. That's Morito. Nasty son of a bitch. But he's also Carla's brother. I need to be able to get to her without them around.

EDDIE

How?

David pulls out a baggie of COCAINE.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD, MEXICANTOWN, DETROIT

MORITO (30's), SWAYZE (20's), and JAMON (30's) flank Carla as they watch the game, sneaking 40's in paper bags.

Eddie walks over, nervous. He reaches them, face-to-face with the tattoo on Morito's back of *Jesus crying tears of blood*.

Swayze spots Eddie first and hits Morito to turn around.

EDDIE

You Morito?

MORITO

Depends who's asking.

EDDIE

I was told you're looking for new product to front. Thought you'd give my maker a shot.

Eddie flashes the baggie of cocaine.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Got a taste if you're interested.

MORITO

The fuck did you come from white boy? I ain't taking no shit from your sketchy ass. Now back the fuck up before I get real on you.

Morito flashes his GLOCK in his waistband.

JAMON

Wait, I know this motherfucker. Yeah, we used to bounce together in Newberry. Ain't no dig with him. If you got a taste, I'll try some.

Morito continues to study him for approval.

CARLA

Morito, have some decency and conduct your business somewhere where my kids ain't.

MORITO

Aye, aye, shut up woman.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

David hangs back at his car, watching as Eddie and the Surenos cohesively walk away from Carla. He makes his move.

As David nears, Carla spots him and rolls her eyes, keeping her attention on the game.

CARLA

You got some fucking nerve showing up here. I'll save you both our time, I don't know where Joaquin is and I haven't spoken with him. Any other questions, ask my lawyer.

DAVID

Carla...

CARLA

You got a listening problem? I'm trying to watch my boy play.

DAVID

Everyone knew you were laundering the payouts Joaquin was getting. Our DA was hellbent on putting you away for eight-to-ten. You know who stopped it? Me. Because your kids need you.

CARLA  
You better think long and hard  
before you start using my kids to  
threaten me, chico.

DAVID  
I just want the truth.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Morito does a line off the trunk of his car. He savors the taste as he waits for the effects.

Eddie's eyes are on David conversing with Carla.

MORITO  
This is low grade shit, man. You  
tell your maker to find a different  
occupation.

Morito's about to walk away but Eddie stops him.

EDDIE  
We can try and work something out.  
Tell me what you're looking for.

Morito snatches the baggie and pockets it.

MORITO  
For my time.

SWAYZE  
Morito, who's that talking to your  
sister?

MORITO  
(spots David)  
Motherfucker.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD, MEXICANTOWN, DETROIT

Carla hops down off the bleachers and faces up with David.

CARLA  
Let me tell you about truth. Every  
night when I put my kids to bed,  
they ask me where their papi is.  
You think I lie to them? Tell them  
he's "on vacation". No. I tell them  
the *truth*. What he's accused of.  
Shit, I showed them the pictures of  
that whore.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

Because I wanted them to see that they're Papi could never have done those things that you accuse him of. So don't come around here acting like I should be thankful for you. The day I'm thankful is the day you're six feet under... just like your wife.

David fumes with fury before--

MORITO (O.S.)

Hey gringo--

David turns around to meet Morito's fist, KNOCKING him to the ground. He climbs on top of him, choking him.

MORITO (CONT'D)

I warned you to stay the fuck away from my family.

WHACK! Eddie socks Morito in the jaw, knocking him off David as David staggers to his feet. Swayze yanks back Eddie and punches him across the face. It's an all out brawl.

Morito pulls out his gun when all of a sudden, TWO COP CARS rapidly pull into the lot.

MORITO (CONT'D)

Shit! Peace it!

Morito, Swayze, and Jamon immediately take off running as the COPS chase after them. One hangs back... Colby.

COLBY

David, what the hell are you doing here?

EXT. PARKING LOT, SOCCER FIELD - LATER

Morito, Swayze, and Jamon are cuffed and led into their respective cars. Morito spits at the ground by David's feet.

MORITO

Punk ass bitch.

COLBY

I don't think this is what Captain Deemer meant when he advised you to take it easy.

Eddie sizes up Colby.



EDDIE  
How do I know you?

COLBY  
We met at David's birthday last  
year. Lieutenant Harris.

Colby shakes Eddie's hand.

EDDIE  
Right, you'd just moved from Tampa  
and I couldn't figure out why  
anyone would want to come here...  
So I guess we should be thankful  
this is your beat.

David spits blood from his mouth.

DAVID  
Except that it's not. What are you  
doing here?

COLBY  
Garcia called in sick, so I  
volunteered to cover him. You're  
lucky, this could've ended a lot  
worse...  
(to David)  
You need to trust what we're doing  
or else you're gonna get yourself  
killed out here for nothing.

Colby backs away to the car.

COLBY (CONT'D)  
(to Eddie)  
Take him home and clean him up.

Eddie nods as Colby heads back inside his car.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

David drives in silence as Eddie smokes a cigarette.

EDDIE  
Maybe he's right. Maybe we should  
rethink this whole thing.

DAVID  
There's nothing to rethink.

Eddie sees a determination in David's eye that's more  
concerning than anything.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sugar sits on the couch, anxiously waiting when the door OPENS and Eddie walks in. He's surprised to see her.

EDDIE  
You're still here?

Eddie leans in to kiss her but she quickly walks away. She places the Glock on the coffee table.

SUGAR  
Why do you have this?

EDDIE  
Look at where I live.

SUGAR  
My father kept a gun in a lockbox  
for protection. This was under the  
couch.

Eddie shrugs off her accusation.

SUGAR (CONT'D)  
Have you ever used it?

EDDIE  
No.

SUGAR  
Then why is there blood on the  
muzzle?

Eddie's backed into a corner. When he doesn't respond, she grabs her purse and slips on her coat.

EDDIE  
Where are you going?

She opens the door but Eddie stops it with his hand.

SUGAR  
I get that you're helping your  
friend, but I can't be around this.  
Come talk to me when it's over.

Eddie hangs his head in regret before Sugar walks out.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Eddie's car nears the entrance to Dom's when he notices a COP CAR pulling out of the lot and onto the road.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Eddie shuffles inside, removes his jacket. Latin polishes the hood of a BLUE MUSTANG.

LATIN

(re: Mustang)

What do you think? Just got her. V6 engine... can push this baby to 160. Cops could never catch me.

EDDIE

I think you're an idiot for spending your money on that.

Latin sinks his head in disappointment as he was clearly looking for Eddie's approval.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What were the cops doing here?

LATIN

Some crackhead put a razor through their tire. I fixed it.

Dom steps out from his office.

DOM

Eddie... in my office.

INT. DOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Eddie steps inside Dom's office, a little on edge.

EDDIE

I don't think it's smart letting cops in here.

DOM

And I don't think it's smart *playing* cops with the man who's wife you helped kill.

EDDIE

How'd you know about that?

Dom's eyes settle on Latin working on the car. Latin looks up at Eddie, guilt blanketing his face.

DOM

If one of us goes down, we all go down. It ends now.

EDDIE

I can keep tabs on him. Know what he knows. If he gets close to me, I can push him in another direction...

Dom puts out his cigarette.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I need to know why her, Dom. And why me?

DOM

Not everything needs an explanation. Sometimes, shit just happens. But you move on.

Dom brushes past Eddie as Eddie puts his hands in his pockets, he feels something. He pulls out the cufflink.

He peers out onto the floor, watches Dom walk out of the building.

Eddie quickly hops onto Dom's computer.

SEARCHES: *St. Michael*.

A link: *St. Michael the Archangel*.

FROM THE FLOOR: Latin watches as Eddie works.

Eddie scans the article until he comes across: *Patron saint of grocers, soldiers, doctors, mariners...* and finally ***police***.

Latin spots Dom walking back inside. Covering Eddie's back--

LATIN

Hey Dom!

Hearing the name, Eddie quickly closes out and stand up.

LATIN (CONT'D)

When you gonna let me do a run on my own?

DOM

When you learn not to fuck up a basic oil change.

Eddie slips out of the office as Dom walks back inside and sits down at the computer.

OVER: A RING TONE.

INT. THE YARD - NIGHT

Eddie sits at the bar, sipping a beer as he has the phone to his ear--

SUGAR (V.O.)  
Hi, you've reached Sugar. Please  
leave your name and number--

He hangs up, dejected as we see the cufflink in his hand.

David shuffles inside, spots Eddie at the bar.

EDDIE  
Shot of whiskey, Jimmy.

DAVID  
Make that two.

Eddie swings around to find David taking a seat.

EDDIE  
What are you doing here?

DAVID  
You're not at your house, you won't  
answer your phone. I don't got time  
for this today.

EDDIE  
Look, Davey, I wanna help. But I  
don't think it's a good idea. My  
boss is breathing down my neck. I  
can't lose this job.

DAVID  
Then let me talk to him. I tell him  
I'm a cop and--

EDDIE  
--You forget where I live. If I'm  
even seen talking to a cop, I end  
up in an alley with my face kicked  
in. I'm sorry Davey.

DAVID  
Look, the other day was bullshit. I  
admit that. But today, we can  
really find out something worth  
knowing...

Jimmy places the shots in front of them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know you and Stella had your differences, but if you can honestly tell me that you're not the least bit curious as to what happened to her, then by all means, tell me to fuck off and I'll leave... but if even the tiniest part of you is curious, then I recommend you get in my car.

Eddie doesn't respond, avoiding eye contact with David. David slings back his shot, before Eddie stares at the cufflink in his hand, debating. He turns back around.

EDDIE

What are we gonna do?

EXT. RUNDOWN MOTEL - DAY

David's car pulls up to a disheveled building. The paint off-colored, some windows boarded up. If it weren't for the FEW RESIDENTS drinking on the second floor balcony, you'd think it was abandoned.

David and Eddie climb out of the car and head toward the first floor bay of rooms.

DAVID

You head around back, in case he tries to run.

Eddie takes out his gun and moves around the building.

David strolls up to room 105, readies his gun as well. He positions himself against the door and KNOCKS.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Romero... Open up.

AROUND BACK

Eddie sidles up next to a crud covered window. He peers inside, but can't make out much other than a SILHOUETTE as the PRICE IS RIGHT ECHOES from the TV.

IN FRONT

David knocks AGAIN.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Romero... it's David! Open up!

The door CRACKS OPEN and a twitchy eye peeks out.

ROMERO  
David?... Fuck you.

Romero closes the door but David jams his foot in. He forcefully shoves it open as it SMACKS into the face of ROMERO (30's)- wiry, shirtless, tatted.

