

LUXURY HILL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT- BEDROOM - EVENING

We're in a girly bedroom with purple walls and a walk-in closet.

SARAH (24) is at her dresser mirror putting on makeup. She's a beautiful Asian woman wearing a cocktail dress.

PHIL (26) is next to her. He's white and fit, but his hair is a little too long and looks a little sloppy. He's wearing a buttoned shirt and has a tie in his hand that he's auditioning.

PHIL

It looks nice, but it's not really me.

SARAH

It's not a formal dinner.

He lifts up his collar and ties it.

PHIL

We should probably leave soon.

SARAH

I'll be ready in five minutes.

He finishes and the back end is longer than the front.

PHIL

Shit.

He undoes the tie.

SARAH

You don't need to be so nervous, Phil. I already said yes.

She holds up her hand, revealing a modest engagement ring.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And my mom said that she would put in a good word for you.

PHIL

I know. But you and your mom agreed that we can't set a date without his blessing. So I need to make a great first impression with my future father-in-law.

SARAH
Then just be yourself.

Phil tries again with the tie.

SARAH (CONT'D)
But try not to talk too much.
Let's feel him out and see what he
thinks about everything. My mom
said he was really taken aback when
he heard the news.

PHIL
Is he really as uptight as I've
been warned?

SARAH
He's been described as a ball
breaker before. Just don't take
anything he says personally.

Again his knot is messed up.

PHIL
I won't.

He undoes it and tries again.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Your mom likes me a lot.

SARAH
Of course she does.

Again, he fails with the tie.

PHIL
So you think he's going to give me
a really tough time?

Sarah takes Phil's tie and ties it for him.

SARAH
I think that if you can turn the
other cheek and get through
tonight's dinner, then there will
be a special reward for you when we
get home.

She finishes and the tie looks perfect.

PHIL
Oh yeah?

SARAH

Yeah.

He kisses her. She kisses him back and then pulls away.

SARAH (CONT'D)

He won't be happy if we're late.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Phil and Sarah walk away from Sarah's green Honda Civic. They're both wearing heavy winter coats, hats, and gloves.

PHIL

Should I offer to pay for dinner?

SARAH

Definitely don't.

PHIL

Why not? It might show that I can be a good provider. Could help me earn some points.

SARAH

He won't let you. Saturday night dinners together have been our thing since the divorce.

EXT. MCCARTHY AND SMYTHS - NIGHT

It's a pretty nice place where you can expect to pay fifty bucks per person if you don't order any drinks.

MR. KIM (50s) is outside smoking a cigarette. He has a perfect haircut and dresses in top designer clothes. Sarah and Phil walk up to the restaurant.

SARAH

Daddy!

Mr. Kim throws away the cigarette. He gives Sarah a hug and a kiss. He looks at Phil.

MR. KIM

So this is the famous mystery man. Phil, right?

Phil extends his hand.

PHIL

It's nice to meet you, Mr. Kim.

MR. KIM
It's fucking cold out.

He leaves Phil hanging and heads to the door. Phil runs and opens it.

PHIL
They said on the radio that tonight
will be record lows.

Mr. Kim ignores him and walks inside. Phil turns to Sarah for help.

SARAH
Just turn the other cheek.

INT. RESTAURANT TABLE - NIGHT

Some time has passed. The dinner has been eaten but the plates are still there.

Mr. Kim is talking to Sarah and he practically has his back to Phil, who is just sitting there, listening.

SARAH
So Monday is when school starts
back up and I'm pretty excited to
see my screaming class of five year
olds again.

MR. KIM
That's great, sweetie. I'm proud of
you.

A WAITER (20s) comes to the table and collects the plates.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
You want dessert?

This question was only for Sarah. She shakes her head.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Bring the check.

He turns his attention to Phil.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
So Sarah tells me that you both
knew each other in high school, but
didn't start dating until now.

PHIL
That's right.

MR. KIM

What do you do for work? Lawyer?
Stockbroker?

SARAH

Daddy, you already know--

MR. KIM

This guy barely said two words all
evening. I want to hear it from
him.

PHIL

I work for Eagle Moving.

MR. KIM

As what? A manager? Sales
associate?

PHIL

I'm an onsite specialist.

MR. KIM

Is that a fancy term for mover?

Phil nods.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

What kind of future do you see
yourself having?

SARAH

Be nice, Daddy.

Mr. Kim turns his back to Phil and speaks to Sarah.

MR. KIM

This is important to me. A father
needs to know what kind of man his
daughter is with.

PHIL

I see it more as a job for now
instead of a career.

MR. KIM

What did you go to college for?

PHIL

Architecture.

MR. KIM

You have a degree in architecture
and work as a mover?

PHIL
I don't have my degree yet.

MR. KIM
Where do you go to school?

PHIL
I'm between schools.

Mr. Kim laughs in disbelief.

SARAH
Phil was in college, but he left it
to join the Army.

MR. KIM
You been to Iraq or Afghanistan?

PHIL
Both.

MR. KIM
It's a shame that firing rockets
isn't a transferable skill.

SARAH
Daddy!

The waiter comes back with the check and leaves it on the
table next to Mr. Kim.

Mr. Kim stares at Phil.

PHIL
I don't like to talk about it. It
was a disappointing experience.

MR. KIM
That's life. You better get used to
it now.

Everyone is silent. Mr. Kim continues to stare at Phil.

PHIL
So Sarah tells me you speak fluent
Korean.

MR. KIM
Yes.

PHIL
Ni hao.

MR. KIM
That's Chinese, you idiot.

SARAH
He was trying to make a joke.

MR. KIM
It wasn't funny.

PHIL
Sorry.

Phil reaches for the check.

MR. KIM
It's on me.

PHIL
I insist.

Mr. Kim grabs it first. He pulls it away and knocks over his glass of red wine. It spills onto his shirt.

MR. KIM
God damn it.

He looks at Phil. Sarah gives him a napkin to soak it up.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Look kid, I know you mean well, but Saturday night dinners with my daughter is my thing and I always pay. Go save the money you make from moving so that you can go back to college again.

He places a credit card in the check and waves to the waiter.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Be a better friend to yourself.

EXT. MCCARTHY AND SMYTHS - NIGHT

Sarah, Phil, and Mr. Kim walk out.

SARAH
Thank you, Daddy.

MR. KIM
Anytime, Sarah.

PHIL
Thank you for dinner. It was nice
to meet you.

MR. KIM
Sure.

They part ways. Phil turns around.

PHIL
You're not giving me a fair chance.

SARAH
Phil...

MR. KIM
Excuse me?

PHIL
You decided that you didn't like me
before we even met.

MR. KIM
Maybe that's because you've been
engaged to my daughter for three
months and I'm offended that in all
that time you've been avoiding me.

PHIL
I haven't been avoiding you. I've
just been busy.

Mr. Kim walks away.

PHIL (CONT'D)
If you got to know me you'd see
that I'm a good guy who cares a lot
about Sarah.

Mr. Kim stops.

MR. KIM
You got some big balls, Phil. Let's
go get a drink together.

PHIL
Really?

MR. KIM
What the fuck did I just say?

Phil looks at Sarah.

PHIL
I guess I'll call you later.

SARAH
Remember what I said earlier. Turn
the other cheek.

MR. KIM
I'll take him home.

SARAH
Not too late, Dad. He has to work
early in the morning.

MR. KIM
Don't worry. I love you.

SARAH
I love you too, Daddy.

She walks to her car and Mr. Kim walks to his, a brand new
Mercedes G55 SUV.

PHIL
We're not going to have a drink
here?

MR. KIM
I want to take you to my bar.

INT. MR. KIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Mr. Kim drives. Phil sits next to him in awkward silence.

MR. KIM
What nationality are you?

PHIL
American.

MR. KIM
I mean where did your ancestors
come from?

PHIL
I'm German and Irish.

MR. KIM
When did they come to America?

PHIL
I don't know.

MR. KIM

My parents came here from North Korea. When the war was happening.

PHIL

That must have been terrible.

MR. KIM

I grew up poor. I started working at the junk yard when I was 12 years old. When I was 16, I was a crane operator, and look at me now. I buy a new Mercedes every year. That's buy, not lease.

PHIL

It's a very nice car.

MR. KIM

You want to know how I got to where I am today?

He doesn't wait for Phil's response.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

Hard work, both mentally and physically. Back in the 80s, I used to own Cheap Gene's. You remember those stores?

PHIL

It sounds familiar.

MR. KIM

At our peak, we had 12 locations in the metro area. It was a place where you could find anything for your home. Pool supplies, kitchen utensils, toys, school shit. And it was all cheap because I was one of the first people importing from China.

PHIL

I think my mom used to shop there.

MR. KIM

We got muscled out of the industry by Target and Walmart. But by that point, I had gotten into real estate. Homes, apartments, shopping centers. That's what paid for this car and tonight's dinner.

PHIL
You sound like you're doing pretty well.

Phil sees a 'Welcome to Luxury Hill' sign through his window.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Why are we going to Luxury Hill?

MR. KIM
This is where my bar is.

Phil looks back out the window. They are driving through a run down, desolate, shit hole town. Lots of abandoned buildings.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
I grew up out here.

Mr. Kim takes in the old neighborhood and locks the doors.

EXT. HORSE SHOE BAR - NIGHT

This building is set up like a horseshoe with the parking lot in the middle and only one way to get in or out. It's very run down with some windows boarded up.

There are a few cars in the mostly-empty parking lot. Mr. Kim's car pulls into a space and it definitely stands out.

INT. MR. KIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Mr. Kim parks. Phil opens the door, but Mr. Kim just sits there. Phil stops.

PHIL
What's wrong?

MR. KIM
Close the fucking door.

Phil obeys.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
We're not getting a drink here.

PHIL
I didn't think it looked like your type of place.

MR. KIM

Shut up. The reason why I took you to Luxury Hill is because I wanted to show you where I came from, thanks to hard work and determination. Those are the qualities that a man needs in order to be successful in his life.

PHIL

Your story is very inspiring.

MR. KIM

You know how to kiss ass. I'll give you that. But I don't think you have the qualities to become a successful man. So I'm offering you \$5,000 to stop seeing my daughter.

PHIL

Excuse me?

MR. KIM

You fucking heard me. \$5,000 right now to never see her again. Plus I'll help you get your cheap diamond ring back.

PHIL

No.

MR. KIM

This is a lot of money, kid. It must take you at least two months to make that.

PHIL

I don't want your money. I want her.

MR. KIM

If you really cared about Sarah, you would stop seeing her. She can do way better. No offense.

PHIL

You're fucking with me, right? This is some kind of test?

MR. KIM

Do us both a favor and think it over while I'm gone.

Mr. Kim turns off the ignition and takes the keys.

PHIL
Where are you going?

MR. KIM
I got a meeting inside. I expect
your final answer when I get back.

He steps out of the car and closes the door. Phil watches him enter the bar and disappear.

Phil blows into his hands for warmth.

PHIL
You could have at least left the
heat on, asshole.

He looks out the window and takes in the surroundings. This place ought to be condemned.

A red minivan (at least five years old) pulls into the parking lot. It parks about thirty feet away from Mr. Kim's car.

SYKES (40s, tall, white, dressed in a long coat) steps out of the car. He pulls out a Sig Sauer P230 with silencer from under the driver's seat and places it behind his back. Phil can see that he already is wearing two holsters with additional guns.

Phil carefully climbs into the back seat and ducks.

Sykes walks over to Mr. Kim's car with purpose.

