

THY ART IS MURDER

By

Elias Truitt

WGAw #2305360

Elias Truitt
eliastruitt98@gmail.com
(408) 460-6918

FADE IN

EXT. NIGHTCLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

BOSTON, 1990

The line leading to the DNA CLUB stretches down the sidewalk. A BOUNCER checks the I.D. of a MAN in a hooded jacket. Without revealing his face, the man steps into the club.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The club is dark and smokey. Flashing blue and red lights illuminate the dance floor. On stage, a band with a female vocalist plays a loud punk song. The crowd is made up of people with dyed hair and denim vests.

CASSANDRA, a Latina woman in her mid-thirties, sits at a table with LAURA, a tall mid-thirties white woman. Laura fits in with the punk crowd, while Cassandra is dressed more professional.

LAURA

I think the bassist of these guys went to my high school. I've known the drummer for a while but that bassist looks way familiar.

CASSANDRA

So is this your regular spot?

LAURA

Yeah, I mean I come a couple times a month to hang out. Or if there's someone I actually care about playing.

CASSANDRA

That's cool.

Cassandra awkwardly taps her foot under the table. Laura pulls a PACK OF CIGARETTES out of her pocket and puts one in her mouth. She gestures the pack of cigarettes to Cassandra.

LAURA

You want one?

Cassandra looks down at the cigarettes and her eyes light up with excitement.

CASSANDRA

Oh fuck yeah.

Cassandra reaches over and grabs a cigarette out of the pack. Laura lights her cigarette then hands the lighter to Cassandra.

Cassandra lights the cigarette, deeply inhales and blows out the smoke.

CASSANDRA

Nice. Sorry, I was getting a little antsy.

LAURA

All good, I know this place is kinda overwhelming.

CASSANDRA

Yeah... and I'm just kinda nervous.

LAURA

Oh man, nervous? I'm flattered.

Laura chuckles and takes another puff from her cigarette.

LAURA

Nothing to be nervous about here. Punks are actually surprisingly friendly, as long as you're not a cop.

Cassandra giggles.

CASSANDRA

Well that's good.

Cassandra takes another puff from her cigarette and looks up toward the stage.

The band onstage finishes the song.

VOCALIST

Thank you, Boston! We're gonna keep it movin'.

The band starts up another song. The crowd begins jumping and dancing, forming a MOSH PIT in the middle of the crowd.

In the corner of the club, an OLDER WHITE MAN passes by the man in the jacket. The older man slips something out of his pocket and the man in the jacket does the same. They exchange the items discretely and the older man walks away.

Laura looks over at the band then back to Cassandra.

LAURA
You wanna try out the mosh pit?

Cassandra's eyes widen.

CASSANDRA
Okay now I'm really nervous.

LAURA
No it's fine! They're not beating each other up in there.

Cassandra turns and watches the energetic crowd in horror.

CASSANDRA
Are you sure?

LAURA
Yes! They're basically just dancing. And occasionally running.

CASSANDRA
Running?

LAURA
Come on, Cass! It's part of your initiation into punk.

CASSANDRA
This feels like a test.

Laura smirks.

LAURA
Kinda.

Laura stands up from the table and strolls over to the dance floor. Cassandra gets up slowly and follows behind Laura.

Laura and Cassandra push through the crowd to the edge of the mosh pit. Everyone in the mosh pit runs around in a circle.

LAURA
(yelling over the music)
This is what we call a circle pit.

CASSANDRA
What?

LAURA
You just get in and run.

Cassandra giggles. Laura's smile widens.

Laura JUMPS into the circle pit and begins RUNNING with the rest of the crowd. Cassandra YELPS and reaches toward Laura who is already gone.

CASSANDRA

LAURA!

The older man walks toward the back exit of the club. The man in the jacket gets up and steps toward the same exit.

Laura jumps out of the circle pit next to Cassandra.

LAURA

See? It's fun.

CASSANDRA

Oh my god! That looked so scary!

LAURA

You just gotta keep moving with the crowd.

Cassandra glances back at the circle pit.

Laura grabs Cassandra's hand and looks her in the eyes. Cassandra smiles.

Cassandra and Laura jump into the circle pit and begin running with the others.

Still holding on to each other, they laugh as they run and push into the people in front of them.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB ALLEY - NIGHT

The older man exits the club into an alleyway. He takes a pack of cigarettes out of his jacket pocket and lights one up as he slowly walks toward the street.

The man in the jacket quietly comes through the exit into the alleyway. His face is still not shown. He stands for a moment in front of the exit door.

The old man takes a puff from his cigarette.

From behind, the man in the jacket quickly runs up, covers the mouth of the old man, and STABS him in the chest with a KNIFE.

Smoke escapes through the hand of the man in the jacket as the old man exhales his final breath. The old man slumps down. The man in the jacket drags the older man to the side of the alley.

The man in the jacket quickly searches the old man's coat, picks out his WALLET, and calmly walks out onto the street.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Cassandra and Laura exit through the front doors onto the sidewalk.

LAURA
See? I told you it was fun!

CASSANDRA
Okay it was kinda fun. But also very dangerous.

LAURA
That's what makes it fun!

Cassandra giggles. Laura looks down at Cassandra.

LAURA
You wanna head to my place? I got way better liquor.

Cassandra looks up at Laura and smiles.

CASSANDRA
Yeah that sounds good.

Laura takes Cassandra's hand as they walk away from the club.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Sunlight shines in through the skylights down onto the concourse of a large art museum. Dozens of people explore the museum, several stopped in front of different paintings, reading the descriptions.

A small tour group is led through the middle of the concourse by JANINE, a young-adult female tour guide.

JANINE
Alright, and this is our main room. On the right side we have some of our
(MORE)

JANINE (CONT'D)
famous Rembrandt paintings, as well as
some pieces from English Romantic
J.M.W Turner.

The tour group turns their heads toward the right side of the
concourse and chatter amongst themselves.

Janine gestures toward the opposite wall.

JANINE
And on this side we have our exhibit
on nineteenth century French
Impressionism, featuring works from
Manet—oh! Sorry everybody.

Janine turns her head toward the entrance of the museum.
Cassandra walks down the concourse toward the tour group.

JANINE
Sorry guys, I'm gonna pause my spiel
for a moment. Let me to introduce you
to someone.

Cassandra pauses her stride next to the tour group. Janine
gestures toward Cassandra and approaches her.

JANINE
Everyone, this is our Chief
Collections Curator, Cassandra Ross!

Cassandra leers at Janine then stretches her mouth into a
faint smile. Cassandra turns her attention to the tour group.

CASSANDRA
Hi, everyone! Yes I am the Chief
Curator here at the Boston Museum of
Art and Culture, and let me just say
you guys are in for a treat today!

The tour group chatters excitedly. Cassandra lightly claps
her hands together.

CASSANDRA
This is the biggest and most
prestigious art museum in
Massachusetts. *Plus*, you guys have a
pretty fun tour guide here in Janine!

The tour group chuckles lightly. Cassandra pats Janine on the
back. Janine smiles awkwardly.

JANINE

Alright well thank you so much Ms.
Ross and sorry to interrupt your
afternoon.

CASSANDRA

Oh it's no problem. Have a good time
everyone!

JANINE

Okay, let me show you guys some of the
French Impressionist works we have
over in this exhibit.

Janine leads the tour group toward the exhibit. Cassandra
sighs deeply and continues walking toward the back of the
museum.

In a small security office with glass windows, FRANK sits at
his desk reading a newspaper. Frank is an older white man
with a mustache. He's wearing an old faded security uniform.

Cassandra walks past Frank's office and stops.

CASSANDRA

Hey Frank, you gonna be in late
tonight?

Frank lowers his newspaper slightly to look at Cassandra.

FRANK

Yeah I'll be in 'til about two thirty.
I think Pete's coming in around then
to let me off.

CASSANDRA

Okay great, I just gotta finish up a
few things.

FRANK

Sounds like a plan.

Frank looks back down to his newspaper.

Cassandra trots up a staircase to her office.

INT. ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

The museum is dark and quiet. Frank sits at his desk half-
asleep. The monitors on Frank's desk show several different
camera angles of the exterior of the museum. The parking lot

is empty except for two cars.

INT. CASSANDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cassandra works busily in her office. Her desk is covered with unorganized papers. She types quickly on her keyboard then switches to writing on a notepad.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

On one of Frank's video monitors, a POLICE CAR pulls up to the front gate of the museum.

A BELL RINGS on Frank's desk. Frank wakes up violently. He SNORTS and rubs his eyes.

Frank sees the police car on his monitor. He leans in closer and squints his eyes. A voice blares through the camera speaker.

COP #1 (O.S.)
(through speaker)
Hello?

Frank presses a button on the camera.

FRANK
Yes, can I help you gentlemen?

COP #1
Yeah we got a call about a possible burglary attempt. Someone said they might have saw a guy in all black come down Fenway street a block over.

FRANK
Well I haven't seen anything and I've been here all night.

Frank frantically glances at the other screens showing the different security camera angles.

COP #1
You mind if we come take a look around?

Frank looks back down at the screen showing the cop car at the front entrance.

FRANK
Yeah that's no problem. I'll let you
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

in.

The gate squeaks as it slowly opens. Frank watches the cops pull in through the gate on the security screen.

INT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Frank uses his keys to unlock the front doors of the museum. Frank opens the door and two male POLICE OFFICERS stand tall in front of him. COP #1 is a tall skinny red haired man. COP #2 is a shorter white man with brown hair. Both cops are wearing police hats.

FRANK

Come on in, officers.

The two cops slowly step into the museum with their hands on their belts.

Frank closes the door behind them. The officers' eyes wander around the museum concourse.

FRANK

Like I said, I haven't seen anything suspicious all night.

Frank steps in front of the officers. The officers turn their heads from the surrounding artwork to look at Frank.

FRANK

I can show you the security footage, it's all over here in my office.

COP #1

Alright.

Frank turns around and walks toward his office. The police officers continue to survey the museum as they follow Frank.

Frank opens the door to his office and the officers follow Frank inside. Frank sits down at his desk and points to the monitors.

The police officers stand behind Frank, surrounding him.

FRANK

See, so this camera is towards the back, on the corner of Fenway and Palace.

COP #2 suddenly HITS Frank over the head with a FLASHLIGHT.

FRANK

AGH!

Frank falls out of his chair and goes limp on the floor.

CUT TO

INT. CASSANDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cassandra stops typing and turns her head suddenly in the direction of Frank's yelp.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The cops tie up Frank's hands and feet. COP #2 wraps duct tape around Frank's head to cover his mouth.

COP #1 busts out of Frank's office and walks over to the middle of the museum concourse, next to the Rembrandt and French Impressionism exhibits.

INT. CASSANDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cassandra gets up out of her seat. She walks to the door of her office and puts her ear up to the door.

INT. MUSEUM CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Cop #2 exits Frank's office and walks towards the middle of the concourse. Cop #1 gazes up at the wall of the Rembrandt exhibit.

Cop #1 reaches up toward one of the REMBRANDT PAINTINGS and picks it off the wall. He THROWS the painting on the ground and the glass frame SHATTERS violently.

INT. CASSANDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cassandra jumps at the sound of the shattering glass.

CASSANDRA

(whispered)

What the fuck?

Cassandra slowly opens the door to her office and peeks her head outside.

INT. MUSEUM CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Cop #1 brushes away the glass from the painting on the ground. He takes out a BOX CUTTER from his belt and begins cutting the painting out of the frame.

COP #2

You sure the boss is gonna be okay
with us doin' it like this?

COP #1

He wanted the paintings, not the
frames.

Cop #2 shrugs and walks over to the other side of the concourse with the French Impressionism exhibit.

INT. CASSANDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cassandra sneaks out the doorway of her office and walks swiftly down the hallway.

She stops next to a pillar. She crouches down and slowly peeks around the pillar to see down into the concourse.

Cop #2 SMASHES another painting in front of the French Impressionism exhibit. He takes a small POCKET KNIFE out of his pocket and starts cutting into the painting.

Cassandra shutters and puts her hand over her mouth. Her breath is shaky.

CASSANDRA

(whispered)

No...

Cop #1 wraps a rubber band around 3 rolled up paintings and snaps it into place.

Cop #2 removes another painting from its frame and rolls it up.

Cassandra slowly sneaks down the stairs toward the concourse.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank lies motionless on the floor of his office.

Frank's eyes slowly open.

INT. MUSEUM CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Cassandra reaches the bottom of the stairs and sneaks over to a wall. She hides behind the wall and peeks around to see the cops.

Cop #1 grabs two bundles of rolled up paintings and puts them under his arms. Cop #2 wraps a rubber band around three paintings.

COP #1
You almost done?

COP #2
Yeah just gimme a second.

Cop #2 grabs the bundle of paintings.

Cassandra peeks her head out further from behind the wall.

Cop #1 looks over and sees Cassandra's head peeking over the wall.

COP #1
HEY!

Cassandra's eye widen.

A loud ALARM blasts through the speakers of the museum. Red lights FLASH from the fire alarms around the museum ceiling.

COP #2
OH FUCK!

Cop #2 grabs another bundle of paintings and puts them under his arms frantically. Cop #1 and Cop #2 RUN for the rear exit of the museum.

Cassandra STUMBLES and runs back up the stairs to her office.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB ALLEY - DAY

Police tape surrounds the alleyway next to the nightclub. Yellow evidence markers are set up all around the body of the old man. Two police SUV's are parked in front of the nightclub.

A female CSI AGENT collects evidence from the CORPSE.

DETECTIVE MARCEL, a mid-thirties man with tan skin, crouches next to the corpse and observes the CSI Agent's gloved hand

as she collects samples. Detective Marcel is also wearing a medical glove.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWELL, a mid-40s white man, steps under the police tape into the crime scene.