Romero crashes into the dresser. The TV THUDS onto the floor.

He picks up Romero and shoves him against the wall. Blood spills out of his swollen, bruised nose. Then... CLICK.

David turns around to find a scantily clad woman, COOKIE (20's)- clearly strung out-- pointing a pistol.

COOKIE  
I was hoping you'd come back around, you lying fuck.

DAVID  
Tell your girl to drop the gun.

ROMERO  
Fuck you.

David knees him in the gut.

COOKIE  
Touch him again and I'll pull the trigger asshole!

EDDIE (O.S.)  
Do that and you'll be dead.

We now see Eddie standing behind Cookie, his Glock trained on the back of her head.

ROMERO  
Cookie, drop the fucking gun.

Cookie drops it onto the ground. When it hits, it BANGS! As the bullet BLASTS through the window, startling everyone.

ROMERO (CONT'D)  
Fuck, bitch! How many times I gotta tell you to leave the safety on?!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Cookie sits at the table rolling a joint. David hands Romero a wet rag as he soaks his nose.

Eddie flips around the channels on the TV that's cracked down the middle. The fuzzy picture barely visible.

EDDIE

There, it still works. Now quit your bitching.

ROMERO

Hey, who the fuck are you? That TV is the only thing keeping me from losing my goddamn mind in here.

(to David)

You and I had a deal. I testify and you put me up in the Ritz. Does this look like the Ritz to you?

COOKIE

A Ritz cracker maybe.

ROMERO

Cookie, shut the fuck up and finish the damn joints already.

Cookie licks the papers and lights one. Takes a deep hit.

EDDIE

This lowlife ain't gonna say shit.

ROMERO

(re: David)

That's right not until he holds up his end of the deal.

David pauses before he grabs hold of Romero's bloodied nose. He squeezes tight as Romero crumbles to his knees in pain.

ROMERO (CONT'D)

What the hell man?!

DAVID

This isn't a negotiation. Forrester and Mendez are running from me. So I have one offer and I suggest you take it: talk right now and I won't pulverize whatever's left of your nose and make your face any uglier than it already is.

Eddie can't believe the version of David he's seeing.

ROMERO

Then give me the Ritz!

David twists harder as Romero SHRIEKS.



COOKIE  
Just talk to him you dumbass! I  
ain't marrying no disfigured fuck!

ROMERO  
I don't know where they are!

David twists his nose even harder. The pain excruciating. The bones CRUNCHING. Finally--

ROMERO (CONT'D)  
Fine! If they ran it wasn't because  
of you. It was because they knew  
they were a liability to Giacolo.

DAVID  
So, what? He killed them?

ROMERO  
Cookie's dealer heard there's a  
\$25,000 bounty on their head.  
That's all I know!

David releases his nose as Romero clutches it in agonizing pain. David paces the room, thinking about what Romero said.

EDDIE  
He's lying. Why would a guy who had  
access to the best killers in the  
city put a bounty out? He'd just be  
pissing away his money.

ROMERO  
Hey, *who* the fuck are you?

EDDIE  
I'm the guy that can detect your  
lying ass, you mangy motherfucker.

ROMERO  
Fuck you!

DAVID  
Shut up! The both of you!

David continues to pace the room, absorbing the info WHEN--

EDDIE  
Shit, Davey. You need to see this.

David turns around, notices Eddie watching the TV. It's a news report. Eddie turns up the volume.

## ANCHOR

Josue Mosambique confessed to drugging, kidnapping, and murdering the 33-year-old Stella Remur in what he referred to as an "act of loyalty" to the notorious Zoe Pound gang out of Miami. Heavily scrutinized Captain Greg Deemer applauded the arrest.

ON THE TV: Captain Deemer is interviewed.

## CAPTAIN DEEMER

We're confident this is our guy. And we only hope that now the healing can begin for Detective Remur.

Eddie looks to David, trying to decipher if he's buying this.

## INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David drives as Eddie sits in the passenger seat. David doesn't break his gaze out the windshield in deep thought.

Eddie's locked onto David's clenched fist, stained with Romero's dried blood. Eddie tries to lighten the mood as he pops in a cigarette.

## EDDIE

Haven't seen you like that since you took on Billy Willis when we were twelve. Thought you were gonna rip his nose clean off...

David doesn't respond, Eddie still trying to read him.

## EDDIE (CONT'D)

You think it's true?

## DAVID

(unconvinced)  
Police say it is. And they're the good guys, right?

David's car pulls up in front of Eddie's house. He puts the car in park. Eddie climbs out, leans into the open window.

## EDDIE

Come inside, have a beer with me.

## DAVID

I'm gonna head down to the station.

EDDIE

Davey, he confessed.

David locks eyes with Eddie for the first time all car ride.

DAVID

And I need to sit across from him.  
I need to look him in the eye and  
know for sure.

EDDIE

Then will you let it go?

DAVID

You remember why I kicked the shit  
out of Billy Willis?

Eddie thinks before he shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Your bike was missing. You said it  
wasn't a big deal. That I should  
"let it go". But I promised you I'd  
find it. Three weeks of following  
leads, hounding his crew, and I got  
him to admit he took it. That was a  
bike... this is my wife.

David puts the car and drive and PULLS out, leaving Eddie.

INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - DUSK

Sugar converses with one of her fellow Nurses when her PHONE BUZZES. She peers down and sees that once again, the number is UNKNOWN. Frustrated, she answers.

SUGAR

(into the phone)  
Stop calling me.

JORDAN (O.S.)

You shouldn't be so rude.

Sugar looks up and spots JORDAN (30's) standing in front of the desk, phone to his ear. She's frozen in fear.

SUGAR

How'd you find me?

JORDAN

When someone you love leaves,  
you'll do whatever it takes to  
track them down.

SUGAR

You left me with no other choice.  
Now, I have work to do.

Sugar moves out from the Nurse's station as Jordan steps in front of her.

JORDAN

I thought this would be romantic,  
with you seeing how far I've come  
to find you.

SUGAR

Leave me alone.

Sugar walks past him but he forcefully grabs her by the arm.

JORDAN

You need to stop being such a  
bitch.

The other Employees now all watch with unwavering interest as a SECURITY GUARD steps over.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir, I'm going to have to ask you  
to leave.

Jordan lets go of her arm as he starts to back away.

JORDAN

Just think about it.

He walks out as Sugar cusps her arm, her skin already RED.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

David walks into the frantic jail. OFFICERS mill around. He spots Colby and hurries up to him.

DAVID

I have to find out through the news  
you've made an arrest?

COLBY

Look, I'm sorry. I meant to call  
you. But we got the bastard.

DAVID

What about her car?

COLBY

Nothing yet.

David eyes Captain Silver as he walks through the bullpen.

DAVID  
I wanna see him.

COLBY  
I don't think that's a good idea--

DAVID  
--You owe me five minutes. Or else  
I'll leak to the press how you  
failed to inform the man who's wife  
was murdered that you arrested the  
killer... Think that'll look good  
on you guys?

Colby feels David's stinging eyes. Without any other option--

INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - NIGHT

Eddie walks through the halls until he finds Sugar conversing  
with Bertie.

SUGAR  
What are you doing here?

EDDIE  
You see the news? It's over.

SUGAR  
Good.

But Sugar isn't acting herself. Clearly rattled by what  
happened earlier.

EDDIE  
What's the matter? I thought we'd  
be fine now.

SUGAR  
We are. I'm just busy.

That response wasn't good enough. As she walks by him, he  
lightly grabs the same arm Jordan did. She retreats in PAIN.  
Eddie whisks up her leave. Her arm BADLY BRUISED.

EDDIE  
What the hell happened?

SUGAR  
One of our dementia patients got a  
little physical.

EDDIE  
A little physical? That's not--

SUGAR  
--Look, I need to get back to work.

She walks away, leaving Eddie startled. Bertie's just eavesdropped on the whole conversation.

BERTIE  
It wasn't no patient... It was her ex-boyfriend.

This gets Eddie's attention.

EDDIE  
She won't tell me his name.

BERTIE  
If she doesn't wanna tell you, then I have to respect her wishes.

EDDIE  
Bertie, please... you saw what he did.

She has a moment of affliction before--

BERTIE  
Jordan Lassiter.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

David enters the dark room, save for the bright light beaming down on him from the ceiling. He looks to the two-way mirror.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Where Colby stands alongside another OFFICER. Captain Deemer walks in the room, sullen.

COLBY  
I saw your press conference, you looked tired.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
To be honest, I'm not sure how much more of this I can take.

COLBY  
Diane?

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
I'm afraid, doctors aren't  
optimistic.

COLBY  
You should be with her. I can  
handle this.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
At least, David can come face-to-  
face with his wife's killer. Cancer  
doesn't give me that option.

Captain Deemer stares at David, waiting when--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The door OPENS and JOSUE (20's)- Haitian- is led in. Cuffed  
at the ankles and the wrists, he's escorted to his seat. We  
now recognize him as the Haitian ticket scalper that Eddie  
encountered.

David sizes up the man. The sweat glistens off Josue's  
forehead as the Guard gives him a cigarette and lights it.

JOSUE  
You're not my lawyer.

David just stares at him, studying his eyes.

JOSUE (CONT'D)  
You hear me? Who the fuck are you?

DAVID  
Did you kill my wife?

A smile breaks across Josue's face, his yellow teeth glowing.

JOSUE  
You're the husband of the whore.

Josue calmly takes a deep drag of his cigarette.

JOSUE (CONT'D)  
She begged for her life. I told her  
I'd spare it, if she got on her  
knees.

Josue takes another deep drag as he leans back in his chair--

JOSUE (CONT'D)

I'd never seen a bitch fall so fast. Her lips were nice. Tongue was soft.

David stares... staying even keeled.

JOSUE (CONT'D)

I'm about to cum when all of a sudden, this bitch looks up at me, like she's fucking enjoying it. Like she'd never sucked a cock so good.

DAVID

Then you killed her?

JOSUE

What the fuck do you think?

David stands up and puts his hands behind his back as he leans against the wall, where we see the SMALL MICROPHONE is planted. David rips it out and clutches it in his hand.

DAVID

I think you're a liar and a poser.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Colby and the Officer scramble.

COLBY

What's the matter?

OFFICER

I don't know... we lost audio.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

What are you doing, David?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

David grabs his chair, jams it under the handle of the door.

DAVID

Two years ago, you were on scholarship at Michigan. Doesn't sound very "gangster" to me.

