

# THE LAST STAND

by Hammer

Author's Note: Though this is a work of fiction, Felix Jeffries is obviously based on Oakland crime lord Felix Mitchell, who ran the city in the 1970s, giving away turkeys for Christmas while waging war with rivals during "Bloody August". Mitchell was arrested, convicted, and sent to Leavenworth, where he was killed on August 21, 1986. The streets of Oakland were closed for his funeral parade - his body in a horse drawn carriage followed by 17 Rolls Royce limousines. The procession was televised on the local news, and thousands of people lined the streets to watch. As a Bay Area resident, I watched it on TV. Everything else is a work of fiction...

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"THE LAST STAND"

**EXT. OAKLAND, CA -- DAY**

West Oakland. Under the freeway approach to the Bay Bridge. More war torn and battle scared than Baghdad.

A tricked out black & silver Hummer 2 zooms past Eli's Mile High Club - a military vehicle in a different kind of war.

On the edge of the battle zone, a sprinkling of gentrification. Older buildings, cleaned up and turned into middle class apartments... surrounded by fences and barbed wire.

**EXT. NEW APARTMENT -- DAY**

The Hummer 2 pulls up in front of one of the buildings. Honks it's horn a couple of times.

BOB MCCREA, a good looking accountant, just turned thirty, steps out of the building, jogs to the Hummer. McCrea is a man of words not actions. Briefcase in hand, ready for work.

The Hummer doors pop open and three men step out:

MATT ROGERS, looks like an ex-college football player now selling insurance. McCrea's oldest friend, they slap hands.

ROGERS

We're taking your bucket.

MCCREA

My car?

CARL BRONSON, an ugly, musclebound gang-banger with a shaved head and prison tattoos. He's always strapped.

BRONSON

I think we'll all fit.

FELIX JEFFRIES, head of Oakland's most vicious crime family. Worked his way up from a ponyboy to Black Caesar. Oozes power, under his smile we sense his violent nature. Puffs his cigar.

JEFFRIES

Morning, Bob. How's the wife?

MCCREA

Fine sir... You're going to leave your car here?

McCrea leads them to his new Volvo Stationwagon.

JEFFRIES

Think anybody'll fuck with it?

Bronson laughs at the thought. They climb in, car pulls out.

**INT. MCCREA'S VOLVO -- DAY**

McCrea is nervous. Jeffries puffs his cigar in the back seat.

JEFFRIES

We're cruisin' over the bridge.

MCCREA

Okay.

McCrea pulls onto the freeway.

**EXT. BAY BRIDGE -- DAY**

The Volvo zooms across the bridge - from Bump City to sophisticated San Fran - the two couldn't be more different.

**EXT. JUST OFF COLUMBUS AVENUE -- DAY**

The Volvo pulls to the curb next to a hydrant.

**INT. MCCREA'S VOLVO -- DAY**

They sit in silence. McCrea is nervous. Jeffries pops open the door and gets out. Rogers and Bronson also get out.

When McCrea pops open his door, Bronson pushes it closed.

BRONSON

You wait in the car, baby. Mr. Jeffries got some business.

MCCREA

Sure.

McCrea watches as the three men - the wrong color for this all Italian neighborhood - walk across the street to a restaurant. Bronson and Rogers stop at the curb.

Jeffries waits near the restaurant awning. A minute passes.

McCrea watches as the restaurant doors open, and "Don" JOHN LEONE steps out, flanked by two BODYGUARDS. His aged MOTHER on Leone's arm. He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

LEONE

You get some rest, mamma.

Jeffries pulls a gun, steps forward, blows away both Bodyguards. Then presses the gun into Leone's left eye.

JEFFRIES

Fuck you and your family.

Blows Leone's head into a million pieces that splatter on his Mother. She screams. Falls to the sidewalk.

Jeffries holsters his gun, walks back to the Volvo.  
Rogers and Bronson falling into place at his side.

McCrea can't take his eyes of the screaming old woman.

The three climb into the Volvo, doors closing.

JEFFRIES

Maybe we should pick up some Chinkchow  
for lunch. You know, the real stuff.

BRONSON

Be cold by the the time we get back  
to the office.

JEFFRIES

Skip it. Let's get out of here.

McCrea doesn't start the car - focused on the screaming woman.  
Bronson has to nudge him from the back seat.

MCCREA

Sorry.

Starts up the Volvo and takes off... back to Oakland.  
As McCrea drives, the gunshots echo in his mind.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The JUDGE pounds his gavel.  
All we see is the Witness Stand.  
Empty.

A title is superimposed:  
"Alameda Criminal Courts Building. Courtroom #7."

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (O.S.)

Prosecution calls Robert McCrea.

BAILIFF (O.S.)

Will Mr. McCrea take the stand.

McCrea steps into the witness stand, nervously raises his  
hand to be sworn in.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the  
whole truth, and nothing but the  
truth?

MCCREA

I swear.

McCrea sits in the stand.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Mr. McCrea, can you tell us what  
your relationship is to Mr. Jeffries  
and the Jeffries Crime Family?

MCCREA  
I'm a book keeper.

McCrea glances at:

**THE DEFENSE TABLE**

Fred Jeffries smiles at him.

**THE WITNESS STAND**

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Were there any "irregularities" in  
Mr. Jeffries's books?

McCrea looks at the D.A.

MCCREA  
Yes, sir. He had seven million  
dollars in undeclared earnings last  
year.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Did Mr. Jeffries tell you the source  
of these undeclared earnings?

MCCREA  
Yes, sir. Criminal activities.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
What kind of criminal activities?

MCCREA  
Drug trafficking. Prostitution.  
Gambling. Loan sharking. Receiving  
and trafficking stolen merchandise.  
Murder for hire.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Working for such a man didn't bother  
you?

MCCREA  
I had a family to feed, sir. All I  
ever did was keep books and fill out  
tax forms.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
But it did bother you?

MCCREA  
Yes.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

When my office approached you, you were willing to wear a hidden microphone and tape several conversations with Mr. Jeffries.

MCCREA

Yes. I wore a wire. But only once.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Your honor, I'd like to enter this tape recording and its transcript into evidence.

**THE DEFENSE TABLE**

Jeffries looks at McCrea with cold hatred.

**THE WITNESS STAND**

McCrea turns away from Jeffries. His hands are shaking.

JUDGE

Does the defense wish to cross examine this witness?

DEFENSE

Yes, your honor.

(beat)

Isn't it true, Mr. McCrea that all of the crimes you claim are part of Mr. Jeffries's criminal activities are hearsay and conjecture, and that the worst crime you have ever witnesses Mr. Jeffries commit was income tax evasion...

(beat)

Which is really YOUR crime, since you signed the tax documents?

MCCREA

I saw him kill four men in cold blood.

The gallery in a frenzy.

The Judge pounds his gavel.

**THE DEFENSE TABLE**

Bronson leans forward and whispers into Jeffries's ear.

BRONSON

I'll take care of him.

Jeffries nods, and Bronson sits back in his seat.

JUDGE

Order please.

Bronson smiles at McCrea.

**THE WITNESS STAND**

McCrea sits back in his seat, scared to death.

DEFENSE

Four men? Why didn't you come forward after you witnessed the first one?

MCCREA

I was... afraid.

DEFENSE

But not afraid enough to stop associating with Mr. Jeffries, while you claim he allegedly killed three more people?

MCCREA

I was afraid...

DEFENSE

You participated in these alleged killings?

MCCREA

No.

DEFENSE

Well, what were you doing there?

MCCREA

Mr. Jeffries asked me to drive. He wouldn't even let me get out of the car. He pulled out this gun and... Killed three men.

McCrea almost breaks down on the stand.  
The gallery in a frenzy again.  
The Judge's gavel sounds like gun shots.

**INSERT SHOT**

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE:  
"Crime Boss Found Guilty!"

**INT. COURTROOM HALLWAY -- DAY**

Flashbulbs pop.  
McCrea is lead through the crowd of reporters and photographers by FBI Agent FORD.

AGENT FORD is typically clean cut and conservatively dressed, except for his cartoon character neck tie. He owns a dozen of them, featuring cartoon characters in wacky poses.

Surrounded by POLICEMEN, protecting McCrea from assassination.

MCCREA

They're gonna kill me.

FORD

Don't worry. You'll be in Witness Relocation. You, your wife, your kid will have new identities. We'll put you in some suburban town in another state. They'll never find you.

McCrea isn't convinced. Ford gives him a regulation FBI smile.

FORD

You'll be okay.

They press out of the court building.

**EXT. SUBURBIA -- DAY**

A quiet, calm, Spielberg suburbia. KIDS play catch in the street and ride bicycles. Dogs bark good naturedly. A whistling MAILMAN pushes his hand cart down the sidewalk near well manicured front lawns.

**SUPERED:** Three years later.

The MAILMAN pulls letters from his cart and heads down the walkway of a typically suburban two storey house. Whistling.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

LETTERS drop through the mail slot on the front door.

McCrea and his wife, SHERRY, in deep conversation when ten year old son TOMMY dribbles his basketball to the front door.

SHERRY

Tommy? What did I tell you about dribbling in the house?

MCCREA

You can drool, but don't dribble.

Tommy laughs at his dad's gag and holds onto the ball.

TOMMY

Hey, dad, want to play some horse?

MCCREA

Sure. You warm up, I'll be out in a minute.

Tommy moves to the front door, followed by his dog, PECKINPAW.



MCCREA

Hey. If Peckinpaw's going with you,  
keep an eye on him. Don't let him  
crap in Mr. Marvin's front yard again.

TOMMY

Right, dad.

Tommy and Peckinpaw leave, Sherry turns back to McCrea.

SHERRY McCREA is an attractive, intelligent woman a year  
younger than her husband. She works part time as a Mortgage  
Underwriter, thinks of herself as "the brains of the family".

SHERRY

You know who I was thinking of this  
morning? David and Amy. I wonder  
whether she had a boy or a girl?

MCCREA

It doesn't matter, Sherry. David  
and Amy are from a past life.

SHERRY

I still wonder.

MCCREA

We've been given something special.  
A chance to start over. All our  
past mistakes forgotten.

SHERRY

There are things I don't want to  
forget.

MCCREA

We're different people. What happened  
to those people, didn't happen to  
us.

McCrea moves closer, holding her.

MCCREA

We can't spend our lives thinking  
about what we DID, who we WERE.

(beat)

Living in the past brings regret.

(beat)

I'm glad that part of my life is  
over.

(beat)

We're HERE. What's important is  
what happens NOW.

SHERRY

I wish we could go back.

(MORE)

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Just to visit. See the old neighborhood. Walk down to the grocery.

MCCREA

It's the past, Sher. We can never go back. If we did, it'd all be different. Like going back to your grade school and seeing how small the hallways are. Everything seemed so big then, gets smaller as you get old.

Sherry and McCrea kiss.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

**ON THE DRIVEWAY**

Tommy dribbles, trying to keep the basketball away from the dog. He spins and shoots, hitting the backboard on the garage before dropping through the hoop.

THE BASKETBALL takes a weird bounce, rolling away from Tommy down the driveway.

The ball is stopped by a man's leather shoe, tilt up to reveal Matt Rogers.

Rogers picks up the ball and bounces it to Tommy.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

McCrea turns from Sherry and looks out the front window. The grandfather clock chimes the hour in the background.

**THROUGH THE WINDOW**

McCrea sees Tommy talking to Rogers.

MCCREA

Oh my God.

ROGERS sees McCrea, smiles, and lifts his hand in a wave.

A look of horror on McCrea's face. He bolts out of the house.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

McCrea runs to where Rogers and Tommy talk.

Rogers ruffles Tommy's hair and laughs.

McCrea grabs Tommy roughly and pulls him away from Rogers.

MCCREA  
Tommy. Go in the house.

TOMMY  
But, I want to talk to Uncle Matt.

MCCREA  
Go in the house. Now.

Tommy is confused. He looks at Rogers and smiles.

TOMMY  
Come back later, Uncle Matt, we'll  
play "horse".

ROGERS  
Sure Tommy. Sounds like fun.

Tommy grabs his basketball and goes into the house, looking  
over his shoulder.  
Wondering what's going on.

McCrea waits until the front door closes.

ROGERS  
So, Bob. How have you been?

MCCREA  
What do you want?

ROGERS  
What do I WANT?

Rogers laughs.

**INT. HOTEL BALLROOM (PAST) -- NIGHT**

Rogers laughs.

ROGERS  
I WANT to offer you a job.

Ten years ago.  
A high school class reunion. The hotel ballroom has been  
decorated with streamers, a DJ spins old Hip Hop.

Rogers has his arm over McCrea's shoulder, both are a little  
drunk. A banner welcomes them to the 5 year class reunion.

MCCREA  
Already have a job.

ROGERS  
You call THAT a job? You spent four  
years in college.

MCCREA

Wanted to be corporate VP, but they told me I had to start at the bottom.

Rogers and McCrea laugh.

ROGERS

Well, I think I can do better than Henry Block. What do they give you? Six months of full time work?

MCCREA

I scrounge up some work off season.

ROGERS

Know a guy that'll hire you full time, on salary, for the entire year. Double what you're making at H & R, plus four weeks of paid vacation, and full medical coverage for you and the wife.

MCCREA

Full medical?

ROGERS

Sherry's gonna need it when she pops that kid. This is a prime job, Bobby.

MCCREA

Yeah? Who do I gotta kill?

Rogers laughs.

ROGERS

Guy needs a book keeper. Has a few tax problems, and figures if he has a man on the payroll, maybe Uncle Sam won't take as much.

MCCREA

Why me?

ROGERS

He's looking for a guy from the neighborhood. And I recommended you. What are friends for?

Rogers laughs, and McCrea joins him. Then stops and thinks.

MCCREA

There's still gotta be a catch.

ROGERS

Guy's got a little problem with undeclared earnings.

(MORE)

ROGERS (CONT'D)  
Wants somebody simpatico, won't go  
running to the IRS.

MCCREA  
I spend too much time talking to the  
IRS as it is.

ROGERS  
KNEW you were my man.

Rogers pulls him closer, they laugh.

The two cross to a VERY pregnant Sherry sipping a soft drink.

MCCREA  
Honey, look who I found.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- DAY**

Sherry looks out the window.

SHERRY  
Matt Rogers.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

Rogers laughs as he pets Peckinpaw's head.

MCCREA  
How'd you find me.

ROGERS  
Funny thing. After you left the  
city, Bronson sent a bunch of guys  
out to find you. A friggin' army.  
They looked everywhere. Not a trace.  
(smiles)  
Then, I'm driving down the street  
one day, pull into a gas station,  
and there was Tommy. Putting air in  
a bike tire.

MCCREA  
They going to kill me?

ROGERS  
Bob, you're one of us. Family.  
That's why they sent me back here to  
talk to you. I'm your friend.

MCCREA  
My friend?

ROGERS  
Look.