HOLLOWELL

What's goin' on, Marcel?

Detective Marcel stands up and removes the glove from his hand.

MARCEL

Mid sixties white guy with a hole in his chest. Happened the other night but the trash guys just found him this morning.

HOLLOWELL

Nice. What do we think? Drug deal gone wrong? Wouldn't be the first time this place had some shifty fuckers running around.

MARCEL

Well, his wallet's gone so that's what I originally thought. However...

Marcel reaches down toward the CSI agent. The CSI agent pulls two PLASTIC BAGS out of a container next to her.

Marcel grabs to the two bags. He holds them both in one hand, showing them to Hollowell.

One bag contains a small baggy of a white powdery substance. The other bag has a roll of 20 and 100 dollar bills.

MARCEL

I don't think this deal was ever supposed to go right.

HOLLOWELL

He left the money and the coke? Damn... You think this has something to do with the other guy on Forest Hill?

MARCEL

I sure fuckin' hope not.

Hollowell sighs and puts his head down.

HOLLOWELL

Alright well let's let these guys finish up and head back to the station. I gotta show you something.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A Chevy Camaro pulls up in front of the police station next to the security stand.

The yellow bar lifts up in front of the Camaro. The Camaro pulls slowly into the parking lot of the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Hollowell and Marcel walk into the police station. The station is filled with commotion: phones ringing, inmates yelling, coffee machine beeping, etc.

Hollowell gestures to Marcel to follow him. They walk through the station to the interrogation rooms.

MARCEL

What's going on?

HOLLOWELL

So apparently there was a robbery at the art museum last night.

MARCEL

Oh shit, really?

Hollowell walks over to the door to the viewing rooms.

HOLLOWELL

Yeah, Detective Jameson is talking to the "witnesses" right now.

Hollowell does air quotes with his hands as he says "witnesses."

MARCEL

You think they were involved?

HOLLOWELL

Jameson does.

Hollowell opens the door to the viewing room. He quietly peeks his head in through the door.

Behind the double-sided mirror, Cassandra sits in the

interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - DAY

DETECTIVE JAMESON, a tall 40-year-old man, sits across from Cassandra. OFFICER GOMEZ stands behind Jameson with his arms crossed. A coffee cup sits on the table in front of Detective Jameson.

CASSANDRA

Why the fuck would I help steal a bunch of paintings that I helped buy in the first place?

JAMESON

Well I know you guys got some pretty hefty insurance policies on those things. Maybe you guys were trying to do some remodeling? Plus they would have needed someone on the inside.

CASSANDRA

That's fucking ridiculous. I would never do anything to put the art at risk.

Detective Jameson takes a sip of his coffee.

JAMESON

Sounds like you care an awful lot about these paintings.

CASSANDRA

Of course I do. I went to school for this shit. Do you realize how hard it is to get your hands on paintings like these?

JAMESON

Well, obviously not that hard.

Jameson smiles faintly at Cassandra. Cassandra narrows her eyes and glares at Jameson.

JAMESON

So why didn't you call us after the crooks left? You said you waited forty-five minutes before our guys showed up?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

PETE, a husky mid-30s man in an ill-fitting security uniform, unlocks the front entrance from the outside. He steps aside.

Three POLICE OFFICERS wearing significantly nicer uniforms than the fake cops step into the museum. They are holding flashlights with their other hands on their gun holsters.

The alarms continue to blare over the museum speakers. Red flashing lights illuminate the dark museum.

The police officers look over at the shattered frames in the concourse next to the Rembrandt and French Impressionist exhibits.

The officers walk toward Frank's office. REAL COP #1 opens the door slowly. The other two police officers follow behind him.

Frank lies on the floor under his desk. The PANIC BUTTON under the desk flashes red.

Real Cop #1 gestures to REAL COP #2. Real Cop #2 exits Frank's office and begins patrolling the rest of the museum.

Real Cop #1 switches the panic button off. The siren abruptly cuts off and the red flashing lights dim.

Real Cop #1 taps Frank on the chest.

REAL COP #1

Sir?

Real Cop #2 slowly walks up the stairs toward Cassandra's office.

Real Cop #2 opens the door to Cassandra's office. He steps over to Cassandra's desk.

Cassandra sits under her desk with her hands wrapped around her knees. Real Cop #2 peers down at Cassandra. Cassandra looks up to meet his glance.

END FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - DAY

Detective Jameson raises his eyebrow at Cassandra. Cassandra keeps a straight face.

CASSANDRA
What? You want me to do your job for you?

JAMESON
No, just figured you might be a little more prepared.

CASSANDRA
Kiss my ass, Detective.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - DAY

Frank sits in the interrogation room with his head down.

DETECTIVE EVANS, a middle aged Black man, sits across from Frank at the interrogation table. He looks down at the paper folders and files on the table in front of him.

EVANS
Huh, must be some security guard.

Frank doesn't respond.

EVANS
How long you been doin' this?

Frank sits silently for a moment.

FRANK
A long time.

Frank looks over at the mirror in the interrogation room.

CUT TO

On the other side of the mirror, Detective Marcel stares at Frank.

CUT TO

EVANS
Got it. You like art, Frank?

FRANK
It's fine.

Detective Evans looks down at the files, grinning, then back up at Frank.

EVANS

Well you got that right. Fine Art.

Frank looks up at Evans and raises his eyebrow slightly.

EVANS

A hundred million dollars worth of it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - DAY

Officer Gomez leans over the table, glaring at Cassandra.
Detective Jameson still sits calmly across from Cassandra.

Jameson holds a FILE in his hand.

JAMESON

Well unfortunately, you guys don't actually have any cameras *inside* the museum, which is pretty stupid if you ask me. And the cameras you have outside couldn't pick up the faces of these supposed "cops".

CASSANDRA

We just got those cameras. We're actually one of the first museums in the county to get outdoor security cameras.

JAMESON

Clearly they aren't doing you much good.

Cassandra leans back in her chair.

Jameson lets out a long sigh.

JAMESON

Alright listen, you're not under arrest. But I'm not saying you're not a suspect. I don't think those two guys could have done it all by themselves. And I'm hoping and assuming your security isn't stupid enough to just let in two random guys dressed in Party City cop outfits.

Cassandra silently glares at Detective Jameson.

JAMESON

We'll be in touch.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cassandra stomps out of the exit of the police station. She aggressively straightens her jacket and rifles through her purse.

CASSANDRA
(under her breath)
Okay, that's still there.

Cassandra takes a pack of cigarettes out of her purse.

Frank pushes open the doors to the front entrance of the police station. He slowly walks down the front steps onto the parking lot.

Cassandra looks up to light her cigarette. Cassandra's eyes widen as she sees Frank.

CASSANDRA
Frank!

Cassandra raises her arm in the air to wave at Frank.

Frank turns his head to see Cassandra.

CASSANDRA
(from a distance)
Hey Frank!

Cassandra lightly jogs over to Frank. She stops in front of him and takes the cigarette out of her mouth.

CASSANDRA
Frank I am so sorry I couldn't help you or stop those guys. And now they're saying they think we're involved? What kind of bullshit is that?

Frank glares at Cassandra.

FRANK
I'm fine, thanks.

CASSANDRA
Oh geez yeah are you okay? Did they hurt you?

Frank turns from Cassandra and begins walking toward the exit of the parking lot.

FRANK

They gave me a nice concussion but
it's not my first. I'll be alright.

Cassandra follows after Frank, walking beside him.

CASSANDRA

Well that's good. But I was gonna ask
if you know who those guys were? Or if
there's any way to track them down?

FRANK

Track them down?

CASSANDRA

Well yeah, the police are saying they
think we were a part of it. What's to
stop them from pinning it on us? And
if they don't find those guys and get
that art back, we might get fired!

Frank stops before the exit of the parking lot. He looks up
at Cassandra.

FRANK

Well for one, I'm probably gonna get
fired anyway. And two, these are not
people you fuck around with. They just
stole millions of dollars in fine art,
I'd be surprised if the police even
catch them.

CASSANDRA

Well I'm certainly not going to fire
you. You saved my ass with that alarm.
But I could use your help if we're
gonna figure out who these guys are.

FRANK

We are not gonna figure out anything.
I don't get paid a detective salary so
I'm not doing detective work. And you
should not be mucking around in any
business that involves cops, people
dressed as cops, or anything besides
buying and selling your crusty old
antiquities.

Cassandra steps back from Frank. Her face drops into a look
of concern.

Frank sighs deeply. He points his head down then looks back up at Cassandra.

FRANK

Look I'm sorry. I'm sorry you had to be involved in this. It's my job, not yours. But I need to go.

Frank leaves through the exit of the parking lot.

Cassandra watches Frank walk away.

CASSANDRA

FUCK!

Cassandra STOMPS her foot and shakes her head violently.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lights flicker in a dark, dingy basement. Water drips from a rusty wall pipe. The light from the moon dimly shines in from the upper windows.

At the top of a staircase, the door lock clicks. A MAN in dirty street clothes opens the door slowly. The door CREAKS loudly.

The man stomps down the stairs into the basement. He has a large BACKPACK over his shoulder. His face is not shown.

The man walks over to a work bench on the wall of the basement. He flicks on a small lamp on the workbench.

The man puts down his backpack on the floor. He bends over to rifle through the backpack.

He grabs something from the backpack. He stands back up and throws a WALLET on the workbench. He puts his hands on the work bench and leans on it. His face is still not shown.

The man sighs deeply. He picks up the wallet and opens it. He pulls out the ID card from the wallet.

The ID shows a picture of the old man killed outside the nightclub.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Marcel sits at his desk in his office. He holds a FILE in one hand with his other hand on his chin.

Detective Hollowell comes down the hallway toward their offices. Hollowell's office sits directly across from Marcel's office. Hollowell opens the door to his office and drops his bag on his desk chair.

Hollowell opens the door to Marcel's office and steps in.

HOLLOWELL

Morning. How's it goin'?

Marcel drops the file on his desk.

MARCEL

No fingerprint matches. No murder weapon.

Hollowell sits down in a chair across from Marcel's desk.

MARCEL

They matched the cocaine in his pocket to a stash we got off those cartel guys a few weeks ago but that doesn't really help us.

HOLLOWELL

So you're saying we ain't got dick?

MARCEL

No dick. But look at this.

Marcel grabs another FILE on his desk and opens it. He flips through it then flips it over to show Hollowell. Marcel opens another file and takes out a PHOTO. Marcel lays it down in front of Hollowell next to the other file.

Hollowell looks down at the two pictures.

The picture on the left shows the roll of money in a plastic bag from the nightclub murder victim. The picture on the right shows a similar roll of bills in a plastic bag from a different crime scene.

Hollowell looks up at Marcel.

HOLLOWELL

The Forest Hill guy?

Marcel puts his finger on the files.

MARCEL

Both bodies still had the cash on
(MORE)

MARCEL (CONT'D)

them. Who the fuck is staging drug deals and not taking the money?

HOLLOWELL

You think maybe it was planted? Or maybe someone else was supposed to come pick it up?

MARCEL

Well if they were they're fuckin' slacking. But that still doesn't make sense. Both victims are fairly clean. No gang affiliation, just petty theft and possession.

HOLLOWELL

As far as we know.

Marcel nods his head.

MARCEL

Good point.

Hollowell leans forward in his seat.

HOLLOWELL

You think it might have something to do with all that museum bullshit?

MARCEL

I sincerely doubt it. Seems like very different operations.

A commotion stirs in the police station. Hollowell looks over through the window of Marcel's office.

A MAN and a WOMAN in black suits come in through the entrance of the police station. FBI AGENT BARSTOW is a tall Black woman with long braids. FBI AGENT LOUIS is a short middle aged man with tan skin.

HOLLOWELL

Who the fuck are these guys?

Marcel looks up from his desk and glances over at the FBI agents.

MARCEL

You didn't hear? They had to call in the FBI for that museum bullshit you

(MORE)

MARCEL (CONT'D)
were talking about.

HOLLOWELL
No shit?

MARCEL
Yeah, I mean it's like a hundred
million dollars they're dealing with.
Plus some of that's state money so you
know how that goes.

Hollowell's eyes stay locked on the FBI agents. He begins to
stand up out of the chair.

Marcel looks up at Hollowell.

MARCEL
Hollowell? Where are you goin'?

Hollowell walks to the door of Marcel's office.

HOLLOWELL
I think we should introduce ourselves,
shouldn't we?

Hollowell opens the door and steps out into the hallway.

Marcel sighs. He stands up out of his desk.

Hollowell strides down the hallway towards the entrance of
the police station. Marcel follows behind him.

Agent Barstow and Agent Louis are talking to Detective
Jameson.

Hollowell and Marcel approach the FBI Agents and Detective
Jameson.

JAMESON
(to Agent Barstow)
So I don't think we'll have to worry
about that.

HOLLOWELL
(interrupting)
Hey there! Jameson, you call these
guys in?

JAMESON
No they were sent because the
(MORE)

JAMESON (CONT'D)
paintings were paid for with federal
currency. But I'm sure it'll be very
helpful.

Jameson glances back at the FBI agents.

HOLLOWELL
Gotcha, well I'm sure you could use
all the help you could get! I mean
this case seems like a doozy.

Jameson rolls his eyes.

JAMESON
(to FBI Agents)
Right well I'll talk you guys in a
bit, I gotta finish getting the files
together.

HOLLOWELL
Sounds good, buddy. Anyways, let me
introduce myself. I'm Detective James
Hollowell.

Jameson walks away awkwardly.

Hollowell gestures to Marcel.

HOLLOWELL
And this is my partner Detective
Marcel.

Hollowell extends his hand to Agent Barstow.

AGENT BARSTOW
I'm FBI Agent Barstow.