The POUNDING on the door starts as Colby and the Officers try to open the door. Josue's getting more flustered.



JOSUE

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

DAVID

Why are you lying Josue? Who are you protecting?

JOSUE

Fuck you.

Josue blows the burning ash of his cigarette into David's face. David lifts him up and SLAMS him against the wall.

DAVID

I know you have a family. Let me warn you that this is a cakewalk compared to what I'll put them through!

Josue starts breaking down. Finally--

JOSUE

No! They said they'd send my family back to Haiti if I didn't confess. I'd rather die in prison, then send them back to that hell-hole.

DAVID

Who's they?... Who's they?!

Finally, the door SWINGS open and SLAMS against the wall. Colby and the Officer grab David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Tell me who the fuck it is!

They corral him and remove him from the room.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

David walks alongside an irate Colby.

COLBY

They can use this against us for a plea bargain... What you did--

DAVID

--I didn't know I was interfering with the mic.

COLBY

Bullshit... You've been in those rooms hundreds of times. Now, I need to know what he told you.

DAVID

You already have your confession and your charges... Every jury will see exactly what you want... a guilty man.

David goes to walk away but Colby grabs him by the arm, frustrated.

COLBY

This is our guy, David. It's done.

As David glares him down, he quickly lets go, knowing better.

DAVID

Find that coyote yet?

David walks out the doors as Colby looks on.

INT. SLEEZY BAR - NIGHT

Jordan sits at a bar, sucking down whiskey after whiskey, while drunkenly harassing one of the FEMALE BARTENDERS.

We see, sitting a few stools down from him, is Eddie. He sips a beer as he carefully watches Jordan make a fool of himself.

EXT. SLEEZY BAR - NIGHT

Jordan stumbles out of the bar and fiddles with the keys in his pocket. Eddie tails him until--

EDDIE

Hey! Jordan Lassiter?

Jordan stops and turns around as Eddie flashes a CREDIT CARD.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I think you dropped your card.

JORDAN

Oh. Didn't even realize it.

As he reaches for the card, Eddie CLOCKS him across the face with a left hook, knocking Jordan to the ground.

Eddie grabs Jordan by the ankles and pulls him into the neighboring alley.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, what the hell--

And WHACK, Eddie kicks him in the ribs, then the back, then the face, one that busts his lip open.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sugar opens the door, where she finds Eddie sitting at the kitchen table. He ices his bruised and swollen hand.

SUGAR  
What did you do, Eddie?

Eddie walks up to Sugar, gets close to her face as her eyes well up with tears.

SUGAR (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

Eddie kisses her. She kisses back, passionately. She rips open her blouse and he buries his face in her neck.

She unbuckles and then unzips his pants as he jacks up her skirt and pulls down her underwear.

SUGAR (CONT'D)  
Slow.

Eddie nods as she wraps her legs around his waist. He softly thrusts as her lips open in pleasure. The feeling overwhelming for the both of them.

Eddie's BREATH QUICKENS as he starts to thrust a little harder. The MOANING getting louder until Eddie and Sugar both CLIMAX at the same time.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Eddie sits at the kitchen table, munching on a bowl of cereal as he focuses on a laptop in front of him.

ON THE LAPTOP: He scrolls through an article detailing the arrest of Josue. He focuses on **ARRESTED ON CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN WITHOUT INCIDENT.**

The bedroom door opens and Sugar walks out. He quickly closes the laptop as she prepares a cup of coffee.

SUGAR

You think anymore about coming out  
to Westland tonight?

Eddie's frozen, unsure of how to respond.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

If it's too fast then--

EDDIE

No, it's not that... I just...  
don't know anything about your  
parents.

SUGAR

And I don't know anything about  
your family except your dad was in  
prison.

She's clearly hit a nerve.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

How about I tell you something  
about mine and you tell me  
something about yours?

EDDIE

Okay.

SUGAR

When I was 11, I walked in on my  
father having sex with another  
woman.

EDDIE

And they're still together?

SUGAR

I never told her because I knew it  
would destroy her. Now you... tell  
me about your father.

EDDIE

I've gotta go to work.

Eddie tries to walk out but Sugar stops the door.

SUGAR

Eddie. I just want you to be  
honest.

Eddie hangs his head, unwilling.

EDDIE

You really wanna know about my old man?...

Sugar nods.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

He'd come home once a month. And each time, he'd walk in with three thick, juicy steaks. Best meat in town. He'd cook them up and we'd sit down for a family dinner and pretend that he wasn't just gone for 30 days. It was the only time I felt like I was part of a family... On the last one, when I was twelve, we sit down to eat. Before I take my first bite, cops show up, arrest him for murdering some grocer from Auburn Hills. Then I find out it's not just for that.. it's for 52 others.

Sugar's eyes go wide.

SUGAR

He killed 52 people?

EDDIE

He was a contract killer. Didn't take me long to put the pieces together that every time he walked in with those steaks, meant another man died at his hands. I haven't eaten it since.

Eddie wipes a tear from his eye as he walks out, irritated.

SUGAR

I'm sorry, I didn't know.

Eddie stares back at her, before--

EDDIE

Well now you do.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Corner of Washington and Franklin. Eddie walks into an alleyway and down a small set of steps.

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

The daylight behind Eddie quickly disappears once he enters. He's immediately stopped by a BOUNCER who pats him down.

Lines upon lines of pool tables. Sparsely filled as stacks of money are up for grabs. Clouds of smoke surround each game.

Eddie approaches an imposing black man, with an eye-patch playing a game himself. VIC (40's). He lines up his shot, knowing who's behind him without even looking.

VIC

It's been a long time my friend.  
You come to get back in the game?

EDDIE

I gave up playing for money.

Trader Vic lines up his shot as he buries a ball in the corner pocket.

VIC

So what brings you by?

EDDIE

I saw one of your boys was picked up for murdering that cop's wife.

VIC

And how do you know he's mine?

EDDIE

Come on, Vic. When we were in Newberry, you told me everything about every business you ran, every scam you'd committed, hell even every woman you fucked.

Vic chuckles as he buries another ball.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I've seen him selling tickets outside of Comerica and I know you've pushed out every mid-level counterfeiter in this city.

Vic holds out his pool cue for Eddie. Reluctantly, he grabs it and lines up a shot. The only way Vic will talk.

VIC

My cousin's kid. Dumb as a rock.  
Originally had him on passport duty  
but he couldn't take a piss without  
needing his dick held.

EDDIE

You think he could have done this?

Vic turns around to face up with Eddie.

VIC

I don't appreciate the way you're  
asking questions, my friend. Seems  
like you're trying to get me to say  
something I don't wanna say.

He motions for Eddie to lift up his shirt.

EDDIE

How long have you known me?

VIC

Just fucking do it.

Eddie lifts up his shirt. Vic instructs him to turn around.  
He does when we see the LONG SCARS on his back. It's  
sufficient for Vic as Eddie puts his shirt down.

VIC (CONT'D)

Cops have been out in the  
neighborhood lately.

EDDIE

They're always out here.

VIC

Not like this. The way they'd look  
at you when they pass by... it  
almost like they were scouting.

Eddie reaches into his pocket and pulls out TWO PHOTOS.

EDDIE

Any of em' look like these guys?

He flashes the pictures of Mendez and Forrester. Vic studies  
them and smiles.

VIC

You trying to be a cop now?

EDDIE

I'm just trying to figure out the truth.

VIC

Be careful, my friend. Because truth is a ghost in this city and searching for it will do nothing but haunt you.

Vic returns to his game as Eddie looks on.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David scans through the files on his desk until he comes across Stella's. Walters appears in the doorway.

WALTERS

I heard you were around here somewhere... You know you missed our hearing with Judge Canton.

David doesn't even look up, still tending to his file.

DAVID

I know I've been busy.

WALTERS

He's thinking about dropping the contempt charges... We need to bring your C.I. in.

DAVID

He's not ready.

WALTERS

Well can I at least know where he is? Maybe I can talk to him--

DAVID

He's my C.I. And like I said, he's not ready.

Walters frustration boils over.

WALTERS

We don't have the murder weapon. We don't have the car. Canton is slipping out of our grasp and I'm running this entire thing by myself. I know your wife just died, but you need to help me before this thing completely falls apart.



David closes the file off of his desk and grabs his coat. He brushes past Walters, who quickly snaps the file out of his hand. He opens it as he scans through.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

They got the guy David.

DAVID

They got the wrong guy. The report says they uncovered a 9mm shell casing from the woods. Josue didn't own a 9mm. You know who did? Forrester.

WALTERS

As well as every officer on this force, including me. Am I a suspect too, then?

David snatches back the file and walks away when his phone RINGS.

INT. SUGAR'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Sugar sets the table for FOUR as her MOTHER (60) helps her. She notices the locket around Sugar's neck.

MOTHER

Don't you think it's a little soon to be involved with another guy after everything that happened?

SUGAR

He's different.

MOTHER

So he says.

SUGAR

So I say...

MOTHER

If it's one thing I've learned in my sixty years, it's that the older you get, the harder it is to tell the difference between the good ones and the bad ones. In the end, men are just animals.

SUGAR  
(irritated)  
Yeah, well this animal makes me  
feel something no one else ever  
has... *safe*.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie drives. His hair is greased up and he's wearing a nice shirt for once when his phone RINGS. He answers.

EDDIE  
Yeah, Davey?

DAVID (O.S.)  
Romero found Forrester and Mendez.  
They're readying to cross into  
Canada. We go tonight.

Eddie's in shock, but plays it off casually.

EDDIE  
I talked to my boy who deals with  
Zoe Pound. Says this Josue guy  
lines up.

DAVID (O.S.)  
He told me his family was  
threatened to be deported if he  
didn't confess.

EDDIE  
The guy's scared, Davey. He'll say  
anything to get people on his side.

There's a long pause before--

DAVID (O.S.)  
Mendez used to be INS...

Eddie wasn't expecting that.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm going with or without you.

David HANGS UP, leaving Eddie conflicted.

INT. SUGAR'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sugar helps her mother chop vegetables in the kitchen when her phone RINGS. She sees it's Eddie and steps into the dining room as she answers.

SUGAR  
(into the phone)  
Hey where are you?

INTERCUT WITH--

INT. DOM'S GARAGE, LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie pulls his GYM BAG from his locker.

EDDIE  
Something came up at work and I'm  
not gonna be able to make it.

Sugar's obviously disappointed as she shields the conversation from her nosy mother.

SUGAR  
Is this about earlier? I'm sorry I  
brought up your father I just don't  
want there to be secrets between  
us.