Phil hides under some blankets.

Sykes comes to the driver's side and stops. He kneels down. Phil has no idea what he is doing. After fifteen seconds Sykes stands up and walks to the bar.

Phil pokes his head up and sees Sykes disappear inside.

Phil opens the rear passenger side door and slides out.

EXT. HORSE SHOE BAR - NIGHT

Phil stays low and hides behind the SUV. He makes his way over to the other side where Sykes was and sees it.

There's a block of C4 explosives now attached to Mr. Kim's car. What the fuck is going on?

Phil crawls under the car for a closer look. The wiring and detonator are of very impressive quality.

PHIL

Holy shit.

There's nothing he can do right now. He gets up from under the car and looks around. This place seems deserted.

He takes out his phone and tries 911. The call fails.

He looks at the bar. A light in one of the windows by the dumpster turns on.

Phil runs to that window.

A dog BARKS.

Phil stops and sees RAVAGE (a vicious German Shepherd) barking and growling from inside Sykes' mini van. It can't get out. Phil breathes a sigh of relief and completes his sprint to the window.

The area around it is full of trash. The window is taller than him. He grabs a crate to stand on and looks inside and sees...

INT. HORSE SHOE BAR OFFICE - NIGHT

A dingy office with 1970s wood paneling. Mr. Kim is at a table drinking coffee with DAIMON (40s, black, gold teeth wearing a Charlotte Bobcats Starter Jacket). His style is a big contrast to the Korean businessman. Next to Daimon is a very expensive briefcase.

They're talking but Phil can't make out their words.

Phil watches as Sykes enters the office. Daimon introduces him to Mr. Kim. They stand up, Daimon grabs the briefcase, and everyone walks out the door.

EXT. HORSE SHOE BAR - NIGHT

Phil goes to the next window. Inside, he can see a shit hole bar room where SIX RED DRAGON GANG MEMBERS (all black and all dressed like Daimon) drink and play pool.

Phil tries 911 again.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

911, please hold.

Phil turns his attention to the pile of garbage surrounding him. He finds a short piece of rebar with a jagged end. He puts it in his pocket. This will have to do.

He checks his phone. Still on hold. He hangs up and redials.
The call fails.

PHIL

Fuck.

The bar door opens. Sykes, Mr. Kim, and Daimon walk out.

Phil hides behind the dumpster.

DAIMON

I went through a lot of shit to get
this, Sykes.

SYKES

I heard. Six weeks on a boat from
Spain?

DAIMON

Jang said it couldn't go through
customs, so flying wasn't an
option.

MR. KIM

Did Jang mention anything to you
about my money?

SYKES

No, but I'm sure he'll take care of
you. I heard you were quite
instrumental in arranging the
payment to Europe.

MR. KIM

I try to help my friends when I
can.

SYKES

You're a good man.

Phil calls 911 again. Call failure.

DAIMON

What about my money?

SYKES

You need to talk to Jang.

Daimon shakes his head.

DAIMON

No money, no briefcase.

Sykes cracks Daimon across the face. Daimon drops the briefcase and falls down.

Sykes pulls out his gun with silencer and aims at Mr. Kim.

SYKES
Stay right there.

Daimon is bleeding and trying to catch his breath.

DAIMON
Yo Sykes. What the fuck?

SYKES
You got a big mouth on you, Daimon.
Telling everyone about the trip you
made for Jang. He doesn't
appreciate that attention.

DAIMON
I'll shut up about it.

SYKES
It's too late for that.

Mr. Kim slowly backs away. Sykes points the gun at him.

SYKES (CONT'D)
What did I just say to you before?

Mr. Kim stops.

Phil tries 911 again.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
911, please hold.

PHIL
Wait.

He's put on hold.

Daimon spits out blood.

DAIMON
Come on, Sykes. Just let me go and
I'll disappear. You can say you got
rid of the body.

SYKES
I wish I could, but they want me to
send a message with you.

He points the gun at Daimon's head.

DAIMON

We've been friends for almost 20 Years, Sykes. You're an independent contractor. You don't owe them nothing.

SYKES

A contract is a contract. I can't pick and choose them.

DAIMON

Don't do this. Our fucking kids play together.

SYKES

If I don't do this, Jang will go after them.

Daimon starts to pray silently. Sykes lowers his gun.

SYKES (CONT'D)

You know what, Daimon. There is something I will do for you.

Daimon stops and listens.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Because we're both Catholics, I'm going to give you 60 seconds to pray for God to come here right now and save you.

Daimon doesn't know what to do. Sykes looks at his watch.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Starting now.

Daimon starts to pray as Sykes counts down.

Phil is still on hold. Beep Beep. His call disconnects. He call 911 again and gets a busy signal.

Daimon continues to pray.

Sykes shoots him in the head once and twice in the heart.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Sorry, buddy.

He turns his attention to Mr. Kim.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Now what do we do about you?

MR. KIM
Please don't kill me. I got a lot
of money I could pay you.

SYKES
Empty your pockets.

Mr. Kim takes out his wallet, keys, cigarettes, and lighter.

SYKES (CONT'D)
Give me.

He hands them over. Sykes offers Mr. Kim a cigarette. Mr. Kim takes it. Sykes lights it for him and then pockets everything else.

SYKES (CONT'D)
Relax a little, Mr. Kim. Jang
doesn't want me to shoot you. He
likes you.

MR. KIM
(referring to Daimon)
What about him?

SYKES
Him? He's a jerk off. He had a big
mouth complaining to everyone about
how he was sea sick on a boat for
six weeks making a delivery for the
for Koreans. But you know how to
keep your mouth shut.

Mr. Kim nods.

SYKES (CONT'D)
Right?

MR. KIM
Right.

Sykes hands Mr. Kim back his keys.

SYKES
Now get in your car, forget this
happened, and Jang will call you.
Understand?

MR. KIM
Yes.

Mr. Kim walks to his car.

SYKES
You're welcome.

MR. KIM
Thank you.

Mr. Kim continues his walk.

GLASS BREAKS on the other side of the lot (away from the Dumpster).

Mr. Kim jumps. Sykes whips around to see what it could be. He glances back at Mr. Kim and then walks forward to investigate.

RAVAGE BARKS in a frenzy.

Sykes spins around in time to just miss Phil's attempt to stab the twisted piece of rebar into his back. He catches Phil and throws him to the ground. He shoves the gun in Phil's face.

SYKES
Who the fuck are you?

Mr. Kim is now at his car. His jaw drops when he sees Phil.

MR. KIM
He's my daughter's boyfriend.

PHIL
I'm his daughter's fiancée. And he put a bomb under your car, Mr. Kim.

Mr. Kim kneels down. He sees it. Shit.

SYKES
Thank you, asshole. I have no way of taking that off now without blowing up.

PHIL
I saw the battery back up. Nice work. Which special forces group did you serve with?

SYKES
I wouldn't worry about that right now if I was you. Get up.

Phil stands up. Sykes marches him over to the car.

SYKES (CONT'D)
Empty your pockets.

Phil hands over his wallet and cell phone. Sykes looks at his ID.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Phil. Now both of you get in the car, please.

MR. KIM

But we'll blow up.

SYKES

It's better than getting shot in the stomach and bleeding to death. Now move.

Sykes slowly backs away.

PHIL

Do as he says.

They both get in the Mercedes.

INT. MR. KIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Mr. Kim watches Sykes.

MR. KIM

What do we do?

PHIL

Give me the keys.

MR. KIM

We're going to die.

PHIL

Relax. I have an idea.

Mr. Kim gives Phil the keys.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Duck.

Phil hits the panic button for the alarm.

EXT. HORSE SHOE BAR - NIGHT

The ALARM goes off. Sykes shoots at the Mercedes.

A bullet flies by Sykes' head and he ducks.

SIX GANGSTERS pour out of the bar and fire at Sykes.
Sykes is forced to turn his attention to them.

INT. MR. KIM'S CAR - NIGHT

PHIL
Let's go.

They open the doors and run out.

EXT. HORSE SHOE BAR - NIGHT

Sykes runs to his mini van and opens the door. Ravage jumps out.

SYKES
Go!

Ravage attacks the Gangsters and Sykes shoots them.

Phil and Mr. Kim run without anyone noticing them.

Phil grabs the briefcase.

Sykes kills a Gangster.

Mr. Kim and Phil run to the exit and get the hell out of there.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The buildings are either abandoned or closed for the day. The street is desolate on this very cold night.

Phil and Mr. Kim are running for their lives. Mr. Kim almost collapses. He's coughing out a lung.

PHIL
Keep moving.

MR. KIM
Just give me a second.

Phil looks around.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. That guy was going to kill us.

PHIL

Those are some nice business associates of yours, Mr. Kim. Very trustworthy and honest.

Mr. Kim points to the briefcase.

MR. KIM

Why the hell did you take that?

PHIL

Sometimes the best defensive strategy is to identify your opponent's objective and then beat him to it.

MR. KIM

Are you some kind of fucking moron?

PHIL

Did anyone ever tell you that you're not a nice guy?

MR. KIM

Those guys paid twenty million dollars for that. You're giving them extra motivation to find us.

PHIL

I'd hate to break it to you, but the people you used to work for are going to kill you. And they're going to kill me, too, for getting in the way. So we need to think about our next move.

Ravage can be heard barking in the distance.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Run!

They run down a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

They pass abandoned houses and head into a school yard.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - NIGHT

Phil is faster despite having the briefcase.

Ravage's barking is getting louder.

PHIL

Come on!

Phil gets to a chain link fence. Mr. Kim is almost there.

Ravage can be seen in the distance.

Phil tosses the briefcase over the fence.

Mr. Kim gets there. He looks up. The fence is tall.

MR. KIM

Fuck me.

Phil starts to climb. Mr. Kim follows.

Phil climbs over the top. Mr. Kim is struggling.

Ravage is almost there.

Phil gets to the bottom.

Mr. Kim is at the top.

Ravage arrives at the fence. This dog wants blood.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

Ravage jumps, trying to bite Mr. Kim's feet.

PHIL

Don't get close to him.

MR. KIM

What the fuck am I supposed to do?

PHIL

Jump.

MR. KIM

No.

PHIL

Either way, you're going to get hurt.

Mr. Kim looks down at Ravage. This dog has definitely killed people before.

PHIL (CONT'D)

This way will hurt less.

Mr. Kim looks at the ground.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Mr. Kim, you need to make a choice
before his master gets here.

Mr. Kim jumps and lands on his leg.

MR. KIM
Fuck!

Phil helps him up.

PHIL
Is it broken?

MR. KIM
I don't know.

Phil lets him go.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Ow!

Mr. Kim almost collapses but he stops himself.

He walks with a limp.

PHIL
It's just twisted. Walk it off.

Ravage tries to bite through the fence.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You think he's a friendly dog?

Mr. Kim gives Phil a dirty look. Now is not the time for
stupid jokes.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Lighten up, Mr. Kim.

MR. KIM
That man and his dog are going to
kill us.

PHIL
No. He won't.

Phil grabs the briefcase.

PHIL (CONT'D)
We need to keep moving.

They book towards some houses.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The houses are either boarded up or dark. Phil and Mr. Kim stay in the shadows as they run down the street.

PHIL

This guy you were working for,
Jang. Is he willing to trade the
briefcase for calling off the hit?

MR. KIM

He'd say yes, take the briefcase,
and then kill us anyway.

Phil nods. That option is off the table.

PHIL

What's inside it?

