

THE GANGSTER, THE COP, AND THE COWBOY

by
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PART 1: THE GANGSTER

INT. SMALL CAR - NIGHT

DRIVER

Hey, I hope everything goes
alright in there.

ARTHUR

What?

DRIVER

Just, ya know, I hope you do fine.

ARTHUR

Do fine? Of course I'll do
alright. All I'm doing is having a
drink with the boss, what's your
problem?

DRIVER

Listen man, it's 2AM and I'm
dropping you off for a fucking
'drink'? We run a legitimate
business here, and he wants YOU to
have a drink in the middle of the
night?

ARTHUR

2AM, 4AM, 6AM, whatever it is, it
doesn't matter. All this is a
casual drink.

DRIVER

I don't know man, I'm just putting
the pieces together. You remember
what he did to your brother.

Arthur sits back down into the back seat. There's a beat.

ARTHUR

You know what, fuck you man. I
think I know what you're trying to
say to me. You think that the boss
would be suspicious of me for some
reason. Guess what, jackass. I
didn't do shit. Fuck you for even
assuming I did anything because I
didn't, alright? I really didn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

I don't know man, you sound weird right now. Who said there was shit being done? You hiding something?

ARTHUR

Blow me, bitch. You're the worst, most piece of shit driver I've ever had. I'm gonna go in there and do so fine you won't believe it. Fuck you.

Arthur tries to get out, but the backseat door is locked. Slowly, comically, he looks back at the driver, who glances at him through the rearview window. He dramatically presses the unlock button. Arthur leaves, then pokes his head back into the car.

ARTHUR

Fuck you.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Arthur walks towards the bar. A close shot now, of only his face. He doesn't want to go in, and takes a reluctant deep breath. He knows what he has to do. Shot behind his back and the restaurant in front of him. Arthur looks up and walks into enemy waters.

INT. VINCENT'S BAR - NIGHT

Low shot of the boss, tracking up. He's sitting relaxed behind a table, with a drink on the rocks. A little too relaxed, with a smile. This guy knows what he's doing. His bodyguard sits at the bar at a distance. He gets up and handshake/hugs Arthur. Arthur walks into the restaurant, a new man from the one he was previously. He has a new facade of confidence, and struts to the bar almost too arrogantly.

VINCENT

Hey, Arthur! How have you been.

ARTHUR

Good, uncle, very good. How about yourself?

VINCENT

Oh, I'm doing just fine now Joey. Come, sit with me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT (CONT'D)

By the way, my business associate
in the back there, don't mind him
at all. You know how business is.

A dark, faceless figure is seen in the back of the bar,
who pays no regard to the two and continues drinking his
dark elixir.

ARTHUR

I guess you could say so, yeah.
Um, Uncle Tony can I - er - can I
ask why you

(Arthur leans into
the table)

Requested I come see you here?

He almost whispers it. The tension is palpable, and
there's a pause.

VINCENT

What, a boss can't have a drink
with one of his most loyal
employees? You're practically a
son to me, Arthur.

ARTHUR

(Relieved)

Yeah, you're right boss, I never
really thought of it that way.

VINCENT

Tender, two White Russians.

ARTHUR

Oh, no, I don't drink.

VINCENT

Don't be rude in my bar. Drink
with me. So, what have you been up
to lately?

ARTHUR

Oh you know, just odd jobs, this
and that, the usual stuff. How's
business?

VINCENT

That's actually why I wanted you
here tonight, it's been a while
since I filled you in about our
operation here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

Oh great, that's great.

VINCENT

This morning though, we lost two good men. It was a real horror show.

ARTHUR

Oh, well that's just terrible, I'm so sorry... Well, uh how did it happen?

VINCENT

I was storing something of mine. Some, very, very valuable information.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A zoom in of the information on the table at the hotel.

INT. VINCENT'S BAR - NIGHT

ARTHUR

What kind of information?

VINCENT

What the fuck does that matter to you?

The boss slams his fist on the table in anger, and his facade drops for a moment.

ARTHUR

Boss, I meant nothing by it, just curious is all. Forget I even said anything.

VINCENT

(regaining composure)
Of course, Arthur, I'm so sorry for that outburst. Where are my manners? Of course you'd say that.