(MORE)

ROGERS (CONT'D)

I know you took the stand against Mister Jeffries. But Bronson wants to be fair. He wants you to come back to the city and stand trial.

MCCREA

Trial? What are you talking about?

ROGERS

Our trial. Jury of your peers. Maybe there was a reason why you ratted... Mitigating circumstances. You'll get a chance to explain all that to the jury. Maybe they'll see it your way. Who knows?

MCCREA

I'm not going back.

ROGERS

Bob. You've got to take the stand to defend yourself. If you don't, they're sure to find you guilty.

MCCREA

No.

Rogers stops petting the dog. His voice cold.

ROGERS

You don't understand, Bob. I'm in this, too. They hired you on MY recommendation.

He looks at McCrea, very serious.

ROGERS

I can't live without you. If I don't bring you back. They kill me.

McCrea looks at his friend. Makes a decision.

MCCREA

I'm sorry, Matt.

McCrea turns and walks up the walk to his house.

Rogers shouts after him.

ROGERS

Don't do this to me, Bob. You've gotta come back. You've got to take the stand.

McCrea hurries to the front door, trying to block out the sound of Rogers.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

ROGERS (O.S.)

They'll try you in absentia! You  
can't just walk away from this!

McCrea closes the door, blocking out Rogers' voice.  
Scared to death.

SHERRY

What did he want?

MCCREA

They want me to go back. Stand trial.

**DINING ROOM -- NIGHT**

McCrea, Sherry, and Tommy at the dinner table.

Tommy is slyly feeding Peckinpaw, who lays at his feet under  
the table.

SHERRY

Thomas James, what did I tell you  
about feeding the dog from the table?

TOMMY

Just giving him some of my broccoli,  
mom. He needs to eat vegetables...

SHERRY

So do you.

TOMMY

Is Uncle Matt coming back?

McCrea looks down, realizing the full implication.

MCCREA

I don't think so.

TOMMY

Then how are we going to play "horse"?

MCCREA

If you see Uncle Matt again, don't  
talk to him. Don't even go near  
him.

TOMMY

Why? Does he have the measles?

Tommy laughs.

MCCREA

No. It's something else. Just promise  
me you won't talk to him, okay?

TOMMY  
 (reluctantly)  
 Okay. I promise.

Tommy looks at his plate. Nothing left but broccoli.

**TOMMY'S BEDROOM**

Tommy is in bed when McCrea enters to turn off the light.

TOMMY  
 It's about moving here, isn't it?

MCCREA  
 Yeah.

TOMMY  
 Do you think Uncle Matt will tell  
 someone he found us?

MCCREA  
 Yes.

TOMMY  
 Why would he do that? Is he mad at  
 us?

MCCREA  
 He's not mad at you, Tommy. He's  
 mad at me.

TOMMY  
 Why?

MCCREA  
 It's a long story.

TOMMY  
 We won't have to move again, will  
 we?

McCrea looks at his son. His past actions have hurt him.

MCCREA  
 We won't have to move.

TOMMY  
 Good. I like it, here.

McCrea and Tommy smile.  
 Both smiles barely cover their fear.

MCCREA  
 Get some sleep, okay?

TOMMY  
 You, too, dad.



McCrea turns out the light and closes the door.

**MCCREA AND SHERRY'S BEDROOM**

McCrea and Sherry are in bed.  
Both are awake.

SHERRY

Do you think we should call Agent Ford?

MCCREA

No. I don't think it's that serious. I think when Matt tells them I'm not going back, that'll be the end of it.

SHERRY

The end of it.

MCCREA

What else can they do? You can't force a man to leave his home and family.

SHERRY

What if he comes back with a gun?

MCCREA

It's not going to happen, Sher. They wouldn't risk kidnapping charges over something like this.

SHERRY

They kill people for something like this.

MCCREA

Nothing I do or say at this point will help get Mr. Jeffries out of prison, so what's the big deal?

SHERRY

MISTER Jeffries? You sound like you still owe him respect.

MCCREA

I don't owe him anything.

(holds Sherry)

I think now that they've found me they feel compelled to DO something, you know? Threaten me... Something. Now that Matt's done that, it's over.

They kiss.

MCCREA

There's no reason to worry about it.  
We aren't exactly in their territory.

SHERRY

White picket fence world.

MCCREA

If we were still in Oakland, it might  
be different. But in the suburbs,  
the air is clean streets are clean,  
and Mr. Jeffries's people just don't  
have any pull.

Another kiss, and she responds with passion.

Sherry turns out the light and moves back into McCrea's arms.  
They undress each other, make love in the moon light.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- MORNING**

**THE KITCHEN**

Sherry sets a bowl of cereal in front of Tommy, McCrea enters.

McCrea is refreshed, smiling, and happy.  
He kisses Sherry on the cheek and tries to move away, but she  
grabs his neck tie.

SHERRY

Not so fast.

MCCREA

Going to skip breakfast this morning,  
hon. Try to get a jump on the day.

She straightens his tie.

SHERRY

A jump last night, a jump this  
morning...

She pulls him close and kisses him.

TOMMY

You mind? I'm trying to eat.

McCrea and Sherry laugh.

McCrea grabs his briefcase. Sherry follows.

**THE LIVING ROOM**

McCrea notes the bright sunlight coming through the curtains.

MCCREA

Looks like it's gonna be a nice day.

McCrea moves to the window, pulling open the curtains.

**THROUGH THE WINDOW**

McCrea sees a silver & black Hummer in front of his house.

Rogers opens the back door of the Hummer, BRONSON steps out.

Bronson stands on the lawn near the curb.

**REVERSE THROUGH THE WINDOW**

McCrea's face white with horror.

The mullions on the window seem like prison bars, trapping McCrea in his house.

McCrea steps away from the window, walls close in on him.

PECKINPAW barks at the front door.  
Snarling and barking.

MCCREA

They can't do this. We're PROTECTED,  
don't they know that?

SHERRY

What are you going to do?

MCCREA

They can't do anything to me. Let  
him sit out there in his car. If I  
ignore them, after a while they'll  
get bored and go away.

McCrea moves to the front door, where Peckinpaw barks.

It takes a little juggling to open the front door so that the dog doesn't charge out, but he manages.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- MORNING**

McCrea closes the front door (we can still hear the dog) and crosses the lawn to his Jeep Cherokee in the drive way.

BRONSON

McCrea.

McCrea ignores him. Continues walking towards the Jeep.

BRONSON

MCCREA!

Louder.

Still, McCrea ignores him, unlocking the Cherokee's door.

Bronson moves to the parked Cherokee.

BRONSON

McCrea.

McCrea ignores him, inserting the keys into the ignition and starting the car.

A HAND reaches across McCrea, shuts the car off.

McCrea turns to Bronson.

Bronson pulls the keys from the ignition and holds onto them.

BRONSON

Where you going, baby? I want to talk.

MCCREA

I don't know you.

BRONSON

McCrea...

MCCREA

You have me confused with somebody else.

(points)

Look at the mail box. I'm Robert Leonard.

Bronson looks at McCrea as if he's lost his mind.

BRONSON

No you aren't. You're....

**INT. JEFFRIES'S ESTATE (PAST) -- NIGHT**

ROGERS

Bob McCrea. This is Bronson.

(beat)

He's Mr. Jeffries's Executive Assistant.

Rogers introduces McCrea to Bronson.

McCrea is impressed by the opulence of Jeffries's Piedmont estate. Dark wood, leather, subdued original oils on the walls. Nothing here from the old neighborhood.

McCrea shakes Bronson's hand.

MCCREA

A pleasure to meet you, sir.

ROGERS

This is the accountant I was telling you about.

Rogers holds his arms away from his body, allows Bronson to pat him down.

ROGERS

Formalities, Bob. Mister Jeffries is a very wealthy man. You don't go from the West Side to Piedmont without making a few enemies.

BRONSON

No guns in the bosses office.

McCrea notices a gun holstered under Bronson's arm.

MCCREA

What about your gun?

BRONSON

Stays. For everyone's protection.

McCrea lifts his arms so that Bronson can pat him down.

BRONSON

Clean. That's good, baby.

McCrea lowers his arms.

Bronson leads them to a pair of huge carved wood doors.

BRONSON

The boss doesn't like to shake hands when he meets people. If he wants to shake your hand, he'll offer his, okay?

MCCREA

Okay.

Bronson opens the door and Rogers and McCrea to precede him.

**INT. JEFFRIES'S LIBRARY (PAST) -- NIGHT**

A fireplace crackles in front of Fred Jeffries's chair. Two smaller chairs face Jeffries, on the other side of the fireplace.

BRONSON

Mr. Jeffries. Rogers brought his friend.

Jeffries doesn't rise. He gestures to the empty chairs.

JEFFRIES

Sit. Sit. Would you like anything to drink?

ROGERS  
No thank you, sir.

MCCREA  
Nothing for me, sir.

JEFFRIES  
I think I'll have a cognac, Carl.  
That Martell Cordon Bleu.

Bronson fills a snifter, hands it to Jeffries.

JEFFRIES  
I'm a businessman, Mr?

MCCREA  
McCrea.

JEFFRIES  
Mr. McCrea. I have problems with  
the I.R.S. just like every other  
businessman. I need a book keeper  
to help me with these problems.

MCCREA  
I'm very good, sir...

JEFFRIES  
Course you are. Rogers wouldn't  
bring you here if you weren't.

MCCREA  
Thank you, sir.

JEFFRIES  
I like to think of my business as a  
family. Are you a family man?

MCCREA  
Yes, sir. My wife's expecting...

JEFFRIES  
Good. Good. What's most important  
to me is trust, loyalty, and family.  
I don't want to hire some one who  
will sell my secrets to the  
competition.

MCCREA  
You can trust me, sir...

JEFFRIES  
Good. But will you be loyal to me?  
Will you put my considerations before  
all others? Before ever your own?

MCCREA

Yes, sir.

JEFFRIES

Good. Good.

Jeffries moves to his feet and offers his hand.

JEFFRIES

You've got yourself a job.  
(smiles)  
My new book keeper.

McCrea shakes Jeffries's hand, turns to face a smiling Bronson, and shakes his hand as well.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- DAY**

**IN THE CHEROKEE**

Bronson ISN'T smiling, now.

BRONSON

Mr. Jeffries is very disappointed with you, McCrea. Thought that you were a man of honor, man of integrity. He invited you into our family, treated you like a son.

MCCREA

I don't know anyone named McCrea --

BRONSON

But you struck out against this man, who would be your father. You tried to destroy him.

MCCREA

I'm going to be late for work --

BRONSON (CONT'D)

You know why I'm here, baby?

McCrea doesn't answer. Doesn't move. He's waiting for the lecture to end so he can get his keys back and drive away.

BRONSON

I'm here to protect my family. Was like a father to me, too. Fresh outta Q, living in a halfway. Thinkin' 'bout holding up another liquor store. No future. Look at me, now. A business man. All that because of Mr. Jeffries.

MCCREA

Please. I need my keys.

BRONSON

I'll do what's necessary to protect him. Because, unlike you, I believe in the value of the family. I honor my family.

Bronson makes a fist around the Cherokee keys.

BRONSON

And when a son strikes his father, he must be punished.

WHAM!

Bronson hits McCrea HARD.

The car keys jab into McCrea's shirt, increasing the pain.

McCrea tries to cover himself, but Bronson gets in two more HARD punches. McCrea slumps down in the car seat. Seriously hurt.

BRONSON opens his fist, the keys to fall onto McCrea's lap.

BRONSON

Do what's right, baby. Come back to Oakland voluntarily. The jury will be lenient if you come back on your own.

Bronson walks back to his Hummer, climbing inside. The door closes behind him.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

The front door closes behind McCrea, as he staggers in.

MCCREA

Get the realtor on the phone.

Sherry can't hear him over the barking dog, turns to Tommy.

SHERRY

Put Peckinpaw in the back yard. Make sure the gates are closed.

TOMMY

Come on, boy.

Tommy drags the barking dog out of the room.

MCCREA

Get the realtor on the phone NOW.

SHERRY

Why?



MCCREA

Can't you see? They aren't just going to let this thing go.

SHERRY

What thing?

MCCREA

They've FOUND US, we have to HIDE someplace.

McCrea goes to the phone and tears through the yellow pages.

MCCREA

We're leaving tonight.

SHERRY

Bob. We can't run forever.

MCCREA

What do you want me to do? Let them take me back to Oakland? Participate in their crazy trial? A jury of my "peers"?

SHERRY

They can't drag you out of the house in broad daylight. This isn't the city. There are people here, police.

MCCREA

Sherry...

Sherry moves to McCrea, holding him.

SHERRY

Just calm down, Bob. They can't do anything to you. We'll just stay here and wait them out. After a while, they'll get bored and move on.

McCrea looks at the curtained window.

MCCREA

I don't understand. What do they think I owe them?

**EXT. DOWNTOWN OAKLAND (PAST) -- DAY**

An old office building near Holmes Books.

**INT. MISTER JEFFRIES'S OFFICE (PAST) -- DAY**

Mr. Jeffries hands McCrea an envelope thick with money.

JEFFRIES

Your year end bonus.

McCrea peeks inside the envelope.  
It's filled with hundred dollar bills.

MCCREA

Mister Jeffries, this is way too  
much...

JEFFRIES

Nonsense. You've saved me ten times  
that much in taxes.

McCrea looks at the money, amazed.

**INT. NEW APARTMENT (PAST) -- DAY**

McCrea and a very pregnant Sherry, follow a REAL ESTATE AGENT  
on a tour of a brand new apartment.

McCrea is amazed at the size of the place.

RE AGENT

And this room would make a very nice  
nursery.

THEY ENTER a freshly painted room.  
McCrea and Sherry are excited.

SHERRY

It's beautiful.

MCCREA

(to Sherry's tummy)  
It's gonna be your room, sport.

Sherry giggles as McCrea tickles her tummy.

MCCREA

Can we leave a cash deposit?

RE AGENT

Of course, sir.

McCrea pulls a few one hundred dollar bills from his pocket.

**EXT. VOLVO DEALERSHIP (PAST) -- DAY**

McCrea hands some one hundred dollar bills to the SALESMAN.

MCCREA

Here's the down payment.

The Salesman smiles and hands over the car keys.  
McCrea runs his hand over the new Volvo stationwagon, smiling.

MCCREA

It's a gift for my wife. We've never had a new car, before. Just my old clunker, and she has to take me back and forth to work in it.

SALESMAN

Well, it's a fine car Mister McCrea. I'm sure your wife will appreciate it.

McCrea admires his wife's Volvo.

**INT. TAILOR SHOP (PAST) -- DAY**

McCrea accepts a glass of wine from a pretty hospitality GIRL, admiring her figure as she walks away.

A TAILOR is chalking the trousers of a new wool suit.

TAILOR

Two greys and two blue pin stripes.

MCCREA

Right.

TAILOR

They'll be ready on Tuesday.

