

The Devil You Know

by
(Chris Mata)

Chris Mata
Chris@chrismata.com
WGA# 1634940

BLACK SCREEN

Sound EFX: gun clip pushed in. Screwing on silencer. The buzzing of a vibrating phone.

FADE IN:

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

POINT OF VIEW ANGLE OF VICTIM'S EYES OPENING TO SEE LARRY, A SLIGHTLY OVERWEIGHT HISPANIC, STANDING OVER HIM.

Larry is preparing his weapon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS' CAR

Tire wheel spinning on road.

CAMERA PANS UP

Chris, a handsome, gentlemanly looking Latino, drives and takes a drink from a straw. Regan, a hulk of a man with a young face, is looking at his cell phone.

REGAN

I'm gonna keep calling until he answers.

Regan starts dialing on his phone.

Drive out of shot.

BACK TO:

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT

Larry sees a pair of boxing gloves hanging.

LARRY

You're a fighter. Didn't put up too much of a fight today, did you. I love watching fights. I don't like to be in them but I love watching them. Not that UFC shit with rules. I'm talking no rules fighting. Underground fights. Or that shit they used to do way back when.

(MORE)

LARRY (cont'd)
When armies would meet on the
battle field and instead of
hundreds dying in battle, they
would each send out their best
fighter. And that would decide the
outcome of the battle. That's bad
ass. I can get on board with that.
There's honor in that.

Larry's phone rings. He answers.

LARRY (cont'd)
(to Victim)
Excuse me.
(into phone)
What? Stop calling. Oh. Right now?

Larry hangs up the phone.

LARRY (cont'd)
I have some friends coming.

Larry opens the door and sees Chris and Regan approaching
from the hallway.

LARRY (cont'd)
(to Regan)
Damn, bro. Stop calling so much.

Chris walks in and gives Larry a disapproving look.

CHRIS
You're here to do one thing.

Regan walks in, pulls out his gun and shoots the victim three
times.

LARRY
What the fuck, Regan!

REGAN
Hey man, kill him then! He should
have been dead before we got here.
Do your job.

LARRY
I was doing my job! The next time
you shoot one of my marks -

REGAN
- What? What are you going to do?
Because -

Regan begins to repeatedly shoot the dead body.

Regan (cont'd)
- I'm shooting one of your marks
right now and you're not doing
anything about it.

LARRY
You don't scare me, man.

Larry also starts shooting the body.

LARRY (cont'd)
I'm just as fucked up as you are.
Prolly more.

CHRIS
Alright, I think he's dead. Let's
go.

FADE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Chris, Larry and Regan pull into the parking lot of an empty
warehouse building. There are two cars in the lot.

REGAN
Hey, I don't know that car.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY

Regan violently kicks an office door in.

Luna, a skinny, weak-chinned man, is sitting in an office
chair talking to someone sitting across the desk.

Regan shoots the guy sitting across from Luna in the back,
then aims his gun around the room to check it out.

LUNA
(Frightened)
FUCK! What ... what the fuck!

Regan walks toward Luna.

Chris enters. Larry stays in the hall as a lookout.

CHRIS
(to Luna)
This is your fault. There's no
visitors when we come by.

LUNA
That was ... that was -

CHRIS
That was who?

Regan looks to the floor. There's a duffle bag.

REGAN
Look at this.

CHRIS
Going somewhere?

LUNA
No. It's cash. It's all cash.
Take it. It's yours. Just,
please...

CHRIS
(re: dead body)
Who is this?

Luna breaks down in tears.

LUNA
Oh, god. Please don't kill me.

CHRIS
Who is this?!

Regan stands behind Luna, draws a knife and sticks it in
Luna's shoulder.

Luna
OW! God Dammit!

Luna is writhing in agony.

REGAN
You were saying?

CHRIS
Take it out man. I can't talk to
him like that.

REGAN
(playful)
But -

CHRIS
- Just ... take it out.

Regan grabs a stack of paper from Luna's desk.

REGAN
(to Luna)
Bite down on this.

Regan whispers in Luna' ear.

REGAN (cont'd)
One. Two. Three.

Regan yanks the knife out side ways. Luna screams.

REGAN (cont'd)
(playful)
That was gross.