Eddie unzips the bag and pulls out the Glock, reloading a magazine into it.

EDDIE  
It's not that. It's a chance to  
make a little extra cash and I  
think I should do it.

Sugar sinks her head in disappointment.

SUGAR  
Okay. We'll try another time. Bye.

Sugar hangs up as Eddie puts his phone down, guilt blanketing his face. He zips up his bag and heads out the door.

MOTHER  
So when's he coming?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Sugar sits down at the computer and opens the internet.

SEARCHES: *How to track someone's phone.*

A site comes up. *GPSPhoneTracker.* She clicks it.

Types in his phone number. It searches... searches. A MAP pops up. Shows the signal moving through downtown.

SUGAR  
Damn you, Eddie.

EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The moonlight reflects off the LAKE that sits in the near distance. David's car slowly pulls up in front of a row of houses that look to be long past habitable.

They climb out of the car and move to the trunk. They pop it open and pull out bulletproof vests, strapping them on.

They wander up the front porch. Eddie shines his flashlight through a hole in one of the boarded up windows. The house looks empty on the inside.

David positions himself as they both ready their guns. David nods at Eddie before he KICKS in the door.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

The two quickly move in, guns and flashlights drawn. But it's EMPTY.

They move through the foyer and split up in two different directions.

EAST SIDE

David passes a bedroom. He peers in. A grungy mattress, some empty beer cans.

DAVID  
I have a mattress.

WEST SIDE

Eddie nudges open another bedroom door. It's the same setup.

EDDIE  
I got one too.

EAST SIDE

David keeps moving, until he comes to a staircase. Slowly, he creeps up each step one-by-one.

WEST SIDE

Eddie steps into the kitchen. Immediately, he's taken aback by the smell.

He looks down and spots the DECOMPOSING CORPSE OF A PITBULL. Its guts pouring out of the stomach as if something's been tearing through it's flesh.

He hears a FAINT WHIMPER, coming from the pantry door. He moves closer. HEARS it again. He opens it.

But it's EMPTY. He's about to close it when he notices the back wall has the seams of a pocket door. He slides it open, revealing another staircase, this one descending.

EXT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Sugar's RED ACCORD slowly pulls to a stop and shuts off her lights. She peers down at her phone as the tracker PINS Eddie right inside.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

David continues moving through the hall, CREAKING the floorboards as he walks. All of a sudden, he stops walking... but then hears the CREAK of another floorboard near him.

DOWNSTAIRS

Eddie descends down the steps, covering his nose from the putrid smell. He hears ALL TYPES OF COMMOTION now.

As he gets to the bottom step, he uses his flashlight to scan the basement.

And it's full of CAGES. EXOTIC BIRDS. COLORFUL SNAKES. There's even a COUPLE OF MONKEYS, bathing in their own shit.

He approaches one large CAGE in particular. The door is open but it's empty. He kneels down, examining it when--

BANG! BANG! BANG! All from upstairs.

EXT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Sugar's BREATH skips as she HEARS the shots.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie races up the stairs.

He leaps over the Pitbull and up the next set of stairs.

He reaches the hallway where he finds David slumped against the wall, clutching his gut.

DAVID

It caught my vest, I'm fine. He  
went out the back door!

EXT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Sugar's heart RACES as she frantically PUTS her car in DRIVE.

As the car careens forward, a FIGURE in all black and a LION MASK, RUNS in front.

She SLAMS on her breaks but not before she SMACKS into him and he THUMPS to the asphalt.

SUGAR

Oh my God! Oh my God!

The Masked Figure lifts himself up, points his gun at her.

MASKED FIGURE

Get the fuck out of the car!

Sugar is frozen as he moves closer.

MASKED FIGURE (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out, bitch!

He opens the door and yanks her out as she can see the bone protruding from his left arm.

He climbs in and DRIVES OFF, leaving a trail of blood.

Eddie sprints outside... only to find... Sugar, terrified.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The trio barges through the front door. Eddie and Sugar supporting David who still clutches his gut.

They lay him on the couch as Sugar removes his vest. The bullet made it through and is shallowly buried in his flesh.

SUGAR

I'll need to stitch it.

Sugar makes her way into the bathroom as Eddie tails her.

EDDIE

You still haven't said a word to me.

Sugar rummages through her medicine cabinet, grabbing peroxide, bandages, whatever she can find, ignoring him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I can explain everything.

Sugar SLAMS the medicine cabinet shut in frustration.

SUGAR

Then do it. Explain *everything*.

Eddie searches for a place to start, but all that comes out--

EDDIE

I'm doing the best I can with the hand I've been dealt.

SUGAR

This isn't about what your father did, or where you grew up or how you grew up. It's about you, Eddie.

Sugar walks out, leaving Eddie to absorb her words.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sugar walks back out, gets her supplies ready. Peels back David's shirt and starts to clean the wound. Eddie appears behind Sugar, sullen.

DAVID

We need to go. If Forrester and Mendez are moving tonight then--

EDDIE

Forget it, David. Romero set us up.

DAVID

Then we need to find out why.

Eddie locks eyes with Sugar who continues to work on David.

EDDIE

I'll go. You let her fix you up.

Eddie looks to Sugar, waiting for her to speak as well. But she doesn't even look back at him. Eddie walks out the door.

Sugar moves with precision and accuracy as she stitches the wound. She removes the bullet fragment, peeling off some flesh with it. David clutches the couch in pain.

DAVID  
So, you're a nurse?

SUGAR  
Caregiver. My degree is in nursing  
though.

He spots the DIPLOMA hanging on her wall from Ohio State.

DAVID  
And you're a Buckeye? My wife  
would've had choice words for you.

SUGAR  
Penn State fans and Buckeye fans  
*can* get along.

DAVID  
She went to Michigan.

SUGAR  
Sorry, Eddie told me she went to  
Penn State.

DAVID  
Stella a Nittany Lion? Never.

Sugar carefully threads the open wound closed.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You should take it easier on him.  
He's been the only one I can trust.

SUGAR  
Yeah well unfortunately, that means  
he's broken his trust with me.

Sugar packs up the medical gear. As she does, her locket hangs out of her shirt. David eyeballs it.

EXT. RUNDOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

Eddie pulls the car into the parking lot. He SCREECHES to a halt. He moves toward room 105 and POUNDS on the door.

EDDIE  
Romero! Open up you son of a  
bitch!... Romero!



He tries the handle... unlocked. The door slowly swings open. BLOOD SOAKS the carpet as he sees the body of Cookie.

He kneels down and puts his fingers to her neck. She's dead. He looks to the bed... and there's the body of Romero with a hole in his chest, blood spattered against the back wall.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie walks in, dejected. David perks up from the couch.

EDDIE  
We've got a problem.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - LATER

Eddie hands David a beer as they both crack them open.

DAVID  
Forrester and Mendez must've found  
him, made him lie, then took him  
out before trying to take us out.

EDDIE  
Maybe this is it, Davey. We've seen  
all of our cards and we don't have  
any to play. The best you can do is  
fold and move onto the next hand.

David takes a swig of his beer, knowing Eddie is right.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

Clouds roll in over the Detroit skyline.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie sits in the driver's seat. Sugar sits quietly in the passenger seat dressed in her uniform. It's tense.

EDDIE  
We'll get your car back.

SUGAR  
This isn't about the car, Eddie.

EDDIE  
We're gonna be alright, you and I.

Sugar opens the door and climbs out, without saying a word.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

David stares at the open drawers in the dresser. Stella's clothes packed inside. Slowly, he starts to remove them.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He then dumps all of her makeup into a trash bag.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David sits on the couch. Void of any emotion. TRASH BAGS full of Stella's belongings are stacked around the floor.

On the table, he locks eyes with Stella's CASE FILE. He picks it up and is about to throw it in the trash when his curiosity sparks him once again.

He opens it up. Not wanting to look at the crime scene photo. He flips to the next photo of the MUDDY FOOTPRINT... then the next PHOTO of the 9mm SHELL CASING.

He can't look anymore. He tosses it onto the table. As he leans back, he spots something.

In the mess of photos, is one of Stella's missing car. As he looks closer, he notices the FRAME around the license plate... *Penn State Alumni*.

His face turns to disbelief. He quickly scans back through the police report with a pen in his hand... he circles:

*--9mm shell casing.*

*--Size 11 1/2 footprints.*

He closes the file and gets up from the couch. As he does, he locks eyes with a PHOTO of he and Eddie.

EXT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Eddie's car pulls into the parking lot where he spots Latin outside smoking a cigarette.

He climbs out and walks up to him. There's a noticeable grin on Latin's face.

EDDIE  
What's up with you?

LATIN  
Making my first solo run.

EDDIE  
Bullshit.

LATIN  
Got the car ready to go inside.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Eddie saunters into the garage alongside Latin. He can't believe what he's seeing... Sugar's RED ACCORD.

Eddie inspects the inside. Blood all over the driver's seat.

EDDIE  
How much are they paying?

LATIN  
I don't know, Dom handled it.

EDDIE  
Where is he?

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - DAY

Dom burns a cigarette as he works under the hood of a car. Eddie quickly approaches when Dom spots him.

DOM  
I need you to tail the kid.

EDDIE  
How did we get that car?

DOM  
You know I'm in the dark just as much as you. Why are you so bent out of shape about it?

Eddie can feel Dom pressing him.

EDDIE  
Get someone else to bring him back.

DOM  
He's not coming back.

Dom walks over to him, hands him a SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

DOM (CONT'D)

That there was your father's. He wanted me to give to you on a special occasion. I think your first actual kill calls for it.

Eddie notices an engraving *CLB*.

EDDIE

He's just a kid, Dom.

DOM

And you think you can trust a kid to keep his mouth shut? The moment a cop gets his hands on him, he'll sing before he blinks. I'm just trying to look out for you, Eddie. Like your father asked me to.

EDDIE

He only looked out for himself, Dom... just like you.

Eddie shoves the gun back into Dom's gut as he walks away.

DOM

You will do this for me. Because it's your last chance to earn back my trust. And when my trust is gone, I don't care who your father was... you'll be gone too.

Eddie's clearly rattled.

INT. THE YARD - DAY

Eddie taps his fingers incessantly at the bar, clearly bothered by what Dom asked him to do. He sips on a beer.

David walks in and signals Jimmy for a drink. He sits down next to Eddie and peers up at the TV as the Tigers play.

DAVID

If the Tigers can't even beat Cleveland, forget any hope of the division this year.

EDDIE

What are you doing here, Davey?

DAVID

I can't have a drink with you?

