

HOLMES

"It's like butter, baby."

"Mo's Revenge"

A One-Hour Dramatic Comedy Series

By

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HOLMES

"Mo's Revenge"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT - NIGHT

A BRIDGE connects Detroit to Windsor, Canada, an Asian Community just five minutes across the border.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

The Community Center rests in the heart of Windsor.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

IRENE HU (25), an Asian girl whose appearance and Hip-Hop flavor dress could turn heads, leads several women and some men in a (Billy Blanks) Tae-Bo workout class. Her hair is styled in twists (those are those skinny things that look kind of like braids and kind of like dreadlocks).

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

Irene waves good-bye to her last student driving away in a car. Alone, she walks over to a JEEP CHEROKEE while fiddling through her purse for keys.

L'IL EVIL and BIG DOUGH spy on Irene from the bushes. L'il Evil (22), is a pushy napoleonic underling, while Big Dough (27), is his brawny, brainless, buddy and only follower.

L'IL EVIL

Now, Big Dough!

Big Dough steps on an empty COKE CAN sending the sound of CRINKLING ALUMINUM piercing through the night. Irene spins around facing Big Dough. L'il Evil slithers from out the bushes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG DOUGH

Don't try anything stupid and you'll
be all right.

Irene MACES Big Dough. Big Dough knocks the mace from
her hand.

BIG DOUGH (CONT'D)

My eyes!

L'il Evil attacks Irene. Irene zaps L'il Evil with two
probes from an AIR TASER.

L'IL EVIL

Big Dough, help me.

Big Dough gets tangled in the TASER WIRE. Trips over a
TRASH CAN. Washes his eyes out with a BOTTLE OF WATER in
the trash.

Irene runs. L'il Evil and Big Dough chase her into an

ALLEY

L'il Evil points a gun at Irene.

L'IL EVIL

We tried to be nice. But, now
we're not playing, little bitch.

IRENE

Fire!

L'IL EVIL

Don't even bother. Nobody cares.

IRENE

If the scared little suburbanite
girl routine didn't work, we'll
have to take this to another level --
Tae-Bo.

Irene assumes a Tae-Bo stance. Big Dough grabs Irene by
neck tearing open her shirt, REVEALING A BARE BREAST.

Irene punches him in the nose and pushes his head against
the wall.

BIG DOUGH

Help!

L'il Evil, frightened, shoots at Irene and misses. Irene
kicks the gun out his hand. It FIRES. Then she kicks
him between the legs. L'il Evil clinches his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Irene sprints out the alley.

As Irene runs, she looks back at L'il Evil and Big Dough. She doesn't notice a four-door 1940's BLACK LOWRIDER blocking the exit to the alley. Irene runs into the lowrider and falls down.

A BLACKENED WINDOW rolls down. A man with shades looks out into the night. A hand reaches out the window sprinkling ashes from a fat stogy onto Irene's face. L'il Evil and Big Dough snatch Irene.

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

EXT. SOUTHWEST DETROIT - DAY

JOHN HOLMES (35), a cool, hip, handsome, street savvy African-American, strolls underneath a STREET SIGN:

"BAKERSFIELD STREET."

A BROWN PAPER BAG is clasped underneath his arm. Holmes casually approaches a cruddy building.

He picks the lock on a PARKING METER. Empties the change into his pockets.

Spots a DERELICT lying in the doorway of an abandoned shop. Gives the derelict all of the change.

He stops at a grimy office. The top of the DOORWAY reads:

"221-B."

Scrawled out in cheap paint, the office window reads:

"JOHN HOLMES. PRIVATE DETECTIVE."

Holmes enters the office and flips a SIGN from CLOSED to OPEN in the window.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLMES' OFFICE - DAY

The office is cluttered with COKE BOTTLES AND CRATES. Holmes removes a case of Coke from his brown paper bag and sits the Coke down on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plopping into a tattered chair behind his desk, Holmes grabs a clump of BILLS from the desktop. The TELEPHONE RINGS. Holmes starts to answer, but peers at a CALLER ID SCREEN instead. He decides to let the answering machine take the call.

SAL (ON MACHINE)

Yo, this is Sal.

JOEY (ON MACHINE)

And Joey.

SAL

From Banducci Brother's Used Car lot. We know where you live and where you work.

Holmes tears up BILLS.

JOEY

If you don't tell us where the Convertible Caddy is,

SAL/ JOEY (ON MACHINE)

Uncle Tony said to break your fucking--.

The answering machine BEEPS. Holmes opens a folder and fondles through various NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. The HEADLINES read:

"JOHN HOLMES TAKES DOWN DRUG LORD."

"JOHN HOLMES NAMED DETECTIVE OF THE YEAR."

"JOHN HOLMES IMPLICATED IN DIRTY COP SCANDAL."

"CRIME BOSS GOES FREE ON A TECHNICALITY."

"JOHN HOLMES LEAVES THE D.P.D."

MRS. HU (65), Holmes' estranged mean-spirited, but genuine Asian landlady, hobbles into the office via an OLD EXOTIC CANE.

HOLMES

Mrs. Hu, what a surprise. I was just about to--

Mrs. Hu POPS Holmes with her cane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. HU
That's for not paying your rent,
fool.

HOLMES
Fuck!

Mrs. Hu POPS Holmes with her cane.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Shit!

Mrs. Hu POPS Holmes with her cane.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Damn!

MRS. HU
How many times do I have to tell
you about that foul mouth?

HOLMES
I have a check coming in the--

MRS. HU
There was no check in your mail.
But, that's only part of the reason
why I'm here. I came here so you
can do something for me that will
make it all even.

Mrs. Hu unbuttons he blouse and grabs her SAGGY BREAST.

Holmes' FACE is stricken with horror.

She removes a handful of ENVELOPES from her bosom and
tosses Holmes his mail.

Holmes eyes the ENVELOPES, which show signs of being
steamed open, but he is relieved.

MRS. HU (CONT'D)
It's my niece, Irene. She's
missing.

HOLMES
(concerned)
The Tae-Bo instructor? I remember
her.
(a beat)
Is she still single?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. HU

(ignoring his question)

Irene was supposed to take me to my weekly Mah Jongg game, but she never showed up or called. I paged her and tried her cell phone, but still--no Irene. That's not like Irene.

HOLMES

What makes you think she's missing?

MRS. HU

Somebody broke into her apartment a few days ago, and just yesterday afternoon she told me she thought that someone was following her.

HOLMES

What did the police say?

MRS. HU

The police couldn't help me because she hasn't been gone 24 hours.

HOLMES

Do you know anyone who would want to hurt Irene?

MRS. HU

Her father was no good. He was a thug and a gangbanger. Always in and out of jail.

Holmes pops open a can of COKE.

HOLMES

Go home and wait by the phone, Mrs. Hu.

MRS. HU

I don't have any money, largely because you never pay your rent. But, if you find Irene, we can call it even and I could even float you a few more months.

HOLMES

Irene is going to be fine.

MRS. HU

What makes you think so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES
It's like butter, baby.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Holmes pulls a COVER from the trunk of a car.

He opens the trunk and rummages through a GYM BAG full of BADGES and GUNS.

He snatches a gun and checks the chamber.

LICENSE PLATE READS:

"HOLMES."