MR. KIM

I don't know. I just process the
money for them. Look!

Car headlights are coming towards them. Mr. Kim runs to the road.

PHIL

Wait!

Phil grabs him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

It's him. We need to get off the
road now.

They run to the closest house and open its gate to the back yard.

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE BACK YARD - NIGHT

They hide behind the fence.

Slowly, a mini van approaches and Sykes is behind the wheel, scanning the area.

He stops in front of their house and stares.

INT. SYKES' CAR - NIGHT

Sykes slowly scans the area. It feels like eternity.

Phil's cell phone RINGS. The caller ID says Sarah. Sykes ignores the call.

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE BACK YARD - NIGHT

Phil and Mr. Kim hold their breath.

Finally, Sykes taps on the gas and drives right past them.

They watch his taillights disappear.

MR. KIM

A hitman that drives a mini-van.

PHIL

Not everyone can afford to buy a new Mercedes every year like you.

MR. KIM

The guy is a professional killer. I expected he would have a cooler car.

PHIL

Mercenary work isn't that stable and the pay isn't as good as you would think.

Mr. Kim does a double take. How does his daughter's boyfriend know this?

MR. KIM

Wait. You worked as a mercenary?

PHIL

No. Of course not.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Gentlemen.

They turn around to see an OLD MAN (black, 70s) pointing a shotgun at them.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

This is private property.

They raise their hands.

PHIL

We don't want any trouble. We just need you to call the police.

OLD MAN
Don't worry. I'm gonna.

MR. KIM
Someone is trying to kill us.

OLD MAN
That's none of my business.

MR. KIM
We need a place to hide.

OLD MAN
No.

PHIL
Please. Let us at least stay in
your backyard.

OLD MAN
Get the fuck out of here right now.

MR. KIM
He's going to kill us!

OLD MAN
Look, I want to believe you. But
this ain't the kind of neighborhood
where you let strangers into your
home.

MR. KIM
Fine. Just call the fucking cops
then.

The Old Man shoves the gun into Mr. Kim's face.

OLD MAN
Out now.

They leave.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Phil and Mr. Kim walk away from the Old Man's house.

MR. KIM
Fucking asshole.

PHIL
You think he'll call the police?

MR. KIM
I don't fucking know!

Phil takes a step away from Mr. Kim. Mr. Kim takes deep breaths to calm down.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
I shouldn't yell at you.

PHIL
It's okay. Mrs. Kim warned me about your temper.

MR. KIM
Don't talk about my ex-wife.

PHIL
I'm sorry. But I do have to say that she's a very nice woman, Mr. Kim.

MR. KIM
What did I just say?

PHIL
All right. All Right.

MR. KIM
What I wouldn't do for a cigarette right now.

PHIL
Did you always smoke a lot?

MR. KIM
Yeah. But I went from a pack a day to two packs after my divorce.

PHIL
A divorce must be a tough thing to go through.

MR. KIM
It is.

PHIL
Do you want to talk about it?

MR. KIM
What the fuck is wrong with you?

PHIL
I thought we were making progress in our relationship as in-laws.

MR. KIM
(frustrated)
I can't talk to you.

Ravage can be heard barking and howling in the distance.

PHIL
Shit.

They run to the next house. Phil is leading Mr. Kim.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE 1 - NIGHT

They arrive at a fence. Phil helps Mr. Kim climb it. They jump into the backyard.

They then run to the next fence and repeat the process.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE 2 - NIGHT

The barking is getting louder.

They run to the next fence and jump over.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE 3 - NIGHT

Finally they stop and take a breath. Mr. Kim coughs.

PHIL
How far is the police station from here?

MR. KIM
They closed the Luxury Hill precinct three years ago.

PHIL
Well at least they spent that money on all the new red light cameras to keep the people safe.

MR. KIM
This has turned into a really bad day.

PHIL
What's done is done, Mr. Kim.

Phil blows into his hands to keep them warm.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Is your offer still on the table?
\$5,000 to end it with Sarah?

MR. KIM
You want to take it?

PHIL
No. I want you to retract it.

Mr. Kim blows into his hands.

MR. KIM
It's fucking cold tonight.

PHIL
(disappointed)
Yeah.

He touches the briefcase. Something is not right.

PHIL (CONT'D)
How long have we been running for?

MR. KIM
I think for about an hour and a
half.

PHIL
The briefcase feels hot.

He slides it to Mr. Kim.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What do you think is inside?

Mr. Kim feels it with his hand. We see him smile for the
first time.

MR. KIM
I don't give a shit.

Mr. Kim hugs the briefcase to get warm.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT TO OLD MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ravage is barking at the fence, trying to jump over it.

Sykes pulls up in his car and gets out with his gun ready. He
walks over to Ravage and looks over the fence. The backyard
is empty.

Sykes pushes the dog over the fence.

Ravage runs to the next fence. Sykes laughs to himself and shakes his head.

EXT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sykes walks over to the Old Man's front door and rings the doorbell. He realizes it's broken, so he knocks.

The Old Man opens up with his shotgun drawn.

OLD MAN

The police are on their way.

Sykes gives a polite smile.

SYKES

Well in this town, I'm sure the response will be very prompt, sir.

The Old Man looks at Sykes, not sure what to make of him.

SYKES (CONT'D)

My two friends were involved in a car accident tonight. They've wandered away from the vehicle and their cell phones are dead. You wouldn't have happened to have seen them?

OLD MAN

What do they look like?

SYKES

An Asian man in his 60s and a white guy in his late 20s.

The Old Man raises his weapon.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Do you know where they went? I'm just concerned because it's so cold out tonight.

OLD MAN

You need to wait until the cops come.

SYKES

Good luck with that.

Sykes lunges at the Old Man as Old Man fires his gun and misses. The Old Man falls on the floor of his house.

Sykes pulls out a grenade and throws it through the front door. He dives for cover.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phil and Mr. Kim soldier on.

PHIL

Let's say you make \$8000 per mission. And these guys probably get a mission once every three months, conservatively. So they make maybe only \$32,000 a year-

Phil and Mr. Kim hear an explosion and stop.

MR. KIM

What the fuck was that?

PHIL

I don't want to find out.

Phil continues walking. Mr. Kim follows.

MR. KIM

The police and fire departments will be there. We can find help.

PHIL

You know damn well he did that and if we go back there, he will be waiting for us.

MR. KIM

Cops!

A police car is in the distance and it's getting close.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

OFFICERS VOGEL (40s), a white male veteran of these streets and SAMPSON (20s), a black woman who's not a rookie but still has much to learn, cruise through the streets of Luxury Hill.

RADIO

We have a 116 in progress at 37 Harriet Tubman Street. All available units respond.

Vogel turns the wheel.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

And the police car turns down another street.

Phil and Mr. Kim run after it.

MR. KIM

Wait!

PHIL

Help!

The police disappear. Mr. Kim and Phil stop walking.

MR. KIM

They're going to the fucking
explosion.

Phil walks in the direction they were originally going.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

PHIL

It's too cold to stay put. We need
to keep moving.

Mr. Kim catches up.

MR. KIM

If we're not going to run to the
cops, then what's your idea?

PHIL

We find a place to hide and wait
this out.

MR. KIM

This guy's not going to let us wait
this out. Wherever we are, he will
come.

PHIL

Then we fortify the place. Make it
so that if he comes, it's on our
terms.

Phil looks at all of the houses.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Assuming that he's waiting to
ambush us, then we have a little
time. You grew up around here.
Know any good spots?

MR. KIM

I have an empty house a few blocks
away.

EXT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE (WHAT'S LEFT OF IT) - NIGHT

Vogel and Sampson get out of their car.

Already on the scene are LEWIS (40s) and CORSETTI (50s), two
over-the-hill cops that have lost their enthusiasm. They are
standing in front of the burning house to keep it secure.

A SMALL CROWD OF PEOPLE is across the street, watching.

LEWIS

All I'm saying is that the Chinese
NFL will never be bigger than our
NFL because nobody in this country
will give a shit about it.

Vogel and Sampson walk up to them.

VOGEL

What's going on?

LEWIS

Probably a gas line explosion. Fire
department is on their way.

VOGEL

Anyone inside?

LEWIS

There's one body near the front
door, but it was toast when we got
here.

Vogel takes a look.

CORSETTI

Hey Sampson, what do you think
about this new Chinese football
league?

SAMPSON

You mean soccer?

CORSETTI

No, I mean football.

LEWIS

The Chinese are starting a six-team American football league, and he thinks it will to be more popular than the NFL.

CORSETTI

They have over one billion potential fans, versus our 300 million.

SAMPSON

But who gives a shit about what they do in China? This is America.

LEWIS

Fuck yeah!

Vogel surveys the damage. He turns to the crowd across the street and notices Sykes. The two stare at each other.

CORSETTI

It's fucking cold out. Let's take turns waiting in the cars.

Vogel walks back over to the group.

VOGEL

Did any of those people see it happen?

Lewis shrugs his shoulders.

LEWIS

No witnesses.

Vogel looks back at the crowd and sees that Sykes is gone.

VOGEL

You two stay here. Sampson and I are going to go door-to-door.

LEWIS

Twenty bucks says it was the gas line.

VOGEL

I'll take that bet.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phil and Mr. Kim walk. Mr. Kim holds the briefcase close to his body.

PHIL

How did you get involved with Jang?

MR. KIM

We grew up together. When I started buying real estate, he came to me as a silent investor.

PHIL

How does that work?

MR. KIM

He buys an LLC that buys an LLC that buys an LLC that buys a piece of property under which I have power of attorney.

PHIL

And you collected a fee?

MR. KIM

I'm the property manager, so I would also find tenants and maintain the properties for them. As well as make empty units look occupied.

PHIL

I'm sorry. Look occupied?

MR. KIM

He has a lot of unreported cash income that needs to look like it comes from somewhere.

PHIL

You laundered money for them.

MR. KIM

I made perfectly legal business transactions. We took money from one company to pay another. Where ever it originally comes from is none of my business.

PHIL

It should be, Mr. Kim, because now they consider you to be a loose end.

Mr. Kim coughs up a lung.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Have you ever thought about quitting smoking?

MR. KIM

Why is what I choose to do any of your business?

PHIL

Personally, I couldn't care about what you do with your body. But Sarah really doesn't like it.

MR. KIM

Thanks for the message. I already heard it a thousand times from her.

PHIL

Then you know what I'm talking about.

MR. KIM

Yeah.

PHIL

So why are you deciding to live in denial?

MR. KIM

You want to know something that I won't deny?

PHIL

Is it that you don't like me?

Mr. Kim laughs. Phil laughs too.

MR. KIM

I can't wait to get inside.

PHIL

You keep any stuff there that we can use for fighting Sykes?

MR. KIM

I got some tools in the basement.

Phil walks with determination. He has purpose.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
Something's bothering me about you.

PHIL
From what I remember, there are a lot of things about me that bother you.

MR. KIM
Why haven't you used the GI Bill to go back to school?

PHIL
I'm having some issues getting a claim.

MR. KIM
Like a less-than-honorable discharge?

Phil smiles. His secret is out.

PHIL
I guess that doesn't help my case for your acceptance.

MR. KIM
It doesn't look good.

Mr. Kim stops.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
This is it.

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Kim and Phil walk up to an old, boarded-up house that's falling apart.

PHIL
You used to rent this out?

Mr. Kim shakes his head.

MR. KIM
Couldn't find a tenant that wouldn't have trashed the place.