**INT. JEFFRIES'S OFFICE (PAST) -- DAY**

McCrea looks at the gold Rolex in the gift box.

MCCREA

Thank you.

JEFFRIES

Just make sure you're never late.

McCrea and Jeffries both laugh.  
A DOORBELL rings.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- DAY**

McCrea crosses to answer the door, the doorbell rings again.

MCCREA

Coming.

McCrea opens the door, Bronson is on the other side, smiling.

BRONSON

Just wanted to apologize for the way I acted this morning, baby. I was a little rough.

McCrea tries to close the door, but Bronson wedges his foot and shoulder against it.

BRONSON  
 Hope you accept this luggage as a  
 little gift. A gesture.

Bronson pushes three pieces of leather Louis Vuitton luggage across the threshold.

McCrea takes a step back, as if the luggage is diseased.

Bronson pushes the luggage CLOSER to McCrea.

BRONSON  
 Here. Take it....

He pushes the luggage closer to McCrea.

**EXT. OAKLAND, CA (PAST) -- DAY**

The Silver & Black Hummer 2 cruises through the city.

**INT. HUMMER (PAST) -- DAY**

BRONSON  
 Take it...

Bronson pushes a 38 revolver towards McCrea.  
 McCrea doesn't touch the gun.

Rogers is behind the wheel, McCrea and Bronson in back.  
 They're picking up satchels of money from Jeffries' clubs.

MCCREA  
 What do I want with a gun?

ROGERS  
 Bob, there's a war on. News is  
 calling it "Bloody August". Italians  
 are after this territory. Want both  
 sides of the bridge.

BRONSON  
 For your own protection.

MCCREA  
 I don't want a gun. Fired one once  
 and that was enough.

ROGERS  
 Take it.

MCCREA  
 I'd be better off without it.  
 (MORE)

MCCREA (CONT'D)

My dad gave me a lever action 30-30 for my fourteenth birthday. We were never very close. He thought if we went hunting together, we'd, I don't know, become friends, or something.

ROGERS

My pops took me to Lucille's. Never saw him again. Just that one time.

BRONSON

(smiles, remembering)  
Lucille's.

MCCREA

Lucky bastards. Me, I practiced shooting cans, and we finally went out squirrel hunting.

ROGERS

Can you eat squirrels?

BRONSON

You can eat almost anything.

ROGERS

You do any eatin' at Lucille's?

BRONSON

Hell, no. You don't know where those things have been.  
(points)  
Autrey's.

Rogers pulls to the side of the road. Bronson and McCrea get out of the Hummer, Rogers stays behind the wheel.

**EXT. AUTREY'S CASINO -- DAY**

Sign on the window says "Bookstore Closed". Windows papered over on the inside. Place looks abandoned.

Bronson knocks a code on the door... and it opens.

**INT. AUTREY'S CASINO -- DAY**

A DOOR GUARD nods to Bronson and McCrea, allows them to pass... Through a small anteroom... Inner door buzzes open, allowing them into...

THE CASINO: craps, poker, blackjack, slot machines.  
No customers at this time of day.

AUTREY, tuxedo and corn-rows, is the friendliest man on earth. Makes Billy Dee seem uncharismatic.

AUTREY

Bronson, my man, how you doing? Mr. McCrea, great to see you again.

Shakes both of their hands.

MCCREA

It's that time of month.

AUTREY

How's your wife? And that baby boy?

MCCREA

Doing well. She's trying to slim down, he's getting bigger every day.

AUTREY

Like a trade off?

BRONSON

The bags?

AUTREY

Mr. Businessman? Don't have time to kick it with an old friend?

BRONSON

Got Rogers waiting in the car.

AUTREY

Let him wait.

BRONSON

We gotta be careful, baby. That San Francisco problem. Car's full of money. Don't want to take any chances.

AUTREY

Well, here's some more.

Passes two satchels to McCrea. They're heavy. Bronson shakes Autrey's hand: an elaborate neighborhood shake.

BRONSON

Later, Eugene.

AUTREY

Come back when you can kick it.

Bronson gives him a wave, they head to the door.

AUTREY

Give your wife my love.

MCCREA

I will, thanks.

Bronson and McCrea leave the casino.

**INT. HUMMER (PAST) -- DAY**

When McCrea gets back into the Hummer, the 38 revolver is still sitting on the seat. Waiting for him.

Rogers pulls out onto the street.

BRONSON

You were talking about squirrel hunting.

ROGERS

Yeah. You shoot anything?

MCCREA

We got up at five in the AM, went out to Redwood Regional. Walked for miles. Finally saw a squirrel. Pumped a shell into the chamber, looked down the sights, squeezed the trigger.

BRONSON

You get it?

MCCREA

Started puking right away. The bullet had taken the little guy's head off. Was still blood pumping from his neck.

BRONSON

You're shitting me? Still moving?

MCCREA

That was it. No more guns for me.

With a look of contempt, Bronson pockets the 38 revolver.

McCrea looks from Bronson to Rogers, both look at him with the same expression his father had.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- DAY**

McCrea closes the front door and looks at the luggage. Another gift from the gang, tying him to their family.

McCrea's heart pounding in fear.

McCrea carries the luggage down the hallway to the spare bedroom; holding it away from his body, as if it's diseased.

**THE SPARE BEDROOM**

Cluttered with cast offs.

Things no longer wanted, but impossible to throw away.  
 Sherry's sewing machine sits in one corner. Some fishing  
 rods, an old weight bench, and a huge dusty rocking bassinet  
 which once belonged to Tommy.

McCrea dumps the luggage in a corner, trying to hide it.

McCrea sees the wood gun rack mounted on the far wall.  
 A high school wood shop project.  
 Designed to hold three guns.  
 But it only holds one.

AN OLD LEVER ACTION Winchester 30-30.

McCrea studies the gun, heart pounding.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

**ON THE DRIVEWAY**

Tommy's basketball pounds on the cement.  
 He looks up when he hears the front door open.

TOMMY

Hey, dad. Little one on one?

McCrea looks at the black limo, parked across the street.  
 He tries not to sound scared when he answers Tommy.

MCCREA

Sure.

MCCREA AND TOMMY play one-on-one.

Tommy is the better player, but McCrea is taller.  
 McCrea twists and shoots.

Basketball hits the backboard, rolls on the rim, falls out.

MCCREA

Shoulda had that!

Tommy rebounds, dribbling back behind a line on the cement,  
 then turning to shoot.

McCrea blocks the shot.  
 Tommy dribbles away, trying again.  
 McCrea is there to block.

Tommy dribbles down to the street, McCrea doesn't follow.

MCCREA

You going all the way down the street?

TOMMY

Watch.



Tommy shoots.

The ball flies over McCrea's head. Gets nothing but net.

MCCREA

Wow!

TOMMY

I've been practicing.

MCCREA

I guess.

McCrea grabs the basketball, dribbling, trying to keep it away from Tommy.

TOMMY

Why's Uncle Matt mad at you?

MCCREA

You know, I love you and your mom a lot. I'd do anything for you.

TOMMY

Yeah.

MCCREA

We didn't have much money before you were born. Uncle Matt offered me a job. A job I didn't really want.

TOMMY

So why'd you do it?

MCCREA

I thought it was best for the family. I thought if I worked hard, and made a lot of money, then there'd be enough for a nicer apartment, enough to send you to college, and we'd never have to worry about not having enough food.

TOMMY

We could cut out broccoli.  
(laughs)  
Just kidding.

Tommy shoots.... nothing but net. McCrea gets the rebound.

MCCREA

I realized the job was keeping me away from you and mom.  
(throws - misses)  
And putting you guys in danger. No money is worth that.

TOMMY

So you quit?

MCCREA

Uncle Matt didn't like that.

Tommy nods, then makes a few quick moves and steals the basketball from McCrea. He shoots and scores.

McCrea laughs in pride at his son, wipes sweat from his brow.

**INT. OLD BAPTIST CHURCH (PAST) -- DAY**

THE MINISTER sprinkles a dribble of water on a BABY's head. Tommy's Christening, proud parents McCrea and Sherry watch the Minister.

MINISTER

Thomas James McCrea, you have become a new creation. May the help of your family and friends bring your Christian dignity unstained to the everlasting life of heaven.

The Minister turns to McCrea.

MINISTER

Have you chosen a godfather?

MCCREA

Matthew Rogers.

Rogers steps forward, bows to the Minister.

MINISTER

Matthew Rogers, will you see to the spiritual growth of Thomas, help him in his times of need and see that he remembers the words and love of the Lord, our God?

ROGERS

I will.

The Minister turns to McCrea and Sherry.

MINISTER

Congratulations.

McCrea and Sherry hug, the Baby cradled between them.

CHEERS from the crowd in the church...

The CHOIR sings an upbeat hymn, almost gospel pop. A joyous occasion - everybody singing.

After the hymn, a pair of MEN carry a HUGE beautiful rocking bassinet with big red ribbon up the steps.

ROGERS

Mr. Jeffries sends his love.

Sherry laughs.

The bassinet is wonderful.

She sets the Baby down in the bassinet and rocks it.

MCCREA

Thank Mr. Jeffries for me.

The bassinet plays a music box tune as it rocks.

The Baby and Sherry both laugh.

SHERRY

It's beautiful!

Sherry hugs Rogers and McCrea.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- MORNING**

**THE KITCHEN**

Peckinpaw is barking non-stop in the living room, as McCrea enters the kitchen and kisses Sherry on the cheek.

SHERRY

You get much sleep?

MCCREA

The dog kept me awake.

McCrea pours a cup of coffee.

MCCREA

I'll put him out in the back yard.

**THE LIVING ROOM**

Peckinpaw is barking at the front door when McCrea enters, sipping his coffee.

MCCREA

Shhhh. Shhh.

The dog continues.

McCrea pulls the curtains open and looks outside.

**THROUGH THE WINDOW**

A pair of four-door sedans pull up behind the black Hummer.

CAR DOORS OPEN and four men step into the morning sunlight.

HART is a leg-breaker, face full of gold teeth and most of the bling on the West Coast. Rings, pendants, sunglasses. Snake tattoo peeks from his sleeve. Blinged baseball bat.

STEELE is Bronson's bodyguard. Pimped out in a purple velvet suit and matching hat. A gun bulges under his left arm.

BOYD is a massive brute, almost seven feet tall, with a skull shaved into his hair. Always wears his iPod, listening to old school rap. His hands are massive weapons.

FONDA rolls out of the car puffing on a joint. Dreadlocks. Pump action shotgun in his right hand, gym bag in his left hand contains extra guns.

WAYNE is a twitching, scrawny psycho. Arms covered with track marks. Torture expert, uses his bare hands, cigarettes, and a pair of pliers to insure the co-operation of others.

Steele spots McCrea watching them and gives him a wave.

MCCREA closes the curtains quickly, in shock.

Peckinpaw continues barking at the door.

MCCREA

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

He grabs the dog roughly and drags it across the living room.

#### **THE KITCHEN**

Sherry watches McCrea manhandle the barking dog across the room and out the back door.

McCrea throws the dog outside and slams the door. Even through the closed door, we can still hear the dog.

SHERRY

Don't you think you're a little rough...

The doorbell RINGS.

McCrea spins around, fear shooting through him.

SHERRY

Bob?

#### **THE LIVING ROOM**

McCrea carefully opens the front door.

Across the threshold, STEELE smiles.

STEELE

Long time no see. How you doing?

MCCREA

I'm not going back, okay? So you can just get into your cars and go away.

STEELE

Know we can't do that. Why don't I  
come in? We'll talk about it.

Steele starts across the threshold.  
McCrea has to physically push him back.  
Steele finally stays put outside.

STEELE

Know, I'm the number two man now  
that Mr. J's in Leavenworth and  
Bronson runs things.

MCCREA

Congratulations, now --

STEELE

Mr. Bronson's sitting out in the  
Hummer with the air cranked, talking  
on his phone, taking care of business.

MCCREA

Just leave, okay?

STEELE

You know the boys?

**INT. BOYD'S STRIP CLUB (PAST) -- DAY**

Bronson introduces McCrea to the men as GIRLS gyrate on stage.  
A stairway in the back leads to rooms upstairs.

BRONSON

Hart, who's in enforcement.

Rogers whispers to McCrea as each takes a seat at the table.

ROGERS

Leg breaker.

BRONSON

Fonda deals with our problem accounts.

ROGERS

(whispers)  
Hit man.

BRONSON

You know Autrey, who runs gambling  
and Boyd, our entertainment manager.

ROGERS

(whispers)  
Pimp.

BRONSON

Steele runs protective services.

ROGERS  
 (whispers)  
 Bodyguard.

BRONSON  
 And Wayne.

Wayne giggles, looks creepy. Obviously high as a kite.

GIRLS dance on stage, but keep away from the big table in back. McCrea watches a GIRL take a CLIENT up the stairs to a room. Only a handful of CUSTOMERS left - the girls outnumber them.

Jeffries puffs on his big cigar and looks from man to man as he speaks. The meetings has been called to order.

JEFFRIES  
 You all know, we've been having some problems with our competition.  
 (beat)  
 They've hit a couple of Autrey's games, and that cost us money. How much?

McCrea looks at his notes.

MCCREA  
 Eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars, sir.

AUTREY  
 Bob got it wrong. Was a million five.

Autrey looks at McCrea - pleading with his eyes.

JEFFRIES  
 No. YOU took the other six hundred and fifty, Autrey.

AUTREY  
 I wouldn't do that. Wouldn't do anything to hurt the family...

Grabs McCrea from across the table but McCrea shakes free.

AUTREY  
 Bob, tell him you made a mistake. They're just numbers. Maybe you forgot to carry the one or something...

Jeffries swings a sawed off shot gun from under the table and BLASTS both barrels at Autrey.

Ending his sentence and his life.

Girls scream.  
 Customers run for the door.  
 A couple of naked girls run out into the street.  
 McCrea goes into shock.

MCCREA  
 No. No. NO! NO!

He scoots his chair away in a panic.

BRONSON  
 Shut up.

MCCREA  
 You didn't have to kill him.

Bronson SLAPS him open handed.

BRONSON  
 You're one of us. Act like it.

MCCREA  
 Just an accountant... I'm not...

Jeffries hands the shotgun to Fonda, comes around the table and grabs McCrea, dragging him across to Autrey's corpse.

JEFFRIES  
 You're a member of this family.

MCCREA  
 No. No.

Drops him on the strip club floor next to Autrey's corpse.

Jeffries presses McCrea's hands into the warm, pumping, blood coming from Autrey's chest.

MCCREA  
 Oh, God. No.

Jeffries presses McCrea's hands DEEP into the wound. Then lets go and steps away.

JEFFRIES  
 NOW you're one of us. His blood's on YOUR hands.

McCrea tries wiping the blood off on his shirt, on his pants. Rubs his hands RAW but the blood is still there.

JEFFRIES  
 One of us.

McCrea looks around at the other men.