Agent Barstow slowly extends her hand and shakes Hollowell's
hand. Hollowell turns to the other agent.

AGENT LOUIS
Agent Louis.

Agent Louis firmly shakes Hollowell's hand. Marcel extends
his hand and shakes the hands of both agents.

HOLLOWELL
So you guys are here for the big
museum robbery, huh?

AGENT BARSTOW
That's right.

Hollowell puts his hands on his hips.

HOLLOWELL
Yeah that's a tough one. Any idea how they pulled that off?

AGENT BARSTOW
Well our main theory at the moment is Mob involvement. Only people who want those paintings aren't interested in money, they just wanna be the ones who did it.

Hollowell quickly glances at Marcel then looks back at the agents.

HOLLOWELL
Really? Well that's interesting because my partner and I are working on a case right now, actually. Couple of murders that look like bad deals. But the weird part is: they left the payload and the payment. We think it could be gang related.

Marcel's eyes dart to the side, glaring at Hollowell.

AGENT BARSTOW
Really?

HOLLOWELL
Yeah, we're thinking maybe somebody was supposed to pick up the coke and the money but we got there first.

Agent Barstow and Agent Louis glance at each other briefly.

AGENT BARSTOW
That is interesting. Well right now we're lookin' into a guy named Bruno Russo. Second generation Sicilian mafioso. Mainly operates in New Jersey but he's got connections all over the East Coast. Luckily so do we.

HOLLOWELL
Damn. And you think this guy just wanted all those paintings for
(MORE)

HOLLOWELL (CONT'D)
himself? Isn't it like fifty million dollars, why wouldn't he sell it?

AGENT LOUIS
A hundred million, which is nothing to these kinds of guys.

AGENT BARSTOW
And selling it would probably be harder than stealing it the first place.

HOLLOWELL
Pfff wow. Sounds like quite an operation. How do you know about this Bruno Russo character? You met him before?

AGENT BARSTOW
This isn't the first time his name has been attached to a heist of this caliber. But like I said, he's connected, on both sides.

HOLLOWELL
Oh man, so how come we haven't heard of him?

Hollowell smiles faintly. Marcel looks nervously at the agents.

AGENT LOUIS
He doesn't want you to.

EXT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A black Lincoln drives up a long winding driveway. It pulls into the front parking area of a large house. The Lincoln parks and the headlights turn off.

A tall PALE MAN wearing a black suit gets out of the Lincoln. He is carrying a briefcase.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The walls are lined with countless classical pieces of artwork. Several chandeliers hang in the foyer and living spaces. Sparkling sculptures fill most of the countertops and tables. 1960's jazz echoes through the hallways.

The pale man walks slowly through the main living room.

Two tall GUARDS wearing suits stand in front of the large door to the dining hall.

In the dining hall, BRUNO RUSSO eats dinner with five of his ASSOCIATES. Bruno is a 50 year old Italian-American man. His thinning black hair is greased back. He wears a striped suit with the jacket hanging over his chair. His associates are all men wearing dark suits and dress shirts.

The table is adorned with several small sculptures. Silver platters of meat, pasta, and vegetables cover the dining table.

Another associate washes dishes in the kitchen attached to the dining room.

Behind Bruno Russo hangs the largest REMBRANDT PAINTING stolen from the museum.

The dining room doors open and the tall pale man steps in slowly. The doors close behind him.

Bruno Russo looks up at the tall pale man. The associates quiet down and look over at the pale man.

PALE MAN

Mr. Russo, I'm here on behalf of the O'Connors to offer you twenty five point five million dollars for the Manet piece that recently came into your possession, as well as an opportunity for future trade deals.

Bruno Russo stares at the man blankly. Bruno chuckles lightly and twists his lips into a smile. He takes a sip from his Manhattan cocktail.

BRUNO RUSSO

Hm. Well unfortunately it's not for sale. None of it is. I'm afraid whoever told you that made a mistake.

PALE MAN

Well I assure you I wasn't sent here accidentally. I don't have the payment presently on my person, but I brought some documents to ensure this does not reach the public.

BRUNO RUSSO

Huh.

Bruno Russo quickly grabs a small STEAK KNIFE and THROWS it at the pale man with precision.

The knife STABS into the cheek of the pale man. The blade pierces into his mouth. The pale man chokes and falls backwards.

The room ERUPTS into laughter. The associates point at the pale man and grab their chests. The pale man GRUNTS and writhes on the ground.

Bruno Russo gets up out of his chair and steps around the table toward the pale man. The pale man leans against the wall.

BLOOD drips from the handle of the knife sticking out of the pale man's cheek. The pale man looks up at Bruno Russo.

Bruno Russo stops in front of the pale man. He reaches down and pulls the knife out of the pale man's cheek. Blood SPRAYS from the wound.

PALE MAN

AUGH!

Bruno Russo raises the knife and violently STABS it into the forehead of the pale man.

The associates cheer and laugh. One of them bangs on the table in celebration.

The pale man goes limp. His eyes are wide. Blood drips slowly from his forehead.

Bruno Russo leans down next to the pale man's body.

BRUNO RUSSO

I told you. They made a mistake.

INT. CASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The walls of Cassandra's room are lined with prints of famous classical artwork. The room is dimly lit by a lamp on the bedside table.

Laura lies on Cassandra's bed in a t-shirt and underwear.

LAURA

See, this is the bullshit thing with cops. You go through a traumatic experience, almost die, and they still bring you in for questioning. What a bunch of losers.

Cassandra is changing next to bed. She removes her shirt and reaches into her dresser for another one.

CASSANDRA

Yeah it's like they really have nothing better to do. Not like they could be preventing a multi-million dollar art heist. And poor Frank, I feel really bad.

Cassandra puts on the shirt she grabbed from the dresser.

LAURA

I get it, but that's his job. He's certainly more used to this stuff than you are.

CASSANDRA

You're right.

Cassandra lies down on the bed next to Laura.

CASSANDRA

It's just... I worked so hard to get those pieces. I can't believe someone could just rip them out and take them for themselves. Just hide them away from everyone.

Laura reaches over and runs her hands through Cassandra's hair.

LAURA

I know, Cass. But I'm just glad you're safe, and hopefully those dickhead cops can find whatever asshole set this up.

Cassandra looks over at Laura.

CASSANDRA

You're right. I'm glad it's over with.

Cassandra leans over and kisses Laura on the lips. Laura lays

her head down on Cassandra's chest and closes her eyes.

Cassandra turns her head back up toward the ceiling. Her eyes remain open.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

STRIPPERS dance topless on a long stage. Colored strobe lights flash on the dancing girls. Loud hip-hop music blares over the speakers. Waitresses carry trays of drinks to different tables.

JESSIE, a skinny blonde woman in her mid-20s, walks up to the bar in front of the stage. She is wearing a flannel and blue jeans while carrying a gym bag.

BRAD, a large hairy man, is bartending.

JESSIE

Alright, Brad. I'm outta here. See you tomorrow.

BRAD

Okay Jessie, have a good one!

Jessie leaves through an exit next to the bar. Brad continues serving the customers at the bar.

We pan over to find Agent Louis sitting at one of the tables with a drink in his hand. He has several file folders on the table in front of him. One of the folders is open to a PICTURE of one of the paintings stolen from the museum. He flips over the picture to a page with Frank's ID picture and security credentials.

We pan back over to the exit by the bar and move through the door to the alley next to strip club.

EXT. STRIP CLUB ALLEY - NIGHT

The man in the jacket sets Jessie's freshly DEAD BODY down into a seated position on a pile of trash. Blood drips from a gash on her throat.

Jessie's head and arms dangle lifelessly as her body leans forward on the pile of trash.

The man in the jacket steps back and looks at her for a moment. He reaches over and places her left hand around her ankle.

The man in the jacket GRUNTS quietly. He picks up Jessie's gym bag from the ground and leaves the alleyway.

EXT. STRIP CLUB ALLEY - MORNING

Police tape blocks the front and back of the alley. A single Police SUV sits parked on the street next to the strip club.

Detective Marcel stands over Jessie's seated body and takes notes on a notepad.

Hollowell pulls up in his Camaro behind the police SUV. He gets out of the car and walks over to Marcel.

HOLLOWELL

What the fuck? Did Bundy escape again?

Hollowell stops next to Marcel and looks down at the body.

MARCEL

Well he's been dead for like a year so hopefully not.

HOLLOWELL

Who is she?

MARCEL

Jessie Caulder. She had just got off work here so obviously this was reported pretty quickly. One of the FBI guys actually called it in.

Hollowell snickers.

HOLLOWELL

Of course.

MARCEL

Her coworkers identified her and the CSI team already finished up this morning. Told them to leave the body 'till you got here.

HOLLOWELL

So do we think it's the same guy?

MARCEL

We got some MDMA and a couple C-notes in evidence, no purse or identifying material. So yeah, seems like the same guy. Or guys.

Hollowell stares at the body. He tilts his head and leans in slightly.

HOLLOWELL
Why's she sitting like that?

MARCEL
I don't know. Maybe she was already
sitting there?

Hollowell leans down next to the body to get a closer look.

HOLLOWELL
You think someone slit her throat
while she was tying her shoe?

MARCEL
Probably not.

HOLLOWELL
Just seems kinda weird. The other guys
were just laying on the ground.

MARCEL
That's right.

Hollowell stands back up.

HOLLOWELL
Maybe they've got a soft spot for the
ladies.

Marcel shakes his head. Hollowell walks past Marcel and takes out a pack of cigarettes.

Marcel stares silently at the body.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Several NEWS VANS are parked outside the entrance of the art museum.

A CAMERAWOMAN films a male NEWS REPORTER in front of the museum.

NEWS REPORTER
We don't yet know exactly how much was
stolen, but we have gotten reports
that multiple pieces from acclaimed
Dutch artist Rembrandt were taken
during the robbery. Other works by
(MORE)

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
this artist have been appraised for
upwards of twenty million dollars
each.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Agent Louis and Agent Barstow stand next to each other as
they look down at the smashed remains of the art exhibits.

AGENT BARSTOW
Man, what kind of operation is that?
They just cut the shit right out of
the frames?

AGENT LOUIS
Same thing as that Kooning piece a
couple years ago in Arizona. And the
witnesses said there was only two of
'em.

AGENT BARSTOW
See, I don't get that. You only send
in two guys for the biggest art heist
in history? That doesn't seem like mob
behavior to me. Arizona was just one,
but Jesus Christ these guys basically
have the entire French Impressionism
era in their garage.

AGENT LOUIS
They might've been trying to keep a
low profile. The fake cop trick worked
pretty well, gotta give 'em that.

AGENT BARSTOW
True. Did we get the sketches yet?

AGENT LOUIS
Well the curator was pretty far away
so she didn't get a good look, and the
security guy says he doesn't remember
anything since six o'clock that
afternoon.

AGENT BARSTOW
Bullshit.

AGENT LOUIS
They did bonk him pretty good.

Detective Jameson peeks his head out from Frank's security office.

JAMESON

Agents, I think I found something.

Barstow and Louis come into the Frank's office. Jameson sits down at the desk in front of the camera monitors. Barstow and Louis stand behind him.

JAMESON

So there aren't any good angles from the entrance. But, I found another camera pointing toward the exit.

AGENT BARSTOW

Can you see them?

JAMESON

I don't know I haven't checked yet, but I figured you guys should see it. I just brought it back to one thirty A.M. on the night of the robbery.

Jameson plays the footage on the monitors. The monitors show the FAKE COPS busting out of the rear exit of the museum and sprinting away with the paintings. Only their backs are shown. COP #2 flips his middle finger at the camera.

AGENT BARSTOW

God damn it!

Agent Barstow SLAMS her hand on the desk and turns around. Detective Jameson looks up at Agent Louis. Louis shakes his head.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Hollowell and Detective Marcel sit at a big round table in the middle of the police station. The table is covered in folders and files along with pictures of the murder victims.

Hollowell has his feet on the table while he smokes a cigarette. He's holding a file labeled "FOREST HILL".

Marcel examines a picture of Jessie's body from the murder scene.

HOLLOWELL

Three bodies in three weeks. This is
(MORE)

HOLLOWELL (CONT'D)

fucked up.

MARCEL

That's one way to put it. I haven't dealt with anything quite like this before.

HOLLOWELL

It's probably just some dealer who thinks he's hot shit trying to get a bigger piece of the pie.

Hollowell drops the file on the table.

MARCEL

But why are they leaving the money? If someone was supposed to come pick it up they would have done it by the time we got to the DNA Club.

HOLLOWELL

Maybe they're just fucking with us.

MARCEL

Well if so, they're succeeding. Shit, why even do the deal at all? And why did they make this girl look like she was stretching out for Jazzercise?

HOLLOWELL

Okay now you're thinking way too deep into it. This isn't the Zodiac Killer. This is Boston. Our criminals are old fashioned. They've been doing this same shit for centuries. That's one thing I'll say about the thugs around here: they're reliable and consistent.

MARCEL

Let's hope you're right.

HOLLOWELL

C'mon, let's get some lunch.

Hollowell gets up and walks past the table. Marcel puts the picture of Jessie's body into a folder. He stands up and follows Hollowell.

Marcel and Hollowell walk down the hall toward the entrance of the station.

HOLLOWELL

I know this stuff is a little different from what you're used to over in New Haven, but you get used to it pretty quick. Like I said, at least it's consistent.

They pass a room with an open door.

Marcel peeks inside the room as they pass by. He sees a CORK BOARD with a labeled picture of Bruno Russo at the top with strings leading to the other members of Russo's gang. Some of the associates have pictures or mugshots with no name. Some have names like "Benny Costa" and "Dante Mancino" but no pictures.

The room is filled with BOXES of classified files and documents.

Marcel stops in front of the room.

MARCEL

What the fuck is all this?