Joey is visibly unsettled by this statement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Any how, I had some guys
protecting this, eh, business
asset of mine.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The body guards are seen in the hotel, one watching the
TV and one fiddling with a shotgun.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Some of my best men, Arthur. Then
all of a sudden...

The door is suddenly kicked down in slow motion.

This whole scene is slow-mo. Separate shots of the two
guards reacting to this, and then there's two bangs and
they both drop to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S BAR - NIGHT

VINCENT

My poor men had been killed and my
assets had been stolen by some
cheap fucker.

ARTHUR

Well, have you found this guy?

VINCENT

I have a few people in mind. Not
just anyone would do this to me.
Me of all people. This was a
personal attack, you see?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The legs of the intruder. Perpendicular tracking shot of
the intruder's feet as he walks up to the desk. Close
shot of his hand grabbing the alit envelope, followed by
a back shot of him putting it into his back pocket and
walking out. Just as Vincent says "Would ya?" Arthur
turns and it is revealed that he is the thief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT (V.O.)
I feel as though this came from
someone within my inner circle.
The last person that tried to do
this to me was your brother, Joey.
And we all know what happened to
him. You'd never be as foolish as
your brother, kid. Would ya?

CUT TO:

MATCH CUT OF ARTHUR'S FACE AS HE IS STEALING THE
INFORMATION AND HIS FACE AT THE TABLE.

INT. VINCENT'S BAR - NIGHT

ARTHUR
I'd never.

The boss leans back, glaring at Arthur.

VINCENT
I'm sure you wouldn't. So, you've
picked up some hobbies?

ARTHUR
Come on Vincent, you know I always
keep working, and I -

The waiter appears from offscreen and begins to pour the
two glasses.

(Vincent interjects
suddenly)

VINCENT
Allow me.

He grabs the waiter's arm aggressively and begins to pour
the glasses. He pours his own, and glares at Joey, while
pouring his glass.

VINCENT
Got a girl?

ARTHUR
I don't have a lot of time these
days. Can't really settle down.

VINCENT
Same here Arthur, cheers to that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vincent pushes the glass across the table, with the camera focused on the glass. As the glass ends its sliding, the camera focuses on Vincent, who gives a sinister look at the camera. Both men now have drinks. They cheers, then take the shots with single straits of their faces. Horizontal shots of them slamming the glasses down on the table. Shot of Arthur now, and there's the sound of a gun cocking. The bodyguard is now fully focused on the two men. A shot of Vincent, whose hand is under the table.

VINCENT

Did YOU HEAR THAT KID?

Vincent turns around in an over the top incredulity. He points to his bodyguard with his free hand.

VINCENT

DID YOU JUST HEAR THAT? What the Hell was that?

Vincent continues with this funny attitude in a direct face shot, which moves down to show his gun pointed at Arthur underneath the table. The same shot then tracks upward, to a direct shot of Joey's face. The boss finally quiets down, and the shot tracks down to Joey's hand underneath the table, which, to our surprise, holds a pistol. He cocks his gun.

ARTHUR

I heard that.

Horizontal shot of the two men, guns drawn underneath the table. The bodyguard sits with his hand in his coat on the other side of the bar. Arthur is serious, a man with a mission, while Vincent grins devilishly: he loves it.

VINCENT

That's my boy Arthur. Give me the envelope.

A long pause, where both men breathe intensely. The boss grins.

VINCENT

Well, at least you got more balls than ya brotha.

Arthur immediately smashes Tony's with the glass, and the chase scene begins.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PERRYSBURG - NIGHT

Beethoven's 9th, begins. At each of the starting beats, the reactions of the henchman, Vincent, and Arthur are all shown. As the music begins, a shot goes down the sidewalk parallel to the street. In slow motion, Arthur comes barreling out of the restaurant, racing towards and eventually past the camera, illuminated by streetlights. As the music heightens, Vincent comes racing out as well, blood and glass all over his face, gun in hand. The chase begins. The two sprint down the street, and Arthur sprints into traffic. Drone shot (if possible) of the two running across the street. Vincent fires several shots at Arthur. Maybe mix in some shots of their feet on the road. Back to a low shot, the alleyway. Arthur sprints past the camera and into the alley before turning right. Vincent follows close behind, and fires several shots towards the now offscreen Arthur before returning to the chase. Arthur leads him down the street and down the hill to the docks. Illuminated by the moonlight, with a church in the background, Arthur turns left at the docks, with a tracking steady shot behind him. The music quiets, and the only sound is of Arthur's manic heavy breathing and laughter. He has escaped Vincent's restaurant alive, and rejoices. He has won the power struggle. Then,