OTHERS IN UNISON

One of us. One of us. One of us.

MCCREA

No! No!

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- DAY**

Steele smiles.

STEELE

Afraid it's true. You don't come with us peaceably, be forced to take you.

MCCREA

No.

STEELE

There are easier ways, Bob. Could put a bomb in your car. Twist the key and BLAM, they scraping you off the street.

MCCREA

No.

STEELE

We want to be fair. Give you a little trial. Come on back. Bump City misses you, brother.

Steele grabs McCrea's shoulder.

McCrea steps away, forcing Steele to let go.

MCCREA

You can't force me back.

STEELE

Know Wayne? He just got out.

(McCrea looks at Wayne)

That boy's spent most his life in jail. Was in juvie at ten. Formative years. Never developed a taste for women. But I bet he'd like that son of yours...

WAYNE waves at McCrea.

McCrea slams the door before he can hear more.

He locks and bolts the door.

Trapped inside his house.

Peckinpaw continues barking outside.

MCCREA

This is MY house. MY family.

(MORE)



MCCREA (CONT'D)

They can't make me leave. I REFUSE to leave.

SHERRY

What if they come in here?

MCCREA

Call the police and have them arrested.

SHERRY

Call them NOW.

MCCREA

No law against them sitting outside in their cars, but the minute they set foot in this house, they're trespassing. They KNOW that.

A moment of silence, all that can be heard is the barking.

MCCREA

I wish that dog would shut up.

SHERRY

If Peckinpaw keeps them out of our yard, he can bark all he wants.

MCCREA

(smiles)

You can always find the bright side.

SHERRY

I have to go to the store.

MCCREA

Don't think that's a good idea.

SHERRY

Bob, I haven't gone grocery shopping for more than a week.

MCCREA

Hon, this is going to sound a little crazy, but hear me out. Get enough stuff to last us a couple of weeks. And some bottled water, in case we have an emergency.

SHERRY

You think it's that serious?

MCCREA

Yes.

SHERRY

Okay.

Sherry scoops up the Jeep keys and heads to the door.

MCCREA

Be careful.

They kiss, then Sherry leaves.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

Sherry crosses to the parked Cherokee, HART supplies cat-calls from the hood of his car. Gold teeth sparkling.

HART

Hey, baby. Show us some skin. Come on. Don't be bashful. Nice tits you got there, how about popping one out? Give me a show?

Sherry ignores him as she opens the door of the Cherokee.

**INT. MCCREA'S JEEP CHEROKEE -- DAY**

Sherry closes the door and pushes the keys into the ignition.

**THE IGNITION**

As Sherry twists the keys.

The car grinds a little, but doesn't start.

Sherry twists the keys again.

THE CHEROKEE ROARS to life, as the engine turns over.

Sherry puts the car into gear and backs out of the driveway.

AS SHE PULLS AWAY FROM THE HOUSE, Sherry looks up to the rear view mirror.

**IN THE MIRROR**

Hart get into his car, pulls out to follow her.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - TAILING SEQUENCE -- DAY**

Sherry drives through suburbia, heading to the grocery store.

HART'S SEDAN is right behind her.

SHERRY turns right onto a side street.

HART'S SEDAN turns right to follow her.

SHERRY speeds up, trying to lose the sedan.

HART increases speed, a hundred feet between the two cars.

SHERRY spins the wheel to the left, tire squealing as she turns onto a side road. She hits the gas, speeding up.

WHEN SHE LOOKS IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR, Hart's sedan skids around the corner, still behind her.

SHERRY

Shit.

She slows down and makes a left.

HART'S SEDAN makes a left and follows.

**IN THE SEDAN**

Hart keeps the sedan a hundred feet behind the Cherokee.

HART

Now make a right.

As if by magic, Sherry's Cherokee turns right at the next intersection, rejoining the street they were originally on.

Hart turns right and follows her.

**IN THE CHEROKEE**

Sherry glances in the rear view mirror. He's still behind her.

SHERRY

Fuck it. He can carry the groceries.

She continues down the street at a reasonable speed, until she comes to the Safeway.

TURNING RIGHT, she enters the Safeway parking lot.

HART'S SEDAN follows her into the parking lot.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

**IN THE SPARE ROOM**

The dog barking outside as McCrea studies the bassinet.

He pushes the dusty bassinet with his hand, making it rock.

AS THE BASSINET ROCKS, it plays a music box theme.

McCrea smiles at the music, remembering Tommy as a baby. He continues rocking the bassinet.

THE DOG continues barking outside.

**INT. SAFEWAY GROCERY -- DAY**

A shopping cart wheel squeals on tile, wiggling.

Sherry pushes her shopping cart through the store, looking over her shoulder occasionally at:

HART, who follows her.  
No cart, no pretense of buying anything.

Sherry loads her cart with canned goods.  
Practically wipes out a shelf of canned vegetables.  
When she looks over her shoulder...

Hart is leaning against an end display, smiling at her. A snake tattoo on his arm looking as if it's ready to strike.

Sherry moves down the aisle quickly, wheels squealing, and turns around the corner to the dried goods aisle.

HART  
Hey, sugar, wait up.

Sherry loads her cart with bags of rice and beans. Things you don't normally buy, unless you're stocking a bomb shelter.

Hart watches her, humming to himself.

Sherry speeds her cart to the meat department.

**THE MEAT DEPARTMENT**

Sherry QUICKLY loads her cart with chicken and hamburger.  
She doesn't even examine the meat.  
She just shovels a bunch of packages into her cart.

BEHIND HER, Hart picks up a 12 oz salami, examining it.  
He sets the salami down, and picks up an 18 oz salami.  
Hefting it like a club.  
Sets the 18 oz salami down, picks up a HUGE 5 lb salami chub.  
He slams it against his palm a few times like a club.  
Then smiles.

Sherry hears the SLAP behind her, and turns to see....

Blinged out Hart holding the salami in his hands.  
Running his hand over the salami in an overtly sexual way.

HART  
Want a ride, sugar?

Sherry speeds her cart to the produce department.

Hart slaps the salami against his hands, humming a tune, as he follows her.

**THE PRODUCE SECTION**

Sherry grabs lettuce and carrots, throwing them in her cart. She has to lean over to lift up a sack of potatoes. Hart laughs behind her.

Hart studies the material taut over Sherry's butt as she leans over the potatoes.

Sherry drops the potatoes in her basket and spins around.

SHERRY

Why don't you just leave me alone?

HART

'Cause I like you. You're a class piece of ass. Why are you with that bamma accountant? Good looking woman like you?

SHERRY

Just leave my family alone.

HART

We could get to know each other. I think you'd like me.

Sherry turns away, pushing her cart to the front of the store.

Hart strokes his salami a few times, laughs, following her.

HART

I'd let you play with my tattoos. Snakes and ladders.

Sherry tries to ignore him. Hart pokes her in the butt with the salami and laughs.

HART

Snakes and ladders.  
(laughs)  
Come on, sugar. You gotta have Hart.

SHERRY

LEAVE ME ALONE!

So loud that a STOCKER approaches them, price gun in hand.

STOCKER

Is there a problem here?

Hart shows the Stocker all of his gold teeth.

HART

Just me and the wife having a little fun.

SHERRY

This man isn't my husband.

HART

Sugar... You're breaking my heart.  
(to the Stocker)  
We're having a little disagreement.

STOCKER

Well, if you could continue your  
argument outside the store, so you  
don't disrupt the other shoppers....

Hart nods and the Stocker turns and starts walking away.

SHERRY

Sir. Sir! Please don't leave.

The Stocker stops halfway down the aisle.

STOCKER

Ma'am, I've got work to do. Five  
hundred customers take stuff off the  
shelves, only four of us stocking  
them.

SHERRY

He's not my husband.

STOCKER

Not mine either, lady. Give me a  
break.

The Stocker continues down the aisle into the back room.

Rubber doors flap closed behind the Stocker, Hart laughs.

HART

You and me is the same, sugar. We  
don't belong in this fancy-ass store.  
Don't belong in this neighborhood.

SHERRY

Stay away from me.

HART

He knows it. I know it. When you  
gonna figure it out?

Sherry bolts to the front of the store, trying to escape from  
Hart. Shopping car wheels squeaking on the tiles.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY****THE SPARE ROOM**

The bassinet squeaks as it rocks back and forth.  
The dog barks in the back ground.

McCrea stops rocking the bassinet, looks down at his hands.

MCCREA'S HANDS are COVERED with brown dust.... like blood.

McCrea freaks out and rubs his hands on his clothes, trying to remove the dirt... the blood... the guilt.  
He BOLTS out of the room.

**THE HALLWAY**

McCrea runs down to Tommy's room.

MCCREA

Tommy? Tommy?

He pushes open the bedroom door.

**TOMMY'S BEDROOM**

Is empty.  
Dark.  
Tommy isn't in there.

McCrea enters the room, flipping on the light, looking for his son in a panic.

MCCREA

Tommy? Tommy? Tommy?

McCrea's heart pounding. He runs out of the room.

**THE LIVING ROOM**

McCrea crosses the room, looking for Tommy.  
Heart POUNDING louder as fear overtakes him.

MCCREA

Tommy? Tommy?

McCrea crosses to the front door.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

AS MCCREA STEPS OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, the pounding of his heart is augmented by the pounding of the basketball on the drive.

Tommy is playing basketball with WAYNE.

McCrea races across the lawn and grabs Tommy's arm, YANKING him away from Wayne.

TOMMY

Ouch. Dad, you're hurting me.

MCCREA

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

McCrea YELLS at his son.

THE BASKETBALL rolls aimlessly down the driveway.

Wayne gives McCrea a psycho smile.

WAYNE

You're hurting the boy. Let him go.

McCrea pulls Tommy farther away from Wayne.

TOMMY

Dad, you're hurting me.

MCCREA

What were you doing with my son?

WAYNE

Just playing a little one-on-one.

Wayne fills the phrase with innuendo.

McCrea lets go of Tommy and hits Wayne in the mouth, sending the man down.

MCCREA

Stay away from my son.

TOMMY

Daddy, you hit him.

McCrea turns back to Tommy and grabs him ROUGHLY, yanking him off of his feet and YELLING into his face.

MCCREA

Stay away from that man. You hear me?

TOMMY

(crying)  
Ouch. Daddy....

MCCREA

DO YOU HEAR ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!?

TOMMY

Yes, Daddy. Let go of me.

McCrea sets his son back down on the ground.



WAYNE

What kind of a father are you?  
Hurting your kid like that?

MCCREA

Shut the fuck up!

Tommy watches McCrea moves across the cement and kicks Wayne in the stomach. Hard.

WHEN MCCREA turns to face his son, he sees the look of horror in Tommy's eyes. McCrea takes a step towards his son...

Tommy BOLTS inside the house in fear.

MCCREA

Tommy?

Behind him, Wayne cackles psychotically.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

McCrea closes the door, shutting out Wayne's laughter, and slides down the wall until he's sitting on the floor.

He holds his face in his hands, sobbing.

**THE KITCHEN -- LATER**

Clink.

Clink.

Clink.

Cans bump against each other as SHERRY stocks the cupboards with groceries.

The dog is still barking outside, as McCrea crosses the kitchen, examining the lock on the back door.

SHERRY

You okay?

MCCREA

I'm worried about one of them breaking into the house while we're asleep.

SHERRY

We'd call the police...

MCCREA

What if they didn't get here in time?  
I think we need some new locks on the doors, maybe some storm shutters for the windows.

SHERRY

Fort McCrea.

MCCREA

Have to protect my family. By any means necessary.

SHERRY

Okay.

MCCREA

I'm going down to Builder's Club. I don't want to leave you and Tommy alone in the house.

Sherry nods.

### THE UPSTAIRS HALL

McCrea knocks on Tommy's door.

MCCREA

Tommy?

TOMMY (O.S.)

Go away.

MCCREA

Look, Tommy, I'm sorry.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Leave me alone.

McCrea tries opening the bedroom door. It's locked.

MCCREA

We're going to Builder's Club, I don't want to leave you alone. I want you to come with us.

TOMMY (O.S.)

I hate you.

McCrea fights tears as he walks away, descending the stairs.

### THE KITCHEN

Sherry finishes putting away the groceries.

MCCREA

He won't open his bedroom door.

SHERRY

I'll get him.

Sherry leaves the kitchen.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- EVENING**

McCrea stands by the Jeep, as Sherry drags Tommy to the car.

**INT. JEEP CHEROKEE -- EVENING**

McCrea looks at Tommy in the rear view mirror.

Tommy looks away, crossing his arms over his chest.  
Anger and tension are thick in the car.

Sherry puts her hand on McCrea's shoulder.

SHERRY

Let's go.

McCrea nods and inserts the keys into the ignition.

**THE IGNITION**

As McCrea twists the keys.

THE CHEROKEE ROARS to life, as the engine turns over.

**AS THEY DRIVE THROUGH TOWN**

McCrea keeps looking up to the rear view mirror at Tommy.  
Tension so thick you couldn't cut it with a chain saw.

**INT. BUILDER'S CLUB HARDWARE -- EVENING**

In a giant, warehouse style, building supply store, McCrea and his family push a giant cart around the store.

BEHIND THEM, STEELE pushes a giant cart.

WHEN MCCREA sees Steele following them, Steele gives him a wave, as if they're old pals.

STEELE

Doing some home improvement, Bob?

MCCREA

Get away from me.

Tommy is sullen and combative, staying as far away from McCrea as possible.

McCrea pulls a bunch of 2x4s from a rack, puts them on his cart.

Steele chooses a wood saw, and sets it on his cart.

McCrea pushes his cart to a display of padlocks. Decides on a brand that's bullet proof, puts a half dozen on his cart.

Steele grabs a pair of heavy-duty bolt cutters, gives them a try, smiles, and places them on his cart.

McCrea grabs a dozen heavy duty hasps, puts them on his cart.

Steele selects a crow bar.

McCrea buys a half dozen sets of storm shutters. After he places the shutters on his cart, he looks up and realizes that Tommy is gone.

MCCREA

Where's Tommy?

SHERRY

He was here a minute ago...

MCCREA

What the fuck are you doing? I thought you were watching him.

Sherry is shocked by his words, before she can reply, McCrea runs away... Searching the store for Tommy.

MCCREA

Tommy? Tommy? Tommy?

McCrea looks up and down the aisles, trying to spot his son.

MCCREA

TOMMY! Tommy! TOMMY?!

McCrea runs, panicked, through the store, searching for Tommy.

McCrea finds Tommy in the lawn mower section. Grabs him by the arm roughly.

MCCREA

I thought I told you to stay with us?

TOMMY

I don't want to stay with you.

MCCREA

Listen, buster, I'm your father and you'll do what I say.

TOMMY

I don't want you to be my father. You can't make me do anything.

McCrea raises his hand to slap Tommy... Then stops. Realizing what he was about to do.

MCCREA  
We're leaving.