The car is decked out with GOLD PLATED RIMS.

Hydraulics bounce the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Holmes drives through the doors of the garage in a convertible vintage Cadillac lowrider.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWSSTAND - WEST GRAND BOULEVARD - DAY

REV stands on an apple crate shouting through a megaphone, amidst the hustle and bustle of people waiting at a bus stop and sneaking free peaks at the nudey magazines.

Rev (30), is a Caucasian man who tries to act like a down home African-American preacher. He is dressed in a colorful ornate flamboyant suit that could only be church clothes.

LEROY (45), an African-American, scraggly, unkempt bum, sits next to Rev in the amen corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REV

Brothers and Sisters, we are gathered here today to get through this thing called life.

Busriders and passers-by try their best to ignore Rev, but he's like a bad accident you know you shouldn't watch but you must.

REV (CONT'D)

Praise the Lord, Saints! Praise the Lord!

Leroy drums on a milk crate.

REV (CONT'D)

My brothers and sisters, I'd like to talk to you for a moment about...

Rev searches frantic for his notes. Oops, forgot them. He snatches a TV GUIDE from the newsstand.

REV (CONT'D)

Well-uh, when I was a young man and living in the world.

He reads from the daytime line-up.

REV (CONT'D)

I was living like a Card Shark, huh. And before I knew it, I found myself in Jeopardy. Yes.

LEROY

Preach, Rev!

REV

So, I fell down on my knees and said, Father, Let's Make a Deal. And then, God let me take a spin on his almighty Wheel of Fortune.

Some of the crowd snickers, while others scoff.

REV (CONT'D)

Because in my Father's house, there are One Hundred Thousand Dollar Pyramids. And the Price Is always Right, because Jesus paid it all. Oh Lord. Yes!

A bus arrives and Rev's crowd delineates. As the bus drives off, Holmes rolls slowly by to a halt in his Convertible Caddy. Rev steps down from his apple crate and moves towards Leroy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REV (CONT'D)

How much do I owe you today, Leroy?

Leroy struggles to form TWO FINGERS.

LEROY

Six.

Rev fans the stench of Mad Dog and Nitrate from his nose. Leroy yields a toothless grin of appreciation and stumbles away. He hands Leroy a six-pack of beer. Holmes calls out from his Convertible Caddy.

HOLMES

We're not condoning alcoholism now, are we Rev?

Rev turns to face Holmes.

REV

What's up, Holmes? It was non-alcoholic beer. He's too drunk to tell the difference.

HOLMES

I need your help. We've got a job.

REV

You know I'm always down.

Rev hops into the Convertible Caddy without opening the door.

REV (CONT'D)

How much does it pay?

Holmes gives Rev a blank look. Drives away from the newsstand.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Holmes and Rev peer through the door of the Windsor Community Center.

REV

What do you mean? I can't believe you took a job with no money, again.

Holmes surveys the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Over there.

Rev sees Irene's JEEP CHEROKEE.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

That looks like Irene's Cherokee.

Holmes and Rev walk over to the Cherokee. Holmes gets down on his hands and knees.

REV

If you took this job for no money,
what are you going to pay me with?

Holmes grabs Irene's keys from under the truck.

He sniffs a MACE CONTAINER on the key chain. Coughs.

HOLMES

The mace was discharged about 12
hours ago.

Holmes walks over to the bushes.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I thought that you wanted to learn
how to be Black.

Rev sniffs the mace.

REV

Oh, yeah. Anybody could have
figured that one out. Actually, I
think it was 10 hours.

Holmes pushes the bushes apart and notices two sets of
FOOTPRINTS.

HOLMES

There were two of them. One big
and one little. The little one is
the order giver and a coward.

REV

There's no way you could have known
that.

HOLMES

It's like butter, baby. They
tracked muddy footprints across
the pavement.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Instead of the big footprints and little footprints lining up side by side, the big footprints are spaced close together because the big guy slowly sneaked up on Irene first.

Rev looks and learns from the FOOTPRINTS.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

But something went wrong--Irene maced him. There's a set of little footprints spaced wide apart in between the big tracks because the little guy ran out of there when Irene maced the big one. But, they still didn't take her down.

Rev finds the TASER WIRE from the AIR TASER lying 15 yards away on the pavement.

REV

Look at this.

HOLMES

She ran. Given that there were two of them, they would have tried to corner her in that alley.

Holmes and Rev walk to the end of the

ALLEY

REV

Oh yeah, I was just about to say that.

Holmes stares at the wall. He notices a smidgen of DRIED BLOOD.

REV (CONT'D)

Not only do you owe me money for this job, you borrowed money from me instead of giving me money on the lost job.

HOLMES

Irene is a Tae-Bo instructor. She can take care of herself. Judging by the height of the blood stain, she smashed the big one's nose into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REV

And the little one?

HOLMES

Since he's a coward, my guess is that he wouldn't have hesitated to pull out a gun on a girl.

REV

Did he shoot her?

HOLMES

I'm sure he tried, but there's no blood. Irene probably disarmed him.

Holmes walks a few paces to sift through a pile of rubbish.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You say I owe you, and I'm telling you that you're learning how to be Black.

Holmes uses a pin to pick up a gun. A TAG on the gun reads:

"PROPERTY OF THE U.S. ARMY."

REV

(sarcastic)

Both guys are down, and disarmed. So, what happened next, Einstein?

Holmes walks to the exit of the alley. He squats and stares at the ground. He sees muddy tire tracks.

HOLMES

They had back-up. These tracks look like they are from a tubeless tire. Probably a lowrider.

Holmes sees an EARRING lying next to the tire tracks.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Irene must have run out the alley very fast. It looks like she ran right into the side of the lowrider which means it was black. If she had looked back for only a second, she wouldn't have noticed a black car sitting, especially if it was a lowrider and well below eye-level.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REV

We're looking for a big guy, a little coward, and a black lowrider. And just by walking around out here, you think all of that?

HOLMES

No, I know all of that. We had better check out Irene's apartment.

Holmes and Rev walk away from the alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRENE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WINDSOR - DAY

Holmes and Rev approach the front door.

HOLMES

Cover me, Rev.

Rev stands watch as Holmes tears the cover off of the security entry INTERCOM SYSTEM.

REV

What does wanting to be Black have anything to do with you not giving me my money?

Holmes fiddles with WIRES until the door BUZZES.

Rev opens the door. Holmes and Rev enter the apartment building.

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Holmes and Rev comb the stairwell to Irene's apartment.

HOLMES

I'm paying you in lessons of life. To learn to be Black is priceless.

Holmes approaches Irene's door and PICKS THE LOCK with ease.

Opens the door. The apartment is trashed.

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Holmes and Rev drudge into the ramshacked mess. The walls are stripped bare. Holmes stares at the walls.

Remnants of cracked plaster remain where things once hung, but now lay in the floor. Drawers are dumped into the center of the floor. The couch and mattress have been cut open.

REV

(like a great inspector)
Someone was looking for something.

Holmes carefully analyzes the crime scene.

HOLMES

Revenge.

REV

No, it wasn't revenge. Someone was looking for something. It's obvious.

HOLMES

Too obvious. It's like butter, baby. It wasn't a search, it was symbolism. Look over there in the bedroom. There's a safe...