BOOM

Arthur, looking back during his mad dash, runs headfirst into a branch ahead of him and falls to the ground. The screen fades to black.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

Arthur, covered in dirt, is seen from a high angle crumpled on the ground. He is lit by moonlight. He slowly wakes. His face is suddenly illuminated by a light and he looks upwards. Shot of the boss's face, lighting a cigarette in his mouth, with only the front half of his face being seen in the light of the lighter. The boss steps into the light, and raises his gun at Joey so that it takes up a majority of the screen. Joey falls back down, defeated. Vincent takes a pull from the cigarette.

VINCENT

Congratulations Arthur, ya got me
smoking again.

ARTHUR

I'll fucking kill you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Yanno even after what we've been through, me, you, and your brother, even after what I had to do to him. I still didn't think you'd betray me.

ARTHUR

Clearly you don't know your employees well enough.

VINCENT

Gimme the letter Arthur. Maybe I'll put one less bullet in your skull if you do.

ARTHUR

(Laughs)

You really think I still have the fucking letter? Come on Vincent, even I thought you respected me a little more than that.

Vincent cocks the pistol.

VINCENT

Where is it?

Joey spits at him.

VINCENT

I didn't think you were as dumb as your brother. I think I was wrong.

ARTHUR

I think you were wrong about the both of us.

The boss smiles.

VINCENT

Yanno Arthur, I would've died for you. Now you're gonna die for me.

Close shot of the boss's face as Vincent's pistol cracks and Joey's blood squirts up back at him.

FADE IN:

EXT. PHONE CALL - THE NEXT DAY

Establishing shot of the bodyguard at the phone booth, now midday. A close shot of his feet, panning up as he dials the phone. He puts the phone to his ear and looks around as the call is going through. Wide shot of the boss's red car as he throws a shovel into the trunk. He walks around the car before picking up his cell.

VINCENT

Who the fuck is this?

HENRY

Hello? Vincent?

VINCENT

Donny! Just the guy I wanted to hear from!

HENRY

Yeah boss, did- did you uh wack that kid?

VINCENT

Listen, I took care of him, it's whatever. Now did you search that bar like I asked you?

HENRY

Well, yeah boss, all I found was this pamphlet.

The boss's face drops.

VINCENT

You found my information - I mean that pamphlet?

HENRY

Yeah it seems like some old piece of crap.

VINCENT

Donny, whatever you do, do NOT OPEN THAT. I swear to you Donny there is some precious shit in there.

HENRY

Vincent I would never do such a thing, come on. I won't open it.

Henry proceeds to tear open the yellow paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Donny don't be fucking with me right now. You're fired if you open that shit, OK? Matter of fact, I'll wack you myself if you read those fucking words Donny.

HENRY

Yeah, yeah I hear you.

Donny begins to read as the boss continues to beliger him over the phone. He gradually becomes more and more engrossed in what he's reading.

VINCENT

Donny? DONNY? Answer me you son of a bitch.

Donny's face turns from intrigued to horrified.

HENRY

Vincent...

Donny drops the phone, and it dangles at his knees as the boss continues to throw a fit.

VINCENT

Donny! Where are you? Talk to me Don. Donny. DONNY!

"Wanderer" by Dion slowly starts to play and rises in volume as we return to the first establishing shot. Don, now alone and wandering, looks around in incredulity.

Either we cut to a drone shot, from high, of him sprinting away from the scene, OR

We keep the shot at the phone and show his legs nervously jump around, then run away down the street.

Both ways, the music reaches full sound, and we cut to black. A large "TO BE CONTINUED" fills the screen

A record scratch sounds in the music.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DAY

Vincent flies down a road with the camera slowly zooming in on his eyes through the rearview mirror. His engine noise fills the audio, and he is furious;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

his knuckles are white on the dash and his brows are furrowed with rage. He is coming for Donny. Slowly, we fade to black as the sounds of his engine dim.