Hollowell backs up and glances into the room.

HOLLOWELL

Oh, this is where the FBI guys are staying while they investigate the heist. I think they're at the museum right now.

Hollowell continues walking toward the entrance. Marcel stares at the picture of Russo for a moment. He closes the door and catches up with Hollowell.

HOLLOWELL

What do you think? Mexican?

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Frank sits on the edge of his bed in the bedroom of his old messy apartment. He sits in still silence, staring at the peeling fake wood panels covering the walls. He's wearing gym shorts and an old t-shirt.

He gets up and walks over the stained carpet into the living area.

Frank pours a bag of dry dog food into a bowl labeled "Angel". An old GERMAN SHEPHERD slowly walks over to the bowl

and starts eating the food.

Frank kneels down next to ANGEL and rubs her head as she eats.

FRANK

How's it goin', old girl? You havin' a good mornin'?

CUT TO

Frank shaves off his mustache in front of the bathroom mirror.

CUT TO

Frank comes out of his room wearing jeans, a button down shirt and a PAGER clipped to his belt. He's holding his cordless home phone up to his ear.

FRANK

I know, Ma. I'm excited for you. Just make sure you give them plenty of water along with the wet food. Cats are prone to kidney issues.

Frank's SECURITY UNIFORM is folded up on a lounge chair in his living room. Frank picks up the uniform.

FRANK

No, I'm just heading to the museum right now... to pick up what will most likely be my last check. Naw I'll be okay Ma. This isn't gonna look great on my resume, though.

Frank walks over to the kitchen and leans against the kitchen counter.

FRANK

Thanks Ma, I know. I'll come see you soon, okay? Alright, I gotta go. Yeah. Okay. Love you too. Okay bye.

Frank hangs up the phone and puts it on the dock on the counter.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frank steps out of the front door of his apartment and walks down the steps of his apartment complex.

Frank approaches his car in the apartment parking lot. He opens the driver's side door, gets in and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Frank drives down a busy Boston highway toward the museum.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Frank pulls up to the museum and parks his car. The museum is still closed so the only other cars in the parking lot are police cars and a couple other employees' cars.

Frank gets out of his car and walks toward the entrance holding his uniform.

A POLICE GUARD stands in front of the entrance. Frank shows him his security badge and the guard opens the door to let Frank inside.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

The art museum is barren of guests and staff. A few COPS and POLICE GUARDS roam the hallways.

Frank walks through the museum toward his security office.

Once he approaches the security office, he sees that it is filled with COPS and POLICE PERSONNEL. Yellow police tape blocks the door to his office. Frank sighs.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Frank!

Frank turns his head toward the stairs. Cassandra is standing at the top of the staircase next to her office. She waves her hand for Frank to come up the stairs.

Frank slowly climbs the stairs and meets Cassandra at the top. They stand in the hallway next to Cassandra's office.

CASSANDRA

Woah, no mustache. What, are you trying to skip town?

FRANK

Hey Cassandra. I just came to hand in my stuff and get my last check.

CASSANDRA

Frank, what the fuck are you talking about? I told you I wasn't gonna fire you. The big boss isn't too happy but I told him it wasn't your fault so I think your job is safe for now.

FRANK

Dang, really? Well thank you for having my back. I didn't know Mr. Gardner had a soft spot for you.

CASSANDRA

He's always kinda had a thing for me, too bad I'm not swingin' his direction... or his wife's.

Cassandra sneers. Frank raises an eyebrow.

CASSANDRA

But if they shut down the museum or charge us with aiding and abetting, that deal's not gonna stand. Which is why I wanted to talk to you. I overheard some of the guards talking, they said something about the Mafia. Do you think the Mafia could be involved in this?

FRANK

Cassandra, I swear to God.

Frank grabs Cassandra's arm and moves closer to her office, away from the staircase.

FRANK

Listen, you are playing a real dangerous game here. Whoever did this is big time, maybe the biggest. They will kill you just for knowing their name.

Cassandra is taken aback.

FRANK

The only thing you need to worry about is keeping this museum afloat while the cops figure this stuff out. I know those paintings meant a lot to you, but I'm sure they'll find them. That's their job. But me and you, we just

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
need to keep moving forward.

CASSANDRA
Frank I don't know what we're gonna do. They took our whole main exhibit. I even heard someone say that the FBI is coming in. Who knows how long this is gonna take.

FRANK
Even more reason to stay out of it. This museum has been here for almost a hundred years. It's gonna be fine. But you really need to let this go.

Cassandras stares at the floor in silence.

CASSANDRA
We need those paintings.

Frank puts his hand on Cassandra's shoulder.

FRANK
Look, I'm sorry this is happening, I really am. And I appreciate you sticking up for me. But I can't help you. I just can't.

Frank turns and walks back down the stairs. Cassandra watches him as he walks away.

Cassandra takes a deep breath and steps back into her office.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

HOLLOWELL
Alright, I'll see you tomorrow bud.

Hollowell leaves through the station entrance. The door shuts behind him.

Marcel sits for a moment at the table covered in folders and files.

Marcel cleans up the folders and stacks them neatly. He drops the folders into a box and stands up from the table.

Marcel walks toward the entrance with his bag over his shoulder. He once again passes by the FBI office.

Marcel pauses for a moment. He checks his surroundings. He's the only person in that part of the station.

Marcel slowly opens the door to the FBI office. He walks over to the cork board with Russo and his associates.

Marcel looks over the board for a moment. He glances down to the side and sees a BOX labeled "Bruno Russo".

He bends down and takes the lid off the box. He quickly flips through the files until he finds a FOLDER labeled "Bruno Russo: Identity History Summary". He pulls the folder out and stares at it for a moment.

Marcel puts the lid back on the box and slides it back into place. He takes the folder and leaves the FBI office, closing the door behind him.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bruno Russo's wife EMMA, a beautiful mid-40s blonde woman, sleeps on the giant mattress in their large primary bedroom. She is wearing pink silk pajamas with a matching sleep mask. The room has a vaulted ceiling and an entire living area separate from the bed with a couch and a television.

Rafael's "La Muta" hangs on the wall above the bed.

Bruno slowly opens the door to the bedroom and steps inside.

BRUNO RUSSO

Em. Em, wake up.

Emma turns over and moves her sleep mask to her forehead. She squints her eyes and yawns.

EMMA RUSSO

Honey, what is it? What are you doing?

BRUNO RUSSO

C'mon, I got something I wanna show ya.

EMMA RUSSO

Jesus Christ, Bruno. Now?

BRUNO RUSSO

It's now or never, honey. C'mon, let's go.

Emma sits up and throws the covers off.

EXT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Bruno and Emma walk out of the front door of their estate. In their elongated driveway sits a large white BOX TRUCK.

A MAN steps down from the driver's seat and walks up to Bruno. Bruno shakes his hand.

BRUNO RUSSO

Hey, what's goin' on, Marco?

MARCO

Hey there, Mr. Russo. Lemme get this opened up for ya.

MARCO walks around to the back of the truck. He lets down the ramp and opens the back doors.

EMMA RUSSO

Bruno, what is this? I gotta take the kids to school tomorrow.

BRUNO RUSSO

Just take a look.

Emma and Bruno walk around to the back of the truck.

Emma looks inside to see hundreds of FURS. Fur coats, hats, and scarfs as well as raw furs line the inside of the truck. Emma's eyes widen and her mouth drops open.

BRUNO RUSSO

Go ahead, baby. Take whatever you like. My treat.

EMMA RUSSO

Oh my God baby, thank you!

Emma hugs Bruno and kisses him on the cheek. Emma SQUEALS with excitement and claps her hands as she climbs the ramp and steps into the truck.

Bruno lights a CIGAR as he watches Emma go through all the different furs. Marco strolls over and stands next to Bruno.

MARCO

Hopefully she likes the selection.

BRUNO RUSSO

You did great, Marco. You know, you're my most important guy. Family first as
(MORE)

BRUNO RUSSO (CONT'D)
my father would say.

Bruno gestures toward Emma.

BRUNO RUSSO
But no, this is great. You keep
bringin' me the good stuff and you are
set. I'll make sure of it.

MARCO
Thanks, Mr. Russo.

Emma takes one of the coats off the rack and looks over at Bruno with a gigantic smile.

Bruno smiles back and nods at Emma.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The man in the jacket grabs his KNIFE from the work bench. Owls hoot outside the windows.

The man picks up his backpack off the floor next to the work bench. He turns off the light and slowly saunters up the stairs.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

COP #2 from the art heist strolls through a large construction site in a secluded area. A half-built house stands silent and still among the cranes and bulldozers surrounding the site. Cop #2 is wearing a denim jacket, baggy pants and a baseball cap. Two streetlights and one dim construction light illuminate the area.

A CAR pulls up in the distance. Cop #2 leans against part of the house and watches the car park and shut off. The car is far enough that he can't tell what kind of car it is.

The man in the jacket gets out and walks toward Cop #2. Cop #2 walks toward the man in the jacket. They meet on the edge of the site.

COP #2
What's up, man? You got my stuff?

The man in the jacket pulls out a small BAGGY of pills and shows it to Cop #2.

COP #2
Nice, man. Can I take a look?

The man in the jacket nods his head.

Cop #2 takes the bag and holds it up to his face. He opens the baggy and looks inside.

COP #2
Yeah, this looks like my stuff.
Thanks. You just start workin' for the
Russos?

The man in the jacket stays silent. Cop #2 looks up at the man for a moment then back down at the baggy.

COP #2
Whatever, man. Oh, here's the cash.

Cop #2 pulls out 2 hundreds and a twenty folded together. He holds the money out toward the man in the jacket.

The man in the jacket raises his head slightly. Cop #2 steps closer to the man, looking at his face under the hood.

COP #2
Oh shit, do I know you?

The man in the jacket quickly pulls out his KNIFE and STABS Cop #2 in the stomach. Cop #2 GRUNTS and CHOKES as he keels over.

The man in the jacket quickly SHANKS Cop #2 two more times in the gut before slowly laying him down on the ground.

The man in the jacket puts the bag of pills and the money back in Cop #2's front pocket. He reaches around and grabs a WALLET from Cop #2's back pocket.

The man in the jacket scurries back to his car. He gets in his car and throws the wallet in the glove compartment.

The man takes his hood down and it is revealed to be Frank.

About 60 feet away, another CAR is revealed to be sitting in the darkness near the construction site.

Frank turns on his car and drives away from the site.

As Frank drives away, a CAMERA takes a picture of his license plate from the other car. The person holding the camera is

not revealed.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Frank takes a shower in steaming hot water. He rubs his face and pushes his hair back.

CUT TO

Now wearing his security uniform, he pours some food into the dog bowl. Angel comes to eat the food and Frank rubs her head while she eats.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Frank walks down the stairs of his apartment holding his shirt and pants from the night before. He has a leather messenger bag over his shoulder.

He gets into his car and pulls around to the side of the building. He pulls up next to a dumpster. Frank takes his clothes from the night before and tosses them out his car window into the dumpster.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Frank pulls into the museum parking lot. There are significantly fewer police cars and a few more employee cars. The car that was following Frank is there as well.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Frank enters the museum. There are only a few COPS still roaming the premises.

Janine comes around a corner and approaches Frank.

JANINE

Frank! I'm so glad you're back! I'm really sorry about what happened. Are you okay?

FRANK

Yeah I'm fine, Janine. Thanks.

JANINE

Great! Well I've just been moving things around, trying to get the place back into shape. Oh! Cassandra said she wanted to see you in her office.

FRANK
Gotcha. Thanks.

Janine walks away and Frank continues toward his office.

Once Frank reaches his office, he sees that there are no cops inside and the police tape has been removed from the entrance.

Frank smiles. He walks up the stairs to his office.

He puts his bag on the ground and sits down in his chair. Frank sighs with relief.

Frank's desk phone RINGS loudly. Frank is startled and quickly picks up the phone.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)
(through the phone)
Frank, can you come to my office,
please?

Frank makes his way up the stairs toward Cassandra's office.

Frank enters Cassandra's office. Cassandra is sitting at her desk staring directly at Frank.

CASSANDRA
Hey Frank. Come take a seat.

Frank walks over and sits down across from Cassandra.

FRANK
What's goin' on?

Cassandra says nothing. She stares at Frank with intensity. The corner of her mouth stretches into a smirk.

Cassandra takes out a STACK OF PAPERS from her desk and drops them in front of Frank.

Frank looks down at the stack of papers. On top is a PICTURE of Frank's car at the construction site.

Frank slowly flips through the stack to see dozens of pictures of himself from the murder at the construction site. The photos are dark but Frank's face can be seen as he turns around and runs back to his car. The last photo is a picture of his license plate.

Frank leans back in his chair. He stares at the pictures then

slowly looks up at Cassandra.

Cassandra smiles at Frank.

CASSANDRA

Now, you are gonna help me find the art that was stolen from me, or I take all of this to the cops downstairs. Or maybe I tell Mr. Gardner that you were half asleep when those fake cops showed up the other night.

Frank raises his eyebrow.

FRANK

You tryin' to scare me?

CASSANDRA

Is it working?

Frank leans in closer.

FRANK

What's stopping me from jumping over this desk and ending you just like I did to that loser?

CASSANDRA

Because I'm the only person that can help you. I'm the reason you still have a real job and I'm the only person that knows the truth. And I will twist that truth in whatever way I see fit.

FRANK

You don't know what you're getting into here. You're the one that should be scared. These people will kill you.

CASSANDRA

And that's why you're gonna help me. Listen, I don't care who you are or what you do outside of this place, but we need those pieces back. And I will do whatever I have to do to make that happen.

Frank narrows his eyes at Cassandra.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Police tapes surrounds the construction site. Several police cars and SUVs are parked in the parking lot. CSI AGENTS collect samples from around the site.