CHRIS
Now tell me or he does the other
shoulder.

LUNA
He's part of the new guy's crew.

CHRIS
What new guy?

LUNA
You guys don't know?
(laughing in pain)
Oh man, you guys are so fucked!

LARRY (O.S.)
What the fuck is he talking about?

LUNA
Roy's out. He's quitting the
business. There's a new guy in
town. He's taking over Roy's
territory. You guys won't have a
chance. You just killed one of his
guys.

REGAN
Hey! You couldn't tell us that
shit before we killed him?

LUNA

How? You guys just barged in! You usually knock. And you're two fucking hours early!

LARRY (O.S.)

This asshole was setting us up!

CHRIS

Is that true? Were you setting us up?

LUNA

Oh man! Please don't kill me.

CHRIS

Larry, get in here.

Larry comes in with gun pointed and ready.

LARRY

What's up?

CHRIS

(to Luna)

You are aware that these two have a violent disposition and they do things to people to get information. And once they start, I can't stop them.

REGAN

This mother fucker right here has some things he'd like to tell us. But he's going to need some incentive.

LUNA

No! I don't need any incentive! I'll tell you everything. The new guy's name is, Flaco. He came into town about a week ago. He's been making moves and apparently he's a pretty powerful guy. They're taking out all of Roy's crew, they came to me to try to set you guys up. I didn't want to but it's not like I had a choice. I don't know where Flaco and his crew hang out. They keep that shit low profile. That money on the floor was payment for setting you guys up. There are more guys on the way now.

(MORE)

LUNA (cont'd)

That's all I know! I swear. I'm sorry. They made me do it. Please don't kill me.

CHRIS

Everything you knew. Just like that.

Regan

You didn't even try, man. I mean, I always knew you were a pussy, but damn.

LUNA

You guys aren't going to kill me are you? I told you everything!

CHRIS

I'm not going to kill you. They are.

Chris starts to walk out of the office.

LUNA

What? Come on! I've been loyal to Roy! And I was always good to you guys. We have history together.

(beat)

They're on their way. I can help you guys set *them* up. That was my plan all along. What do you say?

Luna gives a hopeful look. Regan steps closer to Luna, pointing his gun at him and using it to talk.

REGAN

You know what? I think that's a pretty good -

Regan unexpectedly squeezes the trigger and shoots Luna.

Regan (cont'd)

- idea.

LARRY

Dude. You were right there and he still didn't see it coming. That was smooth, bro.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE GRAPHIC

FADE IN:

INT. ROY'S OFFICE.

Roy sits at his desk, his bodyguard stands behind him. Larry, Chris and Regan sit in chairs facing him.

Larry places the money bag on the desk.

ROY
What's this?

Roy's bodyguard opens the bag. Roy gives a pleasantly surprised look to the cash, then to the guys.

CHRIS
Luna said he was paid to set us up. With all due respect, do you know how that could happen?

ROY
Look, I didn't tell you guys anything because 1) I don't answer to you and 2) because I didn't think this guy (Flaco) had the muscle. He just came in from out of nowhere, made alliances and moved in on my territory. It happened pretty fast. He made a move on me this morning before I could get to him. And honestly, I shouldn't be in this business if I've never heard of him. I'm too old to fight a devil I don't know. And I sure as hell know when to cut and run. I'm shutting down everything. I'm out, fellas. I can't protect you.

LARRY
Just like that? You're gone? Where does that leave us?

Roy stands up and grabs the money case.

Roy's bodyguard pulls his gun on the guys and points it at them. Roy puts his hand up to halt the action.

ROY

Look, here's what I can do. I got wind of a deal Flaco's crew has today. It's yours if you want but you gotta move fast. Think of it as your severance package. You guys were always my favorite killers. Loyal to a fault. Sorry to do this to you.

(to bodyguard)

Give them the details and make sure they don't follow me.

The bodyguard stands in the doorway looking at them.

Roy exits. The guys watch Roy exit in bewilderment.

CUT TO:

INT. FLACO'S OFFICE

Flaco, a sizeable man, sits at his desk while his body guard, Keoni, stands facing him.

KEONI

I don't think Sergio saw it coming, boss. Door was kicked in and he was shot in the back. Other guy probably talked before he took one in the head.