PART 2: THE COP

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Our protagonist, Donny, runs in from offscreen right and into the apartment. His footsteps and panting are heard as he jolts through the lot. He runs through the hall, and into his room, slamming the door behind him. His eyes are panicking, and he runs to grab a chair and prop it against the door. He pauses for a moment, his mind racing, before rushing to his desk and throwing the pamphlet down as if it's a leech that he plucks out of his chest. He is seen from the view of the pamphlet pacing back and forth in the cramped room, and the camera follows his lateral movement. Suddenly, he starts to lose it, and begins kicking everywhere and screaming swear words. A freeze frame happens as he kicks the bed and screams

HENRY

FUCK!

HENRY (VOICEOVER)

My name is Private Henry Bell, and they better be preparing my fucking parade. I never really wanted to be a cop, but my father was an officer, just like his father before him. I wasn't exactly the cop you're thinking of though.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Bell working in a cubicle doing paperwork in glasses and suspenders, with his hair slicked back tight.

HENRY (VOICEOVER)

I was the guy that did the paperwork for all the real heroes. Hell, I didn't even have a gun. I shot a gun once during basic and sprained my wrist. I was, to put it simply, a bitch.

CHIEF DAVIS

Bell! Come in my office!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chief is a larger man with suspenders, sitting in his office smoking a cigarette.

HENRY (VOICEOVER)
I thought I would be getting a
plaque for employee of the month

The chief hands him a gun instead, and the camera tilts to a confused Bell.

CHIEF DAVIS
You ever been in the field?

HENRY
No Chief, I've only been from my
desk to the bathroom.

CHIEF DAVIS
We're sending you undercover,
Henry.

HENRY
Sir, I-

CHIEF DAVIS
(Interrupting him)
We need you to infiltrate and
arrest a high value target.
Considering the fact that you have
no family living in the area, you
are a perfect fit to disappear.

HENRY
Hold on-

CHIEF DAVIS
You start next week.

HENRY
What? With all due respect sir
there is no way I'm going
undercover for even a se-

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Close up to Henry's face, and it zooms out to show a boss beating the shit out of some blindfolded guy tied to a chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY (VOICEOVER)

Before I knew it, I had a whole new identity. Everything was changed, from my clothes to my hair to my name. I was now Donny, his second cousin from out of state. His real cousin Donny was killed by a heart attack two years ago, but Vincent didn't know that. Because I was "family", he trusted me, and quickly I entered his inner circle. In the beginning, I worked as a grunt on odd jobs, and the closest I got to action was a getaway driver.

Henry smokes a cigarette, leaning against a car, and the boss busts out of a building with another member of the gang, holding a gun and a large bag.

VINCENT

Start the fucking car Donny. Now!

He starts the car, the two get in, and the three speed away. The car speeds through the roads, and pulls into the warehouse. Through the trees, cop cars search for them.

HENRY (VOICEOVER)

He runs a groundskeeping business as a front for his real business, which is primarily drug trafficking. It's low profile and brings in a little bit of cash, but his warehouse isn't just for storing lawnmowers and mulch. Everything goes down here, including the end of this failed deal.

The three men stare at the car, still holding their guns.

GANG MEMBER 1

Well shit, what do we do now.

VINCENT

We sit here and wait. The cops don't have shit to pin against us.

HENRY

The plates. They can trace the plates back here and we're fucked. Any good cop would know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The two gangsters stare at Henry for a beat.

HENRY

I mean I assume they would.

As they talk, cop cars drive through the street behind them.

GANG MEMBER 1

Well how the hell are we gonna get rid of this car. We can't just blow it up and all our problems go away.

There's a beat, and the three men look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIGHT OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

All three run away, and the car exploding in the background behind them. In a separate shot, the three then all watch as the car burns in a brilliant flame, and Vincent suddenly shoots the nameless gang member.

HENRY

Holy shit, Wha- what the fuck did you do that for?