Marcel and Hollowell stand next to each other, looking down at the dead body of Cop #2. Hollowell smokes a cigarette. Marcel crouches down next to the body.

HOLLOWELL

Well I was right. They're nothing if not consistent.

The detectives stare at the lifeless body.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Agent Barstow and Agent Louis sit in the FBI office. They are surrounded by boxes of files and folders. Louis reads through some of the files on the table while Barstow stands and looks over the cork board.

AGENT BARSTOW

You think some of your old Jersey buddies might have any info on the rest of these guys?

AGENT LOUIS

I've asked them before but I haven't heard anything. But trust me, if they knew then we would know.

AGENT BARSTOW

How often you talk to those guys?

AGENT LOUIS

Not much since I got to Quantico. We all got our own shit goin' on.

AGENT BARSTOW

Hm... You sure it's not 'cause your new partner is a Black woman?

AGENT LOUIS

The fuck are you talkin' about?

AGENT BARSTOW

What am I talking about? You know better than anyone. The New Jersey sect is so white it makes DC look like

(MORE)

AGENT BARSTOW (CONT'D)
an episode of Soul Train.

Agent Louis cracks a smile.

AGENT LOUIS
Fair enough. But those guys aren't like that. But if it makes you feel better, I'll give em' a call.

AGENT BARSTOW
Thank you. And maybe don't mention my
name.

Detective Jameson opens the door to the FBI office and steps into the room. Louis and Barstow look up at Jameson.

JAMESON
We got the location!

AGENT LOUIS AGENT BARSTOW
What? No shit?

JAMESON
Some fur trader gave us the drop on
Russo's address.

AGENT BARSTOW
Fuck yes! Good shit, Jameson.

JAMESON
So what do we do now?

AGENT LOUIS
Well we don't actually have any
evidence it was him so we can't just
go break his door down. But this is
good.

AGENT BARSTOW

Now we either have to get some real solid dirt on him, solid enough for a search warrant, or find some way to get in his house and check it out for ourselves without him knowing.

JAMESON
Like a wire tap? I think that's how
they got ahold of the five families a
few years back.

AGENT BARSTOW

I like your style, James.

AGENT LOUIS

Yeah that's not bad. We just gotta get someone in there to set it up.

JAMESON

Well maybe we can take a trip over to Bell Atlantic and see if they can give us a hand.

AGENT LOUIS

It's a start.

Louis, Barstow and Jameson leave the FBI office and head toward the entrance of the police station. Marcel is at the copy machine a few feet away.

Hollowell comes through the entrance and passes by the agents and Jameson.

HOLLOWELL

Good morning agents. Jameson.

AGENT LOUIS

Mornin' Detective. Excuse us.

The agents and Jameson exit the police station.

Hollowell turns his attention to Marcel at the copier.

HOLLOWELL

Hey Marcel. I'm gonna get started on finding victim number four's family. Maybe we do some interviews, see if that helps us.

MARCEL

You go ahead, I gotta finish this real quick.

Hollowell strolls toward his office at the back of the station.

Marcel quickens his pace and finishes making the copies. He walks over to the FBI office, checks his surroundings, and opens the door.

Marcel quietly moves through the office and finds the box labeled "Bruno Russo". He opens the box and puts the original

"Bruno Russo: Identity History Summary" file back. He scoots the box back into the place and quickly exits the office.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Frank shuts the door of his car and walks toward the museum entrance.

Frank's pager BEEPS loudly. He looks down and checks the pager. Frank rolls his eyes.

Frank walks over to a pay phone next to the museum. He puts the phone up to his ear and dials a number.

FRANK

Hello?

MYSTERY VOICE (O.S.)

(through the phone)

It's the family. We need you to get those pieces for us.

FRANK

What? That's... That's not my field.

MYSTERY VOICE

You've been promoted.

FRANK

Listen, I'm already in danger here. The cops probably still think I had something to do with it.

MYSTERY VOICE

And now you will. Find them and bring them to us. Then you will receive your payment.

FRANK

What happens if I get caught?

MYSTERY VOICE

We will protect you. Just find the pieces, we'll take care of the rest.

The line goes dead. Frank looks down at the phone and GRUNTS in frustration. He hangs up the phone and heads back toward the museum.

INT. ART MUSEUM - CASSANDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits across from Cassandra at her desk. Cassandra looks at her computer.

CASSANDRA

So I did some research on gangs in Massachusetts and the Tri-state area. From what I've found, you have the O'Connors; old-school Irish mob that started here about seventy years ago. Then you have the Russo's; classic Sicilian-American gang who's leadership has been passed down through several generations. And supposedly there's a newer group that's been popping up all over Long Island and Connecticut for the past few months but cops still don't know who they are or where they came from.

Frank's wandering eyes are redirected toward Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

There's also the Chinese mob but I don't think they're too concerned with stealing millions of dollars in Western-European art.

Frank leans back and stares at Cassandra with a combination of concern and wonder.

FRANK

Jesus, you find all this out at the library?

CASSANDRA

That and the internet. You'd be surprised at all the public records you can find on there.

FRANK

Damn. Well I still think this is incredibly stupid. This is organized crime we're talking about. Even the feds have spent years tracking these guys down and found nothing.

CASSANDRA

Well the feds are fucking stupid.

FRANK

I don't know about that.

CASSANDRA

If they were smart, they would actually go out and find these motherfuckers instead of wasting their time interrogating us.

FRANK

That may be true but at least it's their job. They get trained for this kind of stuff. We have no idea what we're doing.

CASSANDRA

But they don't know art like I do. And don't you go through some kind of training to be a security guard? Or whatever you are...

FRANK

Yes, but it's different.

CASSANDRA

Well, Frank, I trust you more than I trust any cop in this city, which still isn't saying much.

Cassandra's desk phone RINGS. She picks up the phone.

CASSANDRA

Hello?

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY

Laura stands in her kitchen with her old-school landline phone up to her ear.

LAURA

Hi Cass, I just wanted to see how you're doing since you went back to work.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

CASSANDRA

Oh hey. Yeah I'm fine. Just catching up on some stuff.

LAURA

That's good. Well I also wanted to check in on how you're feeling. I know the other night was really upsetting for you. I just hope you're safe and you're not too freaked out by the whole thing.

CASSANDRA

Thank you babe. Yes I'm safe.

Cassandra glances over at Frank.

CASSANDRA

But I think I'm pretty much over it now. Just working on getting this place back to its former glory.

LAURA

I'm glad to hear that. Well you know I'm always here.

CASSANDRA

I know. Thank you. Alright, I gotta go. I'll see you soon.

Cassandra hangs up the phone.

FRANK

I didn't know you had a girlfriend.

CASSANDRA

It's none of your business, Frank.

FRANK

Oh so you can follow me around at night and take pictures but I can't ask about your girlfriend?

CASSANDRA

'Cause my girlfriend is ALIVE! I'm not over here breaking any laws.

FRANK

Not yet.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bruno repeatedly SMASHES his phone into the receiver.

BRUNO RUSSO
GOD FUCKIN' DAMMIT!

Bruno sits down in a chair next to the table where the phone is sitting.

BRUNO RUSSO
God damn phone is busted. Benny, can you get someone in here to fix this shit?

BENNY COSTA, a short Italian-American man, stands next to the entrance of the living room with his hands clasped in front of him.

BENNY
Sure thing, boss. I'll get right on that.

BRUNO RUSSO
That deal with the Chinese still goin' down tomorrow?

BENNY
They're settin' it up right now. Everything should be good.

BRUNO RUSSO
Okay good. I've lost three guys and my best stripper in the last few weeks, I can't afford to lose another H shipment.

BENNY
We got it covered.

BRUNO RUSSO
You know, these Chinese motherfuckers got the best dope on the market but they charge you up the ass for it 'cause they know they can. We're gonna need to start our own opium farm upstate just to keep up.

Benny smirks and stands silently for a moment.

BENNY
Anything else, B?

BRUNO RUSSO
No. Just figure out the phone shit
(MORE)

BRUNO RUSSO (CONT'D)
then go meet up with the rest of the
boys at the harbor.

BENNY
Got it.

Benny exits the living room. Bruno leans back in his chair and sighs deeply. He picks up his Manhattan from the table next to him.

Emma enters the room carrying a fancy suitcase. Bruno's two young sons PETEY (4) and BILLY (6) enter with backpacks over their shoulders.

EMMA RUSSO
Alright honey, we're outta here.

BRUNO RUSSO
Ah, yeah.

Bruno gets up from his chair and saunters over to Emma and the boys.

BRUNO RUSSO
You guys excited to go see Grandma?

BILLY
YEAH!

PETHEY
Yeah, dad!

Bruno rubs the top of Billy and Petey's heads. He kisses Emma on the cheek.

BRUNO RUSSO
Okay well you guys have fun. See you
in a couple days.

Emma and the boys exit through the front door.

Bruno slowly walks over and falls back into his chair.

EXT. COP #2'S HOUSE - DAY

Detective Marcel is parked in front of the house of Cop #2's family. His radio BEEPS and Hollowell's voice comes through the radio system.

HOLLOWELL (O.S.)
Hey Marcel?

Marcel picks up the radio receiver and holds it to his mouth.

MARCEL

Yeah, what's up?

HOLLOWELL (O.S.)

I can't make it over to the interview
right now. Some family stuff came up.
You good to take this one?

Marcel rolls his eyes and breathes deeply. He puts the receiver back up to his mouth.

MARCEL

Yeah, that's fine. Everything okay?

HOLLOWELL (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm good. Just some stuff I
gotta take care of. Time sensitive.

MARCEL

No problem. I got it.

Marcel puts the receiver down. He opens the door and gets out of the car.

INT. COP #2'S HOUSE - DAY

The inside of the house is dirty and disorganized. Children's toys cover the floor and the walls are covered in brown stains.

A 3-year-old BOY and a 5-year-old GIRL run around the house playing loudly.

Detective Marcel sits at the kitchen table with Cop #2's wife LISA as she smokes a cigarette. Lisa is an attractive brunette woman in her mid-30s. Marcel writes on a small notepad.

LISA

Tommy was a decent guy. He tried to
stay out of trouble but it always came
back for him.

MARCEL

What kind of stuff was he involved in?

LISA

He was an addict. He'd gotten clean a
couple times but it never stuck. He
tried rehab but that was a bust.

MARCEL

Did he have a job?

LISA

Sometimes. He didn't tell me much. Sometimes he'd come home with more money than we knew what to do with. Other times he would come home smelling like a homeless shelter with pupils the size of dinner plates. I was fine with the drugs, but I told him if he got caught up with that mob shit I would leave his ass. Take the kids too.

MARCEL

I see. Did he ever mention anyone else? Who he was involved with?

LISA

Not really. He would claim that he was trying to protect us, but I would always tell him we wouldn't need protecting if he would just fill out a damn job application. He could never bring himself to step away from that life. I loved him. He was a good father, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't see this coming.

Marcel stays silent. He looks at Lisa for a moment before leaning in closer.

MARCEL

Did you ever see anyone else? Maybe he got dropped off by someone?

LISA

There was one guy I'd see sometimes when he came home. Tall lanky guy with red hair. Never saw him up close though.

Marcel makes a note in his notepad. He stands up out of his chair.

MARCEL

Well thank you for your time, Lisa. This was... really helpful, and we're going to do everything in our power to find who did this.

Lisa stays seated and puffs on her cigarette.

LISA

Good luck, Detective, but I won't hold my breath. Seems like these people will sooner die than see the inside of a cell.

Marcel pauses. He steps closer to Lisa.

MARCEL

We won't let 'em off that easy.

Marcel turns and leaves the room. Lisa puffs her cigarette and stares off into nothing.

EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Cassandra's car is parked in front of the police station. The passenger side door opens and Frank steps out. Cassandra steps out of the driver's side and looks up at the station.

FRANK

So what's the plan here, again?

CASSANDRA

We're just gonna ask them some questions. Mostly about if we're still being investigated, but also if they have any leads on the dorks that actually robbed us.

FRANK

You know they're not allowed to tell us anything, right?

CASSANDRA

Duh! We're not here looking for facts, we're looking for clues.

Frank scoffs and shakes his head, smirking at Cassandra's arrogance.

Frank and Cassandra approach the entrance to the police station. There is no one else around in the parking lot.

FRANK

I hope you understand that this could get us in more trouble than we're already in.

Suddenly, Officer Gomez and OFFICER RYAN sneak up behind Frank and Cassandra. The officers cover Frank and Cassandra's mouths and DRAG them toward the side of the building. Frank and Cassandra's SHOUTS are muted by the cops' hands. They disappear around the side of the building.

INT. POLICE STATION BASEMENT - EVENING

Cassandra and Frank sit in two metal chairs in the unfinished basement of the police station. Their hands are handcuffed behind their backs and they have duct tape over their mouths.

Officer Gomez and Officer Ryan stand over Cassandra and Frank.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Alright, fuckers. We know you two were the only ones at the museum the night of the heist. We know the Russos did it. We want those pieces. Now where are they?

Cassandra and Frank mumble under the tape covering their mouths. Officer Ryan turns to Officer Gomez.

OFFICER RYAN

I don't think they can tell us much with the tape and stuff.

Officer Ryan rolls his eyes. He rips the tape off of Cassandra's mouth.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Talk.

CASSANDRA

We're not telling you shit.

The Officer Gomez grins at Cassandra.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Listen, we got all the time in the world. And you're not leaving here until you tell us what we need to know.

CASSANDRA

Fuck you!

Officer Gomez leans in closer to Cassandra.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Look, I'm not into hitting women, but
I won't hesitate if you don't buck up.

Frank mumbles loudly under the tape. Officer Gomez rips the tape off Frank's mouth.

