

EXT. DOWNTOWN COMMERCIAL STREET - DAY

Shops. Restaurants. RABID CONSUMERS everywhere. *Busy.*

Ian. In the Impala, at the curb. Punjab out cold in the back. SNORING. Alderbridge stands alongside. Leans down.

ALDERBRIDGE

Alright mate, here 'tis. The bounce rounds the corner, I cross the street. You roll up and we fake a little bingle. Knock me a tap, I play cactus. When the bloke goes Flo Nightingale, I snatch the key.

IAN

You want me to hit you with the car.

ALDERBRIDGE

Check.

IAN

Alderbridge, that'll-

ALDERBRIDGE

It's cunning as a dunny rat! You just do your part, leave the rest up to ol' Aldy.

IAN

O...okay...

Alderbridge skips across the street. Stands by a SHRIVELED OLD LADY with several shopping bags. Rocko rounds the corner. Alderbridge signals to Ian. Who nods. STARTS THE ENGINE.

TRINNY (O.S.)

Ian...

He jumps. She stands by his window. Gazes in at him.

IAN

H-hey, what are you doing here?

TRINNY

Just thought I should check up on you guys. Is Punjab okay?

IAN

Yeah, yeah, he's just napping. Good to see you! How'd you get here?

TRINNY

Bob dropped me off on his way to
the hardware store.

IAN

Son of a...that selfish b*****d...

Rocko nears. Alderbridge signals. Ian's distracted by Trinny.

TRINNY

Did you do it on purpose?

IAN

What? Oh...well, no. No, I only did
what was necessary.

TRINNY

People dying is *necessary!*?

IAN

Trinny...he got a little banged up.
I'm sure he didn't die.

TRINNY

I'm not talking about Jeremy
Princeton. I'm talking about the
Portside Tower.

He jerks. Gapes at her. *She knows.*

Rocko enters the crosswalk. The Old Lady wobbles into the
street. Alderbridge waves. *Frantic.* No response from Ian.

Alderbridge launches into action. Runs toward Rocko. Shoves
the Old Lady into him. Her bags fly up. She hugs the Marine's
neck. Falls onto him. He stumbles. Grasps her.

Alderbridge darts in. Reaches between them in the confusion.
Yanks the chain from Rocko's neck. *Unseen.* Sprints away.

Ian stares at Trinny. She waits for an answer. Gets none.
Alderbridge dives into shotgun. *GASPING. Adrenalized.*

ALDERBRIDGE

F**k sake! Where in Hell were you!?

IAN

Oh! Oh, Jesus! I'm-I'm sorry.

ALDERBRIDGE

Sorry!? That's a beaut! Hey, Trin.

TRINNY

Hey, Leslie.

IAN

What happened?

Alderbridge opens his hand...*and sees he grabbed the dogtags.*

ALDERBRIDGE

Ah, fiddle...

They look up. Rocko extricates himself from the Shriveled Old Lady. Fades into the crowd. *The key still around his neck.*