PHIL
I didn't think that was a concern in Luxury Hill.

MR. KIM

It is when it's the house you grew
up in.

The front door has a steel gate with a padlock.

PHIL

So how do we get in?

Mr. Kim rips off a piece of the porch and hands it to Phil.
He points to the window.

MR. KIM

Pry that board off.

Mr. Kim blows in his hands and rubs them together.

Phil uses the broken wood as a lever and pops off the board,
revealing a broken window. They climb inside.

INT. KIM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's empty and dirty.

PHIL

We need to cover that back up.

MR. KIM

There should be some tools in the
basement that we can use to cut the
locks off the back door.

Phil motions for Mr. Kim to be quiet. He points to the floor.
There are fresh sets of footprints over the dirt and dust
along with discarded needles and small, empty baggies.

PHIL

Any idea of who they belong to?

Mr. Kim shakes his head.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Wait outside. I'll check if it's
empty.

He hands Mr. Kim the briefcase. Mr. Kim climbs back out the
window. Phil grabs the piece of wood he used to pry the board
off.

Phil silently moves across the floor, holding the wood as a
club as he follows the footprints.

He pokes his head into the kitchen. Clear.

The dining room is also clear.

But the stairs. There are footprints heading up there.

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Kim waits outside, holding the briefcase.

INT. KIM STAIRS - NIGHT

Phil walks up a couple stairs. He hears voices in one of the upstairs bedrooms. A few of them.

He slowly and silently makes his way back down.

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Kim waits. BUGS (24, black) walks up to the house from the street.

BUGS
Hey mister.

Mr. Kim turns.

BUGS (CONT'D)
You got the time?

Mr. Kim looks at his watch. Bugs pulls out a Glock 9mm.

BUGS (CONT'D)
Glock time, mother fucker.

He shoves the gun in Mr. Kim's face.

INT. KIM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phil and Mr. Kim run into each other at the window.

PHIL
Your parents' house has turned into
a drug den. We got to go.

Mr. Kim climbs in. Phil and Bugs see each other.

BUGS
We got guests!

Bugs aims the gun at Phil and he freezes.

Four people walk down the stairs.

SNOT (27) a short, skeezy man with a snub-nose gun.

TRAY (28) who is built like an ox and sports a rifle.

LAKISHA (18), cracked-out and too young with a bat.

And...

MONA (35) polluted by years of drugs and holding a switchblade.

BUGS (CONT'D)
Some amigos dropped in.

TRAY
These ain't amigos.

SNOT
Who the fuck are you?

MR. KIM
I own this house.

TRAY
Then how come you ain't use the key?

MONA
These cats look big time.

TRAY
They dressed crisp.

BUGS
There's a lot of shit downstairs.
Maybe this is a stash house.

PHIL
Hey guys. We were just looking for a place to wait out the cold. We'll find another one.

TRAY
I want that briefcase.

MR. KIM
I'm not giving you my goddamn briefcase.

Tray shoves the gun in Mr. Kim's face.

TRAY
Motherfucker. Give us the fucking
briefcase.

Mr. Kim gives it to him.

PHIL
We'll be on our way now.

Tray cocks his gun and shakes his head. The rest of the group surrounds them.

EXT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE (WHAT'S LEFT OF IT) - NIGHT

The FIRE DEPARTMENT is now on the scene.

Vogel hangs up his cell phone as Sampson comes over.

SAMPSON
The cameras on this block have been
broken since August.

VOGEL
How many of these houses aren't
abandoned?

SAMPSON
Only three.

Lewis runs to them.

LEWIS
Turn your radios up.

Both of them raise the volume. There's a lot of chatter.

VOGEL
What's happening?

LEWIS
They just found seven dead bodies
at the Horse Shoe.

Vogel and Sampson run to their car.

INT. KIM UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Kim and Phil are duct taped into chairs and their coats are gone. They're surrounded by the group. The floor is covered with discarded needles and small, empty baggies.

SNOT

Got no where to run,
This ain't gonna be fun,
Gonna get yo stash,
Score on some cash,
Time for the niggas to be rich,
And then we gonna treat ya like a
bitch ass snitch.

BUGS

Aw, shit.

TRAY

Bugs, scope the basement and see
what shit is down there. Snot, be
sure none of their boys arrive.

Bugs, Snot, and Lakisha leave.

TRAY (CONT'D)

Open the briefcase.

PHIL

We don't have the key.

Tray pistol-whips Phil.

MR. KIM

We're only the delivery men. The
guy picking it up is the one with
it.

TRAY

What's inside.

MR. KIM

A payment.

Tray laughs. He slams the briefcase against the wall.

PHIL

I wouldn't do that If I were you.

TRAY

Why the fuck not?

PHIL

Because an ink bomb inside will
make every single bill in there
unusable.

Tray stops. Then he brings the briefcase to his ear.

TRAY
This thing is making a noise.

PHIL
What noise?

TRAY
It's buzzing.

PHIL
That's the ink bomb engaging. Put
it down before it explodes.

Tray gently puts it down.

TRAY
If I find out you're fucking with
me, then you're going to die.

Tray leaves the room. Mona lights up a cigarette.

MR. KIM
Can I have a drag?

Mona gives him a puff. She sees the red stain on his shirt.

MONA
What happened?

MR. KIM
That?

She nods.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
You don't want to know.

MONA
I do.

MR. KIM
Well I had a problem earlier and I
took care of it. That's all I can
tell you.

PHIL
With some help.

MR. KIM
Yes.

PHIL
That was much needed.

MR. KIM
Anyway, that's all I can tell you.

MONA
Who do you guys work for?

MR. KIM
We can't say.

MONA
Is it Daimon?

Mr. Kim smiles. Mona brushes his cheek.

MONA (CONT'D)
I'll be right back, honey.

She exits the room.

EXT. HORSE SHOE BAR - NIGHT

The police car pulls onto the crime scene where a DOZEN COPS are working. The place is littered with bodies. Mr. Kim's car is right where he left it.

Vogel and Sampson get out and check out the blood bath's aftermath.

SAMPSON
How many shooters do you think this was?

VOGEL
Me? I bet it was only just one or two.

He looks at a dead body.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
These guys were all part of the same set. If there was a lot of people on the other side of this fight, then we'd be seeing more bodies on the ground.

SAMPSON
And if they were ambushed, then they'd all be laying together.

VOGEL
You're picking up fast.

Vogel walks over to Daimon's corpse.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Daimon Lewis is, was, the leader of the outfit that hung out here. That Toyota Land cruiser is his.

Vogel looks around the parking lot in silence.

SAMPSON

And?

VOGEL

If he was the top dog of this group, then that Mercedes doesn't look like it belongs here.

Sampson looks down and her face cringes.

SAMPSON

This one was killed by an animal.

INT. KIM UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phil and Mr. Kim sit in silence.

PHIL

So this was your parents' house?

MR. KIM

We're in their bedroom.

Phil takes in the surroundings. The paint has almost completely peeled off the walls.

PHIL

Did they paint these walls yellow?

MR. KIM

Bright colors make a room feel bigger.

PHIL

Right. But mustard yellow?

MR. KIM

You got a fucking problem with my parents' decorating tastes?

PHIL

Not at all.

Mr. Kim scoffs.

MR. KIM

It looked fine back in their day.
They made it a nice home to grow up
in.

PHIL

I'm sure it was.

Mr. Kim looks down at the floor. Lost in his thoughts.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I just hate silence in these types
of tense situations.

MR. KIM

You don't like the idea of
reflecting back on your life.

PHIL

Maybe that's it. I like to keep
moving forward. Put one foot in
front of the other.

MR. KIM

That would have changed if you had
the chance to get older.

PHIL

Don't be so negative, Mr. Kim.
Anything is possible. You went from
growing up here to being a rich
man.

Mr. Kim looks up at the paint peeling from the ceiling.

MR. KIM

A rich man who was part of a
criminal conspiracy that led to me
now being the target of a
professional killer.

PHIL

Cheer up. You shouldn't sell
yourself short. You have some good,
honest, positive business
accomplishments.

MR. KIM

I wish you wouldn't be so fucking
positive. We're going to die here.
So please shut the fuck up and let
me reflect in peace.

PHIL
As long as I'm not dead yet, I
still have hope.

MR. KIM
Hope is not going to get us out of
these chairs, Phil.

Tray and Mona walk back into the room.

MONA
These guys are fakes.

TRAY
How do you know?

MONA
What's on your shirt, tough guy?

MR. KIM
What?

MONA
That's fucking red wine.

Tray shoves his gun in Mr. Kim's mouth. Mr. Kim's eyes widen.
This might be it.

TRAY
Who the fuck are you?

PHIL
He's a cop.

MONA
Where are your badges?

PHIL
We're working undercover and you
guys are fucking up our operation.
Now let us go, then get the fuck
out of here and we'll forget that
we ever met.

Tray moves the gun to Phil's face.

TRAY
I fucking hate cops.

BANG!

Mr. Kim jumps.

Phil is still here. Tray pulls the gun out of his mouth and looks around.

MONA
That was downstairs.

Tray motions to Mona.

TRAY
Go take a look.

MONA
Are you fucking serious?

TRAY
Hell yeah, I'm fucking serious.

MONA
You're the man. You go.

TRAY
I'm not going to tell you again.

MONA
Pussy.

Tray starts beating her.

Mr. Kim and Phil look at each other. This guy is crazy and there's nothing they can do to stop him.

Tray kicks Mona a couple of times while she's down. He storms out of the room as she lies on the floor.

INT. KIM STAIRS - NIGHT

Tray slowly walks down the stairs.

INT. KIM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He gets to the window but there's no one there.

He looks around. The place is silent.

TRAY
Bugs?

No answer.

He slowly moves towards the kitchen.

Tray trips. He looks down and sees a gun on the floor.

INT. KIM UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mona sits up.

PHIL

Your friends downstairs are dead
and your boyfriend will join them
soon.

She takes out a bag with a blue powder and prepares lines.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And then that guy is going to come
up here and kill all of us. Do you
want to die? I don't want to die.

MR. KIM

I'm going to die in the house I
grew up in.

PHIL

No, you won't.

Mona snorts a line.

MONA

How do I know that you're not going
to kill me after I let you go?

PHIL

If I wanted you dead, then I would
just wait for that guy to come up
here.

MR. KIM

Back to the beginning.

Phil looks at him. Useless.

Mona recedes into her high.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

My parents loved this home and now
it's taken over by fucking junkies.

INT. KIM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tray kicks open the door to the bathroom and fires his gun.

TRAY
Fucker.

Lakisha was hiding inside. She looks at Tray with sad eyes.

TRAY (CONT'D)
Shit.

She slumps over, dead. Another door flies open. It's Snot.

TRAY (CONT'D)
It's me.

Snot looks at Lakisha.

TRAY (CONT'D)
That shit was an accident.

SNOT
Fuck.

TRAY
What the fuck happened?

SNOT
Something pulled Bugs out of the window.

Tray runs to the window. It's quiet.

TRAY
And why the fuck are you hiding?

SNOT
You didn't hear the dog?

Ravage jumps up and attacks Tray before he can answer.

Tray wildly shoots in the air.

INT. KIM UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bullet shoots up through the floorboard, inches from Mona. She snaps out of her high.

INT. KIM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Snot aims his gun to shoot the dog. Sykes sneaks up behind him and cuts his throat.

INT. KIM UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mona prays to herself.

PHIL

He doesn't leave witnesses, Mona.