Officer Gomez looks at Frank and does a double take. He steps back slightly.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Oh shit, Frank?

Cassandra's eyes widen as she looks over at Frank.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Holy shit, I didn't even recognize you
without the mustache.

Frank breathes heavily and shamefully puts his head down.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Damn man, I'm sorry. Boss just told us
we were looking for an old white guy
and the Latina chick from the museum.

Cassandra narrows her eyes at Officer Gomez.

FRANK

It's okay guys but just listen. We're
looking for the same thing. I've
already been taking out Russo's guys
one by one. The family just told me
yesterday to start looking for the
pieces. We were just coming here to
see if you guys had any more
information we could use.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Well god damn, I wish he would've told
us that. They got us over here wasting
our time when we could be working
together.

Officer Gomez points toward Cassandra.

OFFICER GOMEZ

What's her deal?

FRANK

She's the curator at the museum. She
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
wants those paintings back too, so
she's been blackmailing me into
helping her find them.

Officer Gomez raises his eyebrow.

FRANK
Don't worry, I was just gonna wack her
once we found them and bring the
pieces back to the Monarch Family.

CASSANDRA
WHAT?!

Officer Gomez puts the tape back over Cassandra's mouth.
Cassandra mumbles loudly and shakes her head.

OFFICER GOMEZ
Got it. Well listen, I'm real sorry
about this. Obviously there was a
miscommunication. Let's go ahead and
get you outta here.

Officer Gomez gestures toward Officer Ryan.

Officer Ryan takes out the handcuff keys and bends down to
unlock Franks cuffs. He reaches behind Frank and unlocks the
handcuffs.

Frank quickly CHARGES at Officer Ryan. He pushes Officer Ryan
up against the wall. Frank grabs Officer Ryan's face and
SMASHES the back of his head against the wall. Officer Ryan
slumps down to the floor.

Officer Gomez LUNGES at Frank but Frank is able to dodge
Gomez and get behind him. Frank puts Gomez in a REAR NAKED
CHOKE. Gomez struggles to escape.

Frank looks at Cassandra.

FRANK
Kick the chair to me!

Cassandra looks at Frank with terror and confusion. She
mumbles frantically under the tape.

FRANK
The chair! Kick the chair!

Cassandra looks down at the empty chair next to her. She

maneuvers her leg and KICKS the chair toward Frank and Officer Gomez.

As Officer Gomez continues to try and escape the choke, Frank KICKS his legs out from under him. Frank RAMS Gomez's face into the seat of the chair.

Frank leans down and repeatedly SMASHES Gomez's face into the metal chair until Gomez goes completely limp. Gomez's face is bloodied and disfigured.

Frank stands for moment, panting heavily. Cassandra looks at Frank in shock.

Frank grabs the handcuff keys off the ground and unlock's Cassandra's cuffs. She stands up and rips the tape off her mouth.

CASSANDRA
Jesus Christ, Frank!

Frank walks over and leans down next to Officer Ryan. He takes Ryan's GUN out of its holster and slides it across the floor toward Cassandra.

FRANK
Well, we're in it now. No turning back.

Cassandra looks nervously at the unconscious officers.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

10 CHINESE MOBSTERS stand together in a warehouse near the Boston harbor. Seagulls squawk outside the windows. One mobster holds a large BRIEFCASE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

8 of Bruno Russo's ASSOCIATES stand outside the warehouse entrance. RAFFI, a pale Italian-American man, is holding a DUFFLE BAG. Cop #1 from the art heist stands next to him.

A car pulls up near the warehouse. Benny Costa steps out of the car and shuts the door. He walks over to the rest of the associates.

DANTE, a tall dark skinned Italian man, looks over at Benny as he approaches.

DANTE

C'mon Benny, hurry up. You're keepin' everybody waitin'.

BENNY

Sorry boys, boss needed an errand boy and I pulled the short stick.

DANTE

Whateva'. Let's do this.

The associates enter the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Chinese men turn and stare intensely at Bruno's associates as they enter the warehouse.

The two groups stand about 10 feet from each other. The Chinese man with the briefcase stands in the middle across from Raffi. Dante stands next to Raffi while Benny stands at the edge of the group.

DANTE

You got the Hazel or what? Or are we just gonna stand here like a bunch 'a cafones?

The Chinese man with the briefcase steps forward and opens the briefcase. Inside the briefcase are 8 one kilo bags of heroin.

Dante steps forward and inspects the contents of the briefcase.

DANTE

Looks good. Raffi, show 'em the dough.

Raffi steps forward and opens the top of the duffle bag. Inside the bag are dozens of bankrolls.

Another Chinese man steps forward from the group and inspects the duffle bag. He nods his head. Both Chinese men step back into formation. They pause for moment, glaring at Bruno's associates.

CHINESE MAN

Xiànzài!

12 MONARCH FAMILY MEMBERS with MACHINE GUNS BURST in through the warehouse entrance and start SHOOTING Bruno's associates.

The Chinese men jump backwards and hide behind the contents of the warehouse.

Raffi is SHOT in the back and drops the duffle bag.

Dante turns around to return fire but he is SHOT in the chest and falls to the ground.

During the commotion, Benny drops to the ground and crawls to a door on the side of the warehouse. He opens the door and sprints out of the warehouse.

The shooting ceases and all of the Bruno's associates lie dead on the ground.

The Chinese men slowly rise from their hiding spots.

The Monarch Family members stand sternly in place. Behind them, a MAN in a striped suit enters the warehouse. It's Detective Hollowell.

Hollowell looks around at the bodies.

HOLLOWELL
Nicely done, boys.

Hollowell looks up and nods his head at the Chinese mobsters as they return to their standing formation.

HOLLOWELL
Gentlemen.

Hollowell kicks the duffle bag over to the Chinese men.

HOLLOWELL
From the Monarch Family. For your trouble.

One of the Chinese men picks up the duffle bag. He nods his head at Hollowell. Hollowell smiles at the Chinese man.

Hollowell turns his back and raises his hand, gesturing to the family members.

They OPEN FIRE on the Chinese men. The Chinese mobsters drop the duffle bag and the briefcase as they YELL and COLLAPSE to the ground.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

Cassandras's car pulls up into the side alley of the museum.

Frank and Cassandra get out of the car and walk around to the trunk.

Cassandra opens the trunk. Officer Ryan and Officer Gomez are lying in the trunk, bloodied and unconscious.

CASSANDRA
I can't believe this shit.

FRANK
This is what you signed up for, ain't it?

Frank goes over to the side of the building and moves some junk and debris to reveal a HIDDEN DOOR.

CASSANDRA
Okay, what the fuck?

Frank grabs Officer Gomez and throws him over his shoulder. He goes through the secret door and steps down a rickety wooden staircase. Cassandra follows behind.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Frank reaches the bottom of the stairs and throws Officer Gomez on the floor. He turns on the light at the bottom of the stairs.

Cassandra looks around the dingy basement, noticing the workbench.

CASSANDRA
Jesus, Frank. How didn't I know about this?

FRANK
That's part of my job. You not knowing. Clearly I'm not that great at it.

Frank walks back up the stairs to get Officer Ryan.

Cassandra slowly approaches the work bench. She notices a plastic CRATE under the bench. She kneels down and pulls out the crate.

Inside the crate are dozens of WALLETS, PURSES, and HANDBAGS.

CASSANDRA
Shit.

Cassandra reaches in and pulls out one of the wallets. She opens the wallet and looks at the I.D. It's the I.D. of the old man from the DNA Club.

QUICK FLASH:

-Cassandra is with Laura at the DNA club. She sees the old man exit through the side of the club. The man in the jacket follows him outside.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank comes down the stairs carrying Officer Ryan. He drops him next to Officer Gomez.

Cassandra continues looking at the I.D. and the crate of belongings.

CASSANDRA

Frank... How long have you been doing this?

Frank takes a deep breathe and looks down at the unconscious officers.

FRANK

It's been a while.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

Frank shuts the door to the basement. He moves the junk and debris back into position to cover the door.

Cassandra leans against the car, smoking a cigarette.

Frank's pager BEEPS. He glances down at the pager and gestures to Cassandra.

FRANK

Stay here.

Cassandra nods at Frank.

Frank walks over to a payphone on the building next to the museum. He picks up the phone and dials a number. He puts the phone up to his ear.

FRANK

What?

MYSTERY VOICE (O.S.)

We got a new lead. Russo's men are meeting up at a marijuana farm tomorrow. Worcester. You find them, we find the pieces. Your work will be generously compensated.

Frank looks over at Cassandra.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hollowell sits in a chair with the duffle bag at his feet. He smokes a cigarette as he goes through the bag, counting the bankrolls and inspecting each one.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Outside, the BODIES of Russo's associates and the Chinese mob are laid out on the ground next to the harbor. Two of Hollowell's associates carry another body out of the warehouse to the dock.

Hollowell's associate HANK turns the hand crank on a small CEMENT MIXER.

Another associate, MARK, lifts Dante's body up to a seated position. Mark holds Dante's head in place and opens his mouth. He holds Dante's mouth up to the cement mixer.

Hank angles the mixer and slowly POURS THE CEMENT DOWN DANTE'S THROAT. Mark holds Dante steady as some of the cement drips down onto Dante's clothes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A loud electronic RINGING emanates from Hollowell's jacket. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a BRICK CELLPHONE. Hollowell clicks a button on the phone and holds it up to his ear.

HOLLOWELL

Yeah?

Hollowell continues counting the money as he listens.

HOLLOWELL

It's done. I'm countin' up our prize right now.

Hollowell stops counting and listens closer.

HOLLOWELL
Alright. Okay, I'll be there.

Hollowell hangs up the phone and sits for a moment. He dumps the money in his lap back into the duffle bag and stands up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hank and Mark dump Dante's body into the harbor. Dante's body quickly sinks below the surface.

Hank returns to the cement mixer and Mark grabs the body of one of the Chinese mobsters.

Hollowell comes out of the warehouse to address his associates. He flicks his cigarette onto the ground.

HOLLOWELL
Hey, I gotta roll. I'll finish
countin' up at home. Got another job
tomorrow. You guys all good here?

HANK
We got it, boss.

MARK
No problem.

HOLLOWELL
Good, the family will be very pleased.
Alright, I'll see you gentlemen later.

Hollowell goes back inside the warehouse.

Mark smiles as he lifts the Chinese mobster up to the cement mixer.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Cassandra enters her apartment and throws her keys on the entryway table. She takes a deep breath and rubs her face.

Cassandra shambles over toward her bedroom. The landline phone in her kitchen RINGS. Cassandra is startled by the sound.

Cassandra approaches the phone. The caller I.D. on the phone reads "LAURA". She hesitates.

Cassandra slowly turns around and heads to her bedroom, collapsing onto her bed. The phone continues ringing, echoing

through the apartment.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Marcel stands behind Detective Jameson at his desk. Jameson is on his computer while Marcel looks over his shoulder.

JAMESON

I don't know, man. This seems pretty far fetched.

MARCEL

I'm telling you, this shit is connected. I just need to make sure.

JAMESON

You know, I could get in a lot of trouble for showing you this. This is technically FBI property.

MARCEL

Then you probably shouldn't tell your FBI buddies you're showing me this.

Jameson sneers at Marcel.

The computer screen shows security footage of the outside of the art museum. The parking lot is lively, with dozens of people parking and walking up to the entrance.

Jameson fast forwards through the footage. Marcel squints his eyes.

MARCEL

Hold on, hold on. Right there. Can you slow it down a bit?

Jameson plays the footage slowly. Marcel notices a MAN walking up to the museum.

MARCEL

Okay, pause it. Right there.

The screen shows a still image of a man at entrance to the museum. Marcel looks closer. The man is revealed to be Cop #2 from the construction site murder.

Marcel's eyes widen.

JAMESON

Who is that?

MARCEL

He's the connection.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - DAY

Bruno sits at the dining table with his hand covering his face.

BRUNO RUSSO

You've gotta be fuckin' kidding me...

Benny Costa stands nervously at the entrance of the dining room. His clothes are stained with sweat and dirt from his escape.

BENNY

I don't know what happened, B. The deal was going fine then one of those Chinese stunads yelled some mandarin bullshit and we were surrounded.

Bruno clasps his hands together and glares at Benny.

BRUNO RUSSO

So it was a set-up. Jesus Christ. Did you see them?

BENNY

I didn't recognize any of them, but I got outta there so quick... I don't know. I didn't see.

Bruno sighs deeply.

BRUNO RUSSO

A dozen of my guys have been taken out in the last month. This ain't no coincidence. Someone is out to get me.

BENNY

Maybe the O'Connors? You did stab that one guy in the head when he tried to buy one of your Manet's.

BRUNO RUSSO

The O'Connors ain't shit. They don't have the manpower or the balls to go up against me. Plus I sent a bouquet
(MORE)

BRUNO RUSSO (CONT'D)
and a nice hand-written letter
afterward.

BENNY
Well, what do we do now, boss?

BRUNO RUSSO
I don't fuckin' know.

The doorbell RINGS.

BRUNO RUSSO
Oh christ. Benny can you get that?

BENNY
Sure thing, B.

Benny exits the dining room and walks through the living room toward the front door.

Benny opens the door. FBI Agent Louis stands on the porch dressed in an electrician's uniform.

AGENT LOUIS
Hey there! I'm here about a broken
phone.

BENNY
Yeah yeah, come in. That was me who
called.

AGENT LOUIS
Gotcha.

Benny leads Agent Louis through the living room to the phone. Agent Louis looks around at the immaculate art pieces and sculptures filling the room.

AGENT LOUIS
Wow, this is a pretty shmancy place
you got here.

BENNY
Don't worry about that. Just please
get this phone fixed, would ya?

AGENT LOUIS
No problem sir. This may take a few
minutes.