He drags Tommy back to the front of the store.

**INT. JEEP CHEROKEE -- DAY**

In the Builder's Club parking lot, the Cherokee is loaded and ready to roll.

McCrea looks at Tommy in the rear view mirror.

Tommy looks away, arms tight across his chest.  
Anger in his eyes.

McCrea inserts the key in the Cherokee's ignition.

**THE IGNITION**

As McCrea twists the keys.

THE CHEROKEE ROARS TO LIFE...  
Then EXPLODES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

With a loud backfire.

There is a moment of shocked silence.  
They think it might be gunshots.

McCrea puts the car into gear, drives out of the parking lot.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

Sherry pulls out her keys to unlock the door...

But it's already open.

SHERRY  
Bob?

McCrea hears the panic in her voice and stops unloading the Cherokee, joining her on the porch.

SHERRY  
The door's open.

MCCREA  
You and Tommy wait here.

McCrea grabs a hammer from the Cherokee and pulls together his courage... Then enters the house.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

The first thing McCrea notices is the overturned sofa, spilling stuffing all over the floor.

McCrea has walked right into hell.

A stack of picture frames on the floor, glass shards piercing the prints and scattered across the carpet.

Someone has done a very thorough job of trashing his home, and the trashers may still be here... waiting.

Waiting with guns.

MCCREA

Shit.

McCrea moves deeper into the torn up house.

Destruction.

Chairs overturned and cushion stuffing removed, the television taken apart, someone has spray painted a message on the walls:

"ONE OF US" sprayed everywhere.

McCrea moves cautiously through the house.

#### **THE DINING ROOM**

Has been redecorated with a pick axe.

A pile of broken plates sit on the table in a rubble.

Pictures lay shattered on the floor.

Suddenly, the front door slams.

McCrea moves through the dining room to the living room. The front door is closed.

MCCREA

Sherry?

No answer.

McCrea moves cautiously to the stairs.

#### **THE STAIRCASE**

McCrea grips the hammer as he climbs the staircase.

TENSION builds with every step.

McCrea wonders what he'll find at the top of the stairs.

A noise from upstairs - someone waiting?

Suspense builds.

#### **AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS**

Silence and darkness.

McCrea flicks on a light.

Elongated shadows in the upstairs hallway.

Clutching the hammer, he advances.

**MCCREA AND SHERRY'S BEDROOM**

McCrea throws open the door.  
Cautiously takes a step inside, hammer up and ready.  
Hand searches the wall for the light switch, clicks it on.

The bedroom hasn't been torn apart.  
But someone has sprayed "ONE OF US" on the walls.

THE SUITCASES Bronson gave him are open on the bed.  
Ready to be packed.  
McCrea advances cautiously to the bathroom.

**THE BATHROOM**

Toiletries scattered all over the floor. Sherry's perfumes  
have been shattered in the sink. A noise behind him.

McCrea spins, but there is nobody there.

He leaves the master bedroom.

**AT THE DOOR TO TOMMY'S ROOM**

McCrea grabs the doorknob.  
Tension builds.  
Twists the knob and enters Tommy's bedroom.

**TOMMY'S BEDROOM**

McCrea searches the wall for the light switch.  
Click.

LIGHT FLOODS the room.  
McCrea sees a drawer pulled from Tommy's dresser...  
The drawer empty.  
Tommy's underwear scattered on the floor.

McCrea examines the underwear...  
Someone has masturbated on it.

MCCREA  
Oh, my God. Oh, shit.

Backs away from the underwear.

MCCREA  
That freak! That fucking freak!

A LOUD noise from the hallway.  
Someone is coming up the stairs!  
Running!

MCCREA SPINS...  
...Bolts to the hall...  
...Hammer raised over his head.

Sherry and Tommy stand in the upstairs hall.

McCrea lowers the hammer, stops Tommy from entering his room.

MCCREA

(to Sherry)

Keep him out of there and call the police.

TOMMY

It's my room! Mine! You can't tell me what to do! I hate you!

SHERRY

Tommy. Someone has been in there. The police need to look for evidence.

TOMMY

I want to see what they did. It's not dad's room. Why can't I look?

SHERRY

After the police are done, okay?

Sherry takes Tommy downstairs.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

Red and blue lights strobe across the curtains.

McCrea looks out the window as a POLICE CAR pulls up.

**OUTSIDE THE WINDOW**

OFFICER RITTER, crew cut, weight lifter's body - looks more like an athlete than an accountant - gets out of his car, and is approached by Rogers and Bronson. Three of a kind.

McCREA watches as the three men talk.  
Can't hear what they're saying.  
But the relationship is NOT adversarial.  
At one point, Ritter even laughs.

Ritter shakes hands with both men, heads to the front door.

**IN THE HOUSE**

McCrea opens the front door to greet him.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- LATER**

Officer Ritter looks at the trashed room and graffiti.

RITTER

Anything stolen?



MCCREA

I don't think so.

RITTER

Then it's just the vandalism.

MCCREA

They're sitting right across the street. Why don't you go arrest them?

RITTER

Can you PROVE that they did this?

MCCREA

Who else would have done it?

RITTER

I'll write up a report, but unless you've got actual proof that those guys did this, nothing's gonna happen.

MCCREA

(explodes)

Can't you at least get them away from my house? My family?

RITTER

Mr. Leonard, or Mr. McCrea, or whatever your name is: You don't seem to understand. That is a public street. They can park there if they want, and the only time I can force them to move is on the first Tuesday of the month.

MCCREA

What's the first Tuesday?

RITTER

Street cleaning day.

MCCREA

You're not going to do anything?

RITTER

I'm writing up a report.

McCrea looks at the officer suspiciously.

MCCREA

Why were you talking with them?

RITTER

Wanted to find out if they'd seen anything suspicious.

MCCREA

They DID this.

RITTER

You have no proof of that.

McCrea is steaming.

Ritter looks at him calmly, closing his report book.

RITTER

You know what they told me? That you used to be a gang-banger from the Oakland. You're here under some witness program.

MCCREA

What does that have to do with anything?

RITTER

Let me get this straight: You turned against society and joined this gang. Then you turned against the gang, and now you want society to protect you?

McCrea has trouble looking Ritter in the eyes.

RITTER

What do you want from us? The police department is here to protect straight citizens. When you joined them, you lost your right to our protection. They're your protection, now.

MCCREA

They're the ones who are trying to kill me. Threatening my family.

RITTER

Should have thought of that before you ratted. Even the police protects their own. We have our code of silence, you guys have your code of silence.

(pockets report book)

You broke yours. Now you've got to pay for it.

McCrea watches Ritter leave the house, walk to his patrol car, drive away. Bronson and Rogers laughter echoes.

McCrea closes the door - no one out there can help him.

**INT. FBI OFFICE (PAST) -- DAY**

Agent FORD, wearing a cartoon necktie, fits the body mike to McCrea's chest. Taping it in place.

FORD

There. Give it a shot.

McCrea lowers his head and speaks.

MCCREA

Testing. Testing.

Another FBI AGENT wearing a headset sees the sound needle on his big reel-to-reel recorder jump.

FBI AGENT

Just speak in a normal voice.

MCCREA

Okay.

McCrea buttons his shirt over the body mike.

FBI AGENT

We need you to get Jeffries to say it. No yes or no answers. He has to confess. Say exactly what he did.

FORD

You sure you want to do this?

MCCREA

I can't be part of that anymore.

Agent Ford still isn't sure McCrea understands.

FORD

You'll be ratting on your friends. Some are going to end up in jail. The rest aren't going to be happy with you. You know what they do to rats?

FBI AGENT

They kill them.

McCrea considers this - what if he's discovered?

FORD

You ready to roll?

McCrea looks up at Agent Ford. Is he ready for this?

**INT. HUMMER (PAST) -- DAY**

Bronson behind the wheel, as McCrea and Jeffries climb in.

MCCREA

Where we going?

JEFFRIES

The plant.

Bronson pulls from the curb, heads to the San Antonio Housing Project on 65th Street. McCrea looks down at his shirt.

**EXT. OAKLAND, CA (PAST) -- DAY**

The Hummer heads to 65th Street... with a panel van three cars behind them, following.

**INT. PANEL VAN (PAST) -- DAY**

The back is filled with radio and recording equipment, plus Agent Ford and the FBI Agent. Ford says to the DRIVER.

FORD

Don't let them spot you.

The Driver nods.

**INT. HUMMER (PAST) -- DAY**

McCrea looks up from his shirt.

MCCREA

There a problem at the plant?

JEFFRIES

Surprise inspection. Keeps 'em honest.

The Hummer pulls to the curb in front of the Housing Project.

**EXT. SAN ANTONIO HOUSING PROJECT (PAST) -- DAY**

Four blocks of public housing - like a city inside the city. Gray ugly buildings, like dominoes about to fall. Brown grass in the courtyards between buildings. Twisted shopping carts.

McCrea walks with Bronson and Jeffries into the complex.

BRONSON

Hey, baby, how's you doing?

A pair of BANGERS at the project entrance nod at Bronson... McCrea notes their guns, in case the building is attacked. Bronson passes the Bangers, enters the building.

When McCrea follows, Jeffries pulls him into the courtyard.

JEFFRIES

Bronson can handle this. Thought we'd have ourselves a little conversation.

Does Jeffries know about the wire?

MCCREA

They cut the stuff up there?

JEFFRIES

No money changes hands, Bob. No reason to even think about it. Can't let your mind wander, gotta stay focused.

MCCREA

Just curious.

JEFFRIES

Don't want to end up a dead cat. Or, you thinking about all the titties on display up there? Someone tell you they wear their natural uniforms, you want to check it out?

MCCREA

Wanted to see that, I'd go to Boyd's.  
(where Autrey was  
killed)  
My wife is...

Jeffries laughs, puts an arm over his shoulder. McCrea can see his gun in the shoulder rig - the gun that killed Autrey.

JEFFRIES

Gotta wife, too, I still like looking at titties. Girls up there had anything worth looking at, Boyd'd have them.  
(smiles)  
Be we ain't here to talk titties.

MCCREA

Is this about Autrey?

JEFFRIES

You still pondering that?

MCCREA

How could you...?

JEFFRIES

Man needed to be fired. Part of being the boss is making those decisions. But couldn't have done it without you.

MCCREA

If I would have known...

JEFFRIES

You would have lied for him?

MCCREA

No, Mr. Jeffries.

JEFFRIES

There's nothing worse than a mother fucker who turns against his own.

MCCREA

You could have talked to him...

JEFFRIES

You expect people to give themselves a bonus now and then, but not outright fuck you. You got to do what's best for the business, best for the whole family. That's doing, not talking.

MCCREA

Yes, sir.

Has McCrea been brought here to be killed?  
Jeffries takes a puff on his cigar, looks around the buildings.

JEFFRIES

You know why the people love me? I'm not just talking about the people in the projects, I'm talking about everyone. Guy out in Orinda, lives in two million dollar house. Kid in Richmond without a nickel in his pocket.

MCCREA

The stuff they're making upstairs?

JEFFRIES

I give them what they want. What they need. See, everybody's got a vice. It's human nature. Everybody got to live in this world, and it's a cold mother fucker out there. You think that guy in Orinda's got it made? The world's still fucking him. The more you got, the more they can take. They got to escape - just an hour or two.

MCCREA

Heroin?

JEFFRIES

Got drugs on the brain? Want to go up and get yourself a sample?

MCCREA

No, sir.

JEFFRIES

Ain't just the smack or the crack or the crank or the powder, it's the tables at Autrey's - chance to win yourself out of debt. Titties at Boyd's - chance to feel like a young man again. Nobody gives people a chance anymore. Except me. Government sure as hell doesn't.

MCCREA

They aren't in the heroin business.

JEFFRIES

You sure? How you think we get this stuff across the borders? Won't let you take a pocket knife on an airplane these days. They may not be in the heroin business, but they in the "gimme money and we close our eyes business".

MCCREA

Did I hide that in business expenses?

JEFFRIES

You think the FBI, the Treasury, is coming after me?

MCCREA

How would I know?

JEFFRIES

Government thinks it gets rid of me, gets rid of the problem. But that need's still there. People still gonna have vices. Human nature. Human need.

MCCREA

That's what you do?

JEFFRIES

What we do. You're one of us, now. One of my boys. All these people are family. That's why I buy that truckload of turkeys from Safeway every Christmas. Give 'em out myself.

(MORE)

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)

Think the FBI gonna give these people turkeys? The President even come to the projects?

McCrea laughs... Jeffries joins him.

JEFFRIES

Think the President could walk down the street like this? People be on the rooftops trying to smoke his ass. Hell, my mother'd be up there. They screwed up her Medicare.

(puffs his cigar)

No one here'd do that to me, because I give them a chance. I'm like a daddy to them. You don't hurt family. Even animals, bloody beasts like the lions, don't do nothing to harm the family.

MCCREA

King of the jungle.

JEFFRIES

That's right.

(touches his gun)

You ever think about dying, Bob?

MCCREA

I... try not to. I'm only thirty...

JEFFRIES

Lot of young men die. Kids you went to school with, how many of them are still standing? Besides Rogers.

MCCREA

Is something wrong?

JEFFRIES

What could be wrong?

MCCREA

The Italians?

JEFFRIES

That's funny. Look back on it, one domino hits one domino hits another, the Italians are probably the reason we're having this little chat.

MCCREA

The war --



JEFFRIES

They lost. Just don't know it yet. We'll be taking San Francisco, the whole west coast. They still run it, but they'll be running it for me.

Jeffries pulls out his gun. The gun that killed Autrey. The gun that killed the Italian Don and his bodyguards. McCrea tries to remain calm... but the gun is casually aimed at him.

JEFFRIES

"Bloody August" turned into a damned fine October for all of us.

MCCREA

Except Mr. Leone.

JEFFRIES

That's what got me thinking. One minute a man, even a young man, can be standing here, the next he's dead. Bang. It's over. The good things he's done, gone. Who is gonna remember?

MCCREA

Family.

JEFFRIES

Right. So I got to thinking - how will people remember me once I'm gone?

MCCREA

No one would forget you.

JEFFRIES

Autrey did. Was like a son to me.

MCCREA

(sweating - scared)  
He just made a mistake.

JEFFRIES

I don't like people who make mistakes. People who forget their family.

MCCREA

(gun aimed at him)  
I wouldn't do that, sir.

JEFFRIES

Everyone forgets. So I want you to start putting some money aside. For my funeral.

(MORE)

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)

Want a horse drawn carriage to take me all the way down Lake Street. Every Rolls Royce you can find behind it. I want for people be telling their grandkids about it. You understand?

MCCREA

Yes, Mr. Jeffries.

JEFFRIES

This is between you and me. No one else. I can trust you, right?

MCCREA

Yes, sir.

Jeffries holsters his gun. They have circled the San Anselmo Projects, back to the entrance, just as Bronson emerges.

JEFFRIES

Everything looking good?