Rev eyes a SAFE in the floor of the bedroom.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(points)
It hasn't been touched. And over there...

Rev walks over to a DESK.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

The desk drawers haven't even been touched. There's even money on it. Whoever did this wasn't looking to take anything. He was just trashing the place.

REV

Of course they were. I knew that. Anybody could see that?

HOLMES

(points to wall)
I'd put my money on that horse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A gang GRAFFITI TAG has been spray painted across the wall.

REV
(profoundly stating
the obvious)
Looks like a gang tag.

HOLMES
I don't recognize it either.

A frightening THUMP pounds out from the CLOSET in the bedroom.

Holmes takes out a NINE-MILLIMETER HANDGUN. Irene's closet door is ajar. Holmes motions for Rev to stay put as Holmes quietly enters the bedroom.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Holmes slithers into the bedroom. He illuminates his LASER LIGHT SCOPE.

An INTRUDER tries to hide behind the open closet door. Holmes shines the light of the laser scope through the crack between the closet door and the door frame. The Intruder sees the laser scope shine on his head in a mirror over the bedroom dresser.

The Intruder flings the door open knocking Holmes down and runs out the bedroom and apartment into the

HALLWAY

Rev pursues and snatches the Intruder, wrestling with him at the top of the stairwell. He strips off the Intruder's jacket. Holmes runs out the apartment.

The Intruder pushes Rev into Holmes. Holmes and Rev tumble down the stairwell. The Intruder slides down the banister past Holmes and Rev, smiles and waves good-bye.

Rev tries on the coat.

REV

(nice)
Hilfiger!

Rev sticks his hand in the jacket and pulls out a disposable camera. Holmes and Rev return to Irene's

APARTMENT

Holmes snaps a picture of the GANG TAG with the disposable camera.

HOLMES

Our intruder was sent here to trash the place and photograph the evidence. Irene is still alive, but not for long. We're going to need a specialist on this gang tag. Get this film developed and see what you can find out on the street. I'm going to see Lopez.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)
We'll talk in a few hours.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT POLICE DEPARTMENT (D.P.D.) - DAY

Holmes, disguised as a Water Delivery Man with a turban and long beard, pushes a cart full of water into the precinct.

CUT TO:

INT. D.P.D. - LOPEZ' OFFICE - DAY

LOPEZ (35), a wimpy but, warm-hearted Latin detective, sits at his desk banging on the keys of his computer in frustration. LIEUTENANT GREGSON (50), a Caucasian real hard-ass, barges into the office.

GREGORY
Anything on those Southwest slayings, Lopez?

LOPEZ
Nothing yet, Lieutenant Gregory, sir.

Gregory clutches his gut in agony, then pops a mouthful of PILLS.

GREGORY
Well, come on
(claps hands)
Chop-chop. The Captain is in my ass on this one. I need a suspect. Somebody, anybody, everybody.

LOPEZ
In your ass, sir?

GREGORY
Just do it.

Holmes pushes his water cart in front of Lopez' office. As Gregory storms out the office, he bumps into Holmes.

Holmes turns his head and looks away. As Gregory scoffs away, he ponders for a moment, looks in Holmes' direction, checks to see if anyone is watching, swigs from a FLASK and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes walks over to the water cooler. Lopez shuffles through DOCUMENTS and CASE FILES. Without looking up, he addresses Holmes.

LOPEZ

Just sit it down over there.

HOLMES

Let me change it for you.

Holmes closes the door.

LOPEZ

It's not empty.

Holmes removes his turban and beard.

HOLMES

Sweet baby.

LOPEZ

What the fuck are you doing here?

HOLMES

Gregory hasn't changed.

LOPEZ

If Gregory catches you violating his restraining order--

HOLMES

Not today.

LOPEZ

Whatever you want, the answer is no.

HOLMES

Oooh, so bitter. How can you treat your partner like this?

LOPEZ

Ex-partner.

Holmes walks over to a file cabinet and begins thumbing through files.

LOPEZ (CONT'D)

Stop it. You're going to get us both into trouble. If you thought Jimmy Hoffa was a mystery, wait and see what happens to us if Gregory ever finds out that I've been giving you classified information on cases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes shuffles through the files and whips out a thick

FILE

"DETROIT GANGS."

HOLMES

Actually you haven't given me anything. I took it.

Holmes stuffs the file under his shirt.

LOPEZ

Put that back. I mean it. Don't make me--

Holmes heads for the door.

HOLMES

Cancel your plans tonight. I'm going to need backup.

LOPEZ

Backup? You're not a cop, anymore.

HOLMES

You're going to need some uniforms, too. You'll get promoted to first grade off of this collar.

LOPEZ

(visualizing)
Detective first grade?

HOLMES

First grade.

LOPEZ

(giving in)
Holmes.

HOLMES

I'm the brother you never had.

LOPEZ

I already have three brothers.

HOLMES

I'm the one you never had.

As Holmes exits the office to grab his water cart, he bumps into Gregory. Gregory eyes Holmes hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(accent)

Excuse me, your majesty.

Holmes scurries away.

GREGORY

(to Lopez)

Hey, that Water guy...

Gregory clutches his gut for a beat then storms in the direction of Holmes. He grabs a man with a turban, but it's Leroy (the bum from the newsstand corner) wearing his toothless grin.

CUT TO:

EXT. D.P.D. - DAY

Holmes runs out of the police station. His Convertible Caddy is parked directly in front of the police station with a BOOT ON THE FRONT TIRE.

Holmes whips out his key chain and unlocks a MASTERLOCK ON THE BOOT. Holmes slings the boot in the back seat, hops into the driver's seat and speeds away.

Gregory storms out the police station. He looks both ways, but Holmes is gone. Gregory gestures a look of frustration and swigs from his flask.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

EXT. C.V.S. PHARMACY - DAY

Rev walks out C.V.S. with developed pictures of the gang tag in his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRICK WALL - DAY

Rev shows the pictures to some hoodlums spray painting graffiti on a building. They shake their heads "no."

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - DAY

Rev shows the pictures to a man standing at an ATM with a ski mask covering his face. The masked man shakes his head "no."

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Rev shows the pictures to a kneeling PROSTITUTE giving a JOHN a BLOWJOB. She shakes her head "no". The John shakes his head "no".

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

Holmes stops his Convertible Caddy at a CROSSWALK. He thumbs through the stolen case file.

HOLMES
(to himself)
Nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Holmes rolls his Convertible Caddy to a stop in front of Rev standing on the street corner.

REV
Nobody knows anything.

HOLMES
(to himself)
The Boss.

REV
(of course)
I was just going to say that.

Rev hands Holmes the pictures. Holmes drives away from the street corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE PRISON - DAY

Holmes, adorned with a CLERGY COLLAR, enters a heavily guarded penitentiary.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE PRISON - DAY

Holmes passes through a series of gates and checkpoints. He approaches a guard in a booth.

HOLMES

I'm here to have a prisoner-clergy confidential meeting with The Boss.

GUARD

Right this way, Father.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON ROOM - DAY

A PRISON GUARD leads Holmes into a dingy room where THE BOSS (45), an ominous powerful looking African-American inmate, who even the guards cringe to with respect, sits at the end of a long steel table. Holmes takes a seat at the other end of the table.