VINCENT

Why do you think the hit went sideways? Mister fucking super-villain decided to try and go off script and take hostages. He's lucky I didn't kill him an hour ago.

He points the gun at Henry.

VINCENT

I don't mess around with traitors.

Henry looks shocked for a second, until the boss laughs at him and walks away, gun in hand. Henry stares at the raging fire of the ruined car.

VINCENT

(Laughing)

I want you with me on jobs from now on.

Henry stares at the fire, then glances down at the dead body below him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Shit.

Henry picks up the dead body, and moves out of frame.

HENRY (VOICEOVER)

I've killed three people for this
stupid little gang. THREE. It
really never got any easier.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY, LIT BY STREETLAMP - NIGHT

Henry and Vincent stand in an alley, and a man kneels
before them with a bag tied around his head

VINCENT

Waste him.

Henry points the gun at the man, hand shaking, and turns
away in anguish before shooting the man. Cut back to the
wide shot of the alley, and Henry stares numbly.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH PEW - NIGHT

Henry kneels in a pew, head down and hands up in prayer.

HENRY (VOICEOVER)

I found myself spending late
nights in church. I never did the
bread and wine bullshit, but I
needed any salvation I could get.
I spent 8 months like this,
pretending to be this terrible
character, living scared and
alone. I didn't know who I was
anymore. It was tearing me apart.

A janitor taps him on the shoulder.

JANITOR

Hey pal, I'm going to need you to
leave.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

We return to the freeze frame where we left Henry.

HENRY (VOICEOVER)

Now I'm in deep, too fucking deep.

He continues frantically pacing the room, searching for his disposable phone. He does a double take, and is seen from the angle of the phone. He aggressively struts towards it and fumbles it around before pickling it up and dialing.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

OPERATOR

Wood County Police Department, how may I help you?

HENRY

Yes hello I need to speak to Chief Davis immediately.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry sir, he's in a meeting, I can put you on hold?

HENRY

NO, I... no. Tell him it's officer Bell.

OPERATOR

Officer Bell has missing for the past 8 months.

HENRY

Listen lady you don't understand. He needs to hear this information. People may die.

The operator pulls the phone away from her face and looks at Chief Davis in his office meeting.

OPERATOR

If this is a prank call, just know that you are committing a crime.

HENRY

I swear to God it's not, just please let me talk to Davis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Continuous shot of her walking through the office corridor and into the boss's office.

OPERATOR

Chief, there's someone claiming to be Officer Bell on line 2 that wants to speak with you.

The chief sitting in his office gives a knowing acknowledgement.

CHIEF DAVIS

Charlie, could you step out of my office for a sec?

The man in his office leaves, and the chief stares at the phone on his desk. He breathes a little before picking up the line.

CHIEF DAVIS

You know damn well you shouldn't be calling this number.

HENRY

No chief you don't understand. I got it.

The chief stands up out of his chair, amazed, and the camera pushes into his face.

CHIEF DAVIS

Meet me at the spot in 20 minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD - DAY

Henry pulls into an apple orchard, and walks into its labyrinth. He holds the pamphlet in his hands. Shots behind trees follow him, and aerial shots loom overhead. Sounds of his feet crunching leaves and grass as he walks. An apple rolls to his shoes, and the camera tilts up to reveal the police chief, who dramatically bites into an apple. A walk-and-talk then ensues, with the camera in front of the two characters.

CHIEF DAVIS

You look like shit.

HENRY

Were you followed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF DAVIS

I was going to ask you the same question

HENRY

No.

(Hesitantly)

I mean I don't think so.

CHIEF DAVIS

What do you mean you don't think so?

HENRY

I don't fucking know where the guy is alright! I have no fucking clue!

CHIEF DAVIS

Jesus Henry calm down. For all he knows, you're still just a regular guy in his inner circle.

HENRY

No chief you don't get, he knows.

Henry rips the envelope out of his jacket pocket.

HENRY

He knows I have this and he knows what's inside.

CHIEF DAVIS

This is it?

Davis takes the envelope and begins to read.

HENRY

Didn't you hear what I just said? He is going to find me Dan and he is gonna put a bullet in my fuckin head.

CHIEF DAVIS

Man o man has he done some fucked up shit, huh?