FLACO

That's not important. He didn't know much. But I'm guessing they took my money? Please tell me you're looking for it right now.

KEONI

We are.

FLACO

Good. And when you find those assholes, you kill them. I don't like loose ends.

Keoni nods and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Chris is in the driver seat. Larry rides passenger while Regan is in the backseat.

REGAN

What the fuck was that about?
That was *our* money. We should have
killed him, man. We should have
killed him.

CHRIS

Yeah, well we didn't. So let's
just figure this shit out.

LARRY

We're dead man. We're fuckin dead.
He was our bank roll, man. We're
on our own.

REGAN

Stop, bro. Cut it out. We'll be
alright. We still know people. We
have money stashed.

CHRIS

(to Regan)
How close are we to that address?

LARRY

How do we know that's even legit?
How do we know *he's* not setting us
up?

CHRIS

Do you have a better idea?

REGAN

It's coming up, right here.

CHRIS

I'll keep the car running. You guys
run in and get it. Put your phones
on vibrate and keep them close.

LARRY

How about I stay with the car. If
this is a set up, I'm not gonna
walk into it.

CHRIS

Fair enough.

REGAN

Sit out here with a big target on your back then.

LARRY

What?

CHRIS

Too late. Let us know if you see anything.

Chris and Regan exit the car and hit the trunk.

Larry pops it open. They grab guns with silencers.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Chris and Regan wait in the hallway. Chris gets a text from Larry.

LARRY - TEXT

"2 guys. Black case. Entering front entrance.

Chris holds up two fingers to Regan, then signals Regan to cover the fire exit while he covers the elevator.

The elevator door opens and the two men come out. Chris holds them at gunpoint.

CHRIS

Don't move. Now you're going to keep coming like everything's normal. Real slow. I'm just going to follow right behind you.

GUY 1

Who ever you are, you're fuckin dead.

CHRIS

I know. That's why you should be afraid and do exactly what I say.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

There's a knock at the door. A guy checks the peep hole and sees Guys 1 & 2. He opens the door.

Chris and Regan shoot Guys 1 & 2 dead and barge in. There are 3 guys in the apartment and Chris and Regan shoot 2 of them, leaving the 3rd guy (Bosquez) alive.

Chris sweeps the apartment. Regan holds a gun to Bosquez's head.

CHRIS

All clear. Check the cases.

Chris points his gun at Bosquez while Regan opens the cases.

REGAN

Damn, bro. It's the drugs *and* the money.

CHRIS

(to Bosquez)

You're one of Flaco's guys right?
Where is he?

BOSQUEZ

Man, I ain't telling you shit.

CHRIS

(to Regan)

What do you think?

BOSQUEZ

You're the guys from this morning.

REGAN

(to Chris)

I've seen that look, he won't talk.
At least not immediately.

CHRIS

Yeah. We don't have that kind of time.

Chris shoots Bosquez in the head.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Check their pockets.

Regan grabs Bosquez's phone and goes through it.

REGAN

This mother fucker's on facebook.
His whole life's on here.
I'm going to friend him and see if
we have any mutual friends.

CUT TO:

INT. FLACO'S OFFICE - LATER

Flaco sits at his desk facing his crew.

FLACO

Two bags of money AND the drugs.
These guys are making me look bad.
You're making me look bad. I bet
it's Roy. If you find him, you find
my money, you find my drugs.
You find him, you find those guys.
You find them or I replace you.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDEOUT

Larry, Regan and Chris are sitting around a poker table.

CHRIS

The way I see it, is we either go
now, take the money and run,
because they're going to come at us
hard. Or, we go after them and we
do it now.

REGAN

Shit, they're probably blaming all
this on Roy. They'll just go after
him. Let him deal with it.

LARRY

He turned his back on us in a
heartbeat. He was scared. Who's to
say that he won't give us up just
to save his own ass.

REGAN

We're going to need better guns if
we're going to do this.

CHRIS

Do you still have the hook up with that little fat Mexican guy?

LARRY

Who, Jesse? Yeah. I'm on it.

CHRIS

See if he knows anyone that can pull anything useful off of this.

Chris hands Larry Bosquez's phone.