THE BOSS

How nice of you to pay me a visit, Father.

The Boss stares menacingly at the Prison Guard.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned.

The guard takes a hint and vacates. The Boss rolls his eyes in the direction of the Prison Guard as the guard closes the door to the room.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Mother Fuckers.

A beat.

HOLMES

I need some info.

THE BOSS

You're pussy whooped?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Boss SNIFFS.

HOLMES

I can smell it on you from over here. I can always tell when you're going after some piece of ass.

Holmes slides a picture of the graffiti tag in Irene's apartment across the table.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

What can you tell me about this?

THE BOSS

Hmmm.

HOLMES

What does that mean?

THE BOSS

It means hmmm.

Fondling the picture.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Is the money good?

HOLMES

Real good.

The Boss concentrates for a beat then shakes his head. Holmes peers eagerly.

THE BOSS

Trouble.

HOLMES

What kind of trouble?

THE BOSS

Mo trouble--as in Mauricio Esperanza.

HOLMES

Mo?

THE BOSS

It's his gang's tag. Drugs, gun running, extortion... He's giving blowjobs to everybody. Most of his territory is in Mexican Village.

HOLMES

Trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOSS

Bad ass. Weird too. He never lets anybody look at him. He used to be a pretty boy, until he got his face all scarred up. What's your angle?

HOLMES

Mrs. Hu's niece...

THE BOSS

I bet that's good pussy.

HOLMES

She never came home last night. We took this photo in her apartment after we fucked with an intruder.

THE BOSS

Those scars on Mo's face--Irene's dad put them there. I figured that Mo had gotten to him. Maybe not. Mo's revenge.

HOLMES

Where is this bastard?

CUT TO:

INSERT - SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

A man in a MERCEDES hands a wad of cash to a DOPE DEALER. The dealer hands the man a BROWN PAPER BAG.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

He controls most of Michigan Avenue.

An UNDER AGE PROSTITUTE gets into a BLACK RANGE ROVER.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

I heard about a shipment of military automatic weapons coming in that area.

MEN stack wooden crates into the back of a BIG RIG while several men stand watch with ASSAULT WEAPONS.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

He has a pawn shop down on Michigan Avenue. That's Mo's front for gun running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The same big rig pulls in front of a PAWN SHOP. A man with a BIG GUN exits the Pawn Shop and hops into the passenger side of the big rig. The big rig drives away.

BACK TO SCENE

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON ROOM - DAY

The boss hands the picture back to Holmes.

HOLMES
Anything I can do for you?

THE BOSS
Tell ma' I love her.

Holmes rises and knocks on the door.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
Be real careful. This guy has a messy rep. You're the only brother I have.

The Prison Guard opens the door.

Holmes rises.

HOLMES
Brothers and sisters, we are gathered here today to get through this thing called life. You are forgiven.

THE BOSS
Hail Mary.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Holmes stands at a Coke machine.

LEROY (yeah, that same bum) lies on the ground asleep next to the Coke machine.

Holmes. Inserts change. Pushes a button. Coke does not come out. Inserts more change. Pushes a button. Coke does not come out. Rattles change return. Money does not return.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Damn.

Holmes walks over to the cashier's window. The cashier closes a steel door. A "BACK IN 15 MINUTES" sign drapes from the door.

Holmes returns to the Coke machine and pushes a button. Holmes rattles the coin return and BANGS on selection buttons.

Violently rattles coin return. Kicks machine. Beats machine.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Fuck this shit!

Whips out NINE MILLIMETER. Unloads a round into machine. Coke spurts out the machine, along with a landslide of plastic Coke bottles, spewing an endless stream of Coke on Leroy awakening him.

Holmes snatches an armful of Cokes. He sips from one of them.

LEROY

You know you really need to do something about that Coke habit.

Holmes hangs his head down like a guilty child.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - PAYPHONE - DAY

Rev stands at a payphone dialing digits.

INTERCUT - HOLMES AT COKE MACHINE/ REV ON PAYPHONE

Holmes pulls out the stolen gang file from the police station and flips to a section entitled GUN RUNNERS.

Holmes sorts through PHOTOS and pauses for a beat at one and holds it up for a better look. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He answers it.

HOLMES

(into phone)

Holmes.

THE BOTTOM OF THE PHOTO READS:

"THE CUFFY SIMMS GANG."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes smiles.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Holmes, The Boss gave us a good lead.

REV (ON PHONE)

What's the story?

CUT TO:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY

Holmes pimps up to the front door of the pawn shop sporting saggy jeans, a FUBU hat, and bug-eyed SHADES. He munches on a BURGER IN A PAPER BAG.

Rev, disguised as a drunk wearing CAMOUFLAGE PANTS and a tattered ARMY COAT, sneaks up on Holmes.

REV

Are you going to finish that?

HOLMES

Excuse me.

REV

Please mister. I'm real hungry, and I might get sick if I don't eat real soon.

Rev coughs like he's hacking up death.

HOLMES

(gags)

Just take it.

They WINK at each other. Holmes gives Rev the bag. Rev munches on the burger and collapses onto the ground as if he is about to take a nap.

Holmes strolls inside the pawn shop.

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

HOLMES walks into the pawn shop and straight over to the gun section. He acts as if he is unimpressed with a selection that should have impressed a Green Beret. Holmes accosts PEDRO, the seedy sales clerk behind the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES
Yo, this shit all you got?

PEDRO
What'cha trying to get into?

HOLMES
I need some gats.

PEDRO
We have plenty up there. Do you
have a gun permit?

HOLMES
Why you bugging?

Holmes whips out a FAT WAD OF MONEY.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
I'm talking about getting seriously
strapped. Man, forget this shit.
They told me Mo was the player to
see. This place is whack. Cuffy
didn't know what he was talking
about. I'm out of here.

Holmes heads for the exit.

PEDRO
Cuffy?

HOLMES
Yeah.

PEDRO
You talked to Cuffy?

HOLMES
What is this, a trick question?
Everybody knows that Cuffy got
iced two years ago. I used to run
with Cuffy when I was 16.

PEDRO
I think we may have something for
you. Come in back with me for a
minute.

Holmes and Pedro step into the back room. The BUTT OF A
HANDGUN whops Holmes in the back of the head.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PAWN SHOP - BACK ROOM - LATER

Big Dough, Pedro and L'il Evil stare at Holmes as he awakens slouched over in a captain's chair. His hands are cuffed behind his back through the spokes in the chair and his feet are bound to the legs of the chair. L'il Evil holds a nine-millimeter. A GLASS BOTTLE OF COKE sits on a desk behind Holmes.

BIG DOUGH

You used to run with Cuffy?

L'IL EVIL

Guess who iced Cuffy, Mo. So that means Mo loves you very much and wants us to fuck you like a bitch.

Pedro's CELL PHONE RINGS. He flips open the phone.

PEDRO

Yeah. We've got a small delay. No, some punk who used to run with Cuffy. Already done. I'll be sure to kiss him for you.
(scribbles on a pad
on the desk)
I'm writing it down.

Holmes EYES the PAD.

Pedro puts away his cell phone.

L'IL EVIL

What up?

PEDRO

Mo just sent this punk a Christmas card and he wants us to read the Tae-Bo bitch a bedtime story.