HENRY

Are you fucking listening to me?

He grabs the chief by the collar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

Do you have any idea what I'm going through right now? Do you know the stress I've been under the past day, not knowing whether he'll be right around the corner with a goddamn .38 magnum?

The chief stops reading and glares at Henry.

CHIEF DAVIS

Yes, desk boy, as a matter of fact I do. It's called being a fucking police officer.

He rips his hands off of his coat.

CHIEF DAVIS

What do you want, huh? You want mommy to tell you it's all gonna be alright and give you some vanilla fuckin ice cream? Tuck you in at night and cut the goddamn crusts off your peanut butter and jelly?

HENRY

I want some fucking security man. I wanna know that maybe I'm not just a lamb waiting for its slaughter. That's all.

CHIEF DAVIS

Well I'll get you some warm milk. You have a gun don't you?

HENRY

What do you fucking think?

He pulls his pistol out and points it at him. The chief uses his index finger to move the gun away from his face, unfazed. He looks back at the document.

CHIEF DAVIS

This might just be enough to lock this man away for a long, long time.

HENRY

I know, chief.

CHIEF DAVIS

You should be proud of yourself, Henry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHIEF DAVIS (CONT'D)

I might be proud of you too if you weren't such a pansy bitch all the time. We need to make the arrest.

The chief pauses, thinking about the issue of how to arrest the boss.

CHIEF DAVIS

You need to meet with him. One on one.

HENRY

Oh my fucking god. I knew you were gonna say some dumbass shit like that.

CHIEF DAVIS

Listen Henry, he may know what you stole from him but he doesn't know that you're working for us, right?

HENRY

Right.

CHIEF DAVIS

Ok, good. You need to call up the guy and get him to a time and place so that we can make the arrest.

HENRY

WE? WHO THE HELL IS WE? I'm off this case chief, my work is done. I'm not this 'hero' that you think I am. I'm just the guy that does the fucking paperwork. I need to get out of this, chief, please. Just call some swat team on this guy and lock him up for good. What help could I possibly be right now?

CHIEF DAVIS

You are the one guy on the force that knows him best, Henry. You've been with him for months now and he trusts you. We need your help right now. You don't have to be the hero here but we're gonna need you to do more than just paperwork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HENRY

OK chief. Fine. I'm with you on this one, but after we arrest this fucker, I'm done. I want out of the force.

CHIEF DAVIS

Fine Henry, just finish the job, and call him tonight, the sooner the better. For your own sake.

HENRY

Alright, thanks chief.

The two begin to walk back to their cars.

CHIEF DAVIS

You call me as soon as you get off the phone with him.

HENRY

Will do.

Henry gets into his car and sighs, looking down at the empty seat next to him. We return to the shot of the pamphlet, but it is no longer there. Back to Henry now, who looks off into the distance, and drives off into the dusk. His car pushes through the road, and we cut to him looking into the mirror. The only noises are his breathing and the roaring of cars. He looks back through the rearview mirror, and sees a car with its headlights on behind him. He is obviously uncomfortable by this, paranoid that it may be the boss. He steps on the accelerator, scared, and speeds away panting.

CUT TO:

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry pulls into his apartment, makes his way upstairs, closes his door, and locks it. He sits on his bed, shaking, anticipating an incoming killer. A gun is in his clammy hand and it shakes.

VINCENT (VOICEOVER)

I'm gonna fuckin kill you for this!

The same words he told him on the phone in Part 1.

HENRY

Oh fuck. Oh fuck man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes out his phone, his hand shaking as he holds it. Shot reverse shot of the phone, and Henry looking down at it. He musters up the courage to call the boss, and dials the number. Slow zoom as the phone dials, and Henry freaks out inside. Finally, the boss picks up and the dialing stops. All that is heard is the boss breathing on the other line.

HENRY

Hello? Hello, Vincent?

VINCENT

You got some real balls calling this number.

The boss is only seen from his lips, and his phone speaking.

HENRY

Can we talk?

VINCENT

We're talking right now kid.

HENRY

Vincent, I need to see you. The um- the police could be tapping the phone lines. We need to talk alone.

VINCENT

You expect me to just meet you somewhere, alone?