CUT TO:

INT. KEONI'S CAR

Keoni is driving with a killer's look on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE

Larry stands on the porch. Jesse peers through the curtains looking for anything suspicious, then opens the door.

JESSE

Good to see you. Come on. Come in.

Larry goes inside the house.

JESSE (cont'd)

I heard they're looking for you guys. Word is that Roy just left and the rest of his crew is dead. That's fucked up, man. Sorry.

LARRY

How do you know all that?

JESSE

I have eyes and ears everywhere. NSA type shit.

LARRY

Good. Then see what you can pull off of this?

Regan hands Jesse Bosquez's phone.

JESSE

Yeah, man.

Jesse opens a bedroom door and tosses the phone to a nerdy woman sitting at a computer.

JESSE (cont'd)

Get all you can off of that.

Jesse shuts the door.

LARRY

I'm here for guns though.

JESSE

This way.
Inventory's low, so I'm taking you to my personal stash. I stopped running guns, got into the computer hacking business. Just feels less dangerous not being so close to the action. Know what I mean.

Jesse leads Larry into the garage and opens the trunk of a car.

LARRY

Damn, bro. Is that a rocket launcher?

JESSE

Yeah, but you don't want to use that unless you want the feds all over you.
Check this out.

Jesse pulls out a big gun.

JESSE (cont'd)

It's got a double pump action with scope. Goes from semi-automatic to automatic at the flip of a switch, with a clean grip and quick reload. Can put a hole through a man the size of a melon.

LARRY

Like a cantaloupe?

JESSE

More like a "weed melon". About the size of a quail's egg.

(MORE)

JESSE (cont'd)
I just say melon because it sounds
better.
All items are untraceable.

LARRY
Wow. How many of those do you have
in there?

JESSE
Just the one. Everything in here
comes with a silencer because I
like to keep a quiet domicile.

LARRY
Even the rocket launcher?

Jesse gives Larry a look.

LARRY (cont'd)
How much for everything?

Jesse
I mean, just that one alone is four
grand.

LARRY
Thirty grand... including the car.

JESSE
Deal. Let's get that phone info
for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROY'S BODYGUARD'S HOUSE

Keoni walks to the entrance. Sounds of a party can be heard
through the door.

ROY'S BODYGUARD (O.S.)
I'll get it!

Roy's bodyguard opens the door. Keoni raises his gun.

KEONI
I will kill your whole family.
Where's Roy?

WIFE (O.C.)
Who is it?

KEONI
She's first.

ROY'S BODYGUARD
It's no one, baby. I'll be right
back.

Roy's bodyguard closes the door behind him.

ROY'S BODYGUARD (cont'd)
Hey man, we made a deal. You let us
walk and we don't give you any
trouble. Clean transition. We don't
hit you back for going after our
crew and me and Roy get to walk.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDEOUT

Chris, Larry and Regan gaze upon the guns Larry has brought
back. Larry is putting some guns in a separate bag.

CHRIS
That little Mexican came through
big time. That dude had everything
on his phone.

CHRIS (cont'd)
So we'll split up, hit one location
each and meet up at The Cantina.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

From a distance we see Keoni standing behind Roy's bodyguard,
who is on his knees. We hear two gun shots and see Roy's
bodyguard fall forward. Keoni turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is empty. Chris enters and pulls up a stool. The
bartender approaches.

CHRIS
A Dos XX please and some change.

BARTENDER
We were just about to close.

CHRIS
Well then I got here just in time.

Chris puts bills on the bar.

BARTENDER
Coming right up.

The bartender takes the bills, serves Chris the beer and gives him some change.

CHRIS
Thanks. Dead tonight.

BARTENDER
We don't get much business around here since we got new management.

Chris takes the change over to the jukebox and begins to make selections.

Dick Dales "Sloop John B" plays. Chris stands next to the jukebox.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dick Dales "Sloop John B" continues to play.

Regan limps to a sofa and sits. He opens a beer bottle, takes a sip, then puts it on a table next to him.

We see quick clips of Regan killing someone, then back to him sitting.

Regan grabs his phone and texts Chris and Larry.

REGAN - TEXT
Done.

Pull out to reveal: The place is ransacked. A dead body lays on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

Dick Dales "Sloop John B" continues to play.