BIG DOUGH

Wait a minute. I know this guy. He's a cop.

PEDRO

Are you sure, Big Dough?

BIG DOUGH

He sent me up for knocking off a Korean mini-mart. His name's...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Holmes. John Holmes. You're all under arrest.

L'IL EVIL

Yeah, right. We patted you down and you didn't have a piece or a wire. You should have brought back-up, hero.

BIG DOUGH

I hate cops.

HOLMES

I you have the right to be silent.

Big Dough slugs Holmes in the face. LAUGHS. Holmes' LIP BLEEDS.

Holmes' FINGERS remove a pin from his watch wrist band.

L'IL EVIL

This guy's a riot.

BIG DOUGH

Tell me some more.

HOLMES

Anything you say will be used against you in a court of law.

BIG DOUGH clocks Holmes in the JAW. He spits out a TOOTH.

L'il Evil, laughing, mimics Holmes.

L'IL EVIL

You have been denied the right to an attorney. Since you cannot afford one, a court appointed attorney will fuck you up the ass.

Big Dough works Holmes over with BODY BLOWS. Pedro shuffles through papers in the desk drawers.

Holmes picks the lock to his RIGHT CUFF.

PEDRO

Handle this fellows. I'm going up front to secure the area.

Pedro leaves the room. L'il Evil puts his GUN to Holmes' head. Laughs. Big Dough clenches a ROLL OF PENNIES.

BIG DOUGH

Tell me some more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

You are resisting arrest. This is your last chance. You have been given a direct order by an Officer of the Law.

L'IL EVIL

Who do you think you are, Luke Skywalker giving Jabba the Hut one last chance?

Big Dough SMACKS Holmes so hard it slides his chair backward into the desk.

L'il Evil laughs.

Big Dough picks up the glass Coke bottle from the desk and pours the rest of the Coke on HOLMES' FACE. He puts the Coke bottle back on desk.

BIG DOUGH

Tell me some more.

HOLMES

Whatever you do, please don't surrender so I can use unnecessary force.

L'IL EVIL

Ooh, the force. I'm scared. The Jedi Knight is going to use force.

Big Dough shakes his head. His knuckles are bleeding. Holmes opens the RIGHT CUFF.

L'il Evil laughs in hysteria. He moves the nine-millimeter away from Holmes' head.

BIG DOUGH

Tell me s--

Holmes grabs the Coke bottle from the desk. Rams it into Big Dough's groin lifting him up off the ground and suspending him in mid air for a beat.

Holmes breaks the bottle over L'il Evil's wrist. The gun FIRES as it falls out his hand. BLOOD SPEWS from his wrist. With a sweeping uppercut motion, Holmes SLICES PART OF BIG DOUGH'S THROAT SPLATTERING BLOOD.

L'il Evil lunges for Holmes. Holmes LODGES THE BROKEN COKE BOTTLE into his ribs. BLOOD BUBBLES out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Rev becomes alert from the sound of the gunshot.

Pedro stands in the store window. He is startled by the gunshot and hurries to the back room.

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Big Dough regains his composure and lunges for Holmes. Holmes punches Big Dough in the stomach. Big Dough drops.

Holmes frees his left hand and cuts the ropes binding his legs with the broken bottle. He grabs Pedro's pad with the scribble note.

Pedro runs into the back room.

PEDRO

What the fuck?

Pedro goes for his gun.

Holmes HEAD BUTTS Pedro sending BLOOD AND TEETH flying from his MOUTH AND NOSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANDUCCI BROTHERS TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

A TOW TRUCK with reads:

"BANDUCCI BROTHERS"

Cruises down Michigan Avenue. SAL and JOEY BANDUCCI (30), each down 40 ounce bottles of malt liquor while listening to classic VANILLA ICE RAP MUSIC.

Sal is dressed like Samuel L. Jackson in PULP FICTION and Joey like John Travolta. Sal covers his head with a mist of hair spray.

JOEY

Damn, Sal. How much of that stuff are you going to use?

SAL

Shut-up the fuck up, Joey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

Would you look at what you're doing?
You're getting that shit all over
the fucking window, bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The Banducci Brother's Tow Truck passes the pawn shop.
Holmes' Convertible Caddy is parked in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. BANDUCCI BROTHER'S TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

Sal points out the window at Holmes' Convertible Caddy.

SAL

Joey, pull over. I just saw Holmes'
Convertible Caddy.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Holmes runs out the pawn shop. Rev sits on the ground
staring at the front door of the pawn shop.

REV

Holmes!!!

Rev tosses Holmes the burger bag.

Holmes catches the bag.

HOLMES

You're a little late, Rev.

Holmes sticks his hand in the bag (there's a nine-
millimeter in the bag) and spins around toward the pawn
shop. Pedro runs out the store aiming his gun. L'il
Evil and Big Dough limp behind him.

Holmes and Pedro shoot at each other. Pedro misses.
Holmes shoots Pedro in the neck. BLOOD SPRAYS on L'il
Evil and Big Dough. They take cover.

Holmes and Rev make a run for Holmes' Convertible Caddy.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE DISTRICT - STREET - NIGHT

Holmes leaps into the driver's seat and Rev the passenger's side. As Holmes attempts to start the Convertible Caddy, Joey Banducci appears on the driver's side reaching into the Convertible Caddy and snatching the keys from the ignition. Sal stands on the other side of the Convertible Caddy next to Rev.

HOLMES/ REV
The Banducci Brothers.

Joey points a gun at Holmes.

JOEY
Uncle Tony is not pleased with
you.

Holmes and Rev stare at each other for a beat. At the same instance, Rev flings open the passenger door of the Convertible Caddy knocking Sal to the ground.

Holmes grabs Joey's wrist pulling him into the Convertible Caddy. The gun goes off. Holmes shakes the gun out of Joey's hand and slams Joey's head on the steering wheel, sending SALIVA onto the WINDSHIELD, and activating the HEADLIGHTS.

REV
And God said, let there be light.

Sal gets up off the ground and runs around to the other side of the Convertible Caddy to retrieve Joey's gun.

He snatches the gun and fires it shattering the front windshield. Holmes and Rev leap out the Convertible Caddy running in opposite directions.

JOEY
Would you fucking knock it off,
ass wipe? Are you trying to kill
me?

Sal chases Holmes and corners him in an

ALLEY

He COCKS his gun. Holmes stands still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL
(Biblical verse in
Pulp Fiction)
And I will execute great vengeance
upon them with furious rebukes;
and they shall know that I am the
Lord, when I shall lay my vengeance
upon them.

SLOW MOTION

Holmes turns around.

STREET

Rev grabs a bible from his coat pocket throwing it at the back of Sal's head and hitting it. A shot is fired as Sal drops to the ground, knocked out cold.

END SLOW MOTION

Rev walks from out the darkness.

REV
Be ye armed with the word of God.

HOLMES
Mo's got Irene in a hideout by the Pier and he's about to do her.

REV
You mean, do her like ice? Or do her like nice?

HOLMES
Both.

Holmes walks over to the Convertible Caddy. Opens the trunk.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - POV - TRUNK

Holmes grabs a pair of headphones, shotgun microphone, cell phone, nickel-plated brass knuckles, sawed-off shotgun, a belt full of ammo, smoke bombs and hand grenades.

