

RISING STAR III

Written by

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EXT. LANE - NIGHT

1987

Dark, foreboding clouds blanket the sky as a flickers erratically in the littered lane.

BILLY ROBERTS [12] rummages in a dumpster for empty bottles.

The sound of tyres crunching over discarded packaging catches his attention.

He glances over to see two cars crawl to the rear of a warehouse.

The bright headlights force him to wince as they come to a standstill.

The lane returns to an eerie darkness.

Billy ducks down and peers over the edge of the bin.

Six men wearing balaclavas step out of the cars, armed with shotguns.

The boy watches them approach the rear door of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pallets stacked with crates disappear into the dark corners of the warehouse.

Six mobsters, watched by LORENZO BIANCHI [34], unload boxes from a truck.

Lorenzo checks his watch.

8:15 P.M.

LORENZO BIANCHI
Making good time, boys.

Out of view, RONNIE JACKSON [32] carefully opens the door and steps in, followed by the others.

They slip along the side of the truck, shotguns raised.

LORENZO BIANCHI (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Be careful with them.

He hears the click of the shotgun hammer and turns to see the intruders, their weapons pointing.

RONNIE JACKSON
Hands where I can see them.

Lorenzo and the others freeze.

Jackson casually steps forward.

LORENZO BIANCHI
You're making a big mistake.

Jackson slams the handle of his shotgun into the face of Lorenzo Bianchi who drops to the ground.

RONNIE JACKSON
Shut the fuck up.

Jackson gestures with his weapon.

RONNIE JACKSON (CONT'D)
Against the wall, all of you.

The mobsters reluctantly line up against the wall, facing their attackers. Lorenzo Bianchi wipes the blood from his face. He stares at Jackson.

LORENZO BIANCHI
You'll pay -

Jackson's associates fire both rounds.

The blasts boom through the warehouse.

Smoke billows.

Blood sprays the wall.

Silence.

Jackson's eyes focus down at Bianchi, whose face is etched with panic.

LORENZO BIANCHI (CONT'D)
Please.

Jackson fires both barrels.

Bianchi convulses as his body is ripped apart by the force of the pellets.

Jackson exhales as he surveys the scene.

RONNIE JACKSON
Let's go.

As the men leave through the rear of the warehouse, Jackson removes the fuel cap and stuffs a rag in it.

He retrieves a lighter.

His thumb flicks it.

Nothing.

He tries again.

RONNIE JACKSON (CONT'D)
Fuckin' Chinese shit.

He shakes the lighter and tries again.

The flame ignites.

The rag burns.

Jackson scans the bodies.

He snorts with satisfaction then leaves.

EXT. LANE - CONTINUOUS

Jackson climbs into the car. He removes his balaclava to reveal himself under the streetlight.

Billy freezes.

RONNIE JACKSON
Move!

The two cars speed past the boy.

Jackson turns.

His eyes meet Billy's.

BOOM.

The windows of the warehouse shatter and a ball of fire explodes into the lane.

A radio crackles inside the car.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
All units, all units - stand by for
a 10-13.

We have a 10-60 in progress, possible hostage situation.

Location: 415 Delancey Street.

INT. PAWN SHOP/DELANCEY STREET - SAME TIME

MAURICE AINSLEY [30] holds a gun to SARAH ROWE [51] behind the counter.

Blue lights from the surrounding police cars tint the shop interior.

LOGAN FORD [45] and MALIK EDWARDS [29] are crouched down at the entrance, their guns primed.

LOGAN FORD
C'mon, Maurice. You wanna leave in
a body bag?

MAURICE AINSLEY
Shut the fuck up, Logan!

MALIK EDWARDS
(whispers)
You said you had negotiating
skills?

LOGAN FORD
(whispers)
Kinda.

MALIK EDWARDS
Maurice. No one's hurt. Step out
now and this stays a kidnapping. A
good lawyer has you out in no time.

MAURICE AINSLEY
I'm thinking!

LOGAN FORD
Don't think too long!

MALIK EDWARDS
Give him time.

LOGAN FORD
You telling me how to play this?

A rear door edges open to reveal Jackson wearing a beige corduroy jacket.

SARAH ROWE
Please. I've got kids.

MAURICE AINSLEY
Shut it.

MALIK EDWARDS
Take your time, Maurice.
Everything's cool.

Maurice bites his nail.

MAURICE AINSLEY
(mumbles)
Motherfuckers.

He grabs Sarah and rises.

MAURICE AINSLEY (CONT'D)
Back off. I want everyone seeing me
step out.

LOGAN FORD
You got it, man.

Logan and Malik rise as they holster their guns.

They raise their hands.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
We're cool.

The two detectives retreat as Maurice grips Sarah's shoulder
and leads her around the counter towards the entrance door.

He holds his gun in the air for the detectives to see.

MAURICE AINSLEY
I'm coming out.

Maurice and Sarah step past the counter.

RONNIE JACKSON (O.C.)
Hey.

Maurice pivots abruptly while releasing Sarah.

Before he has a chance to fire his weapon, two bullets rip
into his chest.

LOGAN FORD
No!

Blood sprays across Sarah as she screams.

Maurice crumples to the floor.

Logan and Malik rush into the shop followed by other
officers who grab the hostage and drag her out.