HENRY

Listen Vin- erm, boss, I'm sorry I ran away from that phone call. I was very, uh, scared. I just need to speak with you about this pamphlet.

VINCENT

And you'd never betray me kid, right? Not after this whole stupid mess and this dumb pamphlet thing. Right? We're just gonna burn that pamphlet and throw this whole situation out of the window.

HENRY

Of course boss, of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

Good, very good. Meet me at the old warehouse, just you and me. We can talk like gentlemen.

HENRY

Yeah sure, boss, no problem. What time should we- I mean I come over?

VINCENT

12 o'clock, midnight. Tonight. Do not be late.

The boss hangs up, and leaves Henry in the same position that he dialed the phone on. Henry looks at it, and dishearteningly throws it in the trash.

He plops down in the chair, exhausted from the day's tribulations, and turns on the lamp beside him to try and recollect himself. He gets up, takes off his suit, and hears footsteps walking down his hallway. Slowly, he gets back into the chair, and switches off the lamp on the table beside him. The plopping of leather shoes echoing through the hall is heard, no music. The tension builds and the only light is the moonlight pouring through the shades and the light underneath the door. His gun is pointed at the door, and he breathes silently as the footsteps continue. As they near the door, he extends his arm out, sticking out the gun for the potential threat. The shadow of the oncoming intruder passes through the blinds and his feet walk by the door. The threat is gone, but we return to our hero sitting in his chair, eyes hallowed into his skull, and the ticking of his clock becomes louder and louder. We slowly zoom in on his eyes before panning the camera to reveal the time. 9:30. Two and a half hours left until the arrest. A white THE END appears in front of a black screen, and the clock continues ticking as the credits roll.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The boss hangs up the phone, and walks away from the camera.

VINCENT

Get ready boys.

As he walks away, the camera pans upwards, revealing the gang readying guns of increasing power.

PART III: THE COWBOY

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The police van screeches into the parking lot of Henry's apartment.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT

We return to the shot of the clock: it's 11:43, and Henry walks by. Quick cuts of him getting ready for the climax; he puts on his suit and tie, puts his gun in his suit pocket, and gets ready as hype music plays. He puts on a wife beater, bullet proof vest, shirt, and sport coat, and lights a cigarette. This man is ready, and gazes into his own eyes as smoke billows around him. He hears the van honk from outside, and leaves his room for the oncoming arrest.

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He walks to the van, and tries to get in the passenger side, but a swat officer is sitting there.

CHIEF DAVIS

In the back. We don't have much time.

Henry sighs, and mutters to himself in discontentment as he walks behind the van to get into the back. He opens the doors to 5 figures, all wearing swat gear and holding automatic rifles. Reverse shot of him acknowledging it. Go back to the shot of the van, and the chief pokes his head out.

CHIEF DAVIS

Get in.

INT. POLICE VAN

He squeezes into the back of the van, and sits awkwardly as the group makes haste for the warehouse. He stands out with his suit in the crowd of officers.

CHIEF DAVIS

Listen Bell, here's the plan: You go in, alone, an-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Wait a minute, why would I go alone? Isn't that why there's like 8 officers here on this high profile case?

CHIEF DAVIS

He only thinks it's you coming, but little does he know that we'll be right around the corner to make the arrest. Here, take this.

He hands him the pamphlet and a button. Henry grabs both items.

HENRY

What's this?

CHIEF DAVIS

This is a button to signal us for backup. When the time is right, press it and we will storm in and arrest him.

Henry takes it and sighs.

COP #1

Hey, I hope everything goes alright in there.

HENRY

Thanks.

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE YARD - NIGHT

Henry gets out of the van. The camera follows Henry as he, alone, walks to the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE

He opens the door, and as soon as it closes we cut to a shot of the boss's foot, the same shot from part 1, and we hear the door close as the camera pans upward to complete the shot. The boss is then seen from Henry's angle, bathed in a light that is almost like a stage-light when compared to the darkness around him in the warehouse. Henry is lit in the same manner. The boss takes a pull from a cigarette. The one change is a giant scar, from his injury in Part I.

VINCENT

Sit with me, boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

I'd rather stand.

VINCENT

No really, I insist.

HENRY

I'll stand, Vinny.