Jimmy places two whiskeys in front of David. He pushes one to him. Eddie pushes it back.

EDDIE  
No, thanks. I'm good.

DAVID  
Come on, one drink.

David pushes it back to Eddie. Eddie relents.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Here's to Stella, the one person  
who knows what happened to her.

Eddie looks on nervous, before they throw back the shots.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Two more, Jimmy.

Jimmy refills the shot glasses.

EDDIE  
I gotta get back to work.

Eddie throws a few bills onto the bar top and walks out.

DAVID  
Why'd you tell Sugar that Stella  
went to Penn State?

Eddie freezes, caught off guard by the question.

EDDIE  
You must've told me she did.

DAVID  
No... although come to think of it,  
she had a Penn State Alumni frame  
around her license plate.

EDDIE  
I probably saw that and assumed...

DAVID  
Except she bought that car off a  
friend. She didn't have it for more  
than a week before she died. So I'm  
wondering how you could've seen it?

Eddie feels the questions becoming heavier and heavier.

EDDIE

If you came here to ask me something, then ask me.

DAVID

I thought about what you said. About accepting the hand I've been dealt and you're right. Stella's dead... it's time I *let it go*.

David stares down Eddie, before Eddie walks out.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE, BACK PORCH - DAY

David picks the lock on the back door. Finally, it swings open. Before he's about to move inside, he notices the trashcan FULL OF ASH.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

David steps inside the kitchen. He opens cabinets, drawers. Searching for anything and everything.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

He rummages through his closet. But it's clean.

Under the bed... nothing. He sits down on the end of the bed, frustrated. Then he locks eyes with it... a small LOCKBOX underneath the night stand.

He pulls it out, a combo lock planted on the front. He spots a paperclip on the dresser. He unfurls it into a sharp spear.

He shoves it into the lock and twiddles it around. Concentration, determination until POP. He opens the box, revealing... an ENVELOPE marked *Eddie*.

He opens it up, CASH. Nearly a thousand dollars. He notices something else on the floor... *Eddie's mechanic uniform*.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DUSK

Eddie's car pulls into the open field, where he notices a CLOUD OF SMOKE in the near distance.

Latin dances around the car, in the midst of an adrenaline rush from the raging flames.

LATIN  
This is incredible!

Eddie opens his door and leans out of it. He looks down at his Father's Pistol in his hand before he raises it.

His hand trembles as his finger readies to the pull trigger. But the moment is too much for him. Quickly, he lowers it just as Latin spots him.

EDDIE  
Get in the car!

INT. DOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Dom places a LEATHERBOUND BOOKLET inside his SAFE when he hears FOOTSTEPS.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Dom steps out, notices David milling around.

DOM  
Can I help you?

DAVID  
I'm looking for Eddie.

DOM  
He's not here... There a problem?

DAVID  
Something's rattling around  
underneath my car. Thought he could  
take a look. But I'll try later.

David starts to walk out when--

DOM  
I can help you.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - LATER

David's car sits on the jacks. Dom is buried underneath. Perfect opportunity for David to inspect the place.

A door is ajar. He peers in, leading to the locker room.

He stares back, Dom's still busy. David shuffles inside--

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David opens the first locker. Empty. He opens the second one. There's just some clothes and deodorant.

He opens the third locker... where he spots a PHOTO of Eddie and Doris tucked onto the top shelf. This is the one.

He peers down and notices a pair of TENNIS SHOES. He checks the tag... 11 1/2.

He then notices the BLACK GYM BAG. He unzips it. A GLOCK. He ejects the magazine as a shell casing drops into his hand. He holds it up to the light... 9mm.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - DAY

As David exits the locker room, Dom surprises him.

DOM (O.S.)  
Looking for something?

DAVID  
You have no workers and you have no cars. How do you make any money?

DOM  
That's not for you to wonder... I don't see anything wrong. Perhaps the rattling is all in your head.

David pulls out his wallet and sifts through some cash.

DAVID  
What do I owe you?

DOM  
I said nothing's wrong. You don't owe me anything.

David nods and starts to walk away before--

DOM (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about your wife.

David turns around, a little edge to him.

DOM (CONT'D)  
I've seen you on the news. Terrible thing. There used to be a code in violence in this city. Makes you wonder where it all went wrong.



DAVID  
Tell Eddie I stopped by.

David walks out as Dom's grin disappears.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DUSK

Eddie drives as Latin sits in the passenger seat still coming down from his high.

LATIN  
Fuck man, why didn't you tell me about the rush? The tingling in your fingers when you light the match.

Eddie doesn't respond.

LATIN (CONT'D)  
What's with you? You jealous or something?

Eddie still doesn't respond.

LATIN (CONT'D)  
That's it, isn't it? Dom's finally trusting me and you can't handle me stealing your thunder.

Eddie turns the wheel as they pull into the parking lot of a PROJECT HOUSING COMPLEX.

LATIN (CONT'D)  
What are we doing at my place? I need my money.

EDDIE  
There is no money.

Latin looks confused as Eddie puts the car in park.

LATIN  
What are you talking about?

EDDIE  
Dom wants you dead. I was supposed to kill you out there.

Latin points his Pistol at Eddie but he's unfazed.

LATIN  
Bullshit. You just want my money.

EDDIE

Not everything is about fucking money! Dom thinks you're gonna rat.

LATIN

Prove it.

Eddie pulls out the Semi-Automatic Pistol.

EDDIE

He gave this to me. It was my old man's. He wanted me to have it on a special occasion... my first kill, which was supposed to be you.

Latin finally lowers the gun as paranoia overcomes him.

LATIN

What the hell am I supposed to do?!

EDDIE

When you get the chance, you get the hell out of Detroit. But until then, you can't leave your house. He has to think your dead.

LATIN

How's he gonna think that?

Eddie uses the butt of his pistol and WHACKS him upside the head with it.

EDDIE

I'm sorry but I gotta make it look convincing. For both our sakes.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

David sits in a booth, his leg shaking ferociously.

FLASH! The moment David noticed the wound on Eddie's head.

FLASH! Stella hits Eddie in the head with the rock.

David can barely stand it. How didn't he see it? Anger seethes out of him. He peers around at his surroundings, notices all the couples.

A WAITRESS places a COFFEE in front of him. He pours in some cream before tearing open a packet of SUGAR. As he pours it in, he locks in on the Sugar mixing with the coffee. Somethings sparks in him.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Eddie walks into Dom's office. He tosses his cell phone onto the desk. Dom picks it up. PHOTOS of Latin's bloodied face as his lifeless body lies in the trunk.

DOM

Maybe you're more like your father  
than I thought.

EDDIE

No, because I'm not doing that  
again. Find someone else to do your  
dirty work.

Before Eddie can walk out--

DOM

Your cop friend came around here.  
And it wasn't for any car  
trouble...

This stops Eddie in his tracks.

EDDIE

He was here?

DOM

Rooting around your locker...  
Looking for something.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE, LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie rushes in and opens up his locker. That's when he sees it. On the top shelf, his tennis shoe and the 9mm shell casing perfectly placed on top of the crime scene PHOTOS.

EDDIE

Fuck!

Dom sidles into the doorway, staring him down.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I can fix this.

DOM

If you don't, I'll fix it myself.

Eddie closes his locker and hurries out.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie's Ford frantically pulls up in front of his house. He climbs out and hurries up to his door WHEN--

A SHOTGUN is placed on the back of his head.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Don't fucking move.

Eddie breathes HEAVILY as he holds his hands up.

EDDIE  
David?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Shut up and get the fuck in the  
car.

The FIGURE cloaked in all-black pushes Eddie to a BLACK SUV parked across the street. Eddie abides. The Figure slings open the back door and forces Eddie inside--

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Where he now sits across from Vic, a look of relief on Eddie's face as the armed Figure climbs into the driver's seat and removes his mask. It's one of Vic's BOUNCERS.

VIC  
You look as if you were readying to  
head to your own hanging.

EDDIE  
You scared the shit out of me. What  
the hell are you doing here?

VIC  
(smiles)  
I found something you might like.

Eddie looks on, confused.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Vic and Eddie stroll into the hall, bustling with activity.

They walk straight to a door guarded with an even LARGER BOUNCER. He lets them through.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

This is where the high stakes pool games are going on. Thousands upon thousands of dollars being gambled.

As they come to a back office door, Vic opens it and there sits... MENDEZ (30's). He's tied up with a blindfold around his eyes. He's shivering as his feet are submerged in icy water. Eddie's in complete shock.

VIC

He was trying to cross over into Canada, but he needed a different passport. Fell right into my lap.

EDDIE

What are you gonna do with him?

VIC

I know a few people willing to pay a hefty price for him.

MENDEZ

Please, I just wanna see my family.

Vic WHACKS him upside the head.

VIC

Shut the fuck up, pig. You wanted to talk to him and now here he is.

Eddie hesitantly sits across from the weeping Mendez, uncomfortable.

MENDEZ

Please, get me out of here.

EDDIE

Two weeks ago, you and Officer Forrester kidnapped Stella Remur, put her in the trunk of the car--

MENDEZ

--No.

Eddie powers through his interruption.

EDDIE

You put her in the trunk of the car, drove it over to Dom's garage with instructions to get rid of it and left the job for me to finish.

MELENDEZ

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

EDDIE

It's okay, they've already got another guy going down on the charges... just like you planned. I just wanna hear the truth.

MELENDEZ

I didn't even know she was dead.

A Bouncer comes over and whispers in Vic's ear. He nods at Eddie to continue as he leaves the room.

EDDIE

You're saying you didn't kidnap her to get back at David for investigating you?

MELENDEZ

No. I was ready to turn myself in. I wanted it to be over. Confess to everything. But he wouldn't let me.

EDDIE

Who? Forrester?... Where is he?

There's a long pause before--

MELENDEZ

The Taurus.

Eddie's confused before we FLASHBACK:

--Eddie inspects THE BLACK FORD TAURUS. The Blood spatter on the back seat.

--INSIDE THE DARK TRUNK, we now see the silhouette of a body, bound and gagged.

--Then we see Eddie in the field, watching the Taurus burn.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie's shaken.

EDDIE

You mean I killed him?

Before BAM! The basement door is rammed as ARMED FEDERAL MARSHALS storm down the steps.

FEDERAL MARSHALS  
Everybody get the fuck down!

One of Vic's Bouncers FIRES at the Marshals but they RIP a bullet through his chest.

Eddie ducks into the corner of the office, shielding himself.

MENDEZ  
Please, please, I'm an officer!