Mona looks at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I'm the only chance you got.

She picks up a knife and cuts one of the restraints.

Phil frees his other hand and then works at the legs.

Mona does another line.

INT. KIM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tray groans in pain as Ravage rips him apart.

Sykes shoots Tray in the head to put him out of his misery.

Sykes runs up the stairs.

INT. KIM UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door bursts open and Sykes is met with a chair to the face.

He falls to the ground.

Phil slams the door closed before Ravage can get in.

Ravage barks like crazy.

Phil wastes no time. He grabs Sykes.

Sykes tries to grab his gun.

Phil beats him to it.

Phil puts the gun in Sykes' mouth.

He pulls the trigger but it does nothing.

He pistol whips Sykes in the head.

Sykes is knocked out.

Ravage continues to bark.

Phil stands up.

He grabs Mona's knife and cuts Mr. Kim's tape.

Mr. Kim looks at Phil unsure of what to do next.

Phil plays around with the gun.

PHIL

It's got a custom safety.

He hands it to Mr. Kim.

MR. KIM

Do we kill him or call the cops?

Sykes jumps up and knocks the knife out of Phil's hand.

Mr. Kim aims the gun at Sykes, trying to get a clean shot.

Phil is actually able to hold his own against Sykes. Both of them use advanced Tai Kwon Do along with other martial arts. He can put up a fight. He can't win, but he can deflect the blows.

It's brutal for both men.

Mr. Kim pulls the trigger and Sykes falls to the ground.

Phil grabs the gun from Mr. Kim. He turns to Sykes.

And sees Sykes is holding a grenade without a pin.

SYKES

Go ahead and shoot.

Phil grabs Mr. Kim.

PHIL

It's time to go.

He kicks the board off the window while keeping his eyes on Sykes the entire time.

Mr. Kim climbs out the window.

Phil grabs the suitcase and makes his way out while staying 1000% alert.

SYKES
See you soon, kid.

Phil glances at Mona.

PHIL
You coming?

She gets up and comes to the window. Mr. Kim helps her climb out and they disappear.

Phil keeps the gun locked on Sykes.

They both look at each other.

SYKES
The answer is no. You cannot shoot me and then jump out of the window before the grenade kills you.

PHIL
I got an idea. You give me back my cell phone, we run away, and in an hour, I'll call you to say where the briefcase is.

SYKES
No. Give me the briefcase back first and then we can talk.

Phil looks at the grenade.

PHIL
That a Hauser 349?

SYKES
750.

Sykes was right. The blast would kill him. Phil goes to the window.

SYKES (CONT'D)
You can run all you want. But I know where you live, Phil.

Phil aims the gun and Sykes raises the grenade. Phil stops.

PHIL
When you do come, do me the courtesy of giving a fair fight by not wearing a bulletproof vest.

SYKES

My business isn't about being fair.
It's about winning.

PHIL

I'll keep that in mind. Good to
know.

Phil climbs out the window. Sykes smiles and whistles. He likes the balls on this guy.

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT

Phil lowers himself to the ground as Mr. Kim and Mona wait.

PHIL

We need to find a phone.

MONA

Look out!

Phil whips around in time to see Ravage charging at him.

The dog jumps to attack him.

Phil catches Ravage mid-air by the throat.

He slams the dog into the ground, pinning it on its back while still holding it down.

Ravage tries to struggle. Phil looks the dog in the eye. It's the ancient animal fight of dominance.

The dog stops struggling. Its growls turn into whimpers.

Phil lets go of Ravage. The dog limps away.

BLAM! Mona's head explodes.

Sykes is standing on the porch with a smoking gun.

Phil fires the gun at the house.

The bullet misses Sykes.

Phil pulls the trigger again. He's out of bullets.

PHIL

Run!

Mr. Kim and Phil bolt.

Sykes aims at Phil.

Phil changes his direction.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Zig-zag. Randomly.

Mr. Kim obeys.

Sykes can't get a lock. He lowers his gun as he watches them disappear.

He limps over to Ravage.

SYKES
Go.

The dog whimpers.

SYKES (CONT'D)
Go!

Ravage puts its head down and lies down. Sykes pulls it by the collar but it won't move.

SYKES (CONT'D)
Three fucking years of training all
gone in one night.

He shoots the dog in the head. He regains himself and limps off after Mr. Kim and Phil.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mr. Kim and Phil turn down a street.

They stop to catch their breath. Phil's injuries and Mr. Kim's 45 years of smoking are handicapping them.

MR. KIM
I can't keep running.

PHIL
Hang in there. We'll get a lucky
break soon.

MR. KIM
There's been nothing lucky about
tonight.

PHIL
At least we're not dead yet.

MR. KIM

Do you think he killed all of those people in the house?

PHIL

Most, if not all.

MR. KIM

Jesus Christ.

Mr. Kim sits down, taking it in.

PHIL

There's nothing we could have done. If Sykes didn't come, then they might have killed us.

MR. KIM

Tonight is the first time I've seen someone get murdered.

PHIL

Given your business associates, I'd say you had a good streak.

Mr. Kim doesn't respond.

PHIL (CONT'D)

First time I saw someone die was one month after I deployed in Afghanistan. We used to have to sweep Taliban-friendly areas. It became routine and one day, as we left an abandoned village, all I could think about was lunch.

Phil sits down next to Mr. Kim.

PHIL (CONT'D)

There was a black guy in our unit. About 19 years old. Walter Brown. Anyway, we're walking together, talking about pop tarts when machine gun fire opens up from over a ridge and hits Walt through the ears.

Phil motions: in one ear, out the other.

PHIL (CONT'D)

That woman, Mona, she had the same look on her face that Walt did when he died. Some things you just can't un-see, no matter how hard you try.

Mr. Kim turns to Phil.

MR. KIM

This is Jang's town, Phil. Those
were Jang's drugs. I helped Jang.
Those people are on me.

Phil gives Mr. Kim the briefcase. Mr. Kim hugs it to warm up.
They both sit in silence for a moment.

PHIL

Sometimes we make the wrong
choices. All we can do is recognize
our mistakes, vow not to repeat
them and then put one foot in front
of the other to move on.

Mr. Kim takes in those words. This is a side of Phil that he
didn't see earlier this evening.

MR. KIM

Where'd you learn how to fight?

PHIL

What do you mean?

MR. KIM

You used Tai Kwon Do like a black
belt. And I know I saw some
advanced Kung Fu and Ju Jit Su in
there too. Plus that shit with the
dog. Who are you exactly?

Phil takes a moment to think of how to respond.

PHIL

If we're both still alive in the
morning, I'll tell you, Mr. Kim.

MR. KIM

Call me Eugene.

PHIL

Okay, Eugene.

MR. KIM

So what do we do now?

Phil stands up.

PHIL

We keep moving so we don't freeze
to death.

He starts walking and Mr. Kim gets up and follows. Mr. Kim squeezes the briefcase as he walks.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I wouldn't hug that thing for too long.

MR. KIM

Why?

PHIL

There has to be a reason why it's staying warm. Maybe it's radioactive.

MR. KIM

What the fuck?

He offers it back to Phil. Phil accepts it.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me that before?

PHIL

I wasn't so sure about it. There's been a lot of things going on tonight.

MR. KIM

We have to get rid of this. This thing could be killing us.

PHIL

I think you're over-exaggerating. If it was really serious, we would be feeling the effects already. Worst-case scenario is that you're getting some preemptive radiation treatment.

MR. KIM

Fuck you. I don't have cancer.

PHIL

When was the last time you got a checkup?

MR. KIM

That thing could be making you sterile right now.

PHIL

Concerned about grandchildren?

MR. KIM
I didn't say that.

Phil breathes into his hands.

PHIL
We need to find shelter or we will
get frostbite. But we can't stop
yet. Sykes is hurt and slow--

MR. KIM
Holy shit.

A police car drives towards them. They jump up and down.

PHIL
Stop!

MR. KIM
Over here!

PHIL
Help!

The cruiser lights up and speeds over to them. Mr. Kim hugs Phil.

MR. KIM
We finally caught a lucky break.

Vogel and Sampson step out of the car. Sampson draws her gun and Vogel approaches them.

PHIL
You have no idea how happy we are
to see you.

VOGEL
Oh I just bet you are. What's the
emergency?

PHIL
A professional hitman is trying to
kill us.

Vogel and Sampson exchange a glance.

MR. KIM
He just whacked a bunch of people
at my house.

Vogel studies them. He sees the briefcase.

VOGEL

Well it's ok now. You guys are safe.

Vogel approaches them.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

You both have weapons or anything else I should be concerned with?

PHIL

I have an empty handgun behind my back.

Phil puts down the briefcase and raises his hands. Vogel frisks him and takes the gun. He confirms that it's empty and then goes to Mr. Kim.

VOGEL

You?

Mr. Kim shakes his head. Vogel motions for his hands to go up and he complies. He has nothing.

Vogel nods to Sampson. All clear. She lowers her gun.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

What's in the briefcase?

PHIL

We don't know.

Vogel laughs to himself.

MR. KIM

It's a very long story. Please, you have to help us.

VOGEL

Put it in the trunk and get in the car where it's warm.

They run into the police car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sykes walks as quickly as he can down the street. His face is bruised up, but he can still move.

He sees the police cruiser driving away in the distance.

RING

SYKES

Like I said. I think it's best if you come down and see for yourself?

SARAH

Where do I have to go?

Sykes looks at the nearest house.

SYKES

232 Kennedy Street. Luxury Hill.

SARAH

Luxury Hill?

SYKES

That's correct.

SARAH

Okay. I'm leaving right now.

SYKES

We'll see you soon, miss.

Sykes hangs up the phone. He takes out one of Mr. Kim's cigarettes and lights it up.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The car drives through Luxury Hill. Everyone seems to be in a great mood.

VOGEL

That's one hell of a night you boys had. And you have some huge balls, Phil, to take that briefcase.

MR. KIM

You're going to catch this guy, right?

VOGEL

We're already looking for him.

PHIL

You need to be very careful. He was special forces.

SAMPSON

How can you tell?

PHIL

I saw him fight.

VOGEL

So you guys can identify Sykes
without any problem?

PHIL

One hundred percent.

MR. KIM

And I also have no problem with
testifying in court against him or
the people he works for.

SAMPSON

What do you mean people he works
for?

Phil and Mr. Kim exchange a look.

VOGEL

Did someone hire him to kill you?

PHIL

We can talk about it at the station
with the detectives.

VOGEL

That's great. When we get there,
you can have a nice cup of soup and
we'll take your statements.

RADIO

All units, respond to 2687
Jefferson Street. Multiple
homicides.

Sampson turns down the radio's volume.

MR. KIM

That's where we just were.

SAMPSON

Sounds like it was a blood bath.

MR. KIM

He murdered five people.

VOGEL

That's awful. You're lucky we found
you.

PHIL

Aren't you going to respond to the
radio?

VOGEL

No need. We're not available.

PHIL

Maybe you should radio the station
so they could expect us.

VOGEL

Don't worry. Sampson sent the
captain a text.

SAMPSON

They're expecting you.

Mr. Kim looks out the window. They pass Ames Junkyard.

MR. KIM

Where are you taking us?

SAMPSON

What do you mean?

MR. KIM

You know what I mean. The station
is north, but we're heading south.

VOGEL

Chill out, Christopher Columbus,
and remember that the important
thing is that we're taking you away
from Sykes.

PHIL

Where?

VOGEL

Some people want to talk to you
about the briefcase you stole.