BENNY

Yeah, whateva'. Just holler if you need anything.

Benny walks back over to the dining room.

As Benny opens the dining room door, Agent Louis looks over into the dining room. He catches a brief glance of Bruno Russo before Benny shuts the door quickly.

Agent Louis turns back around and pulls out a tiny CAMERA and a collection of wires.

Bruno stays seated at the dining table. Benny walks over to the side of the table.

BENNY

Just the phone guy. So what's the plan, boss?

BRUNO RUSSO

The plan is you finding out whoever is plotting against us. I'm still waiting on some of my guys to get my grass from Worcester. Maybe you should go check on them, huh?

INT. WEED FARMER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Three of Bruno's associates sit in a garage passing around a JOINT. FREDO, a husky Italian-American man with slicked back hair, takes a hit off the joint.

FREDO

I tell you what, those pussy-ass 49ers ain't my Super Bowl champions.

Fredo passes the joint to AL, a short skinny Italian man.

AL

I second that. But hey, I heard the Redskins might go all the way this year.

Al takes a big hit off the joint and passes it to GEORGIE, another short Italian man.

GEORGIE

No fuckin' way. Either Buffalo or Chicago got it this year.

FREDO

You kiddin' me? Unless the Bears go back in time and draft another twenty-five-year-old Dick Butkus, they're not winning shit.

Fredo stands up and takes the joint from Georgie.

INT. WEED FARMER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We move through the house to the kitchen where Cassandra points Officer Ryan's GUN at the WEED FARMER. The weed farmer is a short, portly white man. Frank stands behind Cassandra.

Bruno's associates can be heard through the thin walls of the house.

GEORGIE (O.S.)

What do ya mean? They won in eighty-six!

Frank puts his finger up to his lips and silently gestures a shushing motion to the weed farmer. The weed farmer nervously nods his head.

INT. WEED FARMER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Frank and Cassandra BUST into the garage. The three associates quickly turn around.

Frank LUNGES at Fredo, STABBING him in the stomach with his KNIFE. Frank grabs Fredo by the throat and pushes him up against the wall.

Al and Georgie stand up. Al moves toward Cassandra. Cassandra hesitates for a moment.

Frank turns back while he holds Fredo.

FRANK

Fuckin' shoot him!

Cassandra squints her eyes and FIRES the gun at Al. The bullet STRIKES Al in the shoulder and he crumples to the ground.

Georgie goes for Cassandra's gun. Cassandra WINCES as she pulls the trigger. The bullet hits Georgie's leg and he STUMBLES backwards, tripping over his chair and falling to the ground.

Cassandra turns and points the gun at Fredo as he's pinned to the wall.

FRANK

Where's the art, you fuck?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Frank and Cassandra drive down the highway back toward Boston. Frank is driving while Cassandra sits in the passenger seat.

CASSANDRA

Holy fucking shit, that was crazy. I can't believe I shot those guys.

Frank smirks.

FRANK

Okay well don't get too worked up now. We got the address but what do you suppose we do now? Just break in and steal it back?

CASSANDRA

Was that not the plan this whole time?

FRANK

This is the mafia, Cassandra. The actual fucking mafia. This place will have guards and capos and shit... You're gonna get us killed.

CASSANDRA

We've done pretty good so far.

FRANK

Why don't we just go tell the cops?

CASSANDRA

And how do you suggest we explain how we obtained this information, hm?

Frank shakes his head.

A few cars behind Frank and Cassandra, Detective Hollowell is revealed to be following them.

EXT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - EVENING

Benny gets into his car in the driveway of Bruno's estate.

Agent Louis comes out the front door of the house, closing it behind him. He walks by Benny's car and knocks on the window.

Benny rolls down the window.

AGENT LOUIS

I'm all finished up. Should be good to go now.

BENNY

Yeah, thanks.

Benny rolls up the window and pulls out of the driveway.

Agent Louis walks over to a van parked next to the house. The logo on the side of the van reads: "BELL ATLANTIC".

Agent Louis swings open the side door of the van and steps inside. He closes the door and the van pulls out of the driveway.

Inside the van, Detective Jameson is revealed to be driving. Agent Barstow is in the back of the van inspecting a set of monitors. She has a pair of large headphones on.

AGENT BARSTOW

Nice work, Louis!

Agent Louis sits next to Agent Barstow as she analyzes the monitors.

The monitors show a hidden camera angle of Bruno Russo's living room.

AGENT LOUIS

Let's hope this works.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - EVENING

Detective Marcel pulls up in front of the art museum, narrowing his eyes at the building as he enters through the gate.

Marcel parks his car in the mostly empty lot. Janine exits the museum and walks past the guard at the front entrance.

Marcel exits his car and walks through the lot, passing Janine. He climbs the stairs to the museum entrance.

Marcel shows his badge to the guard at the entrance.

INT. ART MUSEUM - EVENING

Marcel enters the dark empty museum. He turns on his flashlight and checks his surroundings.

Marcel proceeds through the museum. He passes by the exhibits that were destroyed during the heist, now cleaned and empty of paintings.

He moves forward, nervously checking over his shoulder. He turns a corner and sees the security office.

Marcel slowly walks up the stairs to the office. He shines his flashlight into the room as he enters. He examines the inside of the office, noticing the light switches in the back corner.

Marcel walks over and turns on the light switches, illuminating the whole museum in bright fluorescent light.

Marcel turns off his flashlight and approaches the security monitors.

He inspects monitors for a moment. He presses a few of the buttons below the monitors but nothing happens.

As Marcel looks up from the monitors, he notices a PAINTING on the wall directly outside Frank's office.

The painting is Egdar Degas'"Waiting", which depicts a ballerina sitting and stretching her arm down to her ankle as her chaperone, an older woman dressed in all black, sits next to her.

QUICK FLASHES

-Marcel and Hollowell examine Jesse's body from the strip club. Her hand has been positioned in the exact same way as the Edgar Degas painting.

-Marcel peers through the double-sided mirror into the interrogation room where Detective Evans is talking to Frank. Frank turns his head toward the mirror and looks Detective Marcel directly in the eye.

BACK TO SCENE

Detective Marcel stares up at the Edgar Degas painting. His breathing is deep and heavy.

Marcel RUSHES out of the security office.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - EVENING

Marcel stomps out of the museum entrance and rushes over to the payphone by the side alley of the museum.

Marcel picks up the phone and dials a number.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

Hollowell follows Frank and Cassandra down the highway in his car. His car phone begins to RING.

Hollowell pick up then phone.

HOLLOWELL

Hello?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MARCEL

Hollowell. I got it. It was the security guard from the fuckin' museum. He's the killer.

HOLLOWELL

I'm way ahead of you, partner. I'm following them right now. Him and the curator chick.

MARCEL

What? How did you find out?

HOLLOWELL

I knew it the second I saw him. I knew they were in on the heist, too. Just had to track them down.

MARCEL

So that's what you've been doing? Was that the family stuff you were talking about?

HOLLOWELL

No, there was some family stuff. But this was next on my to-do list.

MARCEL

Alright, well where are you?

HOLLOWELL

I'm headin' down highway ninety right
(MORE)

HOLLOWELL (CONT'D)

now.

MARCEL

Okay, just let me know where they stop
and I'll meet you there.

HOLLOWELL

You got it.

Hollowell smirks.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - EVENING

Marcel hangs up the phone. He starts to walk back to his car when he notices something in the alley next to the museum.

He walks into the alley. While inspecting the ground, he sees STREAKS OF BLOOD leading to the side of the museum.

Marcel follows the blood streaks to the pile of junk Frank put in front of the door. He shoves the junk out of the way and stares at the door.

Marcel SHOVES his shoulder into the door. The door doesn't move. Marcel SHOVES the door again and the door creaks slightly.

Marcel takes a couple steps back. Marcel CHARGES at the door.

He BUSTS through the door into the basement. Marcel pauses for a moment.

Marcel slowly walks down the stairs. The old wood creaks beneath him.

Once he reaches the bottom, he notices the light switch at the bottom of the stairs. Marcel flips on the lights.

Officer Ryan and Officer Gomez lay motionless on the floor. They are handcuffed with duct tape over their mouths. The duct tape has the word "RATS" written on it with sharpie.

Marcel stares at the officers in shock.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Jameson sits in the driver's seat with his head resting on his hand.

Agent Barstow and Agent Louis are wearing headphones as they

watch over the monitors.

JAMESON

So are we just waiting for Russo to come out in front of the cameras and confess?

Agent Barstow takes one side of the headphones off her ear.

AGENT BARSTOW

In a way. We just need someone to mention the art. Or if we're lucky, maybe transport one of them.

JAMESON

Well that seems fairly unlikely, these guys deal with a lot of shit on a day-to-day basis. What are the odds they happen to be transporting the art tonight?

AGENT BARSTOW

We'll take what we can get. And if they just happen to mention exact time and place of their next drug deal, just add it to the list.

The sound of a telephone RINGING plays through Barstow and Louis' headphones.

AGENT BARSTOW

Oh shit. The phone's ringing. Did you actually fix it?

AGENT LOUIS

I guess so.

Bruno Russo appears in the corner of the monitors. He ambles through the living room towards the phone.

Bruno picks up the phone.

BRUNO RUSSO

Hello?

The phone continues ringing.

BRUNO RUSSO

God damn it.

Bruno throws the phone down onto the receiver. STATIC rips

threw the detectives' headphones. The headphones go silent.

BARSTOW

Fuck, did we just lose sound?

LOUIS

Russo's on the move.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Bruno Russo walks down the hallway to his bedroom. A loud telephone ring echoes through the house.

Bruno enters his bedroom and meanders over to the phone next to his bed. He picks up the phone and puts it up to his ear.

BRUNO RUSSO

What is it?

INT. WEED FARMER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Benny stands in the kitchen with the phone up to his ear. Benny's free hand is holding a PISTOL.

BENNY

They got us, B. It was a trap.

The weed farmer lies DEAD on the floor of the kitchen. Blood pours from the bullet wound in his forehead.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

BRUNO RUSSO

What do you mean?

BENNY

Fredo's dead, Al and Georgie are
bleedin' out. I don't know what to do.

Bruno pauses for a moment.

Bruno SMASHES his fist on the bedside table.

BRUNO RUSSO

FUCK ME! Alright listen, just bring
them back here and we'll take care of
it. Emma and the kids won't be back
'till tomorrow. Just make sure you're
not bein' followed.

BENNY

You sure, boss? I don't know if Al's gonna make it.

BRUNO RUSSO

Just do what I say, you fuckin' mamaluke, or I will fashion your nutsack into a nice coin purse for the Missus!

Benny looks down with concern.

BENNY

Alright, you got it, boss.

INT. WEED FARMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Benny hangs up the phone. He walks through the house to the garage.

Benny steps into the garage.

Fredo's body is sat up against the wall. His shirt is stained with blood from the knife wound in his stomach.

Georgie is lying on the floor holding his leg. Al is sitting in a chair holding a rag to his bloody shoulder.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT - NIGHT

Officer Ryan MOANS and slowly opens his eyes. His vision is blurry. There's a dark shape in front of him.

Officer Ryan widens his eyes to see Detective Marcel standing in front of him. Marcel holds the barrel of his PISTOL directly against Ryan's forehead.

Officer Gomez lies motionless on the ground next to Ryan.

With the tape still over his mouth, Ryan mumbles and shakes his head.

Detective Marcel kneels down to be on eye-level with Ryan.

MARCEL

You're gonna tell me fuckin' everything, or I will leave you just how I found you.

Marcel rips the tape off Ryan's mouth.

OFFICER RYAN

(fast talking, tripping over his words)

We were just told to look out for this girl and this old guy-- They came to the station so we tied 'em up and asked them where the art is. They attacked us and Hollowell didn't tell us...

MARCEL

(interrupting)

Okay slower, I'm not writing all this down.

OFFICER RYAN

Hollowell.

MARCEL

What about him?

OFFICER RYAN

He is... an underboss... for the Monarch Family.

MARCEL

What the fuck are you takin' about?

OFFICER RYAN

Me and Gomez... We work for Hollowell. We work for the Monarch Family...

Marcel scrunches his nose and looks around the room. He closes his eyes for a moment then turns back to Ryan.

OFFICER RYAN

He told us they were lookin' for the art that got taken from that museum. Told us to get the workers that saw it and get them to fess up. He said the Russo's have it but they can't figure out where it's stashed-

MARCEL

(interrupting)

Wait... So Bruno Russo *did* set up the heist ?

OFFICER RYAN

They haven't exactly been shy about it.

Marcel pauses for a moment.

Marcel stands up and turns to leave the basement.

OFFICER RYAN

Hey, wait a minute! You said if I
talked you'd let us go!

Marcel's head stays pointed forward as he walks toward the stairs.

MARCEL

I'll come back for you.

EXT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Cassandra and Frank pull up behind Bruno's estate. Cassandra gazes out the passenger window in awe of the giant gaudy property.

CASSANDRA

This is the place?

Frank leans forward to get a better view of the estate.

FRANK

Seems about right.

Cassandra continues staring at the house. Frank looks at Cassandra.

FRANK

Alright, listen.

Cassandra turns to look at Frank.

FRANK

If we're gonna do this, we need to do
it smart. Which means quietly. I'll
try to do most of the dirty work but
I'm gonna need your help. Just watch
my back and stay quiet.

CASSANDRA

Okay.

Cassandra nods her head at Frank. She looks away for a moment then turns back to Frank.

CASSANDRA

Thank you, Frank.

Frank pauses.

FRANK

We'll see if you're welcome.

Frank and Cassandra get out of the car and slowly close the doors. Cassandra holds her PISTOL pointed at the ground. Frank holds his KNIFE by his side.

They sneak up to the side of the house through the bushes.