VINCENT

(enraged)

Do you have any idea who you're talking to? Hmm? Do you have any idea just how fucked you are? I don't think you do. Only a complete fucking idiot would come to my warehouse and disrespect me like that. So I'll spell it out for you, dumbass. YOU ARE FUCKED. You'd be lucky to make it out of here with your life.

HENRY

Maybe that's so, but after reading that pamphlet, you'll be lucky if you spend your life behind bars.

VINCENT

(Now desperate)

The envelope. Where is it? Give me the letter Donny.

HENRY

My name's not Donny.

The boss springs out of his chair.

VINCENT

Will you quit talking out of your ass and give me the damn pamphlet?!

HENRY

My name is private Henry Bell, and I hereby place you under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

The boss, as he was giving the miranda warning, had leaned back into his chair and was cackling laughing. Henry pulls out his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

What's so funny?

VINCENT

You - you really have no idea how
fucked you are, do you?

His men step forward, from the shadows and into the light, far outnumbering and outgunning Henry. The camera pulls back, revealing Henry's hand tapping the button. The van drifts into the warehouse lot in slow motion. The tires of the police van screech as it pulls in. Henry grins.

HENRY

We're all fucked.

He dives for cover as the shooting begins, and the swat team barges in, guns firing. The boss and his goons duck for cover, and some get hit as the firing rings loud. The boss gets shot in the leg. Henry, still ducked in his cover, notices the boss limping out of the warehouse. Henry follows him out, and steps out of the shadows and into a bright light, with his gun pointed at the boss. He fires one shot, and the boss crumples to the ground. He steps on his cigarette, putting it out, and kicks his gun away. He walks over to the boss, who groans in pain as Henry stands over him, in the same position that the boss had over Joey in Part 1. The boss looks up at him.

VINCENT

Who really are you?

HENRY

A sinner, just like you.

Henry raises his gun.

VINCENT

Well Henry, it's just like you
said... We're all fucked.

In an instant, Vincent whips out a smaller gun from his breast pocket, and takes a shot at Henry at the same moment that Henry takes a shot at him. The shots happen in a wide, showing the darkness around them, with them outlined in the light. The boss falls back onto the ground, a bullet directly in his forehead. Henry stands, a bullet through his shirt. He rips it open, revealing the bullet proof vest that ate the shot underneath.

Henry has killed the boss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

We cut back to a wide of the area, and Henry holsters his gun, finished with the grueling job. He walks back into the warehouse, and Henry holds out his hand, noticing that it has started to rain. Cut to a God's eye view of the warehouse floor, with Henry silhouetted in the doorframe. He flicks on the lights, revealing the dozens of bodies piled on the floor; cops and gangsters alike lay dead. He stands in awe of the bloodshed, and walks through the carnage slowly in silence, numb. The police chief, lying dead and covered in blood, remains dead as his radio chatter on his walkie talkie sounds.

WALKIE TALKIE

Chief do you need backup? Do you
read me? Chief? Hello?

Henry looks down at him and places his badge on the chief. He leaves the warehouse and the dead inside, closing the door on them.

Outside, it's pouring rain, and Henry is illuminated by harsh white police lights. The reverse shot is the police, yelling at Henry to put his weapon down. The camera is shaking on the police officers and the pouring rain drowns their voices, as if Henry's ears have popped. Henry keeps standing there, like a scared guilty child, not cooperating with the policemen.

OFFICER

Put the gun down sir! We will
shoot if you do not cooperate!

They continue to scream at him. Henry does not cooperate.

OFFICER

Sir do not take one more step! Put
the gun down and put your hands on
your head! Please do not make me
do this!

Henry takes a step, and reaches his hand into his coat pocket for the pamphlet. It is the sole object that can prove his innocence, and morally justify his own soul. Immediately, however, Henry gets torn to shreds by bullets. He stands for a moment, pulls the pamphlet out of the sport coat, then crumples to his death, blood pooling from every corner of his body. His left arm, extended from his body, still holds the pamphlet, which is now bloody and being poured on. We hold on to the pamphlet in the rain, his body out of frame and the sounds of police chatter and thunder are all we hear. Cut to black, and the credits roll.

The End.