Phil pulls the car door handle, but it's locked.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Sarah slowly drives through the neighborhood, scanning for
the car accident, but the area is deserted.

Sykes appears in the middle of the road. He's holding a
police shield.

Sarah stops the car. He walks to the passenger side and she
rolls down the window.

SYKES
Sarah Kim?

SARAH
Yes?

SYKES
Thank you so much for coming.

SARAH
Where are they?

Sykes opens the door and gets in the passenger seat.

SYKES
I need your help.

He pulls out his gun and shoves it in her face.

SYKES (CONT'D)
Drive slowly.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Everyone is silent. Phil and Mr. Kim look out the windows.

MR. KIM
Do either of you have a cigarette?

VOGEL
We don't smoke. Sorry.

Mr. Kim shakes his head.

MR. KIM
(to Phil)
So you met Mrs. Kim before?

PHIL
Yes.

MR. KIM
She told me she likes you.

PHIL
She's a good woman. I would be proud to have her as a mother-in-law.

MR. KIM
How is she?

PHIL

Good.

(beat)

Is it true that you two haven't spoken to each other for ten years?

MR. KIM

Well she called to tell me about the engagement.

(beat)

But looking back, I could have been a better husband.

Mr. Kim looks out the window.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

I know that you were more than just a regular Army soldier, Phil.

Phil turns to look at him.

PHIL

Every infantryman is more than just a regular soldier.

MR. KIM

Fair enough. But tell me why you left the military. You could have had a good career there instead of being a mover.

PHIL

On my third-to-last mission, we were ordered to neutralize a poppy farmer who was supporting the Taliban. We had to take him out while not making it obvious to the locals that the USA was responsible. During that mission, I shot and killed his wife and young son because my orders were no witnesses.

MR. KIM

Jesus Christ.

PHIL

After that, I lost my enthusiasm. Soldiering wasn't for me anymore.

MR. KIM

I'm sorry, Phil.

PHIL
Don't be. It's just something I
live with.

MR. KIM
You shouldn't be too hard on
yourself. You were just following
orders.

PHIL
I chose to follow them. That's on
me.

SAMPSON
Man, fuck that. You killed a future
terrorist and don't let anyone tell
you otherwise.

PHIL
Did you serve in the military?

SAMPSON
No.

PHIL
Then how do you know what you're
talking about?

SAMPSON
I follow the news. I know what's
going on.

PHIL
But you have no experience.

SAMPSON
Hey asshole. I'm a police officer
in America. We're on the front
lines fighting domestic terrorism.

Phil is not impressed.

PHIL
You're a crooked cop.

MR. KIM
Phil...

She pulls out her gun and shoves it in his face. Phil doesn't
flinch.

SAMPSON
What the fuck did you call me?

VOGEL
Take it easy!

MR. KIM
Calm down everyone!

Phil stares at Sampson.

Vogel pulls over. He grabs Sampson's arm.

VOGEL
Are you fucking crazy?

SAMPSON
You heard what he said.

VOGEL
You can cry about it after you
collect your five grand for
delivering these guys. Alive.

He pulls back onto the road.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

They take out their guns and open the doors for Phil and Mr. Kim.

MR. KIM
This was the ABC Shoe Factory.

VOGEL
That was over twenty years ago.

MR. KIM
My father used to work here.

SAMPSON
And you'll probably die here.
Convenient, huh?

A Cadillac Escalade pulls into the parking lot. It stops about 20 feet away from the police car and faces them head-on without turning off its lights.

VOGEL
Don't mind her. These guys just
want to talk.

PHIL
That's it?

Vogel opens up the trunk and takes the briefcase.

VOGEL

That's all that they tell me and
that's all I want to hear.

Vogel raises his gun.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Move it.

The group marches to the Escalade. They stop when they're
less than ten feet away.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Wait here.

He walks to the SUV while Sampson guards Mr. Kim and Phil.
Vogel goes to the passenger window and talks to the person
sitting there.

PHIL

Hey Eugene. You were right. I
should have made an effort to have
met you before. I'm sorry for that.

MR. KIM

Phil?

PHIL

Yeah?

MR. KIM

I'm retracting my \$5000 offer.

Phil smiles. At least one thing is going right.

SAMPSON

You two better shut the fuck up.

Vogel gives the passenger the briefcase and he is given a
brown paper bag in return. He walks back to Sampson.

VOGEL

Let's go.

Vogel and Sampson go back to the police car.

MR. KIM

What about us?

The crooked cops ignore him. They get back in their car and
drive away.

Phil and Mr. Kim stand in the middle of the parking lot. The
headlights are almost blinding.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
What do we do now?

The lights shut off, followed by the car engine.

Five Asian men get out of the car.

From the front passenger seat is JANG (40s), looks like death; his face is scarred on one side from being pushed and held onto a hot wok and he wears a designer suit.

The driver is PARK (30s), also well-dressed and heavily tattooed. A 9mm Glock is visibly holstered on his waist.

JOHNNY, ERIC, and SYNGMAN (20s) wear hoodies and look more street than their older bosses. All carry AR 15 semi-automatic assault rifles.

JANG
Eugene.

MR. KIM
Jang.

Phil looks around and sizes up the crew.

JANG
Thank you for all of your hard work throughout the years.

MR. KIM
You set me up. After all we've been through.

JANG
(speaks Korean)
It's business, Eugene. And it's also your fucking fault as well.

MR. KIM
(speaks Korean)
My fault? I always kept my mouth shut.

JANG
(speaks Korean)
You're too flashy. You buy a new car almost every year. Sooner or later, people will wonder where that money comes from and how it gets there.

MR. KIM
(speaks Korean)
You know that everything can be explained.

JANG
(speaks Korean)
I also know that you would crack under pressure.

MR. KIM
(speaks Korean)
Please. I can retire and disappear. Whatever happened to loyalty?

Phil doesn't understand, but he can tell Mr. Kim is getting desperate.

JANG
How dare you bring up the subject of loyalty when those cops said you were willing to testify in court.

Mr. Kim shuts up and put his head down in shame. Johnny, Eric, and Syngman get behind Phil and Mr. Kim.

JANG (CONT'D)
Let's continue this conversation inside.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

The factory has been closed and abandoned since the 1980s. There hasn't been an effort to maintain the building in decades and it shows. The place is dirty, the paint is peeling, and mold is everywhere, thanks to water damage from leaks in the roof.

The Asian gang marches Phil and Mr. Kim down a hallway. Jang is holding the briefcase.

PHIL
What are you going to do about Sykes?

JANG
Does it matter?

PHIL
For me it does.

JANG

You were at the wrong place at wrong time. It's unfortunate, but don't take it personal.

PHIL

I'm afraid that I have to take this as very personal, considering that you're planning on executing me.

JANG

Get over it.

PHIL

Sykes knows that you guys paid over twenty million dollars for the briefcase and he knows that he fucked up really bad tonight. Now you strike me as a man who has no tolerance for incompetence. Sykes' next move is going to be to kill you. Unless, of course, you kill him first.

At the end of the hallway is a door with a padlock. Jang unlocks and opens it. The smell overpowers everyone.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We're not going to run. Tie us up. Do whatever you have to do. I just want to die knowing for sure that he's dead.

Jang sizes him up. Phil has hate for Sykes and it shows.

MR. KIM

One last favor, Jang.

Jang looks at the briefcase.

JANG

You wouldn't happen to have the key?

MR. KIM

Daimon gave it to Sykes.

Jang holds out his hand and Park gives him a cell phone.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Sarah slowly drives as Sykes has the gun pointed at her.

Sykes' phone rings. He looks at the caller ID and hesitates before he answers.

SYKES

I was just about to call you.

JANG

I'm sure you were. We were expecting you hours ago.

SYKES

Yeah. Things got a little complicated, but they're under control now.

JANG

I know they are. In fact, I'm looking at the briefcase as we speak.

Sykes' face drops.

SYKES

You are?

JANG

Oh, I am. And I'm extremely disappointed that you didn't bring it to me.

SYKES

Who did?

JANG

An old friend. But unfortunately, it's incomplete.

SYKES

I have the remainder. Where can I bring it?

JANG

I'm at the factory.

Sykes knows what this means. He looks inside his coat to check his remaining grenades. Three left.

SYKES

Okay. I'm on my way.

JANG
We'll see you soon.

Sykes hangs up the phone and shakes his head.

SYKES
Change of plans, Sarah.

He pats her on the leg and smiles. She's disgusted and afraid at the same time.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jang puts his phone away. He studies Phil.

JANG
Johnny, go get the duct tape from
the car.

Johnny leaves. Jang looks Phil in the eye.

JANG (CONT'D)
The cop was right about you. You do
have some fucking big balls.

Phil stares at Jang without blinking.

JANG (CONT'D)
Here's the deal. Since tomorrow is
Sunday and I have church in the
morning, I'm going to do one good
deed tonight. I'll let you watch
Sykes die.

Johnny returns with duct tape.

PHIL
I appreciate your mercy, Mr. Jang.

Johnny duct tapes their hands behind their backs.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Park stands alone outside. Sykes enters the parking lot, Sarah and her car are nowhere in sight.

He follows Park inside.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY MAIN WORK AREA - NIGHT

The area is littered with rotted shelves, equipment, and machines that no one wanted, along with decades of trash.

Jang stands in the middle of the floor along with Mr. Kim and Phil (hands duct taped behind their backs and mouths gagged). The briefcase is on the ground at Jang's feet.

Park leads Sykes into the room. He nods hello to Phil and Mr. Kim.

SYKES

Gentlemen.

JANG

What am I? Fucking invisible?

SYKES

Of course not, Mr. Jang.

He extends his hand. Jang doesn't shake it.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Where's the boys?

JANG

Around. You got my key?

SYKES

You got the other half of my payment?

JANG

The key first.

Sykes reaches in his jacket pocket and takes it out.

JANG (CONT'D)

Open it.

Sykes bends down and opens the briefcase. He shows it to Jang while avoiding looking at what's inside (which we also do not see). Jang is satisfied and Sykes closes it. He gives the key to Jang.

SYKES

Just so you know, I never once looked inside.

JANG

That's because you never had the chance to, Mr. Sykes.

Sykes looks at the bound-and-gagged Phil and Mr. Kim.

SYKES

About tonight. Things got pretty fucked up. I won't sugarcoat it.

JANG

As far as I am concerned, you did not finish the job we paid you for.

SYKES

I could kill Mr. Kim right now if that would make you feel better.

JANG

It wouldn't.

SYKES

Look, no bullshitting. Seeing how you caught Mr. Kim on your own, I'm okay with forfeiting the other payment. But I'm really hoping that we can keep this between ourselves. There's no need for El Indio to find out.

JANG

No?

SYKES

You know that he has a reputation to take things out on innocent family members, and I really don't need that.

JANG

I'll keep my mouth shut.

Jang waves up to the catwalks.

A storm of bullets sprays down.

Phil knocks Mr. Kim down.

Jang and Park whip out Uzi 9mms and shoot at Sykes.

Sykes jumps behind some shelves.

Phil stretches his arm. The tape also stretches and he is able to pull his hands out.

A spray of bullets from the catwalks shoots into Sykes' hiding place.

Phil rips off his gag. He turns to help Mr. Kim.

A grenade is tossed from behind the shelves.

It lands at Park's feet. He quickly picks it up to throw it back.

BOOM

Park disintegrates. Jang is knocked off his ass.

Sykes runs. He aims up at the catwalks and shoots.