Jackson calmly slips his gun into his holster.

LOGAN FORD (CONT'D)
What the fuck, Jackson?

RONNIE JACKSON
It was him or me.

Malik studies the body.

MALIK EDWARDS
Hanley's gonna be pissed.

INT. NEW POLICE STATION/HANLEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Outside the office, decorators can be seen working on the new premises.

A photo of Hanley in Scottish Highland wear, playing bagpipes, hangs on the wall behind him along with awards and certificates.

Malik sits watching CAPTAIN WALLIS HANLEY [56] and Logan.

CAPTAIN HANLEY
He's claiming self-defence.

LOGAN FORD
You know that's bullshit.

CAPTAIN HANLEY
Internal Affairs will review and a decision will be made.

Logan sits down next to Malik, resigned.

LOGAN FORD
Protect and serve, eh?

CAPTAIN HANLEY
Exactly.

The room is briefly silent as Captain Hanley reaches for a manila folder which he offers to Malik.

CAPTAIN HANLEY (CONT'D)
While your partner is chewing on it, I want you to head over to Kent Avenue. Multiple shootings.

Malik studies the report.

MALIK EDWARDS
Arson?

CAPTAIN HANLEY
Warehouse. Seven dead. Looks like a
turf war.

LOGAN FORD
Seven less for us to worry about.

CAPTAIN HANLEY
Maybe, but it still needs
investigating.

Hanley suddenly spots COMMISSIONER FREDERICKSON [64]
striding towards the office.

CAPTAIN HANLEY (CONT'D)
Shit.

The detectives turn to see who is approaching.

LOGAN FORD
Commissioner Frederickson?

He turns to Hanley.

CAPTAIN HANLEY
Don't say a word.

Frederickson enters, straight-faced.

COMMISSIONER FREDERICKSON
Wallis.

CAPTAIN HANLEY
Sir.

He glances briefly at the detectives before returning his
attention to Hanley.

COMMISSIONER FREDERICKSON
I heard about this shooting. Do we
have a problem?

CAPTAIN HANLEY
No, sir.

Hanley turns to Logan.

CAPTAIN HANLEY (CONT'D)
You can go now.

Logan turns to leave. He nods at the Commissioner.

LOGAN FORD
Sir.

Malik rises, respectful.

MALIK EDWARDS

Sir.

The detectives leave.

INT. NEW POLICE STATION/BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

They march down the aisle.

MALIK EDWARDS

Never met him before.

LOGAN FORD

Got your eyes on his job?

Malik chuckles.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Firefighters hose down the last smouldering pockets of fire.

Forensic officer CHARLIE REED [37] and his team are wrapping up as the detectives enter.

They survey the charred frame of the truck.

CHARLIE REED

Luckily it wasn't worse. The
sprinkler system did its job.

Malik crouches beside Bianchi's body, absorbed by the pattern of gunshot wounds, as paramedics enter to bag the dead.

CHARLIE REED (CONT'D)

Reminds me of Capone.

MALIK EDWARDS

Huh?

CHARLIE REED

Valentine's Massacre.

Malik glances over at Logan and the other dead bodies.

He shrugs and returns his attention to the disfigured face.

MALIK EDWARDS

Shotgun?

CHARLIE REED
Yeah. Same as the others. We've
managed to get some shells. We'll
run tests.

Malik watches Logan approach.

LOGAN FORD
You find any ID on them?

Charlie nods in confirmation.

CHARLIE REED
Riccardo Marino, Giuseppe Russo and
Paulo Giordano among them.

Malik rises to his feet as Logan glances at him.

LOGAN FORD
They're Carlo Beretti's men.

His partner scans the crates, some burnt, others untouched.

MALIK EDWARDS
Losing men and merch won't go down
well.

LOGAN FORD
Could get messy.

Logan leaves the group and makes his way to the rear
entrance of the building.

MALIK EDWARDS
How soon can we get the initial
reports?

CHARLIE REED
Twenty-four hours.

Malik studies the truck.

MALIK EDWARDS
Surprised it didn't cause more
damage.

CHARLIE REED
It was more vapours than fuel. A
lot of heat. We were lucky.

Beat.

CHARLIE REED (CONT'D)
Check this.

Charlie crosses the floor, followed by Malik, to a row of bags containing gathered evidence.

Charlie retrieves a cellophane evidence bag containing melted packaging. He shows it to Malik.

Among the congealed contents, the detective can make out a handful of tablets.

He hands it back.

CHARLIE REED (CONT'D)
There must've been a shipment of
them.

MALIK EDWARDS
This definitely bears the hallmarks
of a turf war.

CHARLIE REED
I'll get it analysed.

Malik turns to leave.

MALIK EDWARDS
It's St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

Charlie winces.

CHARLIE REED
What?

MALIK EDWARDS
Capone.

Charlie watches Malik head for the rear door.

CHARLIE REED
Right.

EXT. LANE - MOMENTS LATER

Logan steps through the rear doorway and into the lane where two uniformed officers stand watch beside their patrol car.

He spots a line of dumpsters.

Crossing the street, he opens one and peers in before checking the next.

His shoes crunch on broken glass.

MALIK EDWARDS (O.C.)
Anything?