BRONSON

Except for all them gritty titties.

Bronson holds the car door open for Jeffries, turns to McCrea.

BRONSON

You coming?

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- NIGHT**

MCCREA

What?

McCrea staring at the graffiti on the wall: "ONE OF US".

SHERRY

Are you coming to bed?

For a moment, nothing but dead silence. No noise from outside, no noise from the room.

SHERRY

We'll clean up in the morning. Call the real estate agent. Get out.

MCCREA

I'm not leaving.

SHERRY

You saw what they did to Tommy's room. We can't stay.

MCCREA

I can't run any more. You were right.

SHERRY

I was WRONG. Those men are animals.  
Who knows what they'll do next? I  
don't even want to spend the night.

MCCREA

(explodes)

This is MY house! You are MY family!  
It's MY job to protect you!

SHERRY

That's what you're doing? Protecting  
your family? Then why are yelling  
at me? Why did you hit Tommy?

MCCREA

It was a mistake.

SHERRY

I've had all of your protection that  
I can take! Keep the house. Tommy  
and I can find someplace else to  
live.

He tries to grab her.  
Tries to hold on to her.  
She pushes him away.  
Storms up the staircase to the master bedroom...

MCCREA

Sherry! Sher...

Leaving McCrea alone.

McCrea lowers himself to the couch, sits there for a moment  
looking at the graffiti, then lays down and closes his eyes.

In a few moments, he's asleep, and dreaming...

**INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY (PAST) -- DAY**

Quiet.  
Serene.  
Dream-like.

A JUDGE in black robes floats by on his way to a divorce trial.

A LAWYER glides down the hall, briefcase at his side.

The doors to Courtroom #7 BURST OPEN, and McCrea rushes out.  
Sweating and jittery after testifying, he bolts to a door  
marked "MEN'S ROOM".

## INT. COURTHOUSE MEN'S ROOM (PAST) -- DAY

McCrea washes his face in the sink.  
Sees his reflection in the mirror.  
The eyes of a betrayer?

Wipes his face on a paper towel.

At a urinal, McCrea unzips to relieve himself.

Bathroom doors open.  
Rogers enters with Bronson.

Rogers and Bronson take urinals to either side of McCrea.

ROGERS  
How could you do it?

BRONSON  
Mr. Jeffries was like a father to  
you. You treat your father like  
this?

MCCREA  
Look... Matt...

McCrea is too frightened to speak.

ROGERS  
I'm disappointed in you. Thought  
you were my friend.

BRONSON  
We can't just let this go. You know  
what happened to Mr. Autrey. He  
only stole money. You stole our  
trust.

ROGERS  
One of us, and you betrayed us.

MCCREA  
Look... You gotta understand...

Bronson and Rogers zip up, flush their urinals.  
Rogers pats McCrea on the shoulder.

ROGERS  
No, Bob. You have to understand.

BRONSON  
We'll be seeing you.

Bronson and Rogers leave the bathroom.

McCrea stands there, shaking, unable to pee.  
Too scared.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- DAY**

McCrea wakes up with a start.  
Takes him a while to figure out that he's on the sofa.

Tommy enters with a backpack over his shoulder.

TOMMY

You and mom have a fight?

McCrea decides not to lie.

MCCREA

Yeah. Look, Tommy, I'm sorry for  
yelling at you yesterday.

Tommy gives him the cold shoulder, opens the front door.

MCCREA

Where are you going?

TOMMY

School. It's Monday, you know?

Tommy leaves.

McCrea gets up, looks around the living room.

It's dead quiet.

The door bell RINGS.

McCrea jumps, then crosses the room and opens the door.

Bronson and Rogers on the threshold.

BRONSON

We're here to offer our condolences.

MCCREA

What?

BRONSON

Heard there was a death in the family.

McCrea tries to break through the two men.

MCCREA

Tommy? Tommy?

ROGERS

Not Tommy.

McCrea stops and looks from Bronson to Rogers, waiting.

Silence stretches.

BRONSON

Your dog.

ROGERS

Please come back, Bob. It'll be so much easier if you cooperate.

McCrea slams the door in their faces, tears through the house.

MCCREA

Peckinpaw? Peck? Here, Peck?

**THE KITCHEN**

McCrea passes Sherry without a word, looking for the dog. Heads out the back door.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME - BACKYARD -- MORNING**

McCrea searches the for the dog.

MCCREA

Peckinpaw? Here, boy. Peck?

McCrea finds Peckinpaw laying under a tree.

MCCREA

Peckinpaw?

PECKINPAW is motionless.

McCrea touches the dog.

He's dead.

Cradling the dead dog in his arms, McCrea cries.

MCCREA

Peckinpaw.

(eulogy)

You were always a good dog. Always there when we needed someone to talk to. Someone to love us. I'm sorry, boy. I'm so sorry.

McCrea holds the dog's body close to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

McCrea shovels the final scoop of dirt onto Peckinpaw's grave.

Tamps down the earth with the shovel.

McCrea sets a leash on top of the grave.

MCCREA

Goodbye, Peck.

Leans against the shovel, haloed by morning sun. He seems stronger, and in control.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

Bam! Bam! Bam!

McCrea nails a 2x4 over the living room window.

McCrea takes off his tie, then his shirt, because of the work.

THE CONSTRUCTION WORK gives McCrea a feeling of control.

Bare chested, he turns his home into his fortress.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD -- DAY**

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Tommy's basketball on the asphalt as school lets out.

Tommy dribbles out to the empty basketball court, sets his pack down near the back board.

Dribbles the ball for a while...

When he spins to shoot..

Someone blocks the shot.

Wayne laughs, as he and Tommy scramble to retrieve the ball.

WAYNE

You wanna play some one on one?

TOMMY

You're too tall. Let's play horse.

WAYNE

Sure.

Tommy dribbles to the first position, aims, shoots.  
All net.

TOMMY

H.

Wayne grabs the ball, takes the position.

Shoots.

Ball bounces off the backboard, falls in.

WAYNE

H.

Tommy laughs, gets the ball, moves to the second position.

WAYNE

Your dad always that rough with you?

TOMMY

Not always.

WAYNE

Looks like he hurt you pretty bad.

They shoot again, from the next position.

WAYNE

My dad was always rough with me.  
Used to give me a whipping for  
nothing. Just to keep in practice,  
he'd say.

TOMMY

I thought he was breaking my arm.

WAYNE

He was getting pretty mean.

TOMMY

I wanted to hit him.

WAYNE

Should have. What right does he  
have to treat you like that? There's  
laws against that.

(cackles)

Course, you're just a kid. Calling  
the police wouldn't do very much.

TOMMY

Yeah.

Tommy and Wayne have found a common ground.

WAYNE

He ever spank you hard? You know,  
pull down your pants and hit you  
right on the bare butt?

TOMMY

So hard I couldn't sit down.

WAYNE

Did he use a paddle, or his bare  
hand?

TOMMY

His hand.

WAYNE

My pops used to use a paddle. The  
kind you play ping-pong with?

TOMMY

Yeah?

WAYNE

Used to beat the shit out of me.  
Beat me 'till there was blisters.  
I'd lay awake, late at night, think  
of different ways to kill him.



TOMMY

I know what you mean.

WAYNE

When they're beating you, they always say it's because they love you, but that doesn't make any sense. That's no way to show love.

TOMMY

Yeah.

WAYNE

Ever seen your mom and dad do it?

TOMMY

You mean kiss?

WAYNE

I mean DO IT. You know? Get naked with each other?

Tommy shakes his head.

WAYNE

You never seen your mom and dad naked?

TOMMY

No. I've heard them laughing together before. In their bedroom.

WAYNE

You know what they're doing in there?

Tommy shakes his head, dribbles the basketball.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

McCrea nails a board over the living room window. All of the other first storey windows have been boarded up. It looks like he's expecting a hurricane.

McCrea grabs another board, sees Bronson and Boyd crossing the street to his house.

Ignores them, nails the board over his window.

BOYD

A little home improvement?

MCCREA

Trying to protect my family.

BRONSON

Seems to me, you're hurting your family.

MCCREA  
You aren't my family.

Bronson ponders this.

BRONSON  
Then it's okay for me to do THIS.

Bronson SLUGS McCrea in the kidneys.

McCrea turns around with the hammer, ready to strike.  
Boyd slams a 2x4 into him.  
McCrea goes down.

Bronson and Boyd pummel McCrea with 2x4s.  
Slamming the boards into him.

BRONSON  
Just protecting the family.

Blood erupts from McCrea's nose.  
McCrea curls up like an armadillo.

Bronson and Boyd stop beating on him, throw the boards aside.

BRONSON  
We'll be back at seven O'clock  
tonight. That gives you four hours  
to pack.

BOYD  
You don't come quietly, we'll have  
to drag you out.

BRONSON  
Your wife and kid won't have to die.  
Know how important family is to you.

MCCREA  
No! Please...

BRONSON  
We'll be back in four hours.

Bronson and Boyd go back to their cars.

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD -- DAY**

Wayne and Tommy are chatting like friends.

WAYNE  
You don't know how grown ups love  
each other?

Wayne leans close to him and whispers something in his ear.  
Very close to Tommy.

TOMMY

Gross.

WAYNE

Don't know 'till you try it.

Wayne's hand moves down to Tommy's butt.  
Kisses Tommy's ear, showing his tongue...

Tommy stands very still.

Wayne's hand moves to the front of Tommy's trousers.

WAYNE

I'll show you mine if you show me  
yours?

TOMMY

No.

WAYNE

Come on. We'll be like grown ups...

Tommy bats Wayne's hands away, running and screaming.

Runs out of the school yard, leaving his back pack and  
basketball behind.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- DAY**

Sherry looks up when the front door opens... sees no one.

Hears a noise, looks down, sees McCrea dragging himself in.

Bloody, clothes torn, beat up, McCrea looks like hell.

SHERRY

Bob!

Sherry runs to him, helps him to his feet.

MCCREA

Lock the door. Lock the door!

Sherry locks the door.  
Helps McCrea into the bathroom.

**THE BATHROOM**

Sherry tends to McCrea's wounds.

MCCREA

I'm sorry, Sherry.

SHERRY

This is going to hurt.

MCCREA

Not as much as getting it.

She laughs, kisses him gently.  
McCrea takes her in his arms and holds her close.

MCCREA

I love you. I don't want anything  
to happen to you. Ever.

She kisses him again.

All of their emotions: fear, anger, pain, and love, come  
together in one driving force.

#### **MCCREA AND SHERRY'S BEDROOM**

Sherry presses McCrea's bandaged body down onto the bed.  
Stands in front of him, peels off her clothes.  
Piece by piece.

When Sherry finishes her slow, sensual, strip, she moves into  
McCrea's arms.

Sherry and McCrea make love.  
Every once in a while, finding a bruise.

MCCREA

Ouch.

SHERRY

Should we stop?

MCCREA

No.

They continue making love, passion consuming them.

DISSOLVE TO:

They lay naked in each other's arms.

MCCREA

I really screwed up. I was trying  
to do what was best, and it backfired.

SHERRY

Don't worry about it.

MCCREA

Wanted Tommy to have everything that  
I didn't. I worked a full time job  
from the time I was sixteen. Had to  
buy my own clothes, my own food.

SHERRY

K-Mart clothes. Those ten dollar shoes, I remember.

MCCREA

Mom worked every day of her life. I wanted something better for us. Didn't work out exactly the way I planned.

SHERRY

You did what you thought was right. That's what matters.

She kisses him.

MCCREA

Families are made of people, even if all they have is ten dollar shoes..

Kisses him again.

MCCREA

Will you forgive me?

SHERRY

I love you.

**THE LIVING ROOM -- LATER**

McCrea, dressed, dials the phone.

MCCREA

My name is Bob McCrea. I'd like to speak with Special Agent Ford, please.

(beat)

Okay.

(beat)

This is Bob McCrea. I'm having a little problem... They found me.

Sherry enters, listens to McCrea's side of the conversation.

**INT. FBI OFFICE -- EVENING**

AGENT FORD searches for the file with McCrea's information.

FORD

How many?

MCCREA (V.O.)

Seven of them. Lead by Bronson.

FORD

Have they attempted to kill you?

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- EVENING**

MCCREA

They said they'll be here at seven  
to drag me back to Oakland.  
Threatened to kill my family if I  
refused.

**INT. FBI OFFICE -- EVENING**

Ford checks out his gun as he talks on the phone.

FORD

Okay. It'll take me an hour to get  
there... I'm leaving now.

(beat)

Hey, McCrea. Take care of yourself.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- EVENING**

MCCREA

Right.

McCrea hangs up.

MCCREA

Agent Ford is on his way.

The front door bursts open.  
Tommy rushes in, frightened.

Tommy runs to McCrea and gives him a big hug, holding on.

TOMMY

I'm sorry, dad. You were right.  
I'm so sorry.

MCCREA

It's okay. It's all going to be  
okay.

McCrea, surrounded by his wife and child, boosted by their  
love, looks powerful as he stands in his home.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK strikes five behind them.

MCCREA

They'll be here in two hours.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- MONTAGE**

THE FAMILY PREPARES FOR BATTLE.

McCrea pulls the lever action 30-30 off the gun rack. Takes  
out a box of 30-30 long rifle cartridges.

**THE KITCHEN**

Sherry empties jars into the garbage, rinses them, hands them to Tommy.

Tommy fills the small jars with AMMONIA.  
Half-fills the large jars with Clorox bleach.  
Screws the lids TIGHTLY on the small jars.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK ticks away the minutes.

**THE BATHROOM**

McCrea grabs two cans of hair spray from the bathroom, tapes cigarette lighters on them, stashes them through out the house.

**THE KITCHEN**

Sherry is very CAREFUL as she lowers the small jars into the jars of bleach. She screws the lids on tightly.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK keeps ticking.

Tommy and McCrea nail boards over the back door.  
Working together.  
A father and son team.

Sherry sets two bottles of Wesson oil on the counter.

Tommy and McCrea finish nailing boards over the front door...

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK strikes 7:00.

They look at the clock as Sherry enters.

**EXT. HUMMER -- SUNSET**

Fonda pumps his shotgun.

BRONSON

Guess we're doing it the hard way.

Bronson pulls weapons of of the Hummer, distributing them.

STEELE gets a pair of 44 Magnums, purple grips match his suit.

FONDA gets his pump shotgun and bag-o-guns.

HART gets a 357, heavy chains, a blinged out baseball bat.

WAYNE gets the ax, and some torture tools.

ROGERS gets a blue chrome automatic and holster.

BOYD grabs a huge pick-ax, throwing it over his shoulder.

SEVEN GANGSTERS haloed by the burnt orange setting sun, weapons ready.

BRONSON

Let's go.

They cross the street to McCrea's home...  
Guns glittering in the orange sunlight.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

CRASH!

The sound of breaking glass from a downstairs window.