The gunfire subsides as the Federal Marshals begin arresting all of the Illegal Gamblers. One Federal Marshal removes his helmet, a SUAVE MARSHAL (40's). He inches closer to Mendez.

SUAVE MARSHAL  
You're an officer?

MENDEZ  
Yes! Joaquin Mendez, Narcotics.  
Please, just get me out of here.

SUAVE MARSHAL  
Mendez?... Did you know there's a  
\$25,000 bounty on your head?

MENDEZ  
Oh, sh-

BANG! The Suave Marshal FIRES a round into his head. Eddie scrambles into the back office causing a RUSTLING.

Eddie spots a small Hopper window. He jumps up onto the desk and slides it open, wiggling his way out.

The Suave Marshal steps into the room, the only sight the half-open Hopper window.

EXT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Eddie empties on the back side of the building. As he staggers out, he watches a cuffed Vic get put into the back of a POLICE VAN. Eddie takes off.

EXT. HOSPICE FACILITY - NIGHT

Eddie's Ford frantically pulls into the parking lot.

INT. HOSPICE FACILITY - NIGHT

Eddie hustles up to the nurse's station where Bertie sits.

EDDIE  
Where's Sugar?

BERTIE  
I'm sorry, Eddie. She doesn't wanna see you.

EDDIE  
Please. It's important.

Eddie spots Sugar behind the doors. He makes a move when--

MRS. CLIFFTON (O.S.)  
Mr. Bankowski.

He freezes... not again.

MRS. CLIFFTON (CONT'D)  
My office please.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eddie reluctantly tails Mrs. Clifton as she approaches her office doors. A NURSE stops over.

NURSE  
Mrs. Clifton, we need your help in the C-Wing.

MRS. CLIFFTON  
(to Eddie)  
Wait right here, I'll be right back.

Mrs. Clifton hurries off with the Nurse as Eddie sits down in a chair and buries his face in his hands, still in disbelief of what he just saw.

CAPTAIN DEEMER (O.S.)  
It's a shame, isn't it?

Eddie looks up as Captain Deemer sits across from him.

CAPTAIN DEEMER (CONT'D)  
What these places cost. It's not enough that we have to watch our loved ones wither away before our eyes, but then to know they're profiting from it? Criminal... Which one's yours?

Eddie points out toward the common room, where Doris sits.



EDDIE

My mother. Dementia and Pancreatic cancer, stage four.

Captain Deemer points out Diane, sitting a few tables away from Doris.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

My wife. Liver cancer. Recently diagnosed as stage four.

EDIE

I'm sorry.

Captain Deemer watches as a couple of EMPLOYEES walk by, conversing loudly, LAUGHING. He stares with disgust.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

You wish everyone could know what we go through. The long hours, the never-ending bills. Maybe then they'd understand.

EDDIE

Understand what?

CAPTAIN DEEMER

Why we are the way we are.

Mrs. Clifton shuffles back down the hall.

MRS. CLIFFTON

So sorry about that. Mr. Bankowski, we're going to need a three-hundred dollar deposit to keep your mother's room for next month.

EDDIE

Three hundred dollars? I don't have that kind of money on me.

MRS. CLIFFTON

Perhaps if you'd opened an account like I suggested, you wouldn't need-

CAPTAIN DEEMER

--I'll take care of it.

They both look to Deemer who opens up his checkbook.

EDDIE

You don't have to--

CAPTAIN DEEMER

If people in this city helped each other out more, then maybe we'd start trending in the right direction for once.

EDDIE

Thank you so much. I'll find some way to repay you.

Captain Deemer hands the check to Mrs. Clifton. Eddie spots Sugar walk past the hall.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Eddie quickly runs after her and rounds the corner where she's stopped.

SUGAR

Why can't you just leave me alone?

EDDIE

Because I love you... And I don't wanna lie to you anymore.

SUGAR

What else have you lied about?

EDDIE

Can we go somewhere and talk?

Sugar challenges him.

SUGAR

What can't you say right here?

Eddie's eyes well up. Sugar can sense the seriousness.

EDDIE

I fucked up.

EXT. HOSPICE FACILITY - NIGHT

Sugar storms out the doors, swinging on her jacket. Her own eyes are welled up with tears as she seethes with anger.

EDDIE

Sugar... Please say something.

He goes to grab her arm but when he does she SMACKS it away.

SUGAR

What am I supposed to do now,  
Eddie?! Go to the cops?

Eddie pleads with a passion we haven't seen before.

EDDIE

You and I. We get out of here. Out  
of Detroit. Start somewhere new.

SUGAR

And what? I just forget about what  
you did? And we live happily ever  
after?

Sugar trudges through the parking lot and onto the street  
corner where she waits at a bus stop.

EDDIE

Yes... you didn't tell your mother  
what your father had done not  
because you were protecting her but  
because you realized sometimes to  
live the life you want, it's best  
just to look the other way. I'm  
asking you to look the other way.

The BUS crawls to a stop as the doors open.

SUGAR

This isn't a life I want, Eddie.  
And it shouldn't be one you want  
either.

She climbs in as the color in Eddie's face drains.

EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - DAY

Clouds roll in over downtown Detroit.

INT. THE YARD - DAY

Afternoon crowd. Eddie sucks back another beer, his eyes  
glazed over as he plays with the cufflink in his hand.

JIMMY

Anything else, Eddie?

EDDIE

No, Jimmy... I'm done.

He puts the cufflink on the bar top and gets up, leaving it.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie sits, conflicted. His leg shakes. His palms glisten with sweat. He sinks his head and climbs out of his car as we see that he's outside of the POLICE STATION.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Eddie walks inside and up to the front counter where an OFFICER sits.

EDDIE

I'd like to confess to a crime.

INT. COLBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Colby leads Eddie into the office as Colby closes the door.

COLBY

Sorry about this but all the interrogation rooms are full. It'll be quieter in here.

Colby sets up a VOICE RECORDER in front of Eddie. Eddie notices Colby's arm is in a CAST.

EDDIE

What happened to your arm?

COLBY

Car accident. F-150 came through my side. Last time I buy foreign.

Colby fills out some paperwork.

COLBY (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna need your signature on a couple of these forms acknowledging that you're waiving the right to an attorney.

He slides across the forms and the pen to Eddie. Eddie pauses as he looks over them. He goes to sign but nothing comes out. He shakes it and tries again. Still dry.

COLBY (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Colby slides open the desk drawer when Eddie sees the shine of a single cufflink... *St. Michael* engraving visible. Colby closes it.

COLBY (CONT'D)  
Hang tight. I'll be right back.

Colby walks out of the office before Eddie opens the drawer back up. He pulls the cufflink out... it's identical.

INT. COLBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Colby walks back into the office with a pen in his hand. Only Eddie's GONE. And the desk drawer is pulled open.

COLBY  
Shit.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie nervously walks down the hall, drawing glances from uniformed officers.

Up ahead, he spots a couple of Officers on radios. He quickly ducks into an adjacent hallway where he notices a FIRE ALARM.

He looks around before he pulls it. Immediately, SIRENS ring out as the SPRINKLERS kick on.

WORKERS immediately get up from their desks, trying to shield themselves best they can from the onslaught of water.

In a crowd, they move out the front doors, and Eddie nonchalantly slips in with them.

As Colby emerges from the hallway, he spots the crowd of people rushing out of the building, but no sign of Eddie.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Eddie slips away from the crowd as he starts to move toward his car, but thinks twice as he spots a BUS coming to a stop.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Eddie climbs aboard the bus and looks out the window. A TEAM OF OFFICERS swarm his car in the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The Officers, including Colby, surround the car but Eddie's not in it. Colby pulls out his cell phone and dials.

COLBY  
Hey... we've got a problem.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Sugar unlocks her door and opens it. Her arms full of groceries. She shuffles inside.

She hangs up her jacket and as she turns around, she spots... David, sitting at her kitchen table, a Glock trained on her. She freezes.

DAVID  
Don't scream.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DUSK

The bus grinds to a halt as its doors swing open and Eddie hops out. He runs down the street as he comes to the entrance for Dom's Garage.

INT. DOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eddie rummages through the cabinet sorting through keys until he finally settles on a pair. He notices something else... Dom's safe. And it's cracked open.

He opens it up, inside... CASH and lots of it as well as papers... and that LEATHERBOUND LEDGER.

Eddie opens it up. TRANSACTIONS. As he flips through more pages, an OLD PHOTO falls out. Eddie picks it up and studies it but we don't see what he sees.

He turns around to find Dom raising a gun to him.

EDDIE  
You knew the entire time?

DOM  
Of course, I fucking knew. You don't think I know the story of every car that comes through here?

EDDIE  
Those cops that were here that morning...

FLASHBACK:

Dom speaks with the cops in the office. One of them is Colby, we don't see the other. Latin watches it all unfold.

DOM (V.O.)

They wanted you taken care of right then and there.

END FLASHBACK.

DOM

But I told them I could set you straight. Because I was trying to look out for you. But you didn't listen.

They hear the sound of a CAR ROLLING UP, outside.

EDDIE

That's them, isn't it?

DOM

How'd you think this was gonna end--

BANG! Blood spurts from Dom's neck, as he fires two errant shots into the ceiling, crashing to the ground.

Eddie looks over, spots Latin shakily holding the smoking Pistol. He fires AGAIN into Dom's back... then once more until his body stops TWITCHING and blood pools around him.

LATIN

Who's dead now, bitch!

Eddie can't believe what just happened and neither can Latin. Latin whisks off his jacket and throws it to the ground before he paces the floor in disbelief.

LATIN (CONT'D)

Holy fuck.

Eddie takes a step toward Latin, but he quickly raises the gun back up, keeping it trained on Eddie.

EDDIE

Easy Latin.

LATIN

I just needed to make quick money so I could buy the Mustang. I didn't wanna turn into this.

Eddie walks closer to Latin as the gun continues to tremble in his hand.

LATIN (CONT'D)

You know my mom tells me she doesn't even recognize me anymore? My own mom, scared of *me*... I want out. I want Miami.

EDDIE

Then get out... right now. Put down the gun, get in the car and drive.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sugar continues to stare at David, his Glock staring her in the face.

DAVID

Sit down.

Calmly, she sits across from him. Her breath steady.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think how terrified Stella must have been before she died... And how I wasn't there to protect her.

SUGAR

I'm not scared of you, David. Because I know you're not gonna do this.

DAVID

Why wouldn't I? It's only fair I take away from Eddie what he took away from me.

INT. DOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The Pistol still shakes in Latin's hand.