Larry looks through a rifle scope at two men getting out of a car. He fires.

Larry pulls out his phone and texts Chris and Regan.

LARRY - TEXT

Done.

Pull out to reveal the two men laying face down.

CUT TO:

INT. ROY'S HOUSE

Dick Dales "Sloop John B" continues to play.

Keoni walks down the hallway toward the camera.

We see clips of Keoni killing Roy, then back to him walking past the camera.

Pull out to see Roy and his wife laying dead in their under clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dick Dales "Sloop John B" continues to play.

Chris sits at the bar looking at his bottle of beer. The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

You look deep in thought, buddy.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BAR - PARKING LOT

Two guys from Flaco's crew get into a car. Chris walks up to them and shoots them where they sit.

Chris pulls out his phone and texts Larry and Regan.

CHRIS - TEXT

Done.

BACK TO:

INT. BAR

Chris gives the bartender a look.

CHRIS

Listen. In a couple of minutes,
some friends of mine, the ones that
took your bosses money this morning
and the ones that just finished
killing your friends, are going to
walk through that door.

Chris points his gun at the bartender.

CHRIS (cont'd)

If you cooperate, we'll let you go.
But if you don't, we're going to
kill you.

Larry walks in and approaches the bar.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Have you talked to Regan?

LARRY

Yeah, he's coming. Who's this guy?

CHRIS

He's about to tell me where we can
find Flaco.

LARRY

Cool.

Larry pulls out his gun and puts it to the bartender's head.

LARRY (cont'd)

So where is he?

BARTENDER

I don't know.

Regan walks into the bar and sees the guns against the
bartender's head and becomes excited.

REGAN

Hold up. Hold on.

Regan runs to the bar and puts his gun against the bartender's
head.

Regan (cont'd)
Okay. What are we doing? What's going on?

CHRIS
We're going to kill this guy.

REGAN
Cool.

Regan shoots the bartender in the head.

CHRIS
What the fuck?!

REGAN
What? I thought we were going to shoot him?

CHRIS
Nah man. Dammit Regan.

REGAN
What?

LARRY
We were going to kill him after he told us where Flaco was.

REGAN
Well then why did you say we were going to kill him?

CHRIS
To scare him.

REGAN
Oh, well then, why didn't you just say?

CHRIS
Because you fucking shot him in the head Regan, that's why! Did you see anybody else shooting him in the head? Fuck!

REGAN
Hey, it's not like I was the only one with a gun to his head.

LARRY
Do you realize you just killed us?

REGAN
He wouldn't have talked anyway.

LARRY
Bartenders always talk.

CHRIS
Wait... He didn't know it was me
when I came in. I don't think they
know what we look like.

Chris looks around and sees a hidden camera.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Shit. Get the bag.

CUT TO:

INT. KEONI'S CAR

Keoni's driving. Flaco is in the passenger's seat.

KEONI
We know they're in the Cantina. We
got about ten guys with us.

FLACO
I gotta look at these guys myself.
Takes balls to do what they've
done. They're old school. I
respect that. I want to be the one
that kills them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Regan pokes his head out the door with gun drawn. He makes his way to the car and opens the trunk. He pulls the gun bag out and starts heading back to the bar.

Flaco's crew starts to come into view with guns blazing.

Regan fires back and runs for the door. He gets hit in the arm and ducks for cover behind a car.

Chris and Larry open the door and return fire then take cover.

The firing stops. Flaco stands behind a car with his crew taking cover behind cars.

FLACO

Gentlmen! The only way out is through that door. Come out so I can meet you. Old school. Face to face. See the guys that have been causing me so much trouble today. Who knows? Maybe even make you part of my organization. You know these streets and you're good at what you do. What do you say?

A thin goon next to Flaco is shot in the head and falls over.

FLACO (cont'd)

Alright! Have it your way!
(to Keoni)
Kill them.

CHRIS

(to Larry)
Why didn't you shoot Flaco?

LARRY

I didn't know which one he was. "Flaco" means skinny, so I shot the skinny guy. How am I supposed to know he was using it in the ironic sense?

CHRIS

You make a valid point.

Regan looks at Larry and Chris, then peaks over at all the men surrounding him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

We might not make it out but a lot of your men are going to die tonight!