He hands a nickel plated nine-millimeter with laser scope to Rev. Rev waves the gun like an 8-year-old who's just been allowed to steer the family car for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes puts on combat boots, a black leather three-quarter length jacket, and a long draping gangster skull cap.

He snatches the nine-millimeter back from Rev. Looks at Pedro's pad.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. HART PLAZA - CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Detroit River. Bars. Clubs. Jefferson Avenue. Statue of the Fist of Joe Louis. Fountain. Amphitheater. Building under construction. Tilt-a-whirl. Hall of Mirrors. Old Hotels, hi-rises, and financial buildings overlooking the waterfront.

END SERIES

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - OLD HOTEL - NIGHT

The penthouse is full of large wooden crates. A few of them are open revealing military AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Irene hangs by her wrists from the ceiling. Big Dough whips out a saw. Irene is frightened. The SAW MOTOR SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDOW BLINDS

The saw rips into the silhouette of a body hanging from the ceiling. Irene SCREAMS in agony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE (O.S.)
Damn you, mother fucker. Ah-ah-ah-
ah-ah!

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Nikolas sees a PIECE OF COOKED LAMB from a HUGE GYRO WHEEL.

NIKOLAS
Anybody else want another gyro?

IRENE
Please. No more. I can't take it
anymore. The onions, the garlic.
Your breaths are so stank. Just
kill me now. Mercy!

Nikolas loads a pita pocket with hunks of lamb and raw
onions and garlic. Walks over to Irene. Breathes in her
face.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Hey, I think I had a psychic vision.

BIG DOUGH
Yeah, right. What did you see?

Irene swings her ankles into his groin.

IRENE
My foot in your ass!

Nikolas screams.

Irene works her ankles into Nikolas's groin.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Didn't - I- tell - you - not - to -
breathe - in - my - face!

FRONT ROOM

A poker game is interrupted by Nikolas' scream.

JULIO
What the hell is going on in there?
Nikolas. Nikolas.

Julio grabs his gun and walks into the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITCHEN

Irene wraps both of her legs around Nikolas' neck putting him into a choke hold. Julio lunges at Irene.

IRENE

You want some of this?

Irene releases the choke hold. Wraps her legs around both Nikolas' and Julio's necks forcing them to kiss each other in her choke hold.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Huh!

All the men run into the kitchen. They try to pry Nikolas and Julio free from Irene's grip, but are unsuccessful.

FRONT ROOM

MAURICIO "MO" ESPERANZA (40), a Latin man, enters the Penthouse with THUG #3 and THUG #4. Mo's FACE IS BADLY SCARRED. Dark shades cover some of the scars. Mo can see the chaos in the kitchen through the small opening between the kitchen door and the doorway.

KITCHEN

MO

Stand clear.

The other Thugs leave Nikolas and Julio alone in Irene's choke hold. Mo slips on a BLACK GLOVE. Walks over to Irene. He backhands her so hard that BLOOD flies out of her mouth and onto the window. Her legs go limp.

Nikolas and Julio break free from Irene's choke hold.

The other Thugs tie ropes to Irene's legs so that she is unable to move them at all.

JULIO

Let me see you grab somebody now.

Irene jerks her body. Julio jumps back. Nikolas laughs. Julio smacks Nikolas.

JULIO (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at?

MO

Everybody out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone leaves Mo and Irene alone in the kitchen.

IRENE

Why am I here? I don't even know you.

MO

But, I know you.

Mo removes his shades, revealing even more scars on his face. Irene stares at his face.

MO (CONT'D)

(insecure)

You're looking at my face. Aren't you?

Mo grabs Irene's face pulling it close to his own. Sticks out his TONGUE. Licks blood off the corner of her mouth.

MO (CONT'D)

A former business associate of mine, shot me in the back, and sent me crashing through a window face first. But, I never did trust him, so I always wore a bullet proof vest. That mother fucker was your father.

Mo pulls out a nine-millimeter from a shoulder holster.

IRENE

If you were shot in the back, how can you be sure it was my pops?

MO

Because he was the only one in the room.

He rubs the nine-millimeter between Irene's legs and on her nipples like it's a penis.

IRENE

What would have made your own business associate want to shoot such a wonderful person such as yourself in the back?

MO

I manipulated his girlfriend into bed.

His grabs her by the neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE

And how did you ever accomplish a feat such as that?

Mo forces the nozzle in her mouth sliding it in and out like a blow job.

MO

I told her he was dead. But then again, all is fair in love and war. If you just hang out here for a few more moments while I finish my business, my boys have an extra special treat to give you.

Mo tears open Irene's shirt revealing A BARE BREAST. Irene struggles to break free.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP

Holmes wears HEADPHONES. Glances at a VIDEO MONITOR.
Sips from a bottle of Coke. Looks through

CUT TO:

BINOCULARS

INT. PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN

Irene hangs from the kitchen ceiling in Mo's Penthouse.
Mo sticks his PENIS into his pants. Zips them up. Grabs
a few BEERS from the refrigerator. Leaves the kitchen.

END BINOCULARS

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Rev has a SILVER ROOM SERVICE CART in the elevator with
him. He's disguised as an old man. A HEARING AID is in
his ear.

HOLMES (O.S.)

All you want to do is leave the
cart. Get out of there as fast as
you can. We'll be able to see and
hear everything from the pin-head
camera and microphone in the cart.

CUT TO:

INT. LOPEZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lopez sleeps hunched over at his desk. A half-eaten jelly
donut sticks to his fingers. The PHONE RINGS. He suddenly
awakens. Tries his best to sound alert.

LOPEZ

Detective Lopez.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATER

Mo walks out the kitchen delivering beers to his henchmen. There's a knock at the door.

MO

Who's coming?

RUEBEN

Room Service.

Rueben walks over to the door and opens it. Rev stands in the doorway with a room service cart.

REV

Where do you want it?

Rueben looks in Mo's direction for approval. Mo shakes his head affirmatively. Rueben motions for Rev to enter the room.

Rev pushes the cart by the kitchen door. He peers into the kitchen through the crack between the kitchen door and the doorway.

Rev holds out his hand for a tip. Nikolas sticks a handful of cash in Rev's hand.

A beat.

NIKOLAS

Don't I know you?

Rev drops the money on the floor.

REV

Must have delivered to this room before.

NIKOLAS

No. I swear I've seen you somewhere else before.

REV

No, not me.

NIKOLAS

No, I know I know you.

Rev SWEATS.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP

Holmes SWEATS while gaping through the binoculars.

HOLMES
(into headset)
Rev, get the fuck out of there!

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone stares unfavorably at Rev. Big Dough and L'il Evil burst through the front door, BLOODIED AND BANDAGED.

L'IL EVIL
Shoot that mother fucker. He's
working for the cops.

All the Thugs DRAW GUNS on Rev.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP

Holmes sees the guns pointed at Rev through his binoculars.

Holmes spots a TELEPHONE WIRE running from the rooftop of his building to the next.

Holmes shoots the wire free from the roof.

He wraps the wire around his hands and waist. Holmes dizzies as he looks way down to the ground.

HOLMES
I hate heights.