**THE LIVING ROOM**

McCrea, Tommy, and Sherry flinch from the sound, looking around the empty living room.

CRASH!

CRASH!

CRASH!

More windows breaking, from all over.

The family surrounded by the sounds of breaking glass.  
They scan the windows for signs of a breach.

CRASH!

CRASH!

CRASH!

McCrea swings the 30-30 lever action from window to window.  
Ready for action.

Sherry and Tommy huddle together.  
Surround by crashing.  
Slamming.  
Smashing.

CRASH!

CRASH!

CRASH!

More windows smashing.

SHERRY

Stop it! Make it stop!

Tension builds to a breaking point.  
Sherry covers her ears.

CRASH!

CRASH!

CRASH!

McCrea spins to the sounds, aiming the 30-30.



THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

The sound of an ax on wood...

Coming from the center Living Room window.

One of the boards shatters and a hand reaches inside the house.

McCrea slams the hand with the gun butt, it withdraws.

VOICE (O.S.)

Bastard!

McCrea sticks the barrel of the 30-30 through the opening and fires a pair of shots.

VOICE (O.S.)

Shit! He's gotta gun!

McCrea turns to Sherry.

MCCREA

Get a flame thrower.

Sherry leaves, comes back with a hairspray can.

A HAND pokes through the opening again.

Sherry clicks on the cigarette lighter.

Hits the spray button.

FLAMES SHOOT from the can to the hand, burning it.

VOICE (O.S.)

AHHHHH!!

The hand withdraws quickly.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

Someone's using the ax on the front door.

Tommy bolts to the telephone and dials 9-1-1....

The phone is dead.

No dial tone.

Nothing.

TOMMY

Phone doesn't work!

MCCREA

We can hold them until Agent Ford gets here.

McCrea fires another shot out the window.

Quick aim, fire.  
 Work the lever.  
 Quick aim, fire.

CRASH!  
 A window breaks upstairs.

MCCREA  
 Stay here.

McCrea runs upstairs, 30-30 rifle ready.

**INT. POLICE CAR -- NIGHT**

Officer Ritter sits in his parked police car.

RADIO  
 Adam 17, Adam 17, we have a 10-57  
 from the thirteen hundred block of  
 Maple Street. Shots fired.

Ritter picks up the radio mike.

RITTER  
 This is Ritter in Adam 23. I'll  
 take that call for Adam 17, over.

RADIO  
 Do you need backup Adam 23?

RITTER  
 No. It's a code 4. I've handled  
 this one before. It's some kids  
 with left over fireworks. A 10-59  
 at most. Over.

RADIO  
 (laughs)  
 Okay. Try to grab me a sparkler.

RITTER  
 Sure thing, over.

Ritter rehooks the radio mike and picks up a stack of hundred  
 dollar bills from the passenger seat, counting them.

Down the street at McCrea's - more gunfire.

Ritter looks up from his counting.

RITTER  
 Shouldn't have ratted.

Then he goes back to counting his payoff.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT****TOP OF THE STAIRCASE**

McCrea stops a few steps shy of the top, listening.

The dark hallway stretches in front of him.  
Spooky and foreboding.

McCrea hears noises from directly overhead:

Footsteps on the roof.

McCrea aims at the ceiling, following the footsteps.

CRASH!

Another window breaks on the second storey.

McCrea has to blink the sweat from his eyes.

Footsteps stop for a moment.

McCrea hears muffled conversation.

STEELE

(muffled)

Take the.....

FONDA

(muffled)

Right.....

The steps begin again.

McCrea follows the footsteps with his rifle.

But they split up.

Two sets of footsteps.

CRASH!

Another window breaks.

McCrea climbs the last steps to the dark hallway.

**THE DARK HALLWAY**

McCrea moves down the hall, 30-30 ready in his hands.

Three bedroom doors to McCrea's left.

Holding tightly to the 30-30 rifle, he moves to the first one  
and kicks it open.

**THE SPARE BEDROOM**

McCrea drops low, 30-30 rifle ready.

His eyes scan the interior of the room.

The bassinet and other cast offs could be hiding someone.

McCrea creeps deeper into the room.  
 Searching behind everything, gun ready.  
 It is empty.

McCrea backs slowly out of the room.

#### **THE HALLWAY**

McCrea edges to the second bedroom door, 30-30 rifle ready.  
 Kicks down the door, springing inside with the 30-30 rifle.

#### **TOMMY'S BEDROOM**

Steele is ready with a 44 Magnum in each hand.  
 Opens fire, sending a volley of shots at McCrea.

STEELE

How you doing?

McCrea fires the 30-30 rifle once at Steele.

Missing... smashing a full length mirror to pieces.

STEELE

You miss me? I'm not gonna miss  
 you.

Pimped out Steele blasts both guns at McCrea, tearing up  
 everything. Posters. Model cars. The basketball.  
 McCrea rolls out of the room, away from the gunfire.

#### **THE HALLWAY**

McCrea rolls out of the line of fire.

Fonda spins out of the spare room with a pump shotgun.  
 Puffing on a joint, he sweeps his dreadlocks aside.  
 Aims at McCrea.

FONDA

Gotcha, mon!

BLAM!

Plaster explodes next to McCrea's head.

McCrea spins, fires the 30-30 lever action a half dozen times.  
 Like Chuck Connors in "The Rifleman".

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Fonda is hit in the shoulder, spinning him in a graceful  
 pirouette, shotgun discharging into the ceiling.

BLAM!  
Fonda falls to the floor.

Steele rolls out of Tommy's Bedroom behind McCrea.  
Fires both 44s at him.

BLAM!  
BLAM!

Plaster explodes next to McCrea's head.  
Showers him with powder that clouds the hallway.

McCrea spins, fires at Steele, forcing him into the room.

STEELE (O.S.)  
You still miss me?

While McCrea is firing at Steele...  
Fonda rises wobbly to his feet...  
Aims his shotgun, pumping out the spent shell.

FONDA  
You can go to hell, mon.

McCrea hears the voice, spins, firing, working the lever...  
Bang!  
Bang!  
Bang!

Hits Fonda square in the chest. He flies back, dreadlocks  
fluttering, skids along the floor to the top of the stairs...  
Then down the stairs...

#### **THE LIVING ROOM**

Sherry spins as Fonda slams to rest at the base of the stairs.  
Bloody and dead.

#### **THE DARK HALLWAY**

Hart rolls out of the master bedroom, springs to his feet,  
fires his 357 magnum at McCrea.

BLAM!  
Bullet whizzes past McCrea's ear.  
He reaims the 30-30 rifle, squeezes the trigger.  
Bang!

Misses Hart, knocking a hole in the wall.

HART  
Come on, Bobby! You call that  
shooting?

Hart fires the 357 magnum.  
McCrea dives into Tommy's bedroom.

**TOMMY'S BEDROOM**

McCrea presses against the wall, 30-30 in hand.

A hand grabs McCrea's shoulder, spinning him around.

Steele aims one of his 44 magnums at McCrea's left eye.

STEELE

Got his ass!

Steele yells to Hart and the others.

STEELE

Take care of the wife and kid!

Hart runs past the doorway, down the stairs.

**INT. AGENT FORD'S SEDAN -- NIGHT**

Agent Ford, stuck in bumper to bumper traffic on the freeway.

Pounds on his horn.

FORD

Come on! Come on! Come on!

TRAFFIC continues moving at five miles per hour.

FORD

Shit.

Starts to pull out his cell phone, then has a better idea...

Agent Ford pulls his car to the shoulder, halfway in the ditch, zooming past the traffic.

FONDA

That's better.

Agent Ford miles.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT****TOMMY'S BEDROOM**

Steele smiles.

STEELE

How you doing now? Better? Worse?  
Wishing you'd a come back when you  
had a chance?

McCrea looks into the barrel of the 44 magnum.

MCCREA

Please. Take me. Just don't hurt  
my family. Leave them out of this.

STEELE

Drop the AK.

McCrea takes aim at Steele's foot, throwing the gun down HARD.

STEELE

Fuck!

For a moment the 44 magnum isn't aiming at McCrea's face.

McCrea grabs Steele's wrist, pushing the 44 magnum away.

BLAM!

Plaster showers them.

Only inches between the two struggling men.

Loaded gun moving between them.

McCrea pushes toward Steele.

Steele twists it toward McCrea.

STEELE

Why fight? Just gonna hurt more  
before we kill you. Take it easy.

Steele twists the barrel around to McCrea's face.

McCrea grabs the gun barrel to press it away.

Sizzle!

The hot gun barrel burns his palms.

MCCREA

Shit.

STEELE

See?

Steele presses the gun barrel against McCrea's left cheek.

Finger ready to pull the trigger.

STEELE

You just gonna get hurt, and your  
family's gonna die anyway.

Steele's finger squeezes the trigger.

McCrea grabs the barrel in his burned hand, pushes it up.

BLAM!

Blows the hat right off Steele's head.

STEELE

Fucked up my hat.

MCCREA

You're next.

Steele tries to twist the barrel down at McCrea's face.  
McCrea tries to keep the damned thing away from him.

STEELE

Tough talk, boy. Gonna math me to  
death? While you was in school, I  
was out banging.

McCrea twists the gun until the barrel is aimed at Steele.  
Steele kicks McCrea in the groin.  
McCrea lets go of the gun, sprawling backwards.

STEELE

See? You hurt again. It keep  
happening. But now you hurt no more.

Steele aims the gun at McCrea's head.

McCrea kicks Steele's wrist.

BLAM!

Takes out a lamp, sending shards and sparks over the room.

McCrea scrambles for his fallen rifle.

Steele re-aims the 44 magnum, moves closer to McCrea.

McCrea scoops up the rifle...

...by the barrel, no way to shoot in time...

...swings it like a club at Steele.

THWACK!

The rifle butt hits Steele's head, breaking in half.

Splinters spray across the room.

Steele goes down and out.

MCCREA

How you doing? Hurtin' much?

McCrea scoops up the 44 magnum, aims it at Steele.

Finger on the trigger.

Ready to kill him.

Lowers the gun - can't do it.

Hears Sherry scream from downstairs.

McCrea gives Steele's head a kick to keep him out.

Puts the 44 magnum in a dresser drawer, scoops up the 30-30.

Checks the action on the Winchester to make sure it working.

Leaves Tommy's room.

### THE LIVING ROOM

Hart swings his blinged baseball bat at Sherry.

She jumps back... into a corner.

He swings the bat again.

Sherry jumps right quickly.

The bat punches a hole in the wall where her head used to be.



Hart laughs, tries again.

HART

Come on, sugar. Time to play snakes  
and ladders.

Sherry evades the bat, swinging to the wall near the door.

THWACK!

The front door is pierced by an ax.  
Wood splinters scatter through the room.

Sherry screams and jumps away from the front door.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

As the ax hammers away at the front door and the 2x4s covering  
it, WAYNE's crazed face is exposed on the other side.

WAYNE

HEEEEEERE'S WAYNE!

Wayne breaks through the front door with the ax.

#### **ACROSS THE ROOM**

Tommy scoops up one of the glass-jar in a glass-jar bombs,  
throws it at the front door.

Wayne ducks back.

The jar bomb goes PERFECTLY through the hole in the door.

TOMMY

Two points.

#### **EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

Both jars hit Wayne and shatter.  
Ammonia and bleach mix - form a gas.

WAYNE

My eyes! My eyes!

WAYNE clutches at his eyes, coughing, falling away.  
The gas cloud envelopes him.

#### **INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

Hart swings his bat at Sherry again.

The bat swishes right in her face, almost hitting her.

HART

Swing and a miss.

Hart laughs, tries again.

**THE BASE OF STAIRS**

McCrea hits the last step, aims the 30-30 at Hart's back.

MCCREA  
Hold it right there.

BOYD  
You hold it.

Boyd swings from behind the landing, punches him in the face.

McCrea drops the rifle.  
Raising his hands to protect his face.  
WHAM! WHAM!  
Massive hands punch in rhythm with the iPod music.

THE RIFLE flips downstairs, lands near the kitchen door.

Boyd swings another punch.  
McCrea sees his arm was burned from the hairspray torch.

WHAM!  
Hits McCrea's shoulder, forcing him up the stairs.

**THE LIVING ROOM**

HART swings his bat at Sherry again.

Sherry rolls to the floor, popping up with the hairspray.  
Flicks the lighter, sends a stream of flames at Hart.

HART  
Don't burn me, sugar!

Hart jumps as flames shoot past.

HART  
Love me.

Sherry blasts another stream of flames at Hart.

Hart swing his bat and knocks the can out of Sherry's hand.  
He laughs, moves closer.

HART  
Look, I got wood.

Hefts the bat...

**INT. AGENT FORD'S SEDAN -- NIGHT**

Ford caught in another traffic jam.  
Pounds the horn.

FORD  
Come on, come one, come on!

Cars continue to move at a snail's pace.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

WHAM!

Boyd slams another punch.  
Connects with McCrea's chest.  
Forcing him up another step.

BOYD  
I's fighting Golden Gloves --

McCrea' punch hits Boyd's jaw.

Boyd moves down a step.

BOYD  
-- while you was in High School taking  
tests and shit.

Boyd throws a combination, forcing McCrea up the stairs.

BOYD  
You ain't gonna win.

McCrea backs up another step, as Boyd throws HARD punches.  
McCrea blocks a punch with his arm, but he's taking a beating.

BOYD  
Hurt less if you just give up.

Boyd throws another combination.  
Connects with McCrea's jaw.  
McCrea falls on his butt.  
Boyd rushes him.

MCCREA  
You first.

McCrea kicks Boyd in the stomach.  
Slamming him back down three steps.

McCrea rolls to his feet, punches Boyd.  
Boyd blocks the punch.

BOYD  
Put some muscle behind it.

Slams his fist into McCrea's shoulder.

BOYD  
You got any muscles?

An Errol Flynn/Basil Rathbone stairway duel: Boyd punching  
McCrea up a step, McCrea punching Boyd down a step.

**THE KITCHEN**

Hart swings his bat at Sherry, backing her to the stove.

HART

I dig that home cooking.

Sherry grabs a skillet, using it as a shield.

CLANG!

The bat strikes the skillet, almost knocking it from her hand. Sherry grabs a carving knife in her right hand.

CLANG!

The bat slams against the skillet.

HART

You gonna fry me up some grits with that? Greens and fat back?

Sherry rushes Hart, the skillet as the shield. Hart swings the bat - but she's too close. Drops the bat, pulls his knife.

Sherry barely gets the skillet up in time to deflect. Sparks fly.

Sherry and Hart battle around the kitchen. Shield and knives turning the fight into a battle between Roman gladiators.

HART

I dig that home cooking.

CLANG!

CLANG!

The knives strike each other, sparking.

Sherry lifts her shield, moves in to attack with her knife.

CLANG!

Hart's knife twists around hers...

Forcing it out of her hand.

SHERRY'S KNIFE skitters across the linoleum floor.