Johnny appears in the hallway and shoots at Sykes.

Sykes ducks for cover behind old machines.

Phil and Mr. Kim are free.

More gunfire from up above almost hits Sykes. He looks up and sees Eric. He jumps up and shoots.

Sykes is out of bullets. Park sneaks up and sees him reloading.

Jang jumps in the open to get a clean shot.

Sykes thrashes his arm and a small gun flies up through his sleeve- Travis Bickle style.

Jang dies.

Phil grabs the briefcase.

Eric's gunfire forces Sykes back into his hiding position.

Phil and Mr. Kim hide behind the shelves. Phil can see Park's gun on the ground about 10 feet away.

Phil darts out and grabs the gun. Gunfire from the main doors almost hits Phil. He returns fire and runs back to the hiding spot.

Sykes pulls Jang's body into his spot and searches it. He takes back the briefcase key.

SYKES

Where's my fucking money?

Phil analyzes the situation while Mr. Kim stays with him.

Sykes has searched Jang's corpse and there isn't any money. He hits it in the head with his gun out of anger.

SYKES (CONT'D)
This fucking gook owes me fifteen
thousand dollars! Where is it?!

Silence.

Sykes grabs a metal rod and puts Jang's jacket on it.

SYKES (CONT'D)
First guy to join me gets to keep
half!

Phil hears movement where Sykes is hiding.

PHIL
(to Mr. Kim)
Get ready to run.

Park's jacket pokes up above the twisted machines. It's met
with gunfire.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Follow me.

They run to the shelves.

A bullet hits Mr. Kim in the leg. He collapses.

Phil drags Mr. Kim to safety as more gunfire comes at them.

MR. KIM
Holy fucking shit!

PHIL
It's okay.

MR. KIM
Are you an idiot? I've been fucking
shot.

Phil finds a dirty rag and ties it around the wound.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)
What the fuck? You want to give me
gangrene?

PHIL
For now, we need to stop the
bleeding. When we get to a hospital
later, they'll sew you up and give
antibiotics.

The gunfire stops and the factory is silent once again.

Phil looks around, trying to see what he can from this new angle. It isn't much.

He sees the bloody Escalade car keys on the ground that belonged to Park. There are some guts on it too. It looks disgusting.

Phil lifts up the keys with two fingers, trying to touch as little as possible. He wipes off what he can on the wall and then pockets them.

A piece of metal rolls along the floor.

The area by the front door explodes. There's now a large hole in the wall.

Sykes gets up to run, but more gunfire quickly pins him down behind more machines.

The guns rapidly fire at Sykes.

MR. KIM

You should leave without me, Phil.
I'll just slow you down.

PHIL

That's a bad attitude. We're going
to make it out of here, Eugene.
How's the leg?

MR. KIM

It feels very serious.

The floor explodes next to them as bullets rip it apart.

Phil looks up and sees Eric on the catwalk. He shoots.

Eric falls to his death with the AR-15. Sykes picks it up.
Nice find.

Phil grabs the briefcase with one arm and Mr. Kim with the other. He drags him.

Sykes shoots at them and they duck.

Phil drags Mr. Kim at an even slower pace as they hug the ground.

Mr. Kim has his fist in his mouth.

SYKES

All of your friends are dead and
you know that Park had a lot of
cash on him.

(MORE)

SYKES (CONT'D)

We can end this now, split the money, kill these other people, and both go home instead of dying. What do you say?

No answer. Sykes runs to a new position closer to the hallway.

Johnny shoots at him.

Sykes moves to a new position and Johnny fires at him.

Sykes clears himself of Johnny's field of view.

Phil and Mr. Kim crawl. Phil sees Jang's cell phone and takes it.

Sykes slowly moves against the wall to the hallway's opening.

Johnny scans for movement.

Phil and Mr. Kim make it to the opening. They get up and run out as fast as they can.

Johnny shoots at them.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Phil and Mr. Kim get to the Escalade. Johnny shoots it up.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY MAIN WORK AREA/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sykes jumps into the hallway and kills Johnny.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Phil throws the briefcase and Mr. Kim into the back seat. He climbs over him into the driver seat.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY MAIN WORK AREA - NIGHT

Sykes shoots into the catwalks. No return fire. He walks to the hole.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Mr. Kim sees Sykes appear.

MR. KIM

He's here.

Phil starts the car and peels out. He sticks his hand out the window and flips Sykes off.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Sykes shoots at them. He shatters the rear window but the Escalade gets away.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Phil and Mr. Kim are ecstatic.

MR. KIM

We fucking did it!

PHIL

Hang on, Eugene. We're taking you to the hospital.

Phil floors the gas.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY MAIN WORK AREA

Sykes searches the area where he last saw the briefcase, but he can't find it. He's angry now and throws shit around as hard as he can.

Sykes takes a deep breath, regains his composure, grabs an Uzi, and walks out of the factory.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Phil drives as Mr. Kim breathes heavily. Phil takes out Jang's phone and dials a number. It rings.

MR. KIM

Nine-one-one?

PHIL

Sarah.

It goes to voice mail.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Sykes walks over to a bushy area. He removes some branches revealing Sarah's car.

He opens the trunk and there Sarah is. Gagged and alive.

Sykes looks around. He pulls out his cell phone and calls his most recent incoming call.

INT. ESCALADE - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Jang's phone rings. The caller ID says Sykes.

MR. KIM

Is it really him?

It continues to ring. Phil stares at the name. Finally, he picks up. The car has Bluetooth and the call is on speaker.

SYKES (O.S.)

You got some balls, Phil.

PHIL

I keep hearing that tonight.

SYKES

I want to make an exchange.

Sykes rips off Sarah's gag.

SARAH

Phil!

Phil and Mr. Kim's faces fall in shock.

SYKES

Why don't you come back here and we can exchange Sarah for my briefcase?

PHIL

Well, Sykes. I'm afraid that we can't do that.

MR. KIM

What?

Phil mutes the call.

PHIL

Don't worry, Mr. Kim. I will handle this.

SYKES
Okay, then I'll just kill your
fiancée.

Phil un-mutes.

 PHIL
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

 SYKES
Enlighten me on why I shouldn't.

 PHIL
Because if you do anything to her,
then this briefcase is going
directly to El Indio along with the
story of how I got it.

 SYKES
El Indio's people will kill you.

 PHIL
That's fine as long as they know
about how much you fucked up
tonight.

Sykes silently laughs to himself. He underestimated this kid.

 PHIL (CONT'D)
I hear that he's a man who takes
punishment out on families.

 SYKES
So what do you propose?

 PHIL
The Ames Junkyard. Be there in
exactly half an hour. If you're
early or late, then the deal is
off.

Sykes grabs Sarah. She screams.

 SYKES
You got it.

 PHIL
And Sykes, don't hurt the girl.

Sykes hangs up on him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Escalade speeds down a deserted street.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Sykes points the Uzi at Sarah's head.

SARAH
Please don't kill me.

SYKES
What's the deal with your
boyfriend?

SARAH
I don't understand.

SYKES
He's smart and he can fight. Where
did he get those skills?

SARAH
I don't know.

SYKES
Is he in the military?

SARAH
No.

SYKES
Don't lie to me.

SARAH
He was in the army for four years.
But was discharged.

Sykes shakes his head.

SYKES
Special forces?

SARAH
I don't know. He doesn't talk about
it.

He slams the trunk down on her.

EXT. AMES JUNKYARD ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Escalade crashes through the gate of the junkyard.

It drives into the vast maze of broken cars that are stacked up and fades into the darkness.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Sykes drives.

EXT. AMES JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Montage of Phil and Mr. Kim Preparing:

1. Mr. Kim siphons gasoline out of cars that have not been junked yet.
2. Phil collects car batteries.
3. Phil tries to open the office, but it is locked.
4. Mr. Kim twists the copper ends of various wires pulled from cars to splice them together.
5. Phil collects spare car parts.
6. Mr. Kim bends the parts into sharp, makeshift spears.
7. Phil places Mr. Kim inside the control booth of a crane.
8. Phil steps into the junkyard with his gun and a "spear", ready for battle.
9. Mr. Kim finds cigarettes in the the booth. He lights up.
10. Phil checks the clip on Jang's gun. Only one bullet left.

EXT. AMES JUNKYARD ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sarah's car drives through the broken gate.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Sykes' cell phone rings. Caller ID says Jang. He answers.

PHIL (O.S.)
Turn off the car and walk inside.
If I don't see Sarah, I'll shoot
you.

SYKES
You got it, boss.

Sykes hangs up.

EXT. AMES JUNKYARD ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sykes gets out of the car. He opens the trunk and pulls Sarah out.

He puts her in a headlock and presses his gun against her temple as they walk inside.

EXT. AMES JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Sykes slowly leads Sarah as he scans for where Phil could be.

CRASH

A car about 60 feet away from him falls from the top of a stack, to the ground.

Sykes instinctively points his gun in that direction.

CRASH

Another car falls down, but this time it's 100 feet in the opposite direction.

Again, Sykes swings his gun to that noise.

Sykes lowers the gun and chuckles.

SYKES
Hey Phil!

No Answer.

SYKES (CONT'D)
I got a proposal. How'd you like to
work for me?

Sykes looks for a sign of life, but the place is silent.

SYKES (CONT'D)
 You got skills. And since you
 fucked up my dog, I need a new
 helper. The money is pretty good,
 and if you join me, I won't kill
 Sarah. What do you say?

Another car falls behind Sykes. He doesn't flinch.

SYKES (CONT'D)
 I know that you were in the special
 forces. You fight well, but you're
 also rusty. From the car stunts,
 I'd bet you were a combat engineer.

He lets go of Sarah, takes out his phone, and calls Jang.

SYKES (CONT'D)
 I was in the 20th. Third battalion.

The call connects, but the place is silent. He hangs up.

SYKES (CONT'D)
 Look, I'll just make this simple.
 Come out and give me the briefcase
 now or I'll kill Sarah.

BANG

The side mirror on a car next to Sykes is blown away.

Sykes' cell phone rings. He picks up.

Sykes pulls Sarah closer to him. He also pulls a grenade out
 of his coat pocket.

PHIL (O.S.)
 I have the power to kill you right
 now.

SYKES
 If you did, then I'd be dead
 already.

A floodlight about 150 feet away from Sykes turns on. Under
 it is the briefcase.

PHIL
 You got two choices. I can kill you
 now or you can let her go, collect
 the briefcase, and go on your way.

SYKES
 No.

He pulls Sarah and drags her to the briefcase.

SYKES (CONT'D)

You got a problem, you can shoot me right now. Otherwise, I think you're full of shit because I should be dead already.

CRACK

A large piece of metal strikes Sykes in the head.

He's bleeding and dazed. He lets go of Sarah.

Phil emerges from between two stacks of wrecked cars. He keeps his gun aimed at Sykes.

Sarah gets behind Phil.

Sykes realizes what has happened.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Nice work.

He holds up his hands.

One of them has a grenade without a pin.

Phil keeps the gun aimed at Sykes' chest.

SYKES (CONT'D)

How do you want to play this?

Phil takes a step back and Sykes takes a step forward.

PHIL

Run back to the entrance, Sarah.

SYKES

You sure about that?

Phil keeps the gun aimed at Sykes.

PHIL

I said run.

Sarah hesitates for a second. She doesn't want to leave him. But she sees resolve in his eyes. Phil knows what he is doing so she listens and runs away.

Sykes and Phil stare at each other.