EDDIE

This isn't you Latin. You want Miami? You want money? Dom's office... his safe is open. Take it all. You did a job, you deserve to get paid.

Latin studies Eddie, unsure of what to do.

LATIN

You're lying.



EDDIE

No. I just want you to have what's yours.

Latin quickly shuffles into Dom's office. Once out of sight, Eddie frantically picks up Latin's jacket off the ground. He feels the pockets until he hears the JINGLE. Keys.

EXT. DOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Eddie opens the door to Latin's MUSTANG. He climbs inside and STARTS IT UP. He peels out of the lot as Latin rushes out.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David locks eyes with Sugar as he speaks.

SUGAR

What happened to her was an awful thing. And to find out your friend... well I just can't imagine what you're feeling.

Sugar slips her hand onto David's as we see under the table, her other hand is TEXTING.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

But you're not gonna do this. I can see it in your eyes. This isn't you.

David leans in close.

DAVID

I died when Stella died. When you look in my eyes all you should see is emptiness, because that's all that's left.

David leans back in his chair, unnerving Sugar.

INT. LATIN'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

Eddie drives as the police scanner on Latin's dash CRACKLES--

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Calling all units, calling all units. This is an all-post bulletin for Edward James Bankowski. Six foot. 180 pounds. Brown hair. Brown eyes.

Eddie's phone BUZZES. He checks the text from Sugar...  
"Help".

EDDIE

Shit.

Eddie shifts GEARS as he lays on the gas. He FLIES through a RED LIGHT as a CRUISER immediately fires up its SIREN.

Eddie looks back in the mirror. It gains on him. He thinks quick and pulls off into--

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Where the Mustang ROARS and empties onto a--

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

That's dimly lit. He quickly pulls in front of a house and shuts off his lights. Waits for it... the Cruiser flies by, without noticing him.

He pulls out and heads the opposite direction.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sugar continues to sit across from David.

SUGAR

What are you waiting for then? If you're gonna kill me then just go ahead and do it. What's the hesitation? You say this is the only way to make it fair, then do it... make it fair.

David can feel Sugar challenging him. He pulls back the TRIGGER.

EXT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Finally, the Mustang comes SCREECHING to a halt. Eddie quickly climbs out and rushes to the building.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eddie carefully moves to the end of the hallway until he sidles up next to her door. He pulls out his gun.

EDDIE  
David... David?!

**INTERCUT WITH--**

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Surprised, David moves toward the door.

EDDIE (O.S.)  
You're not gonna do this.

Sugar spots her RACK OF FRYING PANS in the kitchen. Quietly, she rises from the chair as David talks with Eddie.

DAVID  
You took her from me, Eddie. Then  
you lied about it.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Eddie leans his head against the door, ashamed.

EDDIE  
I didn't kill her. But she died  
because of me. It happened so fast.  
I thought I was just getting rid of  
a car. I didn't know she was in  
there.

--David leans against the door as Sugar steps closer toward the kitchen. She nears the pans.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Stella didn't deserve what happened  
to her, and neither does Sugar. And  
I can tell you everything. But you  
need to open this door and hear me  
out.

--Sugar finally grips one of the frying pans and slides it off of the rack.

DAVID  
I can't trust you, Eddie.

David turns around when WHACK! She swings the frying pan and CLOCKS him across the face.

He staggers backwards as Eddie uses the commotion to RAM open the door, knocking David to the ground. David's Pistol falls from his hand as Sugar quickly picks it up, terrified.

David looks up as he has both Eddie and Sugar's guns trained on him. The situation turned.

EDDIE  
(to Sugar)  
Are you okay?

Sugar's startled but nods. Eddie reaches into his pocket and tosses the ledger onto his stomach.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
You were right. Cops were involved  
but not the ones you think.

David scans through the ledger, guns still pointed at him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
My boss was his bookkeeper. He has  
hands in more pies than Giacolo. He  
didn't just know about Forrester  
and Mendez, he sent them to him.

David holds up the photo from the ledger... we see an old photo of a slightly younger Dom... and Captain Deemer.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Colby was his right hand man...  
Look, we can get these guys, but we  
need each other to do it. I know  
you don't trust me, but if you  
leave Sugar alone, after were done,  
you can kill me.

SUGAR  
Eddie--

EDDIE  
It's the only way.

David stares up at Eddie, then back at the photo of Deemer and Dom.

EXT. DETROIT - NIGHT

The Detroit skyline twinkles in the distance.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie stands with Sugar in the doorway. David lingers.

EDDIE

I wish I could tell you what it  
meant to have met you.

Sugar has tears in her eyes.

SUGAR

You will when you come back because  
when you get a chance, you run and  
you call me and I'll find you--

EDDIE

(smirks)

--I'm tired of running from what's  
coming. My old man spent his entire  
life looking over his shoulder.  
That's not a life I wanna live.

Eddie sinks his head. Sugar wipes away a tear as they share  
one last gaze into each other's eyes. He walks away, before--

SUGAR

What'd you really do to Jordan?

EDDIE

Tell my mother that I love her...  
and that "I understand, now".

He continues down the hall as Sugar looks on perplexed.

INT. DEEMER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Colby walks into Capt. Deemer's office as he packs up his  
belongings.

COLBY

We still haven't found him.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

And David?

Colby shakes his head.

CAPTAIN DEEMER (CONT'D)

I trust you'll handle it.

COLBY

Where are you going, sir?

CAPTAIN DEEMER

I promised Diane I'd have dinner  
with her. And I'm already three  
hours late.

COLBY

But sir--

CAPTAIN DEEMER

--Of all the places in the country  
you could've gone, you chose  
here... why?

COLBY

I don't know.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

Because you saw a city in misery.  
And from misery comes desperation.  
And from desperation comes  
opportunity.

Captain Deemer slides across papers to Colby.

COLBY

Resignation papers?

CAPTAIN DEEMER

I'm tired, Colby. You wanted  
opportunity... I'm giving it to  
you.

Captain Deemer walks past him.

CAPTAIN DEEMER (CONT'D)

Just let me know when it's done...  
Captain.

Colby gazes around the office... *his* office.

INT. LATIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Eddie climbs into Latin's car as he takes a big, exasperating  
breath over everything that just occurred. He pulls out his  
phone and starts TEXTING to LATIN:

**If you want your car, you're gonna have to come get it.**

INT. DEEMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Captain Deemer escorts the frail Diane into his spacious,  
Victorian house.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David pulls out a box inside of his closet. He opens it where we see a neatly pressed POLICE UNIFORM.

INT. DEEMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Deemer removes his badge and his uniform, stripping down to regular clothes.

INT. DEEMER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Deemer sits Diane down at the end of the table. A lavish dinner is set before the two.

DIANE  
It looks delicious.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
Only for you, my love.

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

Colby converses with fellow Officers when his phone RINGS. He pulls himself aside and answers.

COLBY  
Hello?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
It's over.

COLBY  
Who is this?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
I don't wanna run anymore.

A look of realization comes over his face.

COLBY  
Bankowski?... Where's David?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
(cries)  
He was gonna kill her... I had to do it. I just want it to be over.

Colby signals for his other Officers to stop what they're doing so he can hear.

COLBY

You're making the right decision.  
If you come to the station--

EDDIE (O.S.)

--No... all that media... I don't  
want my mother to see me.

Colby looks up at a GIANT MAP of the city.

COLBY

We have an impound lot. Down by the  
lake. On Junction and Porter. I'll  
send some cars and get your intake  
paperwork started.

Colby signals for one of his Officers to turn around.

EDDIE (O.S.)

I want assurances that you're not  
gonna kill me. I don't wanna die.

The Officer turns around as we see that it's the Suave  
Marshal who murdered Mendez.

COLBY

You have my word... Are we agreed?

A long pause on the other end...

EDDIE (O.S.)

We're agreed.

INT. DEEMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Deemer and his wife begin eating their meal.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

I was thinking about heading  
upstate tomorrow? That lakehouse we  
looked at... how about we put an  
offer in on it?

DIANE

You know I can't just go upstate.  
My doctor wouldn't allow it. Plus  
your job--

CAPTAIN DEEMER

My only job is spending as much  
time with you as I can.

This coerces a smile from Diane.



EXT. IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

THREE POLICE CARS wait at the dockside lot. A CAR passes by but doesn't pull in. The Suave Marshal speaks into the radio.

SUAVE MARSHAL  
Still nothing.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. COLBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Colby nervously sits behind his desk, overlooking the city.

COLBY  
(to himself)  
Come on Bankowski.

A HEFTY OFFICER pokes his head in.

HEFTY OFFICER  
Sir, there's something going on  
with your car.

COLBY  
I'm busy.

HEFTY OFFICER  
I think somebody tried to break in.

This alarms Colby.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

The Suave Marshal perks up at the sight of a VEHICLE.

SUAVE MARSHAL  
Hold up we got something...

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Colby climbs down the stairs as he listens with interest.

COLBY  
What kind of car is it?

The car breaks through the treeline as it comes into focus.

SUAVE MARSHAL (O.S.)  
Can't tell. It's a blue compact of  
some sort.

Colby swings open the door as he empties into--

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

It's empty save for the CARS. As he keeps walking, the sound of a CAR ALARM RINGS in the distance.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

The compact car comes to a stop a hundred feet away in the dark of the night. A silhouette in the driver's seat.

SUAVE MARSHAL  
I wanna see your hands!

A set of hands are held out the window, clearly showing there's no weapon.

SUAVE MARSHAL (CONT'D)  
Permission to move in?

--Colby anxiously taps the radio as he keeps walking before--

COLBY  
Move in.

OVER THE RADIO:

SUAVE MARSHAL (O.S.)  
Put the gun down! Put the gun down!

VOICE (O.S.)  
I don't have a gun!

SUAVE MARSHAL (V.O.)  
This is your last warning!

Colby has no reaction before he hears a BARRAGE OF BULLETS being fired. Then SILENCE.

COLBY  
Can I have confirmation that  
Bankowski is dead...

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

The Suave Marshal and his team move toward the vehicle, riddled with bullets. The windshield shattered.

They open the car door and a BODY falls out.

The Suave Marshal kicks him over as he flops onto his back... and it's Latin.

SUAVE MARSHAL  
It's not him.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Colby is beside himself as he approaches his car. The alarm BLARES as his driver's window has been SMASHED in.

SUAVE MARSHAL (O.S.)  
I repeat it's not him.

COLBY  
Then where the fuck is he?!

Colby hears SHUFFLING behind him, where Eddie stands holding a Pistol with a silencer on the end of it. He's dressed in David's police uniform.