Hollowell pulls up and parks behind Cassandra's car. He peers through his window to see Frank and Cassandra sneaking through the bushes.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Agent Louis and Agent Barstow watch the monitors closely. Jameson surveys the street.

Jameson's radio BEEPS loudly.

MARCEL (O.S.)

(through radio)

Jameson? Jameson, you there?

Jameson clicks his radio and puts it up to his mouth.

JAMESON

Marcel?

EXT. ART MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marcel sits in his car holding his radio.

MARCEL

Jameson, where are you?

INTERCUT - RADIO CONVERSATION

JAMESON

Why? What's going on?

MARCEL

I think I just found your thief and my killer.

JAMESON

What? Are you kidding?

MARCEL

Where are you?

Jameson pauses for a moment and glances over at the agents.

JAMESON

(quietly)

We're doing a stakeout at Russo's house.

MARCEL

Page me the address. You got a real shitstorm comin' your way.

Marcel puts his radio down and starts his car.

EXT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Frank and Cassandra sneak along the side of Bruno's house.

They approach a window. Frank puts his knife in his mouth and puts his hands on the bottom of the window. He tries to lift the window but it won't budge.

As she checks her surroundings, Cassandra uses her free hand to assist Frank. They simultaneously lift and the window opens.

Frank lifts the window to the top and gestures to Cassandra. Cassandra climbs through the window.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Cassandra steps into the guest bedroom of Bruno's house. She turns and holds the window open for Frank. Frank quietly climbs through the window and slowly shuts it.

Frank and Cassandra survey the room. There are multiple antique pieces of artwork on the walls. Cassandra ogles at the paintings.

FRANK

(whispered)

Let's go.

Frank steps toward the door. Cassandra follows behind.

Frank slowly opens the door and peeks out.

Frank sees Bruno's associate SAL come out of the bathroom down the hall.

Frank quickly shuts the door with an audible CLICK.

Sal turns his head toward the guest bedroom and raises an eyebrow. He walks toward the room.

Frank looks at Cassandra and gestures his head toward the BED. Cassandra nods her head. She sneaks around and hides behind the bed.

Frank flattens himself against the wall behind the door.

Sal opens the door and looks around the room. He doesn't see Cassandra.

Frank GRABS Sal from behind and puts him in a REAR NAKED CHOKE. Frank covers Sal's mouth with one hand while choking him.

Cassandra comes out from behind the bed and KICKS Sal in the groin.

Sal lurches forward. Frank steps forward and they COLLAPSE onto the bed.

Frank continues to choke Sal as they lie sideways on the bed.

After a moment, Sal stops moving. Frank loosens his grip on his throat.

Frank stands up next to Cassandra.

FRANK

Good job.

Cassandra looks down at Sal.

CASSANDRA

Is he dead?

FRANK

He'll be fine.

Frank heads toward the door and opens it, peeking out to check the hallway. Frank slowly opens the door and gestures to Cassandra.

Frank steps out into the hallway with Cassandra following behind.

They quietly make their way down the hallway. They turn a corner into another hallway with Bruno's bedroom door at the

end. Frank stops.

The door opens and Bruno Russo steps out.

Frank and Cassandra quickly hide behind the corner.

Bruno walks down the hallway and turns to head into the living room.

Frank peeks around the corner. Bruno is gone. Frank gestures to Cassandra and they move down the hall toward Bruno's bedroom.

Bruno walks through the living room toward the dining room.

Frank and Cassandra sneak by the doorway as Bruno's back is turned. They make it to Bruno's bedroom. They slowly open the door and step inside.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Agent Louis and Agent Barstow watch the monitors.

Bruno appears on the monitors as he walks through his living room.

AGENT BARSTOW
Oh shit, he's back.

On the monitors, the agents watch as Bruno walks through the living room and enters the dining room, closing the door behind him.

AGENT BARSTOW
...And he's gone. God dammit. We're
wasting our time with this bullshit.

Agent Barstow rips her headphones off.

JAMESON
(under his breath)
I wouldn't be so sure about that.

AGENT BARSTOW
Did you say something, Jameson?

Agent Louis takes his headphones off.

JAMESON
Oh what? Me? No, I'm just talkin' to
myself. Bein' a lookout's got me goin'
(MORE)

JAMESON (CONT'D)
a bit stir crazy.

AGENT LOUIS
Well, keep lookin'. This is the
closest we've gotten to catching this
guy. We just gotta be patient.

Agent Barstow rolls her eyes. Agent Louis puts his headphones
back on. Jameson nervously looks out his window.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank and Cassandra examine the walls of Bruno's bedroom. The
walls are lined with vintage WORKS OF ART.

FRANK
Are any of these ours?

CASSANDRA
No, a lot of these are just prints.
But some of them are legit.

Cassandra points up to the large Rafael painting above the
bed.

CASSANDRA
That was stolen from Italy about
fifteen years ago.

FRANK
So not this guy's first rodeo.

CASSANDRA
Definitely not.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bruno sits at his dining table and takes the final sip of his
Manhattan. Bruno's associate/chef TONY is cooking in the
kitchen. He's wearing an apron with a towel around his neck.

BRUNO RUSSO
Ah shit. Hey Tony, could you get my
pills from my room. I don't know where
the fuck Sal went.

TONY
Sure thing, Mr. Russo.

Tony puts his towel down and steps away from the kitchen.

Tony walks through the living room to the hallway.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Agent Louis and Agent Barstow watch as Tony appears on their monitors.

AGENT LOUIS
Now who's this?

AGENT BARSTOW
Looks like a chef.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Cassandra and Frank continue to search through Bruno's bedroom. They check under his bed and look behind some of the paintings on the wall.

Tony comes down the hallway toward Bruno's room.

Frank is lying on his stomach with his head under the bed. Cassandra pauses and looks over at the door.

CASSANDRA
Frank? Do you hear that?

Frank pulls his head out from under the bed.

Tony opens the door directly in front of Cassandra.

Frank frantically gets to his feet.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A GUNSHOT rings through Bruno's house. Bruno JUMPS in his seat.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Agent Barstow swiftly turns her head toward the sound of the shot. Louis removes his headphones.

Jameson quickly looks around the street.

JAMESON
Did you guys hear that?

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

BRUNO RUSSO

What the fuck?

Bruno gets up from the table and steps toward the living room. He pushes open the door.

As Bruno steps into the living room, Frank and Cassandra come out from the hallway. Cassandra points her gun at Bruno. Frank stands beside her with his knife.

CASSANDRA

Don't fuckin' move.

Frank and Cassandra stand in the middle of the living room. Bruno stands in front of the open doors to the dining room. He puts his hands up.

BRUNO RUSSO

Hey hey, what're we doin'?

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

The monitors show Frank and Cassandra holding Bruno at gunpoint.

The agents lean in closer.

AGENT BARSTOW

What the fuck?

JAMESON

What's going on?

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra looks past Bruno through the door to the dining room. She can see the huge Rembrandt painting on the dining room wall. Her eyes narrow on Russo.

CASSANDRA

We're taking it back. All of it.

BRUNO RUSSO

What're you talkin' about, sweetheart?

CASSANDRA

The fucking art, you prick!

BRUNO RUSSO

Oh yeah? You're gonna need a couple a'
U-Hauls and some union workers if
you're gonna audit me. What kinda
bullshit is this?

FRANK

We're not the only bullshit that's
after you. We just got here first.

Hollowell KICKS through the front door to the living room.

Cassandra turns her head but keeps her gun on Russo. Frank
turns around to look at Hollowell.

BRUNO RUSSO

Oh, c'mon now. What, are we havin' a
tea party? Who the fuck are you?

Frank and Cassandra now stand between Hollowell and Russo.
Hollowell looks at Frank.

HOLLOWELL

Thanks for all your help, Frank.

Frank and Cassandra breathe heavily as they stand their
ground.

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Jameson sits next to Agent Louis and Agent Barstow as they
watch the monitors closely.

AGENT BARSTOW

We gotta get in there.

They get up and Jameson opens the doors to the van. Jameson,
Barstow and Louis step out of the van.

Agent Barstow sees Detective Marcel's car parked behind the
van.

AGENT BARSTOW

Who's car is that?

Jameson notices the car and his eyes widen.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hollowell looks past Frank and Cassandra toward Bruno.

HOLLOWELL
Bruno Russo. This is for the Monarch
Family.

Hollowell raises a PISTOL and points it at Bruno.

A GUNSHOT goes off.

EXT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The gunshot rings out through the neighborhood.

The agents and Jameson duck down behind the bushes in Bruno's front yard.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marcel stands behind Hollowell holding a GUN against his back.

Hollowell stands motionless. Bruno, Cassandra and Frank look at him with confusion.

Hollowell COUGHS UP BLOOD, spitting it onto the floor. The front of his shirt begins to soak with blood.

Hollowell falls to his knees. Marcel stands behind him with his gun still pointed forward.

Marcel glances at Frank then looks up at Bruno.

BRUNO RUSSO
Fuck this!

Bruno reaches into his jacket and pulls out a HANDGUN. He points it at Marcel and FIRES.

Frank LUNGES into Cassandra, tackling her to the ground next to the hallway.

The bullet SMASHES into one of the paintings, shattering the glass frame.

Marcel raises his gun and SHOOTS at Bruno.

The BULLET goes straight through Bruno's forehead. Bruno FALLS forward onto his face.

Marcel lowers his gun.

Cassandra and Frank pant heavily as they lie on the ground.

Cassandra stares at Bruno's lifeless body. Frank glances at Bruno then looks at Cassandra.

FRANK
You're welcome.

Agent Louis, Agent Barstow, and Detective Jameson approach the front door behind Marcel.

Marcel turns his attention to Frank.

MARCEL
I found you.

A look of defeat washes over Frank.

Jameson glances down at Detective Hollowell then up at Bruno's body.

JAMESON
Oh shit.

INT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - LATER

A COP takes pictures of the stolen artwork hanging on Bruno's wall.

EXT. BRUNO RUSSO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Hollowell is laid out on a stretcher in Bruno's driveway. An EMT rolls his barely conscious body toward an ambulance. He has a breathing mask and tape over his midsection.

Frank walks out of Bruno's house in handcuffs. Detective Marcel walks behind Frank, holding his shoulder.

Cassandra stands off to the side with the FBI agents and Detective Jameson.

A CORONER rolls Bruno out of his house on a stretcher with a tarp over his body. Multiple PARAMEDICS carry out Sal and Tony's bodies behind Bruno.

Cassandra watches as Marcel puts Frank in the back of his car. Marcel shuts the door and walks over to Cassandra.

MARCEL
Well you're not off the hook, but
you've probably been through enough
for today. Being threatened by a
killer into chasing down the Mafia is
(MORE)

MARCEL (CONT'D)
a tough break. Your testimony would be
greatly appreciated.

With an uneasy expression, Cassandra nods her head at Marcel.
Marcel nods at the FBI agents and Jameson.

MARCEL
Good work, everybody.

Marcel walks back to his car and gets in the driver's seat.

Benny pulls up outside Bruno Russo's estate. Al and Georgie
sit in the back seat with rags over their wounds.

Benny looks up to see several police cars and ambulances in
front of Bruno's house.

BENNY
God dammit.

Benny drives forward past Bruno's house.

Cassandra watches Marcel's car pull out of the driveway with
Frank in the backseat.

Laura's car pulls up near the driveway. Laura looks out at
Cassandra with concern.

Cassandra looks up at Laura with shame on her face.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Benny drives away from the hospital. Al and Georgie hobble
their way to the hospital entrance. Several NURSES come out
to help them.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

A POLICE OFFICER stands outside one of the hospital rooms.

A FEMALE NURSE holding a tray of food walks by the officer
and enters the room.

Inside the room, Hollowell lies in a hospital bed with
bandages around his midsection and an IV drip in his arm. His
eyes are barely open.

The nurse enters and sets the tray down on a table next to
Hollowell's bed. She checks his levels and fiddles with the
IV.

NURSE
Everything looks good.

The nurse leans down next to Hollowell.

NURSE
(whispered)
For the Monarch Family.

The nurse turns around the leaves the room.

A grin creeps across Hollowell's face.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Benny's car is parked by the harbor next to the warehouse.

Benny walks around to the trunk and opens it. Fredo's body lies bloody and lifeless in the trunk.

Benny stares at Fredo's large body then turns his head toward the harbor. Benny sighs deeply.

Benny closes the trunk and calmly walks away from the car.

In the distance, Cassandra watches Benny from her car.

INT. PRISON - EVENING

Cassandra sits in front of the glass partition of a prison phone booth.

Frank approaches on the other side and sits down. He's wearing a prison jumpsuit.

Frank picks up the phone on the wall. Cassandra takes the phone from her side and puts it up to her ear.

CASSANDRA
Hey Frank.

FRANK
What're you doin' here?

CASSANDRA
I wanted to check on you. How are you?

FRANK
I'm doing splendid. Thanks for asking.

Cassandra's eyes point down for a moment.

CASSANDRA

Well the museum is gonna be okay now
that the art's back.

FRANK

But the cops still think I helped them
steal it in the first place. And that
I forced you to help me track it down.

CASSANDRA

Yeah. They want me to testify against
you.

FRANK

That makes sense. Probably your best
bet.

CASSANDRA

Probably. But I might not have to.

Frank raises his eyebrow at Cassandra.

Cassandra leans in and lowers her voice.

CASSANDRA

There's been another murder.

Frank's eyes widen.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

CASSANDRA

Since you've been locked up. Same MO,
same victim pool, same connections.
Probably had to find a new basement
but everything else lines up... It's
not over, Frank.

Frank pauses. He turns his head to the side.

CASSANDRA

We're gonna fix this.

Frank slowly turns to look at Cassandra. He smiles. Cassandra
smiles back.

END