SYKES

So which group were you in?

PHIL
Sixth Group. Second Battalion.

SYKES
There's a lot of good guys in the second.

Phil watches Sarah turn the corner and disappear.

SYKES (CONT'D)
You look a little young to have retired. You're not interested in a pension?

PHIL
Nope.

SYKES
Why'd you leave?

PHIL
It wasn't for me, so when I had a chance to get out I took it.

SYKES
Not everyone's meant for it. Even if they can pass the training. How many people have you killed?

PHIL
Less than you.

SYKES
All right, enough chit chat. You ruined my dog and I am very angry about that.

PHIL
You're the one that killed him.

Phil slowly starts to walk backwards.

Sykes moves forward, keeping their distance the same.

PHIL (CONT'D)
If you woke up this morning and started the day off by killing yourself, a lot of people would have been better off.

SYKES
Fuck them.

Phil grabs a broken car door.

Sykes looks down and sees that he is standing over wires coming out of the ground.

An IED.

He tosses the grenade at Phil and runs.

The IED explodes and Sykes is blown into the air from the force of the blast.

Phil shields himself from the explosion. He turns to the grenade as it explodes and he is blown off his feet.

He's thrown into a car. He's still alive, but his left arm is badly burnt.

He's dazed. He grabs his gun from the floor and scans the area for Sykes.

WACK

Phil is hit in the head from behind with a piece of scrap metal by Sykes. Sykes is cut up and slightly burnt, but not too bad.

Phil falls to the ground.

SYKES (CONT'D)

That IED was a nice trick.

Sykes kicks Phil.

SYKES (CONT'D)

First I'm going to kill you. Then I'm going to slowly kill Sarah in front of her father, before I kill him.

Sykes alternates between kicking and beating Phil with the scrap metal. He really enjoys this.

Phil tries to hold up his hands, but it's no use.

Phil is a bloody mess and not moving.

Sykes stops to catch his breath.

He looks down the junkyard's path and sees that.

The briefcase is gone.

SYKES (CONT'D)

That fucking bitch.

Sykes runs away to find her now.

EXT. AMES JUNKYARD ANOTHER SECTION - NIGHT

Sarah frantically runs with the briefcase.

She turns and hits a dead end.

She does an about-face and runs back the way she came.

She turns again and enters the scrapyard.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - NIGHT

The scrapyard is littered with tall dunes of twisted metal.

At the center of it are large containers and a gigantic crane with a huge magnet.

A warehouse is at the end of it.

Sarah runs to the warehouse.

She tries opening its doors, but they're all locked.

Sykes stumbles into the scrap yard with his gun drawn.

Sarah doesn't see him.

He's about 50 feet away from her. He raises his gun and shoots.

The bullet misses her.

She turns around and sees the hitman.

He fires another shot and hits the briefcase.

She runs away.

He picks up his pace.

SYKES

The easier you make this for me,
the easier I'll make your
suffering.

Sarah turns a corner and is out of his view.

SYKES (CONT'D)

I can shoot you in the heart and it will be quick and relatively painless.

Sarah runs on top of one of the scrap dunes.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Or I can do you jihad-style and slowly chop off your head with a knife. What's it going to be?

Sykes turns the corner.

Silence.

CLINK...

A piece of metal falls down the dune.

He looks up and sees Sarah.

He raises the gun and shoots. The bullet hits the briefcase again.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Stay there.

Sykes climbs up the dune.

Sarah kicks some metal down and it hits Sykes.

He shoots her and she drops.

EXT. SCRAPYARD DUNE - NIGHT

Sykes climbs to the top.

Sarah struggles to stand. He shot her in the shoulder.

SYKES

That was really unnecessary.

He kicks her.

Phil sneaks up behind him and cracks Sykes in the kneecap with the butt of an improvised "spear" made out of scrap.

Sykes' leg buckles and he drops to his knees. Phil raises the spear for the kill.

Sykes shoots Phil in the stomach. Phil rolls off the dune.

Sykes gets up and returns his focus to Sarah.

SYKES (CONT'D)
I really wanted to take care of you
Jihad-style.

Sykes bends down and grabs the briefcase.

SYKES (CONT'D)
But there is a new toy that I am
dying to try out.

He takes out his key and sticks it in the briefcase's lock.

WHAM

Sykes is slammed by the magnet from the crane.

A few pieces of metal jump up and stick to it, but Sykes
flies into the air and loses his gun.

INT. CRANE CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Mr. Kim is at the controls with a cigarette in his mouth. He
watches Sykes fall behind another dune. His attention goes to
Sarah, and then he notices the magnet full of metal.

MR. KIM
I guess you don't have a magnetic
personality, Sykes.

Mr. Kim tries to see where Sykes landed, but it's out of his
view.

EXT. SCRAPYARD DUNE - NIGHT

Sarah breathes heavily. She struggles to get back on her
feet.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - NIGHT

Phil gets to his feet and clenches his stomach. It's bleeding
badly. He grabs a piece of metal to use as a club and
searches for Sykes.

He approaches the area where Sykes' body should be. But it's
not there.

Sykes appears out of the shadows and he rushes Phil.

Phil drops the club.

Phil's bullet in the stomach has taken a lot of the fight out of him. He can still stand, but Sykes pushes him far.

Sykes slams Phil onto a conveyor belt full of junk. He pushes a button on the controls and it turns on.

Phil gasps for air. He's in a lot of pain. Sykes jumps on top of Phil and strangles him with his bare hands.

For good measure, he also throws his knee into Phil's stomach wound.

SYKES

This is the end of your story,
cowboy. You die here.

At the end of this conveyor belt is a ramp that leads down into an industrial-strength shredder that can turn a fucking bus into small pieces of metal to be melted down.

Phil tries to pry off Sykes' hands, but he is too weak.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Do I let you pass out before you're
ripped apart, or do I let go so you
can feel the pain?

They're getting close to the top. Phil tries to fight.

Sykes releases his hands.

SYKES (CONT'D)

I think you should feel it.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Sykes looks at his chest and there are four bullet holes.

BANG.

Blood sprays out of Sykes' forehead and he falls to the ground.

Phil is one foot away from the edge. He can't move.

Sarah drops the gun and hits the red button on the controls.

Phil's head reaches the end of the of the belt as it stops.

She painfully pulls herself onto the conveyor belt and climbs up to Phil.

Phil is pale and sweaty. He's been wounded badly and it hurts, but seeing Sarah makes him smile.

Sarah takes off her jacket and uses it to put pressure on his stomach wound.

PHIL
You killed him.

Sarah grins.

SARAH
Someone had to step up to it.

Phil laughs. Sarah almost cries, but holds it back. She needs to be strong for him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Hang on for me. We're going to get you to a hospital.

Phil nods.

Mr. Kim, using a piece of scrap metal as a crutch, limps over to the conveyor controls.

Sykes is lying on the ground, bleeding out, hole in the head, and eyes wide open in a death stare.

Mr. Kim pokes him with the crutch just to make sure. Sykes is motionless. Definitely dead. Mr. Kim lights up a cigarette in satisfaction.

Sarah sees her father.

MR. KIM
How is he?

SARAH
We need an ambulance.

MR. KIM
You got it.

He reaches into Sykes' jacket, pulls out his gold iPhone that Sykes stole earlier, and calls 911.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Nine-one-one.

MR. KIM
Yes, hello?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Please hold.

MR. KIM

We have a very bad gun shot wound!

Too late. He's put on hold.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Mr. Kim keeps the phone to his ear and looks at the conveyor belt controls.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

Hang on, Sarah. I'm going to lower you guys down.

SARAH

Okay.

He pushes the reverse button and they slowly come down to the bottom. Phil looks terrible, but he's still conscious.

PHIL

How's your leg?

MR. KIM

Still hurts, but I'll live. How's your shoulder, Sarah?

SARAH

I'll be all right.

Mr. Kim removes Sykes' jacket and places it on Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

Sarah takes the jacket and puts it on Phil.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I thought you two were just going out for a drink.

MR. KIM

Things got a little complicated.

Sarah looks to Phil for an explanation.

PHIL

Things got very complicated.

SARAH

What does that even mean?

MR. KIM

Don't get mad at him. Get mad at me. I was in a bad situation and I brought Phil into it. I should be dead right now, but he saved my life.

Mr. Kim throws away his cigarette.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

As far as I'm concerned, your fiancée is a hero. And I'd be honored to call him my son-in-law.

Sarah looks at Phil and they smile. That meant a lot to them.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

What's the emergency?

MR. KIM

Ames junkyard. Gunshot wounds. One very critical. And the killer from Jefferson Street is here.

EXT. AMES JUNKYARD ENTRANCE - MORNING

EMS WORKERS push Phil into an ambulance and drive off.

Sarah is carried in a stretcher. She sees her father giving a statement to a DETECTIVE (40s). He stops talking and excuses himself. He takes a pair of crutches and goes to his daughter.

MR. KIM

How are you feeling?

SARAH

Terrible now that the shock is wearing off. How's Phil?

MR. KIM

They're bringing him to the hospital now. The medic said he will need emergency surgery.

Sarah cringes. Mr. Kim takes her hand.

MR. KIM (CONT'D)

He's a survivor, Sarah. He'll make it.

SARAH

I know.

She is lifted into the ambulance and the doors close. Mr. Kim watches her drive away.

Mr. Kim is tapped on the shoulder. He turns around and sees Vogel. Mr. Kim almost shits his pants.

VOGEL

Jang is dead. His crew is dead. And Sykes is dead. Everyone who knew about you and what you did is gone. Except me.

MR. KIM

What about El Indio?

VOGEL

El Indio doesn't know who you are. And he doesn't care. All he wants is what he paid for Jang to get him.

MR. KIM

The briefcase?

VOGEL

It would be best for you to never mention it again.

The look in Vogel's eyes is intense. Mr. Kim isn't sure what to make of him.

MR. KIM

So what do you propose you and I do now?

VOGEL

For now, we forget about each other and we forget about the briefcase.

MR. KIM

I can do that.

VOGEL

You don't mention me or my partner.

MR. KIM

I don't think we ever met before.

VOGEL

Make sure your son-in-law gets the message.

Vogel takes out a business card and gives it to Mr. Kim.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Call me if you ever need anything.
I'm expensive, but worth it. But
you already know that.

Vogel walks away and rejoins his colleagues. Mr. Kim breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - MORNING

Sykes' dead body is covered up.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE takes the briefcase and leaves it next to the corpse.

Sampson picks it up and carries it through the massive crime scene.

EXT. AMES JUNKYARD ENTRANCE - MORNING

Sampson takes it past all of the police vehicles and out of the junkyard.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The briefcase is placed on the ground and Sampson walks away.

SOMEONE (man but face unseen) picks it up and walks away from the crime scene and into the real world.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

It's at least six months later, judging from the summer weather.

An outdoor wedding is set up and about 100 guests are present. Standing at the altar is Phil. He's cleaned up from when we last saw him, and between his new haircut and tuxedo, he looks great.

Mr. Kim walks Sarah down the aisle. She has a wedding dress with just one strap covering the shoulder that was shot. Mr. Kim has a slight limp.

They reach the alter and Mr. Kim hands Sarah to Phil. They shake hands. Mr. Kim is overwhelmed with so much happiness that he almost cries.

Phil and Sarah turn their attention to the PRIEST (woman, 50s). Mr. Kim takes a seat next to MRS. KIM (60s) and he watches his daughter get married.

FADE OUT.