EDDIE  
How'd you get the Restoril in her system?

COLBY  
Somebody help!

PSSST! Eddie fires a shot into his leg as he crumbles to the ground in pain.

COLBY (CONT'D)  
Shit!

EDDIE  
Do that again and the next one goes into your voice box... Now, why'd you leave her for me?

Colby clutches his leg in unbearable pain.

COLBY  
You keeping thinking this was all done to screw you... She was supposed to be already dead.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Colby puts her lifeless body in the trunk of her car.

EXT. DOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Colby pulls up to the garage where he's greeted by Dom and Captain Deemer.

COLBY (V.O.)  
It was just dumb luck that she woke  
up while you were driving.

Captain Deemer slips Dom the envelope full of cash.

INT. TRUNK - NIGHT

Stella GASPS for air as she comes to. The car's moving, her surroundings are nothing but dark. She tries to SCREAM, but it's faint as she chokes on her breath.

STELLA  
Help.

She uses what energy she has to KICK against the trunk door.

BACK TO SCENE:

Eddie shakes his head in disbelief of the situation.

EDDIE  
That's the reason for all this?  
Dumb fucking luck? Who put the  
Restoril in her system?

Colby tries one last time, testing Eddie.

COLBY  
Help! Someone--

PSSP! Eddie buries a bullet in Colby's neck. He clutches it as blood spurts out. Eddie stands over him as Colby chokes on his own blood. He reaches into Colby's pocket and pulls out his phone.

INT. CAPTAIN DEEMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Captain Deemer's phone RINGS.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
Excuse me, darling.

Diane smiles at him. He moves out of the room and into--

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Where he answers his phone.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
Tell me it's done.

EDDIE (O.S.)  
It's done... But not in the way you  
mean it.

Captain Deemer peers over his shoulder and opens his car door and climbs in, wanting to be quiet.

INT. CAPT. DEEMER'S CAR - NIGHT

Captain Deemer sits in the driver's seat.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
Who is this?... What happened to  
Lieutenant Harris?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
He's the least of your problems.

CLICK... Captain Deemer peers in the rearview mirror to see David crouched down in the backseat, a gun trained on him.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
So this is how it's gonna end?

Diane makes her way to the door and opens it, staring curiously at him.

DIANE  
What are you doing?

DAVID  
If you as much as look at her like  
something is wrong... I'll kill her  
first. Now roll down your window,  
and tell her that you're going for  
a drive.

Captain Deemer rolls down his window and peers out.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
I'm fine, dear. Just have to go on  
a quick drive to the station... but  
you finish eating and I'll be back  
before you're done.

DIANE  
You're sure you're okay?

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
(nods)  
I love you.

The garage OPENS and Captain Deemer backs out.

INT. CAPTAIN DEEMER'S CAR - NIGHT

Captain Deemer drives, David still with his gun trained on him. Despite the circumstances, Deemer is still calm.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
A missing police captain isn't  
gonna raise any questions?

DAVID  
Why didn't you just kill me? Why  
Stella?

A small smile creeps across his face.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
Killing her was killing you.  
Without the heavy investigation  
that would've surely followed if it  
was you.

DAVID  
Pull down here.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The car pulls down a dirt access road.

INT. CAPTAIN DEEMER'S CAR - NIGHT

It rolls along the dirt path surrounded by thick trees.

DAVID  
You killed Romero. Not Giacolo.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ROMERO'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Romero sits on the phone with David.

ROMERO

They're readying to hop the border.

As we continue to PAN we see, Captain Deemer sits there with a gun trained on him. He pulls the trigger. BAM!

BACK TO SCENE:

CAPTAIN DEEMER

Giacolo owns every judge and jury in this city. He didn't give a shit about Romero. Or Forrester. Or Mendez.

DAVID

But you did.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

I'll give you credit. You did a good job hiding Romero for as long as you did. Who knows, maybe if you gave him up earlier and we got to him, the case would've fallen apart. And we wouldn't have had to do what we did. That's on you.

The distaste in David's eyes grows.

EXT. QUARRY - NIGHT

The car pulls up to the quarry where Eddie already waits outside of his car.

Captain Deemer climbs out as does David.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

What a sight. Two best friends, one responsible for the other's wife's death... working together. Now that's true friendship. It's exactly like I said Eddie, if we just had more people helping each other, this city could turn around.

EDDIE

You don't give a shit about Detroit.

David signals him to the edge of the quarry.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

You just don't understand. To survive in this city, you need to adapt to what it is... a zoo. I'm not a bad guy... I'm a survivor. My wife is a survivor.

(to Eddie)

You did what you did Eddie because you too are a survivor.

EDDIE

I'm nothing like you.

Captain Deemer smiles as he peers back up at the two.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

You can kill me. But nothing will change. You'll soon realize that it'll keep happening and happening and happening, because Detroit has fallen apart. And it can't be saved... The remains only salvaged. And it can only be salvaged by survivors.

DAVID

I know killing you won't fix anything. That's why I'm not gonna do it...

Captain Deemer looks confused.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll get satisfaction in knowing you deciding your life isn't worth living.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

And if I decide it is?

EDDIE

Then I'll go to the press. I'll admit to everything. Show them the evidence of what you did. What you've been doing. You'll go to prison. And your wife will die knowing exactly who you are.

CAPTAIN DEEMER

And what's that?

EDDIE

An animal.



A long pause as Captain Deemer walks to the edge.

CAPTAIN DEEMER  
We're all animals.

And he JUMPS, descending down into the dark abyss. David and Eddie look at each other, apprehensively.

LATER--

Together, they push Deemer's car into the quarry. It tumbles down as Eddie looks on, knowing what's coming next. But when he looks back at David, he's walking toward the car.

EDDIE  
You're not gonna kill me?

DAVID  
Not here. Not with him.

Before the two climb into the car--

EDDIE  
Can we make a stop first?

EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - DAWN

The sun peaks over the horizon. The skyline shimmers in the sun's warmth.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sugar's dressed for work. She slips the locket around her neck. She twiddles it between her fingers, staring longingly, as she checks her phone. No new messages or calls.

Sugar grabs her jacket. When she opens the door, she notices a BIRDCAGE... with a DOVE inside. On the door, an ENVELOPE marked for *Sugar*. She opens it.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
Dear Sugar. You were right.

EXT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Sugar rushes out the door... but doesn't see Eddie in sight.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
My life didn't turn out the way it did because of my father or where I grew up...

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David drives as Eddie smokes a cigarette.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
It was because of me.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

David and Eddie walk along the train tracks, just as they did as children in the opening.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
What I did was a conscious decision  
to protect myself.

David and Eddie exchange glances as they CRUNCH the gravel. They stop. In the distance the Renaissance Building lurks.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
But I think in a way it was to also  
protect you because I so badly  
wanted to be the man you thought I  
was.

Eddie drops to his knees as David nervously stares at the gun he holds. His hand trembles.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
And I couldn't fathom seeing the  
look of disappointment when you  
realized I wasn't.

David shakily trains the gun on Eddie's head. As Eddie braces for his death, a calm comes over him as he locks eyes with... THE COYOTE grazing in the distance. Something dawns on him--

EDDIE  
I know who helped them--

BANG! A bullet rips through Eddie's head as he flops forward onto the gravel. Smoke bellows from the end of the Pistol.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sugar feeds the Dove some wheat out of her hand.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
I never saw myself as a bad guy...

It pecks it out of her hand as she cracks a sly smile.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

David's car slowly comes to a stop. He climbs out and walks up the front steps. He peers through the window. EMPTY.

EDDIE (V.O.)

But rather as a survivor trying to  
make it in a non-survivable world.

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

--David slips in through the window. The place is completely cleaned out.

--He settles in the kitchen, on the counter, some leftover MAIL. One in particular: NOTICE OF FREEZING OF ACCOUNTS.

He reads further, words popping out at him ***"Due to the ongoing investigation of your ex-husband, we will be freezing all accounts until further notice."***

Some of the mail falls on the floor. He kneels down to pick it up when he notices a PILL. He picks it up... *Restoril*.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Barbara crushes *Restoril* into a glass of wine, unknowingly knocking another to the floor. Stella's in the other room.

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - LATER

Stella's wine glass is empty. She's passed out on the couch. Barbara makes a phone call.

INT. BARBARA' HOUSE - LATER

The door opens and Colby walks in. He picks up Stella's lifeless body and carries her down the steps.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

David clutches the pill, completely broken.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Don't come looking for me.

INT. DORIS' ROOM - DAY

Sugar cleans out the drawers, packing up Doris' clothes.

EDDIE (V.O.)

As sometimes it's better to not be  
found.

As she removes the last set as it reveals a FRAMED PHOTO.  
It's of Eddie and his FATHER.

As she straightens up, the TV catches her attention.

ANCHOR

The body of 35-year-old Jordan  
Lassiter was found in a dumpster in  
Dearborn this afternoon--

Sugar stares in disbelief, peering down at the picture and  
focusing in on Eddie.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

The seasons change. Tigers fans turn into Lions fans.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sugar sits next to a HANDSOME MAN as they have dinner with  
friends. He has his arm around her and kisses her neck. She  
feigns a smile as we can tell she's not really present.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Know that I'll find peace in this  
world, when you get the happiness  
you deserve.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

We see the *good* of Detroit. Comerica Park. Ford Field.  
Historic Motown Theaters. Michigan Central Station. PEOPLE  
laughing, enjoying each other's company. Being HAPPY.

EDDIE (V.O.)

I realized why I never left  
Detroit. It wasn't because I  
couldn't... It was because I knew  
Detroit couldn't ever leave me.

INT. SUGAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Then we see the sullen Sugar as she sits at her kitchen table, miserably flipping over playing cards... the CHIRPING of the dove incessant.

She opens the door of the cage. The Dove flutters onto her hand. She opens the window and watches as it flies away.

INT. SUGAR'S CAR - DAY

Sugar drives as the scenery turns greener with the various lakes sitting in the distance.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
My mother used to say, that it's  
better to walk with a friend in the  
dark, than alone in the light.

INT. SUGAR'S CAR - DAY

Sugar sits silently in her car. An empty look on her face. As she peers down at a slip of paper: 721 GOWER.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
I never understood what she meant  
by that.

She pulls out Eddie's father's Semi-Automatic Pistol.

EXT. REMOTE CABIN - DAY

The screen door swings open and David walks outside, recognizable even with his full beard. He stares, frozen, at Sugar before she raises the gun.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
But I understand now.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**