CLOSES HIS EYES.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone COCKS THEIR GUNS.

Rev opens his shirt revealing a CLERGY COLLAR.

REV
Could you really kill a holy man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THUG #3

As far as I'm concerned, I'm already
on my way to hell with a gasoline
G-string, so why not light a match.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Holmes leaps from the rooftop and swings across to the
penthouse.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE PENTHOUSE NEXT TO MO'S - NIGHT

Holmes crashes through the window into the climax of a
homo-erotic strip poker game. He wildly shoots at the
poker players, eyes still closed.

Everyone lives.

GAY MAN #1

Fuck. He missed.

GAY MAN #2

It's a God damn miracle.

Holmes looks at his gun.

He snatches all of the clothes from the poker table.

CUT TO:

INT. MO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The Thugs are rattled by the gunshots.

MO

Nikolas, go check that out.

Nikolas opens the door. Holmes stoops behind a ROOM
SERVICE CART. He drops a SMOKE BOMB. Opens fire with
two pistols on Nikolas TEARING OPEN HIS CHEST.

Bullets fly into the

KITCHEN

Severing the ROPES BINDING IRENE'S LEGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRONT ROOM

Rev dives behind a CRATE OF GUNS.

KITCHEN

Thugs #1, #2 & #3 run into the kitchen.

Irene does a full split while hanging from the ceiling and kicks Thugs #1 & #2 in the head.

FRONT ROOM

Holmes SEES Irene hanging from the ceiling. Throws a KNIFE into the kitchen.

POV - KNIFE

The knife travels from Holmes' hand into the kitchen cutting down Irene from the ceiling.

KITCHEN

The Thug #3 points his gun at Irene.

Irene, hands still bound, runs up the wall and flips through the air behind Thug #3.

She kicks Thug #3 through the kitchen door knocking it down. As he flies through the door, he takes a BULLET between the eyes SPEWING BLOOD onto Irene's face.

FRONT ROOM

Rev dives into the

KITCHEN

Rev unties Irene's hands.

FRONT ROOM

Holmes fires, emptying the CLIPS in both pistols. Holmes tosses the empty pistols, whips out an UZI, and SPRAYS BULLETS throughout the room as he charges into the kitchen using the room service cart as a shield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MO SLIPS OUT THE FRONT DOOR. L'IL EVIL AND BIG DOUGH FOLLOW BEHIND HIM.

KITCHEN

Holmes tosses the now empty Uzi, and whips out a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN. Julio charges into the kitchen. Holmes opens fire BLOWING OFF JULIO'S HEAD.

REV

What now?

Holmes blasts open the window. He tosses a ROPE OF KNOTTED CLOTHES onto the floor.

IRENE

Oh no.

Holmes tosses a GRENADE into the living room. A BULLET whizzes by Irene's face.

HOLMES

Rev, now!

Rev grabs the rope and Irene and leaps out the window screaming. The cart slides across the floor and gets jammed into the window frame.

Holmes takes cover behind the kitchen counter. The Thugs take cover.

Rueben burst into the kitchen. His ARM IS RIPPED OFF BY THE GRENADE BLAST.

Rev and Irene fall to a balcony a few floor below. The cart falls out the window.

POLICE SIRENS wine underneath the sound of gunfire.

FRONT ROOM

Lopez marches through the FLAMING DOORWAY with several POLICE OFFICERS IN SWAT GEAR.

LOPEZ

Freeze, mother fuckers!

The remaining Thugs surrender. Holmes walks out the kitchen. A police officer starts to grab Holmes from the kitchen.

LOPEZ (CONT'D)

He's OK, fellaz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES
(to Lopez)
What took so long?

A police officer opens a crate and shows Lopez the automatic weapons.

LOPEZ
You weren't lying about making
first grade off of this collar.

Lopez points to a tag on a gun that reads:

"PROPERTY OF THE U.S. ARMY."

Holmes walks over to the Thugs one by one getting a look at their faces.

HOLMES
Where's Mo?

LOPEZ
Mo? This is everybody.

KITCHEN

Holmes rushes into the kitchen.

Lopez follows.

Holmes looks out the window down at the balcony where Irene and Rev are standing.

Irene and Rev point to Mo, L'il Evil, and Big Dough running across the POOL-SIDE PATIO of the hotel.

REV
He's getting away.

IRENE
Go get that MO-ron?

Mo stops running.

Holmes and Mo connect EYES.

Mo runs.

Holmes steps far back from the window. Closes his eyes.

LOPEZ
No, don't do it. You'll never
make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes runs towards the window bicycle kicking through the window frame.

LOPEZ (CONT'D)
Hooooooooooooooooooooooooolmes!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Holmes dives into the pool from several stories up.

He's alive. Swims to the edge.

Spots Mo, L'il Evil, and Big Dough running across Jefferson Avenue to a CARNIVAL AT HARTS PLAZA.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARTS PLAZA - CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Holmes runs across Jefferson Avenue to the Carnival.

Holmes spots Mo next to THE STATUE OF THE FIST OF JOE LOUIS.

Mo senses Holmes' presence. He stops and looks back toward the Penthouse.

Mo and Holmes connect EYES.

Mo runs towards a HALL OF MIRRORS.

Holmes runs after him.

Mo dashes into the Hall of Mirrors.

Holmes runs inside the Hall of Mirrors behind him.

L'il Evil and Big Dough spot Holmes and chase after him.

Holmes barricades the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

Holmes presses through a MAZE OF MIRRORS.

Mo lurks in the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MO

Mr. Holmes. It appears as though we're at a standoff.

Mo lights a CIGAR. The room fills with smoke.

Holmes sniffs.

HOLMES

Give it up, Mo.

MO

Give it up?

Mo laughs.

MO (CONT'D)

I suppose it was time that you started following me. I've been following you.

Mo puffs on his cigar.

HOLMES

What are you talking about?

Holmes whips out his nine-millimeter with a laser scope, holding the gun police fashion. He tries to locate the origin of Mo's voice.

MO

Who do you think let the police and the papers know that you were the brother of a criminal? Ooh, the fallen angel. Decorated detective implicated in crime scandal.

Holmes aims his laserscope, but its reflections bounce off of the mirrors forming a collage of laser light beams through the smoke.

HOLMES

I never forget a face. We haven't crossed paths.

Mo attempts to SHOOT Holmes, but only shatters a mirror.

MO

But many paths have you crossed; one path too many.

Mo steps into view so that his reflection is seen. Holmes SHOTS into the mirrors. Mo remains untouched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

You think it's all a game, don't
you?

Holmes surveys the edges of the mirrors on the floor.

MO

Yes, it is.

Mo takes a few steps.

HOLMES

People die because of your games.

Holmes tries to trace the trail of smoke. SHOOTS into
the mirrors.

MO

True. They're all pawns in the
game. My game. But there are
always going to be casualties in
war.

Mo walks again. Mo SHOOTs into the mirrors at Holmes.

Holmes surveys the edges of the mirrors on the ceiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALL OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

L'il Evil and Big Dough burst through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

Mo walks a little bit further, steps back and his
reflection is no longer seen in any of the mirrors.

MO

Good-bye, Holmes.
(extinguishes cigar)
Thanks for the exercise.