HART

(laughs)

Nothing ever comes between us again.

Hart rushes towards her with his knife.

**THE LIVING ROOM**

Tommy sprays flames through the window...

What's left of the front door SMASHES down.

Wayne crashes in, ax in hand.

WAYNE  
Anybody home?

Face covered with blisters, eyes are BRIGHT RED.

WAYNE  
Hey, it's my little buddy.

Swings the ax at Tommy.

Tommy spins the hairspray can, squirts flames at Wayne.

But the can goes EMPTY!  
THE FLAME wimps out to nothing.

WAYNE  
What you gonna do now?

Tommy throws the empty can at Wayne's face.

Wayne takes the hit full on the face.  
It doesn't even slow him down.

Wayne grabs Tommy with his free hand.

WAYNE  
Gotcha!

TOMMY  
Let go! Let me go!

Tommy fights, as Wayne carries him to the downstairs hallway.

#### **ON THE STAIRCASE**

McCrea throws a massive punch at Boyd.

Boyd catches McCrea's fist and gives it a twist.

CRUNCH!  
McCrea's wrist snaps.  
McCrea screams.

BOYD  
We had our fun. Now this shit's  
over.

Boyd SMASHES McCrea through the banister...  
To the floor a dozen feet below.

#### **THE LIVING ROOM**

McCrea SLAMS to the floor.  
Screaming as his wrist makes contact with the carpet.

MCCREA  
Son of a...

Sits up, in agony, and sees:  
 Boyd racing down the stairs at him.  
 McCrea tries scooting away, but there is no escape.

#### THE KITCHEN

Hart rushes Sherry with his knife.

Sherry reaches to the twin sinks behind her.  
 One basin empty, the other filled with soapy water and dishes.

She reaches into the water, comes up with a plate.  
 Sherry flings it like a Frisbee.

THE PLATE hits Hart in the face.  
 Breaking his nose.

HART

You bitch!

Hart screams and grabs broken nose, dropping his weapons.

SHERRY

Watch your mouth.

Sherry grabs another plate, smashes it over his head.

Hart grabs her.  
 They struggle together.

HART

Let's dance! Bump, bump, bump.

Hart pulls Sherry close, grabbing her face and kissing her.

HART

Nipples are hard. I can feel 'em.

Sherry struggles to pull away.

HART

Fighting turns you on? Me too.  
 See?

SHERRY

Let go. Let go.

His face moves down to kiss her again.  
 Sherry spits at him.  
 A big, gooey one.

HART

Bitch!

Hart backs her to the sink...  
 Presses her face into the soapy water.

Sherry struggles, holding her breath.  
Then SLAMS her elbow into Hart's chest.  
Hart lets go for a second.

Sherry comes up, gasping for air.

HART  
Sink or swim, sugar.

Hart grabs her neck, pressing her into the water.

Sherry grabs Hart's hands, trying to pry them off.  
Her face is submerged.

She pries one hand from her neck.  
His other hand keeps her submerged.

HART  
Don't fight it, sugar... drown.

Sherry's weakening hand forces his wrist into the empty sink.

HART  
You gonna drown my hand, bitch?

Sherry forces Hart's hand down the empty drain...

Her other hand moves from his hand on her neck...  
To a pair of switches on the wall behind her.

Bubbles spew from her nose... she's drowning.

She flicks a switch.  
The light over the sink comes on.

HART  
Now I can see you drown better.

She flicks the other switch.  
GROWLLL! The garbage disposal grinds up Hart's fingers.

HART  
Fuuuuuuuuuuuck!

Hart lets go of Sherry, puts his bloody stumps in his mouth.

Sherry blasts out of the sink, gasping for air.

Hart pulls the hand from his mouth, examines stumped fingers.

HART  
You fucking bitch!!!!

Rushes at Sherry.  
Sherry moves to the range, grabs a pot of boiling Wesson Oil.  
Throws it at Hart's face.  
The boiling oil burns and blisters him...

HART  
Fucking bitch! KFC me?

Hart keeps coming at her!

Sherry has nowhere to run.  
Throws the empty pan at him.  
CLANG!  
Bounces off his face, but doesn't slow him down.

HART  
Where's my fucking biscuit, bitch?

Sherry is trapped.  
Hart rushes towards her!

### **THE SPARE ROOM**

Wayne tosses Tommy on the floor.

WAYNE  
Now we're gonna have us some fun.

Wayne unbuckles his belt.  
Pulls it from his pants.  
Tommy backs away, runs into the bassinet.  
Trapped.

TOMMY  
Stay away from me. My daddy --

The bassinet plays the music box theme as Wayne advances.

WAYNE  
I'm your daddy, now.

Wayne whips Tommy with the belt.

WAYNE  
Pull down your pants. This is going  
to hurt me, more than it hurts you...

Wayne whips the belt again.

### **EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

Agent Ford's sedan skids to a stop.  
Ford runs across the yard to the front door.  
Hears the sounds of gunfire from inside.

FORD  
McCrea?

Ford unholsters his gun, ready for action.



**THE TORN OPEN FRONT DOOR**

Ford in the FBI crouch, aims through the splintered wood at:  
Boyd rushing at McCrea in the living room.

FORD  
Stop or I'll shoot!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME**

Boyd looks through the splintered door at Ford.  
Just as Ford falls over dead, exposing...

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

Bronson, gun in hand, behind Agent Ford as he falls over dead.

BRONSON  
So much for the cavalry.

**INT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

McCrea realizes he's all alone.

MCCREA  
Shit.

Grabs his wrist and SNAPS it in place.  
Ready for battle again.

**THE KITCHEN**

Crispy critter Hart rushes at Sherry, mad as hell.

Sherry turns up the flame on the gas range...  
Then falls onto her butt...  
Kicks Hart's legs.

Hart falls face first into the flaming range...  
Igniting the Wesson Oil on his face and upper body.

Sherry scoots away as Hart is ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

HART  
Arghhhhh!

HART SCREAMS, runs around the kitchen in full burn.

Sherry finds the other can of hair spray.  
Tosses it at Hart.

SHERRY

Catch!

When it hits him, it EXPLODES...

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

Blowing Hart into a million pieces.

What's left of Hart's body falls to the floor, still burning.

SHERRY

Go to hell.

Sherry moves to her feet, grabs the fire extinguisher.

SHERRY

Great for Hart burn.

She puts him out before the whole kitchen starts on fire.

### **THE LIVING ROOM**

Boyd rushes at McCrea.

BOYD

Your turn to die.

McCrea dives, rolls, knocks him down like a bowling pin...

Pops to his feet behind Boyd.

McCrea jumps on Boyd's back.

One arm around his throat and the other gouging his eyes.

Boyd shakes his head so McCrea's fingers can't find purchase.

BOYD

Get. Off. My. Back.

Boyd slams his body back against the wall, smashing McCrea.

McCrea screams and lets go, laying winded on the floor.

Boyd grabs the coffee table, SLAMMING it at McCrea.

McCrea rolls aside as the coffee table SMASHES to the carpet.

Boyd swings a splintered table leg at McCrea's face.

McCrea ducks, twists, punches Boyd in the face.

BOYD

That your best shot?

McCrea fakes to Boyd's face, double chops his hand.

Boyd drops the table leg to the floor.

MCCREA

This is.

McCrea throws a power punch which connects with Boyd's jaw.  
But hurts McCrea's injured wrist more than it hurts the giant.

MCCREA

Oww! Shit.

Boyd grabs a chair and SMASHES it over McCrea's head.

McCrea hits the floor.  
Chair legs bouncing on the carpet next to him.  
He is dazed.

Boyd stands over McCrea.

BOYD

How many feet am I holding up?

Boyd stomps at McCrea's face.

McCrea moves his head quickly.  
Foot slams into the floor an inch from his ear.

Boyd grabs the ax from the floor.

BOYD

Last round.

Boyd charges at him....  
.....Ax overhead.....  
.....No escape.....

McCrea reaches behind him, feels the 30-30 rifle.

Boyd swings the overhead.

McCrea flips the 30-30 up.  
Works the lever.  
Quickly squeezes the trigger.

BANG!

Hits Boyd in the chest, but momentum keeps him coming.

BANG!

The ax still swinging at McCrea!

BANG!

Boyd slams to the floor next to McCrea, ax buries itself in  
the wall an inch from McCrea's head.

McCrea staggers to his feet, 30-30 in hand.  
But Boyd is dead.

MCCREA  
 THAT was my best shot.

Sounds from the stairs behind him.  
 He spins, rifle ready.

Steele and Rogers at the base of the stairs.  
 Steele fires.

McCrea works the lever and fires at Steele.

BANG!  
 BANG!  
 BANG!

Steele's shot shatters a lamp next to McCrea, shooting sparks.

McCrea's shots hit Steele's chest, slam him into the wall.  
 Dead.

Rogers aims his gun at McCrea - his oldest friend.

ROGERS  
 Drop it, Bob.

McCrea keeps the rifle aimed at Rogers.

MCCREA  
 You would shoot me?

ROGERS  
 Quick as you'd shoot me.

MCCREA  
 So. How are we going to end this?

Rogers gets ready to shoot McCrea.

### **THE SPARE ROOM**

WAYNE snaps his belt at Tommy.  
 Tommy rolls to the left and the belt misses.

WAYNE  
 Daddy's only doing this because he  
 loves you.

Wayne snaps the belt again.  
 Tommy scrambles backwards.  
 Knocking over a fishing tackle box, spilling lures and hooks  
 across the floor.

WAYNE  
 Be a good boy.

SNAP!  
 The belt hits Tommy's chest, tearing open his shirt.

TOMMY

Leave me alone!

Tommy grabs a hand full of lures and throws them at Wayne.

Several lures snag onto Wayne's face.

WAYNE

You little SHIT!

Wayne snaps the belt.

Tommy GRABS it.

The belt WHIPS around Tommy's hand.

TOMMY

My dad's gonna kick your ass.

Tommy pulls on the belt, trying to throw Wayne off balance.

WAYNE

Your daddy's dead. I'm your daddy,  
now... and you will do what I say.

Wayne lets go of the belt.

Tommy flies backwards.

Hits his head on the bassinet.

WAYNE

All I want to do is love you. What  
can't you see that?

Wayne pulls out his knife, holds it to Tommy's throat.

WAYNE

Hold still or I'll cut your throat.

Tommy holds still as Wayne drags him away.

### **THE LIVING ROOM**

McCrea levels his rifle at his best friend.

ROGERS

How could you do this to me?

MCCREA

This home invasion is my fault?

ROGERS

How long we known each other?

MCCREA

Eighth grade - I did your homework  
so you could stay on the football  
team.

ROGERS

And how many girls did I set you up with? I drove you to every high school dance, and saved your ass a dozen times.

MCCREA

Long time... and you threw it all away.

Rogers fires two shots at McCrea.

BANG!

BANG!

McCrea aims at Rogers.

Click.

Out of shells!

McCrea dives at Rogers, knocking him to the floor.

Rogers punches McCrea, as they roll across the floor.

ROGERS

I stuck my neck out for you!

MCCREA

Once. I stuck mine out every day. Every time I played with the numbers I was breaking Federal law.

They continue to pummel each other.

ROGERS

What kind of a friend are you?

MCCREA

Same kind as you.

McCrea gets his hands on Rogers throat and begins squeezing. Rogers finds his gun on the carpet, swings it up at McCrea.

ROGERS

When you wouldn't come back, they were going to KILL me.

Rogers presses the gun to McCrea's face, pulls the trigger.

Click.

Click.

BANG!

BANG!

Rogers is BLOWN off McCrea and goes flying across the room.

Sherry stands in the kitchen doorway, Steele's 44 magnum smoking in her hand.

SHERRY

End a a beautiful friendship.

McCrea staggers to his feet.

MCCREA

Thanks.

McCrea looks down the hallway and sees:

**IN THE HALLWAY**

Wayne holds a knife to Tommy's throat.

WAYNE

You don't gotta gun... I got your son.

MCCREA

Let him go.

McCrea has no weapon.

WAYNE

I'm gonna walk right out of here, you aren't gonna do a thing to stop me.

MCCREA

Wrong.

WAYNE

Seems like I got all the cards.

Wayne tightens the knife to Tommy's throat, drawing blood.

WAYNE

Send you a postcard every coupla years. Tell you how Tommy and I are doing.

Wayne advances down the hall, knife tight to Tommy's neck.

McCrea takes a step back.

Unarmed.

Powerless.

MCCREA

Tommy....

McCrea holds out his hand - Sherry tosses him the gun.

MCCREA

Duck!

McCrea fires two shots.

BLAM!

BLAM!

Wayne is hit twice in the head.  
Flips backwards into the wall.  
His eyes blink a few times, then he slides down to the carpet.  
Dead.

TOMMY

Daddy! Daddy!

Tommy runs to McCrea...  
Who pushes him away!  
McCrea hears a noise behind him and spins.

Bronson just inside the door, holding an Uzi.

MCCREA

Get the fuck out of my house.

McCrea raises the 44 and pulls the trigger.

Click!  
Click!  
Out of shells.

BRONSON

It's over, baby. And you lost.

Bronson levels the Uzi at him.

BRONSON

Shouldn't have turned on your family.

MCCREA

Sometimes you've got to take a stand.

BRONSON

Now you've gotta die.

Bronson sprays gunfire at McCrea.

McCrea dives out of the way.

Machinegun fire rips the wall behind McCrea, chasing him.

PLASTER DUST clouds the room.  
The wall is torn to shreds.

BRONSON

Hold still, baby. Only hurts for a  
second.

Bronson corrects aim, chasing McCrea with gunfire.

McCrea hits the floor and begins rolling...  
The gunfire ripping up the carpet behind him.

Sherry and Tommy watch bullets begin closing in on McCrea.



SHERRY

No! No!

Bronson swings the Uzi faster, moving the destruction closer to McCrea's rolling body.

McCrea rolls over Boyd's fallen shotgun, pops to his feet. Shotgun in his hands.

He pumps it.  
Pulls the trigger.  
BLAM!

Pumps it and pulls the trigger.  
BLAM!

MCCREA

NOW I'm one of you.

BOTH SHOTS hit Bronson, slam him back through the doorway.

Bronson lays half in, half out of the house.  
Covered with blood.  
Dying.

McCrea leans over the dying man.  
Moving his face right up to Bronson's.

MCCREA

You can HAVE your family.

Bronson dies.

McCrea wipes the blood from his hands onto Bronson's suit and moves to his feet, throwing the shotgun on the dead man.

MCCREA

I've got my own.

He turns to Sherry and Tommy, who run into his arms.

**EXT. MCCREA'S HOME -- NIGHT**

McCrea's home in the pleasant, suburban community as FIRE TRUCKS, POLICE CARS, and AMBULANCES pull up.

McCrea and his family step outside onto the front lawn, as EMERGENCY PERSONNEL flood the area.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

"The Last Stand" c 2016 by William C. Martell

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