REGAN

How about we make a deal?! -

FLACO

Why would I make a deal with three men I'm going to kill?!

CHRIS

We have your drugs and your money!

FLACO

Okay! Here's the deal then... you tell me where it is and I kill you quick!

CHRIS

None of us are going to tell you where your drugs and money are! We have this!

Regan holds up the rocket launcher.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Try to leave now and we blow your ass up! But if we do that, then shit gets federal and nobody wants that! You have more men but our guns out gun your guns!

FLACO

So we have ourselves a real Mexican standoff.

LARRY

How about you send out your best fighter and we'll send out ours! Fight to the death. It's old school!

Chris gives Larry a look. Larry shrugs.

FLACO

I'm listening!

LARRY

If your fighter wins, we give up the money and the drugs.

FLACO

And?!

Larry looks to Chris and shrugs, he's out of ideas.

LARRY

And we leave town!

FLACO

And if you win?

CHRIS

If we win, you leave town and we keep the money!

FLACO
That's it?!

CHRIS
No! You die, too!

FLACO
No deal!

CHRIS
Are you scared? You'll send your men to die but you're not willing to die yourself? That's some pussy shit right there! Come on! Show your men how committed you are to them!

Flaco looks at Keoni.

FLACO
(to Keoni)
Get your ass out there. Kill that mother fucker.
(to Chris)
Let's fight!

Flaco's men go nuts and begin to cheer.

Keoni steps forward to fight.

CHRIS
(to himself)
Fuck.

Chris looks at Regan, wondering who's going to fight.

Regan points to his wounded arm and shakes his head.

REGAN
(mouthing the words)
I'm shot.

Chris looks at Larry.

LARRY
I got a weak tummy, bro. You know that.

CHRIS
Real noble. You know if I die, you die too, right?

LARRY
What? It is.

CHRIS
(to Flaco)
Alright, don't shoot! I'm coming
out! If you shoot me, they'll blow
everything up!

FLACO
Don't worry! I'm looking forward to
watching my boy kill you with his
bare hands!

Larry pats Chris on the shoulder.

LARRY
Go get 'em, man.

Chris slowly stands up, with gun in hand.

FLACO
(to his own crew)
Nobody shoot! If you shoot, I'll
personally kill you myself after
Keoni kills this mother fucker!
(to Chris)
This takes balls and I respect
that!

Chris and Keoni both walk within feet of each other in the
middle of the parking lot. Keoni is bigger, younger.

Flaco (cont'd)
Tell your men to put their guns
away.

CHRIS
You first.

FLACO
(to his men)
Lower your weapons!... And enjoy
the show.

Flaco shills for Keoni, getting his men riled up.

Flaco (cont'd)
(to Chris)
Anything goes. Except guns. No
guns.

CHRIS

Alright.
(to Larry and Regan)
Guns down!

Larry and Regan lower their guns.

The first punches are thrown. It's not a well choreographed fight. Not like TV. It's brutally realistic.

Keoni throws Chris.

The crowd goes insane. It's a good fight.

On the ground, Chris has Keoni in a choke hold. He rubs his hand in a tiny puddle of motor oil and rubs it in his eyes. Keoni screams and reaches for his eyes.

Chris moves and mounts Keoni and gets him in an arm bar but Keoni bites Chris' leg. Chris yells out in pain, breaks Keoni's arm then repeatedly kicks his head while holding his outstretched, broken arm.

Keoni lays dead on the ground. Chris stands limping.

Seeing defeat, Flaco's crew points their weapons at Chris.

Flaco steps forward with his hands raised.

FLACO

(to his men)
A deal's a deal!
(to Chris)
You win bro. But you know we'll be coming for you. We can't just let this go.

Regan points the rocket launcher at Flaco's crew.

CHRIS

Tell your men to leave.

Flaco nods for them to comply.

FLACO

(to his crew)
Do it! Do what he says.
(to Chris)
If you kill me, my men will come heavy. Feds or not.

CHRIS

Yeah, I know. They won't come without you because you get to live. I just want to be sure that we have a mutual respect. If I kill you, there's just going to be somebody else taking your place. There's always somebody else. I know you now and I'd rather be at odds with the devil I know.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.