The door to the Hall of Mirrors opens. Holmes points his
gun at the ceiling and CLICKS--no more bullets.

L'il Evil and Big Dough march into the Hall of Mirrors.
They see hundreds of Holmes.

BIG DOUGH

Which one do we hit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

L'IL EVIL

Just shoot!

Holmes runs towards the wall. He leaps onto the wall using it as leverage to step up to the ceiling, grasping a fixture and pulling his body up like a gymnast on uneven bars.

L'il Evil and Big Dough open fire on the mirrors.

Holmes makes it safely into the ceiling. He sees an open trap door and climbs out of it.

L'il Evil and Big Dough sift through the broken glass.

BIG DOUGH

Fuck!

CUT TO:

EXT. HALL OF MIRRORS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mo runs across the rooftop. Scans the waterfront. He spots a

NEWS HELICOPTER

sitting on the other side of a BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

Holmes runs on top of the roof. Follows Mo's eyeline. Sees the helicopter. Shoots at Mo.

Mo returns the gunfire.

Holmes takes cover.

Mo takes cover.

Holmes runs towards Mo.

Mo leaps onto the

GROUND

Holmes jumps without hesitation.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

Lopez storms into the Hall of Mirrors with several police officers.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALL OF MIRRORS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

L'il Evil and Big Dough run onto the roof. They leap onto the

GROUND

Holmes catches up with Mo.

HOLMES

I can't let you get on that
helicopter.

Mo shoots Holmes gun out of his hand.

MO

I can't let you stop me.

HOLMES

Charges Mo.

Mo shoots Holmes in the shoulder.

Holmes knocks the gun out of Mo's hand.

Mo whips out a pair of NUNCHUKS and whops Holmes on the back sending him crashing to the ground.

Holmes picks up a TRASHCAN and attempts to block Mo's flailing nunchuks.

Mo knocks the TRASHCAN out of Holmes' hands.

Mo swings for the final blow.

Holmes dodges him, hits Mo in the back of the head, and knocks the nunchuks out of Mo's hand.

MO

Runs towards the helicopter through
the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION

HOLMES

Runs after him .

Mo picks up a 2 X 4 BOARD and swings at Holmes.

Holmes ducks. Picks up a 2 X 4.

HOLMES AND MO

Do battle three-quarter staff style.

Mo breaks Holmes' 2 X 4 in half. Smacks Holmes across the face. Knocks him down.

MO

Climbs a beam to the next level.

HOLMES

Regains his composure. Climbs after Mo.

Mo grabs a LONG PIPE.

Holmes grabs a PIPE .

They engage in combat kendo sword style.

MO

Young, Holmes. Your anger betrays you. You're on the wrong side of the law. Join me and my gang.

HOLMES

Never.

Mo knocks Holmes's pipe from his hand. Hits Holmes between the legs. Knocks Holmes to the ground.

MO

Climbs higher. Keeps running towards the helicopter landing pad.

THE FIST OF JOE LOUIS

Irene and Rev race across Hart Plaza.

HOLMES

Gets up. Climbs higher. Chases Mo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MO

Picks up a STEAL CABLE.

He SMACKS Holmes with the cable cutting Holmes' CHEST.

He WHIPS Holmes knocking him down like a Mamma who talks while she's whooping her child.

MO (CONT'D)

I - am - sick - and - tired - of -
you - chasing - me!

The cable tears Holmes's clothes to shreds.

Holmes grabs the cable yanking it out of Mo's hands.

Holmes throws it away.

Holmes runs at Mo full steam and tackles him.

HOLMES AND MO

Roll around smashing each other with serious blows like a Heavyweight Boxer Title Fight.

Mo wraps his hand around Holmes's throat.

Holmes grabs Mo's face.

Holmes and Mo wrestle rolling out to the edge of the level which overlooks the Detroit River. Mo pushes Holmes against a STEEL BEAM.

A POLICE HELICOPTER SHINES A SPOTLIGHT ON HOLMES AND MO.

IRENE AND REV

look up and SEE Holmes and Mo wrestling in THE BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

IRENE

Holmes!

Mo strangles Holmes.

HOLMES

I wont's let you get away.

Holmes socks Mo in the face so hard that it knocks them both off the building and into the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETROIT RIVER

A POLICE HELICOPTER circles the river and illuminates Holmes and Mo with a SPOTLIGHT. Holmes floats in the water towing an unconscious Mo by the chin.

HART PLAZA - FOUNTAIN

Police officers corner L'il Evil and Big Dough. They surrender. As they get drenched with WATER SPEWING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

DETROIT RIVER

Police officers fish Holmes and Mo out the river. Lopez, Irene, and Rev run towards Holmes with an entourage of more police officers.

Lieutenant Gregory drives onto the waterfront in a unmarked car. Hops out the car.

Irene hugs Holmes. They gaze into each other eyes. Their LIPS slowly draw near.

THEN:

Mo regains consciousness.

LOPEZ

Cuff him.

MO

If it's the last thing I do, I'll get you, Holmes.

Police Officers grab Mo.

LOPEZ

Alright, that's enough. Take him away.

Police officers drag Mo away to a squad car. Gregory steps next to Lopez.

GREGORY

(to Holmes)

Him too.

LOPEZ

Why?

Gregory pops some PILLS, clutches his gut and swigs from his FLASK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREGORY

(to Holmes)

For violation of the 50 foot
restraining order I have on him.

(to Lopez)

And you're going on report.

POLICE OFFICERS handcuff Holmes. Stuff him in another
squad car. He waves goodbye to Irene through the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLMES' OFFICE - DAY

Holmes sits behind his desk while Irene and Mrs. Hu sit
on a couch. Rev sits in a chair. They all toast with
COKE BOTTLES.

MRS. HU

Thank you for rescuing my baby. I
guess this makes us even. But,
you can forget about any free months
since I had to post your bail.

Holmes steps next to Irene.

HOLMES

I believe you never had the
opportunity to thank me
appropriately at Harts Plaza.

Irene stands. Pushes Holmes on his back atop his desk.
Presses her face close to his.

IRENE

Anytime. Anyplace. Anyhow.

Irene snatches a bottle of Coke. Pours it down Holmes'
pants. She backs away. Laughs.

HOLMES

Damn!

Mrs. Hu hits Holmes with her CANE.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Shit!

Mrs. Hu hits Holmes with her cane.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Mrs. Hu hits Holmes with her cane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. HU

I told you not to use those words.

REV

Oh, I tell him the same thing all the time.

A DESPERATE WOMAN walks into Holmes' office carrying a BOX OF FINE CHINA.

DESPERATE WOMAN

Excuse me, are you John Holmes?

HOLMES

Yes. How can I help you?

DESPERATE WOMAN

You know, your name is--

HOLMES

I know. How can I help you?

DESPERATE WOMAN

My son was a victim of a hit and run in Southfield. He's alive, but he may never walk again.

HOLMES

What did the police do?

DESPERATE WOMAN

Although there were ten witnesses, the police still say they can't find the person who did it.

(offering THE FINE CHINA)

I really don't have any money right now, but I heard that you--

Holmes accepts the box of Fine China.

HOLMES

It's like butter, baby. I'll find the bastard.

FADE OUT.

The sound of a COKE CAN being opened echoes.

THE END